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APPLETONS' JOURNAL:

A MONTHLY

MISCELLANY OF POPULAR LITERATURE.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. I.

JULY—DECEMBER, 1876.

NEW YORK:
D. APPLETON AND COMPANY,
549 & 551 BROADWAY.

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APPLETONS' JOURNAL.

OUT OF LONDON.¹

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

CHAPTER I.

IN LONDON.

I.

2-16-81 EB
WHOEVER wishes to get an adequate idea of the Babylon of modern times should spread open on the table a small, roughly-printed railway-map of England, and contemplate attentively that huge black blot, low down on the right-hand corner; the nucleus whereunto all the crooked worldly ways of man seem to converge, and in which they end. I have been careful to specify railway-maps, because those published by the ordnance survey, though they pretend to be accurate, never succeed in making that blot anything like big or black enough. As for photographs and descriptions, they are good for nothing. Nothing sets the fact of London's murky immensity so bluntly and memorably before the imagination as does a railway-map. You see England in faint outline—a little, insignificant island, swallowed up in the vast sable continent of London. London is the only place on the face of the earth whose name can be supposed known to the man in the moon; and it is the mark whereby the astronomers of other planets first established the fact that this one is inhabited. Even the sun has heard about London, and would like to make its acquaintance; but it has so happened that hardly once during the last two thousand years has he been able to get a clear view of it. And yet the cockneys, true to their well-known snobbish proclivities, always speak of him as of an acquaintance whom they daily expect to meet.

3dg. 4v.
Next to studying the map, perhaps the best means of arriving at a conception of London would be to live there. But there are objections to this course. No man—unless he were in a balloon, on a remarkably clear day—ever saw so much as a twentieth part of London at a single view; and ordinary observers not the thousandth part of a twentieth. Moreover, the very magnitude of the task of comprehension, when you are fairly face to face with it, incapacitates you for its accomplishment. You may gaze and strain, but nobody can digest London; whereas London may easily digest you, and, unless you mount guard upon yourself pretty carefully, will one day make away with your individuality. A residence in London will improve your knowledge

of details, while straitening your general idea; the map, on the other hand, sinks the particular in the general. The best plan, therefore, should be to correct one by the other: retire to your map when the multiplicity of streets and houses overpowers you, reverting to them so soon as your faculties have been braced and concentrated by the map. But be your faculties what they may, I repeat that London will be too much for them; and it will be well if you recognize this truth before it is too late.

The city lies low, as if—after such an unconscionable number of lazy centuries—that portion of the crust of the earth on which she rests had begun to give way a little. Doubtless London is a compacter world, and, when the present universe has dissolved, will remain to form the starting-point of a new one. Or, otherwise, she might roll herself up in a ball, and start off on a distinct orbit of her own. She certainly possesses stone and dirt enough, and vastly more than sufficient human material, to begin life as an independent planet of no mean pretensions. She is ready provided, too, with her own peculiar atmosphere, which, though a good deal more earthy and tangible than the breathing-stuff heretofore esteemed desirable, may be admirably adapted to the truth-seeking lungs of the materialistic philosophers who would cast in their lot with her. In short, so lively is my confidence in London's ability to maintain herself, that I could sometimes almost wish she would bid us farewell to-night, and launch forth on her voyage into infinite space without loss of another day. Fortunately or not, however, London is fast moored to each and every town and city in the world by cables of gold and iron, which can be neither broken nor cast off; and, wherever she goes, must we go with her.

And, on the whole, I am inclined to consider her detention fortunate. She could get on without us, very likely; but could we prosper without her? Deprived of London, we should be anomalous, flavorless, ordinary, and no better than any other world. London is dirty, ugly, vile of climate, gross of character; but she is the seal set by time upon this globe, and, were she removed, all our pith and meaning would ooze out of us. We love her very much as we love humanity, because essentially she is rather below than above our ideal, while nevertheless she reflects pretty nearly all the solid elements that make us what we are. She is universal—the world's city, not England's or any other country's.

¹ Copyright by Julian Hawthorne.

The world has made her, and she exists because she must, not because we choose she shall. She is like bread, homely and commonplace, and yet there is nothing like her, and she does not pall on the palate, as do Paris and other highly-seasoned cates of cities. If it were desirable to multiply similes, none of which are quite true, though owning some truthful traits, I might compare her to ballast, which keeps the vessel upright so long as the vessel floats, but would pull her under the water if a certain divine buoyancy did not react against it. The buoyancy is not, of course, more essential than the ballast to the general welfare and prosperity. But enough of this unsubstantial persiflage about a subject so far from trifling or laughable. In order to get out of London, we must pass through her.

II.

A SENSE of the whole of London's immensity is somehow impressed upon each one of its component fractions; we are not deceived by the widest superficial variations in the aspect or condition of streets and houses in or around the great metropolis; this is a part of it, we say, being mystically conscious of a subtle, informing spirit, which is unmistakably London's. In the same way do we assert of a great writer, such as Shakespeare, for instance, that any passage taken from his works is immediately recognizable as his and not another's; and, though we may not find it easy to explain why this is so, we are confident, nevertheless, that so it is. The London stamp and style are no less ingrained than the Shakespearean; and the traveler who should be set down by enchantment anywhere within the city limits would be able at the first glance to affirm: "I am not in Liverpool, or Glasgow, or Birmingham, or Manchester, but in London; though which way St. Paul's lies, or how far off it is, I know not." For even the cabmen do not know their way about London; and to ordinary visitors it is a Dædalian labyrinth outside of the four or five principal thoroughfares.

Human beings are less susceptible than brick and mortar of local stamps and styles, and London contains representatives of all nations; yet I think a good observer, as he walks along the streets, would be able to distinguish between the native Londoner and the transient visitor; or, to put it more defensibly, he might pick out the strangers. It would be too much to say that any inhabitant of London could be recognized as such (barring the cockney accent) elsewhere than on his native pavements. But, meeting him there, you feel that he belongs there. His gait and bearing show it, and something indefinable in the expression of his face. Perhaps it is only that particular look that people wear when they are at home; but a man who feels at home in London must feel more intensely and immeasurably at home than even a New-Yorker on Manhattan Island, or an Arab in the desert. The Londoner has a cool, skeptical, bold eye, which can fix you with a stony stare, or twinkle humorously, as occasion may demand. The rest of his physiognomy denotes stur-

diness, self-possession, and energy. Not the ambitious, restless, nervous energy of Broadway and Wall Street, but a more deliberate and steadier kind. An American calls the English slow and stupid when he first comes into contact with them. But the English are not stupid in the long-run; they are cautious, obstinate, and wearisomely rational.

However, I am to avoid generalities, for the present at any rate: yet what is London itself but generalities? It is a satisfaction to be there for this reason if for no other—that you feel you are got to a legitimate stopping-place on the earth, whereof it may be said: There is nothing else of the kind so good; sit down, therefore, and enjoy it. To look upon a great unique thing, one of the seven wonders of the world, should be enough to give a man quiet sleep o' nights. And so, perhaps, it would, were the best that is also the best conceivable. But so soon as we have fairly digested the fact of London's peerlessness—there is no help for it but we must begin reviling. This the greatest city?—yes, in mere brute extent of streets; but in other respects how is it not insignificant? There is no great thing in it. St. Paul's might take lodgings beneath the dome of St. Peter's. What is the National Gallery to a world which sees the Vatican, the Pitti, the Uffizzi, and the Louvre? Westminster Abbey is dwarfed by the Houses of Parliament, which are themselves mechanical, soulless, and disappointing. The British Museum covers many acres and departments, and is surrounded with a fine gilded railing; but Agassiz, in Cambridge, began a museum of natural history alone which will be nearly as large as the whole of this colossus of Russell Square, and is arranged on a truer system. The Crystal Palace is a failure; it should extend from Sydenham to London Bridge, and contain all countries and climates from the equator to the pole. The Mansion House is shabby and commonplace; the Bank of England is but a vast strong box. Some of the West-End clubs are good, or used to be so; but no London cabman can drive you to the best hotel you ever put up at. There is not a theatre in the city fit to hold a foot-light to "Booth's" or the Boston "Globe;" nor an actor or actress worthy to appear outside the "Bowery." The Thames and Albert Embankments are of no use, and they look wretchedly uncomfortable eleven months out of the year. London Bridge was broken down two hundred years ago, and has grown up again houseless and unpicturesque. The Tower is huddled away where nobody can find it; the Tunnel—! Trafalgar Square is wickedly inadequate. What has Nelson done to be mast-headed in that fashion? was he not more a man than Cheops, whose coffin could not be squeezed into the square endwise? The Zoölogical Gardens are a yard for children to play in, with a few birds and beasts thrown in; they ought to cover Regent's Park, at least, and give every created animal such lodgings as should make it fancy itself safe back at home. What are the streets, even? Are Pall Mall and Piccadilly equal to the boulevards of Paris? Oxford Street, with all its continuations, is not so long as Broadway, nor so

wide, nor so imposing, nor straight at all. I am grossly understating the truth. The pavement problem has not been solved. The underground railway is a nightmare. The telegraph-wires, instead of being carried safely underneath the sidewalks, form a network overhead, and break down and cut people's throats. Wherever we look, nothing is as it should be, or even as it might be. The Albert Memorial is an outrage. The mighty river Thames, instead of being the Amazon, is a rivulet. Or turn, if you will, to the famous London press, and hear, not what I say, but what it says about itself. The *Times* is timeserving, snobbish, fallible. The *Saturday Review* is stale, labored, insincere. The *Athenæum* has become an asylum for decayed old ladies. The *Spectator* gushes. The grim *Examiner* starves in the effort to achieve impossibilities. *Punch* is dull and timid. The later-born newspapers are confused echoes of their elders, with an addition of flippancy and vulgarity gratis. Really, it is high time these complacent Englishmen should understand that they and their belongings are anything but perfect

III.

BUT your Englishman, if he stops to hear you out at all, replies with a grin of contempt, not at himself, but at you. He knows all these things that you tell him, and more; and they weigh not a feather in the balance. There stands London, enormous, unequaled, renowned, and caring rather less for your criticisms than for one of her own fogs. She is a sovereign who can afford to wear indifferent garments, and otherwise do what she pleases. She keeps house for a formidable fraction of the human race, and all the giants of modern history have lived in her or visited her, and confessed her majesty and magnetism. Her overgrown bulk does not much concern her—she accounts that but a subordinate form of greatness: for she is big with the past; despite her materialism, it is her immaterial part that imports. A bit of pavement on which Shakespeare has trod, a post which Johnson has touched, a tavern in which Moore has sung songs, a chamber in which Raleigh has been confined, a suburb where Bacon lived—there is no pooh-poohing such dignities as these. London's body is great only because her spirit is greater. The thing did not happen disconnectedly and by accident. Familiarity with her does not breed contempt; we learn that her paving-stones are not of gold, but meanwhile we have stumbled upon something richer and better. Her shortcomings seem but to enhance her incorrigible worth. Chicago and St. Louis may by-and-by come to measure miles with her, and compare buildings, and methods of transit, and parks; but the less they say about any other kind of competition the better. The world is twice as large and valuable since London came into it: there has never before been such a city, and perhaps it is well to pray that there may never be such another; for, though this splendor of concentration is so powerful and so fascinating, the opposite policy seems destined to obtain in time to

come. The physical and metaphysical wealth of the earth must not again be heaped so sumptuously together. It would not do to have left the experiment of London untried: it has showed what serried humanity can be and cannot be. The ends gained are huge, but unprecise; ordinary individuality gets its wind knocked out of it. If you join in with the throng, you exchange yourself for it; if you stick to yourself and refuse to be drawn in, the effort of holding back distorts you into eccentricity: in short, you cannot keep your proper countenance in the neighborhood of such an overbearing loadstone; and if you are not possessed of an exceptionally sturdy set of features, defiant of any power that can be brought to bear upon them, you had better get out of the way altogether. It is true that great men and geniuses seem to thrive on the rich diet and strong wine that upset their lesser brethren; but so few people come under their category that the general conclusion is not invalidated.

But it is a fine illustration of great men—that delight they have in plunging into the densest turmoil of their fellow-creatures, and growing greater, Antæus-like, by the contact. And, conversely, you may find your surest way to the capital of the world by hunting up the bearers of mighty names. They carry London—that is, the intensest, broadest, most varied life—in their hearts; and they naturally seek the physical environment which best corresponds with their spiritual furniture. Perhaps, therefore, we should let London continue for the behoof of the best men. Instead of the greatest good of the greatest number, we ought to consider the gratification of the few foremost. Yet our concern for them is fussy and officious. That they can thrive in the imperial city is proof that they can do without her. They are free and independent, if anybody is; and if the sense of mankind condemns London as a dangerous luxury for the race at large, they will lend their aid to overturn her.

IV.

IN fact, London has already become a sort of white elephant, putting its possessors to their wits' end. The irregularity and amazement of its streets infinitely exaggerate the virtual area of the city, and it was a lucky day for postmen that saw invented the contrivance of dividing up the unwieldy municipal carcass into fore-quarter, hind-quarter, rib, and sirloin, clumsy and arbitrary though the division was. And the chief aim of Londoners is, having got the biggest town in the world, to make it as practically small again as possible. I do not refer merely to their underground railways, their cabs, buses, and tramways, their ferry-boats, messengers, and telegraphs, but to the tendency and reason of all their ways of living. The London of the dwellers in Cheapside and Lombard Street is a place of very narrow dimensions; many an American village is larger. The crowd with and past which they daily hurry to their business is but part of the ordinary furniture of the streets—they never think of moralizing about it. Their mind holds the idea of their

cab or 'bus, of their office, of their restaurant, of their club, and that is all, so far as London is concerned. Add the houses at which they dine out once a week or month, and there remains nothing. Mayfair is equally limited within itself. They ride in the Row, they stare out of Pall Mall windows, they show themselves at one another's parties, and at the theatre, the shops in Regent and Bond Streets. Of Pentonville and Whitechapel they know nothing. There are London clique and style, as pronounced and provincial as any of Beacon Street or Pumpkinville. The typical cockney is not a great but a small man. The very pressure of the immensities around him crams him into a certain narrow groove, whence to budge would be explosion. I cannot walk London streets in a turban, or in a long-tailed blue coat with brass buttons, without exciting general remark, and the hostility of the police. This is not what we would expect; a Kaffre naked from the Zambezi should be able to dine at the Athenæum and dawdle in the Park without causing so much as a butcher's boy to turn his head. London, from this point of view, is a petty affair enough; a set of baby features imbedded in broad acres of meaningless flesh. It does not all mean one thing; if you pick it up it will fall in twenty pieces. It is cosmopolitan on the surface, but only so. It is not an immeasurable unit, with St. Paul's for a centre, as it is made out to be in the title-picture of the *Illustrated London News*. It is a bundle of sticks, not a single giant bole. Were it otherwise, what a Tree Yggdrasil it would be! whose terrible roots would drain all the sap out of the rest of the world in another generation. But, by a wise decree of Providence, giants of body have seldom been giants of soul, and London does not prove the rule by being the exception to it. The Tower of Babel could ascend only so far, and London, spread how much it will, reached long ago the limits of its greatness. Perhaps it was formerly greater than now, both comparatively—because there are other giants abroad in these days; and intrinsically—because the increase of its skirts has diminished its central vitality. Yet, after all subtractions and detractions, there stands London, unrivaled, inconceivable, invincible. It is as an anvil, on which all men may hammer out their reflections without fear of cracking it.

V.

THAT same amazing street-arrangement just alluded to makes London indefinitely more attractive to me, and the attraction is of a kind that wears better than has been the case with far fairer and more classic cities. She is a kind of second nature; the laws of her being are as intricate as those of the world, perhaps more so. Were she laid out in American parallelograms or Parisian boulevards, I should be captivated for a time, but should as soon think of falling definitely in love with her as of marrying a statue instead of a variable woman of flesh and blood. I have been acquainted with London, off and on, for four or five years, but there are ten thousand places in it of which I have not even heard,

though doubtless they have often lain immediately on the right and left of my line of march. Every district, every block of houses, has a distinct set of features and twang of its own, though all, as has been said, are mystically subordinate to the whole. London will be the last country to be fully explored; regions will remain unknown there long after South Africa has become an island, and the north-pole been covered ten feet high with the names of tourists. A family might take up their abode there, and each member of it, for generation after generation, take a new walk every day, and at the end of a hundred years discover that their knowledge of the place was really very limited.

I always respect an actor who has in him greatness enough to deliver his best passages with an unpremeditated air—not as if they had already become part of the language. So in London, I like to happen upon spots, tucked away amid the most unpromising surroundings, which are yet so famous in the world's history that it seems a marvel they were not framed in gold and hung up conspicuously in the City-Hall. What wealth, we say, must that be which can afford to keep such a jewel as this in the background! If ever I set up a museum of curiosities, one of the first things I shall secure for it will be a London city 'bus, incrustated over with all these invaluable names. How composedly that driver whips up his horses; and mark the nonchalant manner in which the conductor shouts out those immortal words! They would be great men indeed were they anything but pitifully ignorant of their advantages.

I am still in doubt, however, whether this curiosity about historic spots be not morbid rather than legitimate. Is it not somewhat akin to the lackadaisical sentiment which prompts us to weep over the tombs of our friends? Our friends are not in the tomb, neither are the mighty men of yore in these old haunts of theirs; therefore, what are we after there? I suspect the truth to be, that we love such places because we feel in a large sense at home in them. The best part of us lives in great men, whether past or present; and when we stand where they have stood, or look at things with which they were familiar, we feel our roots in the world strengthen and our sympathy with the human race somehow enlarged. Those unfortunate people whose lot it has been to travel much, and more or less to lose the power of connecting the idea of home with the scenes of childhood, have reason to be thankful for Shakespeare's cottage at Stratford, for Goethe's house at Weimar, for Martin Luther's ink-stained chamber, and for many a spot in the neighborhood of Temple Bar. Here is your home, poor traveler; here you were builded better than you knew; here were brooded the thoughts and seen the visions of the immortal youth of your genius. For are they not your visions and your thoughts, since mankind are one, and the worthiest of us but the fullest and keenest perception and utterance of the lesser?

In thus venturing to force my Pegasus to transcend for a moment his customary safe and respectable jog-trot, I am only bringing him the more

speedily toward a certain cozy and ancient chop-house, where I can invite the reader to some solid English refreshment, and where, perhaps, we may conclude our introductory moralizings upon the absolute London quite as comfortably as elsewhere. For it is probably needless to observe that any attempt to describe in detail, or even to summarize what are called the chief points of interest in London, is farthest both from my purpose and my desire. The reader, if he be also a traveler, has seen them all for himself; or, if he be but a reader pure and simple, then he is weary of perusing what thousands of more ambitious and conscientious pens than mine have already writ concerning them. I mean to confine myself, both here and hereafter, to the veriest trifles, and to the legitimate vague and general reflections thence derived. It is not within my instructions to give a picture of the London or England of to-day, whether in its physical, historical, literary, or social aspect. As for London, I shall take leave of it very shortly, and not visit it again, save for the briefest glimpses. Once out of the city, I shall cast my lines in a somewhat out-of-the-way spot, and direct my attention mainly to my immediate surroundings, many of which, perhaps, would prove more or less of a novelty even to some Englishmen—at least, from my point of view. Let those who are dissatisfied with this outlook go to M. Taine, or where they will. They can meet with nothing to detain them here, unless it be the prospect of something to be dissatisfied about.

VI.

PASSING from St. Paul's down Ludgate Hill, and along ugly, populous Fleet Street, we presently come in sight of Temple Bar, which, having grown weak in the legs from so long bestriding this famous thoroughfare, is now supported amidships by a massive wooden crutch, and further protected by a couple of policemen, who mount guard on each side of it, and enforce the warning to all vehicles to proceed at a snail's pace. Progress, in the shape of the new courts of justice, has partly undermined this time-honored structure; and it has been gravely mooted by the city fathers whether they should pluck it up from its historic site and set it down somewhere else, where it might retain its traditional renown without interfering with the traffic of the street. Alas! a stone is but a stone when it is a corner-stone no longer; and who would care for Temple Bar after it has ceased to be the bar of the Temple? As a practical man, I think it ought to come down; as a sentimentalist, I would rather see all London come down first; but the practical sentimentality of taking it down here and putting it up again there is beyond me, and will, I believe, prove too much for the gravity even of the city fathers.

We make these reflections standing before an unobtrusive doorway less than a hundred feet from the triple archway of the Bar. It is narrow and devoid of ornament, and might easily be passed unnoticed. Above it stands a rusty, gilded cock, in the act of crowing; and the name of the tavern is the

Old Cock. It belongs, I should say, to the upper middle class of taverns, or perhaps it ranks still higher; it is difficult to gauge it by our American standards. At all events, the Old Cock pretends to a good wine-cellar, and refuses to permit its patrons a pipe of tobacco after their beer, as is the custom at other outwardly similar establishments. Probably it takes pride in concealing aristocratic qualities beneath a studiously sober suit of feathers. Not that I am aware of having met any peers of the realm here; the customers seem generally to belong to the prosperous mercantile class. It has not been my fortune, either, to happen upon an eccentric knot of wits and humorists as I have once or twice done at sequestered chop-houses not far from this, where the cutty-pipe was allowed. But I take the Old Cock, such as it is, to be a very fair example of London houses of its class, as well as an agreeable sort of place intrinsically; enter we, therefore, without more ado.

We pause yet a moment, however, to buy a copy of the *Echo* for a halfpenny from the small, vociferous newsboy, who, if it be about four o'clock in the afternoon, as it ought to be to insure a quiet dinner and elbow-room, is sure to be on stand at the door-post, with the latest edition of that blushing journal under his arm. Passing down a long, narrow passage-way, and through some folding-doors, we find ourselves in a lengthy but otherwise contracted apartment, probably the result of throwing three or four small square rooms into one. The ceiling is low, the wainscot high, dark, and polished, and the little boxes or incipient rooms which line the sides of the main room like the roe of a fish are of the same deep-tinted wood. I took it for granted, on my first introduction here, that the wood was oak, blackened by time, and the immemorial rubbings of shoulders, elbows, and hands. But one day I found to my surprise that it is all fine, solid mahogany. I was not altogether pleased with my discovery; but it is a trait of the English to like the sort of richness which is apparent only at a second or third glance, or at an interior view. They delight so much in ostentation, that they are ostentatious in concealing it. The palaces in May Fair are outwardly dingy and featureless to the last degree; built of the ugliest yellow-black bricks, and on the plainest horizontals and perpendiculars. But inside they tell a different story; they are rather sepulchred whitenesses than whited sepulchres. No doubt the latter form of deception is more unpleasant than the former; but perhaps truth and consistency throughout might be better than either.

The floor of the Old Cock is sanded or sawdusted. This arrangement inspires a delightfully homelike feeling; it is at once so cleanly and so primitive, inviting you to take your ease, and yet far removed from savagery. Nothing can surpass sawdusted floors for comfort and wholesome simplicity. The human race would be improved by living upon them for a generation; they laugh to scorn all effeminate luxury and gaudiness, but never discountenance what is strong, efficient, and useful. They call up

memories of old-fashioned spinning-jennies, high-backed chairs, and antique costumes and customs. Waxed and polished floors of inlaid woods, which are beginning to take the place of carpets, are scarcely less a vanity than they, although certainly prettier and cleaner. As for marble, it belongs to paganism, and quite another form of civilization than ours.

The head-waiter, who paces forever backward and forward between the rows of boxes, a refined, spare, elderly personage in full dress, assigns us an attendant, who brings us a pewter mug of ale on a small, round, china-bottomed holder, having a picture of the Old Cock imprinted upon it: and then goes off to order our chop or steak. What chops these are! I once made the mistake of ordering two, on the strength of an exceptional appetite; after finishing the first I looked at the second; it was the better of the two; but, so far as I am concerned, it remains untasted to this day.

I know not whether this be the same Cock celebrated by Mr. Will Waterproof, in that lyrical monologue of his; the head-waiter is not plump; but on

the other hand the port is not bad, and I am in the habit of calling for a sentimental pint thereof occasionally. It forms a pleasant bond of union between the chop or steak and the Stilton cheese. All these things are brought from out a darksome doorway at the end of the apartment, beyond which I presume the kitchen lies, though I never explored it. In some restaurants the kitchen is partitioned off from the dining-room by glass, or even occupies the lower end of it without any partition; a huge fire of glowing coals fills the broad grate, and the fat cook broils our dinner before our eyes on a silver gridiron. Such a plan is probably agreeable to most people of healthy stomachs, who thus doubly enjoy the feast; but squeamish eaters must be cautious. The cook, of course, should be a person of refined tact; not like those skillful but terrible Frenchmen, who take nameless liberties with saucepans, in order to see whether they are hot enough. Perhaps we ought to eat nothing which we would be afraid to see cooked; but how many a seeming-innocent delicacy would that rule deduct from our bills-of-fare!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AVICE GRAY:

A STORY IN THIRTEEN CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

A CUP OF COLD WATER.

AMONG the many duties recognized by the ancients I am not aware that there was one of the name, or possessed of the attributes, of what we call Chance. Destiny they acknowledged; but Destiny was altogether a different thing. Destiny watched over the lives of men, supplied their motives, directed their actions, and either perfected or frustrated their designs. Destiny allowed nothing hap-hazard, but either for good or for evil, and, under the agency of her handmaidens the Fates, influenced all that came to pass.

But we in these days are so far in advance of the ancients that we refuse to place trust in the influence of Destiny any longer. We have no longer the confidence or the credulity to believe that our affairs are under other guidance than our own. Whether we have improved on the old faith is another matter, since when—as is often the case—we are compelled to admit that we cannot always manage our concerns for the best, those who have not sufficient piety to allow the direction of one overruling Power deity Chance. Coincidences we still confess to some belief in; presentiment we do not altogether deny the existence of; and, whatever we cannot conveniently account for under either of these two heads, we attribute to Chance; but a childlike faith we leave to children, and to those past times when we, in our present wisdom, deem the world also to have been in its childhood.

So much by way of preface. Now to begin.

On the 14th of July, in a year which it is not necessary particularly to specify, two persons met in a narrow wood-path, face to face. Up to that moment utter strangers to each other—parting as little known as they had met—either little guessed the influence that single point of contact would have upon

the lives of both. Little could they suppose how the few words spoken, the careless look and smile, nay, even the commonplace outward surroundings, would be by after-events so burned in upon their minds as never in years to come to be forgotten. It was, as we in our blindness should phrase it, a meeting of the purest chance; but on that chance meeting hung afterward the life of one and the life's happiness of the other.

It was, as has been said, July, and one of the hottest and most fervid days of that hot and fervid month. The earth lay parching and panting under the caresses of her fierce lover the sun; there was no coolness in the strong south breeze that rustled the leaves and bowed the fields of waving grain; the crisp curl and sparkle of the blue waters of the lake dazzled but did not refresh; there was no tender haze nor softness in the bright noon air in which every object stood out clear, distinct, and plain; the roads stretched pitilessly white and dusty and wearisome before the traveler; the shadows had retreated to the roots of the trees, as though they felt themselves out of place in so glaring a scene, and waited for their turn by-and-by, leaving the sun to have it all his own way for the present. Animal life also felt the influence of the atmosphere. The hum of the grasshopper and the ceaseless chirp of the cricket filled the air, but the birds were almost silent; listless cattle had ceased to feed, and tried to find forgetfulness of heat and insects in sleep; only man, whose toil is never-ending, pursued his labor as he best could under the burning sun, fulfilling literally the doom pronounced on Adam.

In the wood-path of which I have spoken, it was something better, though even here the sun's vertical rays left sacred but few spots. But the path was grassy, and the heavy summer foliage hung ripe on either hand, and curves and sharp angles in the road cast some shadows here and there. It was only a foot-track through coppices of underbrush and dense

young growth of bushes and tall weeds, and seldom used except, as now by the man, as a short-cut from station to station, and, as by the girl, as a road in the fruit-season to those places where grew the spontaneous gifts of the earth.

What could have induced any man to walk on this melting morning across the ridges from Whitechester to Bleekmans, which it afterward appeared was his destination, is a mystery which must ever remain unsolved. True, the short distance is but five miles, while round by the road it is eleven, owing to the intervening marsh only passable on foot, and scarcely even so; but, when we consider how much more prone is human nature to sacrifice time to convenience than comfort to time, we can only fall back on the theory that Chance (unless we change our phraseology and devoutly say the hand of Providence) had directed our traveler on this occasion to the use of his own limbs. He had, however, more than repented of his rash resolve before half the distance was passed; and while waiting for breath, seated on a prostrate tree at one of the shady curves aforesaid, he was startled by the sudden apparition of the girl.

Only by the suddenness of her appearance in that unfrequented place, for in herself there was nothing terrible. A fair, fresh girl of seventeen or eighteen, with bright cheeks, smiling lips and eyes, and rippling auburn hair, is not an alarming object, even to a pursy man of more than middle age, with grizzled locks and lines that tell of hard experience on his weather-beaten face. So, after the first involuntary exclamation, he looked with a pleased expression at the bright young vision that stood before him.

I say stood, for at the sound of his voice she stopped. Fortunately for her, something even more attractive than her beauty arrested his attention as she passed him. Her pretty face might have pleased him for a moment, received a kindly nod, gone by, and been forgotten; but what was of far more importance in his sight was a tin pail hanging on her arm, in the bottom of which some water splashed about with a delicious gurgling sound.

"Hold on!" he said, after giving her "good-day." "Give us a drink if you have it to spare. I'm pretty nigh choked."

"'Tis warm, ain't it?" the girl said, handing him the pail and taking off a pink sun-bonnet to fan her pinker face; and he noticed as she did so that she drew carefully back into the shade of the bushes.

"You're careful of your skin, I reckon," he remarked, with a laugh, looking at the delicate bloom which even that day's heat had scarcely marred. "And I don't know but what you're right to be so. How old are you?"

"Eighteen next week."

"I thought about that. I'd a child once of that age, and she didn't look very unlike you either. Got a beau?" he added, somewhat suddenly.

It seemed so absolutely certain that a girl with such a face must possess one, if not more than one, of those appendages, and take them as a matter of course, that he rather wondered at the scarlet flush which overspread her face and neck at his very commonplace joke; and, instead of the laughing answer he expected, she stammered something quite inaudible.

"I didn't mean to offend you," he said. "I'm old enough to be your grandfather, so you needn't mind what I say. Going to be married, perhaps?"

"Perhaps—when my time comes," said the girl,

with a mixture of carelessness and confusion; but the carelessness was very evidently simulated, while the confusion was perceptibly real.

"You're too young," said the man, looking at her attentively. "If you'd take my advice—but you won't take it, so I'll keep it by me for the next one that will. What's the use of talking to girls like you? Haven't I done it before, and didn't I do it in vain?" He grew suddenly grave, drew a deep sigh, and was silent.

"Tain't good," said the girl, as he took the pail again and raised it to his mouth for a second draught. "It's only swale-water, but as it was pretty clear I took some for fear I'd be dry before I got home. It's quite a little piece to walk."

"Been berrying?" And he looked at some red stains on her fingers.

"Yes, but berries is few and scattering this year. I started out to look for some, but I got none worth while. Don't you know blood from berry-juice? See here! what a scratch I got as I was climbing a fence."

She turned back her sleeve and showed a deep mark from which the blood still oozed a little; and he now noticed that it had dripped and left broad blotches down the side of her faded light cotton dress. "Why, did that small scratch bleed all that?" he asked.

"And more too, till I washed it off in the swale."

"You haven't walked from Low's swale this morning?"

"I guess no one carried me either there or back. But what do you know about Low's swale? You're a stranger in these parts, ain't you?"

"I wasn't always, if I am now. I used to know the place well enough, and that's why I undertook to walk across, instead of going round, as I ought. But either the road is longer than it was, or else my legs were younger then than they are now."

The girl laughed.

"Well, it's no longer now to go on than to go back," she said. "I wonder what time it is?—it must be near noon."

As she spoke the sound of a hoarse whistle came on the breeze to their ears.

"That's the eastern express coming into Whitechester; it's a quarter to twelve."

"Well, I must go on," said the traveler, slowly rising. "And when you catch me walking across this confounded ridge again you may tell me of it, that's all. Much obliged for the water." And he went his way.

"Quite welcome," was the stereotyped answer; and the girl took her seat on the log he had just vacated, and watched the retreating figure out of sight.—"I wonder who he is?" she thought. "I wish I'd found out his name. But what matter? I'll never see him again."

As the girl sat there in the bloom of young beauty and the flush of a happiness long strange to her, the recollection of the unknown traveler soon passed from her mind. Dreaming of happy days soon to come, the events of the present moment were little to her; in visions of a youth and beauty like her own she forgot the uninteresting age and ugliness from which she had just parted; and foresaw not that the time was near at hand when all the world's wealth, and almost all earthly hopes, would be freely bartered for the sight of that weather-beaten face and grizzled hair.

CHAPTER II.

STRANGE GAME.

THE same ridge of which the weary traveler expressed such unqualified disapproval extended for five miles westward. It here, however, became the rocky shore of an arm of the lake, a narrow strip of water running inland for about a mile and a half; the outer shore being bold and precipitous, clothed here and there with tufts of ragged evergreens and wild vines, the inner or bay-shore low and marshy, fringed with alders, iris, spikenard, and other denizens of a wet soil. The only house within some distance was that of Mr. Vanvannick, which stood on the other side of the inlet on the main road, and, as the crow flies, about a mile from the high shore. The land on the ridge being quite worthless, it was only used as a pasture for sheep and young cattle, and was seldom trodden by any human foot. In the autumn the cranberry-pickers sometimes invaded the solitudes of the marsh, and Mr. Vanvannick or his son occasionally paddled across in the old punt with salt for the colts and cattle; otherwise, for months together, the waste of rock and brushwood would be undisturbed.

This being the case, it was somewhat singular that on this particular morning not only had the girl whose acquaintance we have already made acknowledged to having been at Low's swale, the name by which the marsh was generally known, but at the moment when she made the announcement the ridge was tenanted by five other persons. Who the five were will perhaps be made manifest before the close of our narrative; at present we have to do with but two of them.

It happened that for some little time previously the ridge had been the resort of a large number of wild-pigeons, and, as these birds are held—and deservedly so—in considerable esteem, their haunts were soon discovered and invaded by sportsmen eager for the spoil. Were it not for the busy time of the year, the number of these might have been much greater; but the hay absorbed the attention of most of the surrounding country, and only here and there an idler or one whose work was slack could afford the time needful for the slaughter of the game.

The two young men who have some connection with our story were strangers in the neighborhood. Traveling together on the main road, and putting up for the night at Bleekman's, they had been told of the pigeon-roost, and resolved to devote a day to sport. Their own fast horse had conveyed them to the entrance of the scrub and brushwood, and, tied to a tree, awaited their return; while they, each with a borrowed gun in his hand, pursued the mazes of the woody paths in search of the game, but had not proclaimed their presence on the ridge by a single shot. Their day's adventures were to be very different from what they had anticipated.

"Well, I'm hanged if I see much fun in this," said one, as they met, after a short separation, and trod together a grassy path wide enough for the two to walk abreast. "Here have we tramped about for more than an hour and haven't found the place yet. We should have brought a guide."

"Have patience, Phil," said the other, with a laugh. "Our luck will come. If we don't see the roost, I'm persuaded we shall find something before the day is out."

The sun beat fiercely down into the open glade where they stood, and, as the rays were reflected from the rocky slabs and burnt grass beneath their

feet, the heat became almost unbearable. The young men paused, and the one addressed as Phil took off his light straw hat to wipe his heated brow. A momentary lull in the wind had let the rustling leaves drop motionless, and a deep silence reigned for an instant in the wood.

It was suddenly broken. At no great distance from them apparently, they heard the sound of a man's voice, rapid and loud; then followed a shout; and then what sounded very like a woman's scream. To the latter neither would swear afterward, but at the moment each was sure that he heard a female voice, and, each seeing in his companion's face the suspicion of something wrong, both bounded off in the direction whence the sound had come. As they started, Phil stumbled over a root, his gun going off as he fell; but, quickly gathering himself up again unhurt, he was but a moment or two behind his friend.

Utterly ignorant of the locality, they passed some few minutes in a blind search, and at last came out on the same road farther on. This they pursued for a short distance, and at a turn of the path the eyes of both fell together on the body of a man lying full length upon the grass some way before them.

"Hallo! what's up?" said Phil's companion, quickening his pace.

"Remains of a spree, I fancy," remarked Phil, with a laugh. "Gad, though, it's a queer place to be drunk at this time of day."

But the other, who was a few steps in advance, turned round with his face gone suddenly white. "Hush, Phil, for God's sake!" he said, low and sharp. "The man's killed."

It was so. Before them lay a young man of two or three and twenty, evidently struck down by a sudden and fatal blow; still breathing, but gasping out his life in short, quick sobs, while blood trickled slowly from a small, deep wound in his neck. As Phil's companion fell on his knees beside him and raised his head, his eyes lighted, but he seemed past speech.

"What's the matter? What has happened? What can we do for you?" were Phil's rapid questions; but there came no reply.

"Here's a business, Dunc. What are we to do?"

"I don't know. The man's dying, I'm afraid, and he didn't kill himself, that's certain. I wish he could tell us something about it."

The dying man seemed to hear and understand.

"Can you speak? Can you let us know who you are, and what to do?" said Duncan, very gently.—"Phil, I wonder if there's any water to be got?"

The man heard, and, though he could not raise his hand, moved a finger in one direction, and at last, by a violent effort, words came:

"Avice—Harmer—down there—pond;" and the voice died away.

Phil sprang to his feet, and was hurrying in the direction indicated, when the other called him back.

"Stop, Phil! If any one goes there, I do. You're none too cool any time; and who knows what or who may be there?—What was that name you said? Who is the cause of this work?" the last words to the man whose head still rested on his knee.

"Follow—pond—Avice—"

"Did Avice do it?" said Phil, impatiently, for the man's life was evidently ebbing fast away.

But no more words came. Another effort to speak brought a horrible rattle to the throat, and a rush of blood to the lips. The eyes closed, and the

head rested with a heavier weight on the supporting knee.

"He'll never speak again, I doubt," said Duncan, solemnly, laying him down upon the grass. "He's fainted now; I'll go for some water, if there's any to be had, but I fear it's little use. Stay by him, Phil."

He started, as the man had pointed, through a perfect tangle of juniper and brushwood. He had no idea where he was going, and no expectation of finding water in so unlikely a place; but, persevering, he came out in two or three minutes on the banks of a pond.

A dark, dreary, dismal place it was. If ever a place looked fit to be the scene of a murder this was the one. Even in the noon sunshine a black shadow hung over the black water, covered here and there with patches of filthy, yellow scum. Rotten logs lay like loathsome monsters on the surface; horrible, discolored fungi grew along the edges; trailing, poisonous-looking weeds wound themselves about the bushes that fringed the margin, and drooped from the branches of the melancholy trees that shaded the desolate pool. Coiled on the border lay the hideous folds of a large water-snake, which slipped out of sight when disturbed by Duncan's tread. No bird sang, no insect skimmed the water, which looked unfathomably deep and treacherous. Duncan took up a stone and cast it in; it fell sullenly into the middle of the black and slimy lake, which did not splash but spread out in smooth, undulating rings like oil. A place of more utter loneliness, or more suggestive of dark deeds and hidden secrets, would have been hard to find. Its aspect sent a shudder even to Duncan's fearless heart.

"Did they mean to hide him here, I wonder?" he thought. "They couldn't well have found a better place. It's an awful business, whatever's at the bottom of it. This water is not fit, but it'll have to do. There's no time to lose." He considered a moment, took off one of his heavy shoes, filled it at the clearest spot he could find, and retraced his steps.

"You're too late," said Phil, as he emerged from the bushes. "He's a dead man, if there ever was one. It's a black business, Duncan. What shall we do?"

"We must take the body with us, Phil, and give information the first house we come to."

"We can't do that. Don't you know it's against the law to touch him?"

"I can't help it; we must risk that. Whoever did it knows we're here; we must not leave him, and it's not safe for one to stay alone."

"I'm not afraid of a woman, Dunc."

"A woman?"

"Yes. You see that juniper-scrub? I saw a woman there. She did it."

"You're dreaming, Phil."

"As wide awake as you. He held my hands as he was dying, and I couldn't stir, and by the time I was free she was gone. But, as God shall judge me, I saw a woman's dress among those bushes."

"Shall we search them?"

"What's the use? Whoever is here knows the ground and has got a clear start. No, I guess I've got already all we'd find by searching. See here."

He put into Duncan's hand a woman's pocket-handkerchief; it was quite clean, of plain muslin, and unmarked in any way. "That's hers, of course," he said, "but I'm afraid it will give no clew. And here's another thing—what do you make of this?"

He held out a spray of lime-flowers, fresh and un-

faded. Duncan looked up, and round; there was no lime-tree to be seen.

"This was in his hand," resumed Phil, "and the tree it grew on grows in an open space a short way down that other path; the grass under it is rather long, and beaten down as if people had sat there in conversation, but not trampled as if there'd been a struggle, and the flowers are strewed there. I can't make it out. It's not likely they were on friendly terms if she killed him; but, if they were quarrelling, what were they doing with the flowers?"

"Leave guessing, Phil; it's not your business nor mine. We have our own share to account for, and that's enough, and more than enough, for me. And we'd best know just what we have to say—look what time it is now."

"Nearly half-past twelve. So you think we're bound to take him with us? Hadn't we better go at once?"

"We must not leave him," said Duncan, thinking of the pool.

"Come, then. I suppose we can't be very far from the horse. I don't know how you feel, Dunc, but for my part I wish we'd let the pigeons alone to-day."

CHAPTER III.

ONE OF MANY.

GIVEN a certain set of circumstances and it becomes a necessity of our nature to frame a theory to fit them. When, as is not unfrequently the case, the two do not immediately agree, one of two courses is generally pursued; and in that aversion which the human mind usually entertains for waiting till time shall bring the truth to light, we are apt either from the partial facts we know to form a totally wrong estimate of motives, or, theoretically right, we invent a few convenient facts to suit our preconceived ideas.

When, therefore, on this long-remembered 14th of July, the lifeless body of Stephen Vanvannick was brought to his father's house, the house he had left in all the pride and strength of early manhood but a few hours before; when the father's grief and the mother's distraction touched to the heart's core all who witnessed them, and in the excitement witnesses were many; when all was confusion and mystery as to the doer of the deed or the motive for it; when all were ready to speak and none could be found to listen; and when out of the various suggestions none appeared to touch the truth—what could be done but imagine what *might have been* the case, and then cling tenaciously to that as the reality? This was done; so that, on a very slight foundation of fact, a very imposing edifice of conjecture had already been built up when Dr. Wells arrived. The messengers who went for him knew as well as he did when he came, that medical aid was useless; but it was proper with the necessary officers of the law also to summon a doctor, and the proper thing was done.

Stephen was dead—the doctor affirmed positively that he could not have lived a quarter of an hour after the infliction of the fatal wound; therefore the murder could only just have been perpetrated when the discoverers reached the spot. The two who were the discoverers were both creditable and respectable young men; they came from Whiteville, a small place about twelve miles beyond Whitechester, Philip Mason being the son of the first business-man of the village, and Duncan Bay, his friend, a young farmer living on his own property

in the vicinity. They had been on a visit to the betrothed wife of the latter, and were returning, this being Tuesday, after an absence of three days. The character of both was unimpeachable, the testimony of both beyond suspicion, and when they had told their story, and related the events of the morning so far as they knew them, it was received as the truth without a moment's doubt.

And out of the darkness grew gradually a glimmer of dawn; and what had been enveloped in mystery assumed, when questions had elicited all the evidence Philip Mason had to give, a very different complexion. Stephen Vanvannick was one who might be supposed to have not an enemy in the world; he was good-tempered, good-natured, free with help of time and money to those who needed either, never quarreled with his neighbors, and lived on the best of terms both with his own family and those around him. But inquiry, conjecture, and comparison of notes, brought to light a *possible* enemy, and if a possible why not a certain one? The second name uttered by Stephen had escaped the memory of both the young men, but both, from its peculiarity, were clear as to the "Avice," and on being asked if the other were "Harmer," recognized it at once, and never wavered afterward. This was enough. Every one knew that Stephen had once been a lover of Avice Gray—every one had heard that Fred Harmer sought her in marriage now—what easier than to believe that Stephen's slumbering passion had been revived, and his jealousy aroused by the appearance of a new suitor? Indeed, he had been heard to swear that no other should marry Avice Gray while he lived; he was dead, and positive evidence given that a woman was on the spot when he gasped his last breath—what better premises could be desired for arriving at a conclusion? Was it not clear and plain that Avice preferred the new lover to the old one, and that in some scene of reproach and quarrel she had—perhaps intentionally, perhaps in passion and by accident—struck from her path the opposer of her union? How, or in what manner, no one stopped to inquire; when people are determined to prejudice, who ever keeps probabilities in sight? The case was prejudged against Avice Gray, to the satisfaction of all who discussed it, two hours after it had come under discussion at all. Why suspicion lighted easily on her, why it rested heavily when once excited, and why people were ready to believe the worst that could be told them, may now be explained. No one will wonder at the explanation. We all know that justice and charity are not the breath of the world; that poverty and helplessness are not the surest passports to public favor; and that, for those who labor under these disadvantages, to be accused is generally to be condemned.

Avice Gray was servant, or, to speak more properly, "hired girl," at Mrs. Harmer's. Mrs. Harmer was a widow, who, with a family of three sons and a daughter, occupied a large farm, across one corner of which extended the wood-road of which the first scene of this history gave us a glimpse. If you object to a heroine of such low rank in the social scale, I am sorry, but I cannot help it; Avice was but a servant, and never rose far above that station, while we shall trace her story—the story which I must relate as it occurred, or not at all—and her life was no easy one. Mrs. Harmer, though a kind-hearted woman, was an exacting one, and Avice served her humbly for scanty pay. That she had to do so was either (according to your way of thinking) her misfortune or her fault. Young as she was, fair and innocent as she seemed, Avice bore a "light name,"

and it was not so easy for her to find home and occupation as though she had been of untarnished fame.

"Oh, the odious creature!" exclaims some markedly reader, eager, at the first breath of suspicion, to fasten on its victim all the rigor of condemnation. "Shut the book, my dear; we want to hear nothing about such people." Do so, madam; for you, and such as you, I do not write the story of poor Avice Gray; perhaps, if there were fewer like you, there would not be so many to suffer like her. But for those who do not look on the suspicion of evil as evil itself—who believe that, on condition of "sinning no more," even the sinner may be forgiven—and whose hearts can melt with charity and swell as readily with indignation against the powerful, as with contempt for the weak, I will continue the tale. I am not without example; not for nothing, doubtless, but to teach a most noble and much-needed lesson, was written that sweetest of sermons on charity, "Parson Gartand's Daughter."

Avice Gray was the only surviving child of a widowed mother. Her father, a sailor, had been drowned before her birth, and on the widow, left almost destitute by his sudden fate, and crushed alike by sickness and by sorrow, devolved the duty of bringing up the infant who came fatherless into the world. Had she been naturally robust, the task might not have proved beyond her strength, for she had friends able and willing to help her; but she was "come of decent folks," and did not like to accept charity. She would take nothing without giving an equivalent, and, in rendering that equivalent in the labor sufficient to earn what would feed and clothe herself and her child, however poorly, she wore herself out. Her health, always frail, grew frailer. She had tried to send her child to school, but was obliged to withdraw her to perform the few household tasks which, few as they were, she could no longer execute. She tried needlework, but failed to satisfy her employers. How could they wait while she was incapable of holding her needle? Even knitting at last became too much for her; and at length, when Avice was thirteen, she sank quietly to rest. Her few relations had, in the mean time, died or removed, and Avice was left alone in the world.

Alone in the world! Words easy to speak, easy to write, but how hard to realize!—words whose sound is often in our ears, but how seldom is their import in our hearts! The world to cope with—the world to struggle against—the world to dare. The world is a harsh antagonist, and but few of those who enter the lists of combat single-handed are ever enrolled as victors. God help those who, like Avice Gray, are alone in the world!

Among those who had been interested in and kind to her mother, was Mrs. Vanvannick, and into Mrs. Vanvannick's household she was taken on her mother's death. Here, for two years, she was comfortable and tolerably happy. Mrs. Vanvannick was a hard-working woman, and demanded hard work from those around her; but she was not one materially to ill-treat any one under her care; she gave, in return for the services performed for her, abundance of good food and ample clothing, and did not scold more than the natural course of things made necessary. The girl's education was of course neglected; she could read tolerably, and write a little wretchedly; and there it seemed probable her learning would begin and end; but she became skilled in all kinds of household-work, and was so handy, so cheerful, so trustworthy, so good-tempered, and so willing to learn, that, by the time she was fifteen, Mrs. Vanvannick hugged herself greatly on the fore-

thought that had made her charitable, and believed herself in possession of a treasure.

But all too soon the pleasant dream departed. The two years changed Avice from an unformed child into a sweet and lovely girl, not woman yet, but with all womanly charms and graces fast budding into bloom—a half-opened human flower, stirred already with the mysteries of life and thought as the bud is stirred to open to the yet unknown sunshine—that most endearing of creations, a maiden good and fair, with all the charm and sweetness of the one period of life where “brook and river meet.” Ah, where was now the tender, fostering care that should have nursed the young and lovely promise into safe and pure maturity? Who shall blame the vine, created to cling, that it accepts the support offered by the stately tree? And what shall be said or thought of her who, ignoring the sacred responsibility incurred in the charge of this young soul, could for worldly, selfish ends betray her trust, and cast out to certain danger and probable destruction one utterly without defense?

Mrs. Vanvannick was not slow to perceive the change that time, good food, and a healthy life, had wrought in Avice Gray; but, to her unutterable annoyance, she found that her son was quite as much alive to it as she. Her anger made her quick-sighted, and, long before Avice was aware of the nature of her own feelings, the astute elder woman knew well enough that her handsome, winning son had gained possession of all the heart a girl of fifteen has to bestow. At that she was not surprised, and, like most of her sex (not all, thank God! and shame on them that there are so many!), him she scarcely even blamed. That he should amuse himself with the child kept out of charity, without a serious thought or a moment's reflection on the misery he might cause, was right enough: young men will be young men. But what opprobrium could be deep enough for her? Could vile ingratitude and shameless levity go beyond what she had shown? Should she not have been able to take his words at their true worth, and rate all his proffered jewels as dust and ashes? Should she not have “forecast the years,” and seen from the beginning what the end must be? Ah, woman of fifty! when will you remember that you were once fifteen? Why will you forget, when you have gained the knowledge of evil, that you have attained it but with years? Would you take from youth its blessed ignorance, envious of a joy you can never know again? Or would you not rather cry in anguish for a return of those early years when suspicion was unknown—when men were true and faithful, and life stretched a fair land of promise to your view?

It is not likely that any such thoughts as these entered the mind of Mrs. Vanvannick. She was a hard, worldly-wise woman, with whom sentiment and refinement of thought had never been daily bread. But there was method in her anger. She knew that to accuse is often to suggest, and she said no word to the girl whose welfare in this world, and perhaps in the next, depended upon her, and to whom a word of tender, motherly warning would have been Heaven-sent charity. After some consideration, she did speak to her son, and received in reply a laughing assurance that there was no foundation for her fears. Her suspicions were lessened, but by no means dissipated; she kept strict watch, and her vigilance was at length rewarded by the discovery of a stolen interview—an unmistakable lovers' tryst—under the orchard-wall one Sunday afternoon. Denial was no longer of any avail, and

Stephen not only avowed his liking for his mother's orphan dependent, but intimated his intention of making her his wife. Then her anger blazed forth indeed, and the young man clearly perceived that, though evil intentions toward the girl would have been a sore misdemeanor in his mother's eyes, to offer her to her as a daughter would be an offense of a still deeper dye. The lesson was not lost. By deference and submission, partly affected and partly real, he soothed his mother until her indignant reproaches changed to gentle chiding, and on the defenseless girl fell the weight of her wrath. She was turned out of the house.

Perhaps that in itself might have been no great misfortune, for homes are easily found in our Western world by those who possess skilled hands and the will to use them. Avice could be no less than a servant, and with Mrs. Vanvannick she had been nothing more. But her mistress, to justify a course which she could not but feel to be unjustifiable, did not hesitate to infer, if not to allege, accusations against her as fact which she knew in her heart to be less than suspicion. It is possible to repeat an assertion till, however little foundation there may be for it, we believe it ourselves; perhaps Mrs. Vanvannick did so. At all events, she found it convenient to believe what completely excused the harshness of her conduct in the eyes of those with whom lay the shaping of Avice's future, and closed against her the doors of the homes she might otherwise have entered, as well as those of the one she had left.

Homeless, friendless, and with a character touched, if not blighted, by the freezing breath of suspicion at fifteen! The world had dealt hardly with Avice Gray. What wonder had she, in her first distress, accepted, like others, any shelter that might open to her? What wonder had she, writhing under accusations borne for her lover's sake and his desertion, welcomed his return to her on any terms? What wonder had she, in her utter helplessness, become what they would have made her? But Avice was preserved; when it seemed least likely, a friend came to her aid. Whether out of contradiction to the general feeling; whether out of interest or charity; or whether out of real belief in the girl's worth, Mrs. Harmer declared herself her friend. She asserted her confidence of the girl's perfect innocence of all wrong, and took her home.

Mrs. Harmer was kind to Avice. I should be sorry to attribute this altogether to the fact that her services were valuable, and her gratitude so deep, that for those services she would accept little compensation beyond the food she ate and the poor clothes she wore, but I will not say that such may not in some degree have been the case. At any rate, let us give her credit for what she did. She acted a mother's part to Avice, not only in the bestowal of food and shelter, but motherly advice and motherly care; she saved her from the danger which might have attended the further pursuit of Stephen Vanvannick; and she did her best to restore to the girl the good opinion of others, by boldly and constantly expressing her own. If she took some credit to herself for her charity and her trustfulness; if she reaped some benefit from her kindness, and received some recompense for the care and the shelter, who shall blame her? In this world, where there are so few good deeds, why should we hide our own under a bushel?

To Avice Gray, at all events, such considerations as these did not suggest themselves, and Mrs. Harmer was to her an angel of mercy and light. In simple natures, not cultivated or refined out of the

possession or exercise of the primitive virtues, gratitude sometimes takes strong hold, and it struck deep root in the heart of Avice Gray. To her, the woman who had believed and trusted her, who, instead of thrusting her over the precipice, had sustained her with firm arm even while bidding her look (and beware) into its yawning depths, who had given her protection when all others failed, was one to be simply revered and served with all the strength of which her mind and sense were capable. It would perhaps be scarcely too much to say that she considered her life at the disposal of the friend who had made that life worth keeping. When, shortly after her entrance into her new service, Mrs. Harmer was the victim of a dangerous and infectious disorder, it was Avice who supplied to her the daughter's place, which the daughter herself was too terrified to fill; it was Avice who bathed the fevered head, Avice who gave the cooling drink, Avice who watched by night and worked by day till her mistress was completely restored. She had her reward, for Mrs. Harmer, instead of only kindly feeling, conceived for her a real attachment, and was wont to hold her dutiful conduct before her own child as an example to be followed; not, it must be owned, very much to that young lady's satisfaction.

Thus for two years Avice had dwelt under Mrs. Harmer's roof, safe and contented, if not very happy. Very happy she could not be, for she had been really fond of Stephen Vanvannick, and his desertion of her, no less than the shadow on her good name, had cast a deep gloom over her young life. But she found her comfort in the knowledge that her mistress trusted her, that her many duties were faithfully performed, and that all who dwelt with her and witnessed her daily life were her friends.

It was a mistaken comfort. Of those she deemed friends one was fast becoming, indeed, had already become, far more than a friend—another was no friend at all. Fred Harmer had learned to think Stephen Vanvannick a fool, and to hope, with time and patience, to win as a prize the girl he had rejected and forsaken. Dorade Harmer hated her with all the strength of a passionate and jealous heart.

CHAPTER IV.

THE GLEAM OF SUNSET.

It was about two o'clock in the afternoon when Avice Gray entered the kitchen where Mrs. Harmer, busied with her handmaiden's neglected work, was wondering and fuming at her absence. She looked up severely as she set down the heavy iron with which she was employed, and prepared to administer a stern rebuke.

"You'd be a good one to send for sorrow, Avice Gray; I'm glad you don't carry my good luck with you. I'd like to know where you've been and what you've been doing, and me with all the work on my shoulders this whole melting day?"

"I'm very sorry, Mrs. Harmer," said the girl, but there was little grief in either her face or her tone. The pink flush yet remained in her cheeks, and her eyes were bright with an excitement evidently of a pleasurable nature. Her mistress, looking at her again, seemed struck with her appearance, and spoke in a different tone.

"Why, what have you been doing to yourself, Avice? you look as spry as a cricket—say, where have you been?"

"I'll tell you, Mrs. Harmer," said the girl, as she

took off her sun-bonnet, and prepared to resume her duties. "You've been the best of friends to me, and you shall be the first to hear what I've to tell, as you've good right. I'm sorry I'm so late, but it was so warm over on the ridges, and I was so tired hunting the berries, that I sat down to rest in the shade coming home, and fell asleep before I thought."

"You left this at five this morning, and you must have got across the ridges and out to the berry-field before seven. If you got none, why didn't you come right home? You hain't been asleep all that time, so don't tell me you have."

"I'll not tell you so, Mrs. Harmer, because it would not be true. When you know how it was, you'll forgive me, I know." The girl put up her hands as she spoke to arrange her disordered hair, and in doing so disengaged some lime-flowers which were fastened among the rings and curls, and which fell upon the table. She also, as she lifted her arms, exposed the scratch, and Mrs. Harmer's attention was attracted, as that of the man on the ridge had been, by the stained condition of her dress.

"I should think you might have more sense, Avice Gray. How in creation did you hurt yourself so, and what are you dressed up in flowers for, in such a rig as yours?"

The girl smiled—a soft, happy smile. "I'll tell you all about it," she said. "I did go straight across the ridges to the berry-field, but, try as I would, I couldn't get more than a couple of quarts, and them I lost when I fell over the fence and hurt my arm. I'd have picked them up if the ground had been dry, but the swamp mud had spoiled them."

"What swamp?" demanded Mrs. Harmer, quickly. "Was you at Low's swale?"

"Yes," said Avice, with a blush, and casting down her eyes. "I came across the corner that way home."

Mrs. Harmer shook her head. "Will you never be anything but a fool, Avice? I'd have more spirit if I was you than to ever think of a man that considered himself too good for me. Stephen Vanvannick's brought trouble enough on you already, and if I was in your place I'd not go anigh the spot where I might chance to meet him."

But Avice only smiled again, and seemed unmoved by the rebuke. "I did meet him this morning," she said, softly. "He was over to salt the cattle, and I saw him."

"And you staid out all morning on that ridge with Stephen Vanvannick? O Avice, that's too bad of you! To go and set folks talking again, after all the pains I've been at to clear you! You'd ought to know better—for my sake, if not your own."

"Folks will have to talk a little more before they stop," said Avice, demurely, looking down. Then she suddenly raised her eyes, and, though she colored to her hair, she looked steadily into Mrs. Harmer's face. "You may as well know it at once," she said. "Stephen and me are going to be married next week."

Mrs. Harmer stared at her, and then dropped, dumb with astonishment, into the nearest chair. As she expressed it afterward, "her breath was fairly taken away."

Avice waited a moment, and then, as no words came, spoke timidly. "Are you angry, Mrs. Harmer? I thought you'd be pleased."

"Pleased, child?" said her mistress, finding her tongue again, and, in her woman's pleasure at the prospect of a marriage, forgetting all her former severity—"pleased, child? I'm knocked senseless! Pleased? yes, of course, if you're pleased I am. But, O Avice!" she exclaimed, as a sudden remembrance came to her, "do you know what you've done?"

"Yes," said Avice, blushing again, and again looking down. "I know what you mean, and that's one reason why I thought you'd be glad of what I've told you."

"Well," said Mrs. Harmer, slowly, "I don't know but what 'tis so. If Fred had set his heart so on you as nothing could have turned him, and you had thought the same, I'd have made no objections, for I think in such matters every one should suit themselves. But, if you're out of the way, he may bring his mind to the girl I've laid out for him, and I don't deny but what that will satisfy me better. So we'll all be pleased, and I wish you much joy; but you'll have to tell me how it came about, for it's so sudden and unexpected I can't even guess."

"I'll tell you just how it was. I met Stephen on the ridge, as I told you, and he spoke to me. I answered him, but I wasn't going to stop to talk, when he asked me what was my hurry, and what was the reason he never saw me now. I was vexed, and spoke up and told him I'd seen too much of him already for my own good. Then he got angry, and said he supposed what people said was true. I told him people said a good many things, and asked him what one he meant, and he said every one had it that Fred Harmer was making up to me. What could I answer? I couldn't say no, could I?"

"I never knew you tell a lie, Avice. I don't suppose you could. What *did* you say?"

"I said I couldn't help folks talking, and it didn't matter to him, anyway. He said it mattered a great deal—that he liked me first, and he had the best right, and—well, I needn't say it all; I suppose they all say as much and mean as little," said the girl with a somewhat forced laugh. "He provoked me till I told him it was no concern of his who wanted to marry me if he did not; and then he swore he did, and he would, if I would have him; that he was sorry he had given way to his mother so much, and he was old enough to please himself, and—"

Had Avice been a well-educated young lady, she would doubtless have told her tale in more refined language; but it is doubtful if she would have rendered more intelligible to her listener what had taken place.

"And you agreed, like a fool of a child as you are?" But the severity of Mrs. Harmer's words was belied by her kind tone and her motherly look and smile.

"What else could I say? I've never liked any one else as I like him. His mother will make a fuss about it, I suppose, but am I bound to mind her? She did me all the harm she could once, and but for you, Mrs. Harmer, God knows how much worse it might have been! If Stephen wants me now in earnest, don't you think I've as good a right to consider him as her?"

"I guess so," said her mistress, reflectively. "It's hard to tell. Well, child," she added, briskly, seeming to awake from a reverie, "as I said before, I wish you much joy, and I hope that you've got a good husband and will make a good wife. I'll give you your wedding-dress—I always meant to do that—and perhaps a trifle more. When is it to be?"

"Wednesday in next week. He's going to get the license on Saturday, and on Wednesday we'll drive over to Whitechester, and—"

"Get married? No you won't, child. I'll have the minister marry you here—as quiet as you please, but I'll have you married under my roof, and here you can stay till he gets a house to put you in, for I guess he'll hardly take you home to his mother."

Avice's eyes filled with grateful tears.

"How can I thank you?" she began.

"Chut, child! I don't want no thanks. I took care of you this good while, and I always like to finish what I begin. I will say you've been a good girl to me, Avice, and I shall miss you whenever you go; Stephen's gain will be my loss. In the mean time, if you're not too proud, you may go and do the churning; I've had no time, and there it stands. If Dorade had been home I'd a-made her do it, little as she likes it; but there's small chance of her being in the way if there's anything extra to be done."

"Where *is* Dorade?" asked Avice, noticing her absence for the first time.

"She drove Fred over to Whitechester to take the train west. One of the boys had to go on that business of their Aunt Sophy's—there came another letter this morning to hurry them. I wanted Ephe to go—he's the best hand at business—but he didn't seem to want to leave the hay, and he coaxed Fred into it. He'll be gone a fortnight or three weeks, and I'm right glad he *is* away just now."

Avice heartily agreed in this, though she did not say so aloud, and she sincerely wished that Dorade could have been absent as well. Dorade was no friend to her, and she knew it. It was but a feeling, an intangible something between the girls, but it was there, and each was aware of it. Dorade made no objection to Avice's presence, because she relieved her of many household cares; but she was jealous of her. She was jealous of Avice's superior beauty, feeling that her own advantages of dress and adornment could not outweigh the fresh pink-and-white charm of the other girl; she was jealous of her mother's affection for her; and on one other point she felt a more deadly jealousy still. It was not likely that such sentiments would exist and Avice remain altogether ignorant of them; and, though of a gentle disposition, she could not help slightly resenting a dislike for which she was conscious of giving no cause; and the result was a very uncomfortable state of feeling, and a desire on the part of each to have as little as possible to do with the other.

"Is Dorade coming home to-night?" Avice asked, as she prepared to set to work.

"Yes, she'll be home some time after dark, if she does like she mostly tries to. She said she'd take the chance when she was out to spend the day in Whitechester and make some visits. She didn't have to hurry on account of the horse, for both our teams is at work, and Ben went over and got Mr. Vanvannick's black mare. He wants to trade for her if Steve will let her go."

After this there was silence for a time in the kitchen, broken only by the occasional rattle of Mrs. Harmer's irons and the splash of the churn; the matron meditated her plans, the maiden was lost in dreams of present and future bliss. Surely the elements of tragedy lie very near us in our daily lives. Which of these two happy women dreamed that he who filled their thoughts was unconscious forever alike of joy or pain? Which foresaw what a few moments was to bring? Around them, as within them, all was peace; the sun shone, and the soft afternoon breeze blew; the shadow of the hop-vines over the western window fell and flickered on the painted floor; the cluck of the motherly fowls gathering their scattered broods sounded sleepy in the stillness; the chirp of the locust filled the balmy air. Nature seemed hushed and at rest; but when Nature and human nature alike seem most in a state of stillness and repose, then beware—for the storm is close at hand.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SIX HOTELS.

BY WIRT SIKES.

AMONG the thousand-and-one hotels in various parts of the world beneath whose roofs I have found that warmest welcome of which the poet spoke, none remain a more interesting memory than that upon which I came one stormy night on the way to Yosemite. All day long—and what a lengthy day it was!—we had been climbing the mountain roads through the dense pine-forests of the Sierra Nevadas. The horses employed in this service are the hardest-riding creatures that ever went on four legs. Their trot is agony—particularly about 4 P. M. of a long, long, weary day. The motion can be properly compared to that which might result if each leg were a pile-driver, each hoof an iron plate, and each footfall an effort to punch a hole in the ground. The racking imparted by this process to the animal's body, and to the victim astride of that body, is something awful. To increase our longings for repose, there came up a drenching thunder-storm when we were within an hour's ride of the hotel; and no one who has not been in a thunder-storm on a peak of the Sierras has any definite idea of the capacity of the human frame for getting wet. We were lifted from our horses at the door of the hotel, lame, hungry, sore, and soggy.

It was a log cabin of the rudest sort. The landlord was as rough a specimen of wild Western humanity as I ever beheld. The landlady was a scrawny Irishwoman of the most pronounced untidiness of aspect; but her face was wreathed in a genial good-nature, that made her fair to look upon, while it displayed a wealth of red gum and a poverty of tooth which no generosity of disposition could approve. We were invited to wash ourselves in a tin basin at the door, with water dipped by ourselves from the swift-running brook at hand; but we were less in need of ablution than of desiccation, and we preferred to court dryness over the cook-stove in the kitchen. It was surprising, too, how soon we were dried, considering how thoroughly we had been wetted. And it was with appetites of wolves—mid-winter wolves, keen with prolonged fasting—that we sat down to supper. The table was a rude bench; the seats were other benches; there was no cloth; there was not a whole dish on the table; there was nothing to eat but pork and potatoes; the coffee was muddy, and the butter was strong, and we fought for every mouthful with the flies, which sought to drag it from us; but ambrosia and nectar never tickled palate of jaded epicures as that supper tickled us. We slept at night on the ground, with only pine-boughs for a wall about us and a roof above us—such were the primitive accommodations of this hotel—and our clothing could not with modesty be removed, there being some twenty guests that night, among them ladies. And the next morning we breakfasted on pork and potatoes cheerfully; paid four dollars in gold for our accommodations willing-

ly; and mounted our mules (which now replaced the horses) to resume our journey, regretting departure from this happy spot profoundly.

Our estimate of an hotel's quality is governed by two particulars: first, our need; second, its difficulties. The difficulties in the way of running an hotel for tourists in the Sierra Nevada Mountains are prodigious. The need of one at the close of a day's pounding through the forest on plug-back is enormous. The rates charged were the same which were customary throughout California for the best hotel accommodations. Judging it by our needs and its difficulties, we pronounced the Mountain House good.

Another mountain hostelry of which memory speaks pleasantly is the *Hôtel du St.-Gothard*, at Andermatt, in Switzerland. The night was falling when we arrived here, too; but we had come in luxurious form up these Alpine heights—in a carriage, with a chatty postilion, trundling over smooth roads which wound up and up by gentle gradations. Mine host came out to meet us, candle in hand, followed by his retainers, just as hosts do on the stage in old plays. In earlier years, before foreign travel had taught me otherwise, I remember thinking it absurd that a host should come out-doors with a candle to greet his guest, and supposed the action to be one of those violations of Nature in which playwrights must indulge at times, owing to stage exigencies. Siegfried, our driver, unharnessed his horses at the door, leaving the carriage there, and disappeared to the servants' domain. The hotel was large and comfortable; about the size of Cozzens's in Omaha, or the Hoffman in New York; somewhat ruggedly built; and we were ushered into the cozy travelers' room, where soon after supper was served. There were present a French widow, with two neat daughters, in decorous black; a German baron, accompanied by a pompous, gray-haired man-servant, in whose care and at whose expense the baron had the aspect of being on a tour—so stern and authoritative was the man-servant; a pair of black-whiskered Frenchmen, who were so absorbed in themselves that they seemed unconscious they were not alone, and talked volubly and loudly to each other—always with cigarettes in their fingers, not even excepting at table; and an English tourist with gray hair, traveling quite alone, who had just arrived from Italy, and asked me if I would not like to take his carriage back. This hotel was a sort of half-way house between Switzerland and Italy, *via* the St.-Gothard Pass. When we took our own carriage from Altdorf (the home of Tell), we were told that the charge would be thirty-five francs to go and ten francs to return. The Englishman had paid in a like way for his own carriage, and would have been glad to take ours to Altdorf if we had been going on into Italy, and would take his—an arrangement

which would save expense for both parties. As we could not do this, the Englishman left next morning by the public coach.

We made a delicious supper of trout and Offenthaler, and went early to bed ; for we were tired, and it was, besides, too dark for strolling. But at five o'clock in the morning, wide awake as the birds, we walked about the quaint old Alpine town nestled among the mountain-peaks. The air was as sparkling to quaff as spring-water, and had a flavor of frost in it, though to-morrow was the Fourth of July ; and, while it was clear and pleasant weather in the town, a storm was howling madly among the icy mountain-peaks close at hand. From the door of the hotel could be seen opposite a wayside crucifix, with a white image of the Saviour stretched on it, inclosed in an open box like a coffin for protection from sun and storm, the whole mildewed, mossy, and discolored with age ; on a sudden eminence a little, old, white-plastered church, with spire and cross ; jutting - roofed, diamond - windowed, age-blackened houses all about ; and the telegraph and post offices just over the way. The Glacier du Rhône was also visible from the hotel-door. Going in to breakfast, at which we anticipated fish or game, we found the bill of fare to comprise only beefsteak, ham-and-eggs, veal-cutlets, and the like ; and with the beefsteak which I ordered came delicious white bread and, not butter, but clear amber honey. This peculiarity of serving honey in lieu of butter is one of the Swiss customs which do not give way before the tastes of tourists, and will doubtless endure to the end of time. Our bill for precisely the same amount of entertainment we had at the Mountain House in the Sierra Nevada was less than half the money. But the difficulties of hotel-keeping at Andermatt are not great. Although high up in the Alps, the hotel is on a great thoroughfare between two countries, which is incessantly traversed by teams bearing all the usual edibles and drinkables of civilized life.

Our ideas respecting the hotels of Switzerland are generally, I believe, to the effect that there is something rural, quaint, and primitive, about them all. One thinks of the hotels on the little Swiss lakes as mere inns, and the first view of an hotel like the Schweizerhof at Lucerne is likely to be quite a shock of surprise. This hotel is more magnificent than any in New York. Its dining-room is so rich, so gorgeous, grand, and large, that it seems like a bit out of a French palace. The dining-rooms at some of our fashionable places of summer resort—as Long Branch, for example—are cattle-sheds in comparison. Elaborate frescoes make the ceiling glow with glory of gold and color. A vast conservatory at one end fills the air with fragrance, and a great band fills it with music. I will not speak of the tables and their provision, which are in keeping with the surroundings—a detail frequently neglected in the grandest American and English hotels. The size of the house is prodigious. It includes several huge buildings, connected with each other by stone galleries, and the amount of ascending and descending

staircases and steps, of winding and twisting, involved in going to a room in a remote part, is equal to a tramp through a small village. I found difficulty in getting a suite of rooms to my taste, and an hour was spent in looking at various suites at various prices, ending with the selection of two at the remote left-hand corner of the building in the fourth story. The clerk called it the second floor, the first being above an *entresol*, and the *entresol*, of course, above the ground-floor—convenient *entresol*, invented for the pleasure of landlords to save the disagreeable necessity of sending lodgers too high up ! However, the view from the windows was magnificent, and included an hotel near by which had seven stories, so I became reconciled to my second floor in the fourth story. The apartments were roomy, and superbly furnished, and they cost sixty cents a day each. We had our meals in our rooms—life being too short for the journey to the dining-room—and therefore the expense of living was somewhat increased beyond the average ; but it did not exceed two dollars a day per person.

There were balconies before two of our windows—not the pinned-on balconies of American hotels, but the solid stone-work of Parisian balconies, which are simply a jutting out of a broader block of stone than those of which the wall is mainly built. With their iron railings set firmly into the stone, these balconies give no sense of unsafety, in spite of the height at which they hang. We spent the whole of our first day at Lucerne in looking out of window. The scene was so constantly entertaining that we had no dull moment in which to think of strolling out. To the right towered Mount Pilate ; to the left, Righi ; in front, Lake Lucerne ; and beyond, across its blue space, green uplands, wooded hills, pine-covered mountains, snowy Alpine peaks, in successive reaches. If I had not seen my first snow-clads from the car of a Pacific Railroad train, I know not what my sensations would have been at the first sight of the Alps from these windows. As it was, delight was extreme. If I had never seen the Mississippi and the Hudson, what would have been my ecstasy over the Rhine ! And, if I had never “steamed it” on huge Lake Superior, I should have appreciated the grandeur of my first ocean-voyage more intensely. I remember the thrill of those sensations at home ; but such experiences never repeat themselves. One's first kiss of love never comes back for a second trial, however much more charming the second charmer may be than the first was. And these mountains are far more grand—higher, snowier, and more numerous—than any of which one gets a near view in California or Colorado ; as the Rhine is more interesting than either the Hudson or the Mississippi, and the Atlantic Ocean is bigger than Lake Superior. Moral : don't see the Sierras, the Mississippi, the Hudson, or Lake Superior, until after you have traveled abroad. If I may be permitted to become suddenly serious after such tremendous sportiveness, I will remark that the American who goes to Europe without ever having seen the Yosemite, the Upper Mississippi, the Hud-

son, or the giant Lake of our own land, deserves, in my opinion, to have his ears measured with a yardstick.

A grand thunder-storm came over old Pilate at 7 P. M., recalling the ancient superstition about Pontius Pilate being confined on the summit of this mountain, and how, when it storms, the old villain is in a rage and a fight. It was like witnessing a grand transformation-scene to look on the growth of the storm; the black demoniac clouds over the mountain's top descending in thunder and lightning upon its devoted head; the spread of the storm from Pilate over the whole distant sky from the extreme right to the remotest left of the sweep of vision; the blotting out of the snow-fields on the mountains in front, across the lake; the clouds rolling sullenly among the trees at the foot of Pilate's beetling crags, sweeping away over to Righi on the other side of the sky, engulfing and blotting it out in its turn; the growth of the long rainbow across the sky; the reappearance of the distant snow-fields; Righi's brow grown black with the night-clouds of Erebus, and Pilate's rugged peak aglow with the brilliant glory of the setting sun—which went on after that for an hour, lighting up peak after peak, alternately with the falling darkness, in most unexpected places and with mysterious dramatic effect.

Later in the evening there came down upon us a tremendous storm of rain, thunder, and lightning, amid which stood old Pilate wrapped in a blaze of crimson light—a deep-crimson *blush* of light suffusing the whole face of the mountain, and followed quickly by the dense darkness of final night, as if a black curtain had suddenly been unrolled down the mountain from the sky. The echoes leaped from peak to peak, following the vivid flashes of lightning; the waters of the lake turned from blue and green to inky blackness, with a strange overhanging luminous atmosphere; and, amid the revel of the elements, a sudden rift in the clouds, and the moon, full, round, and white, climbed slowly up the sky, throwing a long, glittering line of light across the black waters. The effect was magical.

All this with no wind, or none I noted; but in the intervals of thunder a vast hush, during which I could hear the sound of a bucket thrown at a rope's end into the water from a little steamer down below at the stone quay, and the tolling of a far-off convent-bell.

The best hotel in Switzerland is at Neufchâtel. This town is somewhat out of the regular routes most frequented by tourists, and to this fact may no doubt be ascribed the extreme anxiety to please, and the absence of disposition to fleece, which we found at the Grand Hôtel du Mont Blanc. At the same time, I should be very sorry to have to warrant any given tourist against being fleeced at that hotel or any other, in Switzerland or any other land; for hotels sometimes change hands, and the new broom may possibly make a clean sweep of the old virtues. There were but few sojourners at the Hôtel du Mont Blanc when we were there, and there was no diffi-

culty concerning rooms. We were assigned two gorgeous parlor-chambers up one flight of stairs, looking on the lake, and furnished with a luxuriousness which it would be difficult to exaggerate; and no one knows better what gorgeous furniture is than a traveler who is familiar with the best American and Parisian hotels. The grandest hotels of Switzerland differ less, on the whole, from American hotels of the same class than any other hotels in the world. But rooms like these of Neufchâtel would, at the finest hotels in New York or Chicago, cost twenty dollars a day; we paid exactly seventy cents a day at Neufchâtel. For food and extras (candles, service, etc.) we paid at the rate of about two dollars a day each, and this included an occasional modest pint of wine. A pint of Neufchâtel champagne cost seventy-five cents in the dining-room, and better wine of its kind there is none. It is not champagne at all, of course—I only use the term as it is customarily used in the United States, covering all sparkling, effervescent wines, wherever made—and a pint of equally good wine cannot be had at a grand hotel-table in this land for thrice the money. Between the courses at dinner we could look out on Mont Blanc with the sunset throwing a strong white light on its shrouded peaks. Although the hotel is named after Mont Blanc, that Alpine celebrity is a great distance from Neufchâtel, and no one visits Mont Blanc from here—without taking a good bit of a journey by railroad first. The special mountain of Neufchâtel is Chaumart, which is near and black, while Mont Blanc is far and white. The scene from the windows is very lovely. The lake is enchantingly beautiful, and the stillest and clearest sheet of water I ever beheld. (I have seen Tahoe.) The waters really *mirror* the clouds, the mountains, the scenery all along its shores, with a softened light that is peculiarly beautiful. The setting sun lingers on Mont Blanc long after surrounding peaks are in darkness. In the evening, when the lake slept in the moonlight, it had a new beauty, wooing us to stand long on the piazzas looking at the reflected lights from houses on the hills, and the still white calm in which boats lay utterly motionless. In the public parlor of the hotel, later in the evening, we would find a number of games lying about on the tables, such as dominoes, chess, lotto, etc.; a much more agreeable provision for the traveler's comfort than the inevitable advertising album and severe piano of American hotels; though the piano was here, too.

Among German hotels I recall none pleasanter than the Grand Hôtel du Nord at Cologne. Having telegraphed our coming from Brussels two days beforehand, we found our names chalked up on a blackboard in the hall of the hotel, when we arrived, and were marshaled straight to as cozy and comfortable a suite of rooms as heart could wish. Without the remarkable magnificence of some of the Swiss hotels, the Cologne hostelry was thoroughly cheerful, elegant, handsome, and altogether pleasant. Our windows looked out on a lovely court-yard where a fountain was playing in the balmy June air, from

the mouth of an iron swan in the arms of an iron cherub. Our baggage was in our rooms almost as soon as we were—my trunk placed carefully on a neat cherry rack expressly provided for it, so that the owner need not stoop to open it. This was the first of many contrivances for comfort with which the German hotel abounded. The bed was high, and soft, and inviting, and upon it was spread the big, fluffy quilt of eider-down, like a pink balloon, which Germans love. It is very warm, and almost as light as an air-blown bag; and it is said to exercise a soporific influence on the tenant of the bed. However this may be, I was so delighted with it that I immediately rushed into the street and bought one to carry home, and since then have never slept without it, but have borne it with me in my travels for years. The windows of my room were tall, with French sashes, green movable lattices outside, and spotless lace-curtains inside. Over the red-velvet sofa hung a long mirror—not over a fireplace, and not stretched ridiculously up to the ceiling, but placed sensibly lengthwise across the wall. The room was warmed by an arrangement in the corner by the door, made ornamental by the iron open-work we sometimes see covering steam-heating apparatus at home; but this was a good, honest stove, as tall as I am, and with a door which opened into the hall outside, instead of into the room. The arrangement was an excellent one; for the servant feeds the fire outside, never bringing a particle of litter into the room; and he makes the fire in the morning before you are out of bed, without compelling you to get up to let him in. Every room was provided with this sort of stove; the doors looking on the hall, but sunk in neat niches, not to be unsightly. On the wall at the head of the bed was a printed tariff of rates, whereby the visitor sees at a glance what he has to pay—which puts his mind at ease, if he is a stranger from those far-off lands where elegance and comfort are expensive luxuries, as he looks about him and fears there has been some mistake, and he has been put into a room intended only for the royal family on their travels. The tariff explains distinctly that for "Chamber No. 41"—to wit, this chamber—the charge is sixty-six cents for the first day, and fifty-eight cents for each following day; that the price of a fire is fourteen cents, and the charge for attendance, "not including the boots and the porter," eighteen cents a day. If you choose to dine at the *table-d'hôte*—a swell affair, at 5 P. M.—the dinner costs a dollar and ten cents. This is a French *table-d'hôte*; there is another regular dinner at one o'clock—the old-fashioned family *Mittagessen* of the Germans—which costs much less, and has less flummery. (Dining once at the *Mittagessen* I found the printed mot-toes rolled up with the candy were in the German tongue; at the five-o'clock *table-d'hôte* they were printed in French.) A plain breakfast—i. e., coffee and bread-and-butter—costs twenty-six cents; but if you have your coffee served "with the kettle," the cost of the breakfast is thirty-five cents. For carriages—not common street-cabs, but the hand-

some carriages of the hotel, with two horses and a liveried driver—the charge is a dollar the first hour, and ninety cents each succeeding hour.

All these charges were of course set down in thalers and silbergroschen. The standing German caricature of the English tourist is the man who is slowly counting his money on the Continent, in puzzled efforts to learn what he is paying for his fun. A friend of mine, on leaving New York, persisted in giving American names to the English coins in use on the steamer. A shilling he called a "quarter;" a half-sovereign was a "two-dollar-and-a-half piece;" and so on. In France, where money became francs and centimes, he habitually spoke of "twenty-cent pieces," instead of francs, and "dollars," instead of five-franc pieces. But when he got into Germany he was puzzled; not only did the coinage change in every change of tarrying place, but it had villainous characteristics defying his verbal transmutation. A pfennig, for instance—what possible American name could he give to a pfennig? A pfennig was the three hundred and sixtieth part of a thaler, and a thaler was seventy-two cents; therefore a pfennig was the fifth of a cent. The most common coin in use in Cologne was the silbergroschen, which was two and two-fifths of a cent; and my American friend was obliged to abandon his system of nomenclature in despair.

The servants at the Hôtel du Nord were an obliging race, but they afforded us a great deal of amusement. The first evening, I rang the bell for ice-water, for the day was very sultry, and we were thirsty. The urchin who answered the bell was as odd a little creature as ever clumped about in heavy shoes and a cap four sizes too large for him. "Bringen Sie mir Eiswasser," I said to him. He came back in ten minutes with a jug of water, which I found to be boiling hot. Fancy whether we found this food for laughter! I was chaffed a little on my German, and I fear I said, with unnecessary fierceness, "Eiswasser, you young monkey—nicht heiss Wasser." But I could not make him understand, and was chaffed worse than before. Finally, I bade him bring "fresh water—to drink," and after getting it sent him off a second time after ice. It appeared that ice-water is an unknown compound word in Germany; still, I think if a German at one of our hotels were to compound words in a similar way—were, for instance, to ask for milk-water—he would get it. (By-the-way, he would probably get it if he asked only for milk.) A waiter brought a dish of broken ice, and smiled as if much amused when I related the blunder of the urchin. He was a very polite waiter; I think he hadn't the remotest idea of what I was saying to him; but he was very much amused.

It is pleasanter to write about agreeable hotels than about disagreeable ones. But the truth must be told; there are abundant bad hotels in Europe. Even in Switzerland they are to be found; and Germany has many. France is not without a goodly supply, and England is full of them. Perhaps the worst—judged by the standard already mentioned,

based on our needs and its difficulties—was the Hôtel de l'Europe, in Brussels. One dark, dismal, rainy, cold night, I arrived in Brussels, feeling very miserable, and escorting a friend from over the Channel, who had been extremely ill in crossing that sweet stretch of water, and was feeling even more miserable than I; and we comforted ourselves as we drove through the streets of Brussels on the prospect of a pleasant hotel. In the Place Royale our *cocher* stopped at the hotel-door, and sent in for the landlord. He came, in the person of the "superintendent," his representative, a sleepy-looking individual in a semi-military uniform. He was asked, in the purest French, if he had two good chambers. "Wee, dew tchambers," he said. He was a John Bull.

Nothing could have been more dismal than the gloomy little *entresol* rooms to which we were shown. There was no gas, and the dim light of the solitary candles did not produce a cheerful effect. There was no fireplace in either room, and we could not get warm. Weary and worn, chilled and hungry, we dejectedly ordered a cold chicken and a bit of Roquefort cheese to be served in my room, for the dining-room was closed and the kitchen-fires were out, although it was not yet midnight. The chicken came, but no Roquefort; they had only Stilton and Cheshire, the waiter said, in English. In fact, we had chanced upon the particular hotel in Brussels where they give you the English language in lieu of comfort, and English dishes in lieu of good living. Not only was the "superintendent" a John Bull, but the landlord also was English, the chambermaid and the boots were English, and the table-waiters all spoke the English language. The effect of all this—beginning with the mispronounced French of the English "superintendent" and concluding with the English cheese—was to dispel that sense of being in a novel country which is pleasing to encounter after a lengthy sojourn in England. We felt that we had exchanged the realities of good old Albion for a trashy tourists' imitation of the same. It combined the faults of both countries; and English hotels have faults enough of their own. There was no soap on the wash-stand; this was Continental, not English. "Who enters here leaves soap behind," I murmured, as I scrubbed my hands with water in the morning. In the breakfast-room I found my friend, looking very unhappy.

"How cross you look!" was the remark that greeted me.

"I am—as cross as two sticks—and so are you, if—"

"No if about it; I am cross enough to bite."

The breakfast was on the table; so I said, "Bite away."

We tried to find other accommodations, of course, but all the hotels happened to be full. There was one miserable room in the hotel where Fate had taken us, which had the single advantage of being provided with a place for a fire. The "superintendent" showed me that room with the air of a man who had me in his power, and said the charge for it was

twelve francs (two dollars and forty cents) a day—a price nothing less than extortionate as hotel-prices go on the Continent, and I intimated as much to him.

"You are at liberty to do just what you like," he replied, with insufferable insolence of manner, and turning on his heel left the room.

I should have quitted the town at once, but unfortunately my friend—for whom I wanted the better room—was now feeling really ill, and could not be moved. We were compelled to remain at the Hôtel de l'Europe a week. It maintained its badness to the very last. The final touch was put upon its vicious nature by that most inexcusable of all offenses, omitting to call one in the morning for an early train, after having been instructed in the matter the night before. The worst hotel has no excuse for neglecting this duty. It costs nothing; it demands no special talent; and to omit it may breed the most intolerable annoyance. So when the dunderhead of a "superintendent" neglected to have me called on the morning of my departure, I reflected that there was method in his badness; and I set deliberately about the execution of a fiendish revenge upon him for the tortures he had made me endure while I was an enforced tenant of his house. The reader knows that nowadays the "attendance" at European hotels is charged in the bill, and it is no longer imperative to bestow gratuities on the servants. As is usual in the worst hotels abroad, our departure from the Hôtel de l'Europe was witnessed with great solicitude by all the servants who had had anything to do with us since our arrival. All these people I proceeded to fee—the chambermaid, the boots, the porter, the head-waiter, the waiters who served us at table, the waiter who brought the cold chicken, every menial I could get my eyes on—I fed them all with an ostentatious liberality which produced the effect I intended on the "superintendent." He rubbed his hands, he bowed, he followed us to the carriage, he said "good-by" with delightful cordiality; and I fumbled in my pocket, looking the while to see that the trunks were safely bestowed, and then conferred upon the "superintendent" the most contemptible coin known to the civilized world—a copper coin of one centime—value, one-fifth of a cent! The "superintendent" turned the color of a boiled lobster.

That custom of putting the attendance in the bill is one of the modern concessions to American prejudice; but, instead of being an unmixed blessing, it frequently results in the traveler's paying double for the service. I have found it the most satisfactory plan, all things considered, to fee servants, railway-guards, hotel-superintendents, in short, every person who has been accustomed to perquisites of the sort, as almost everybody has, in Europe. By following this plan as a regular thing, the wheels of life are made to run much more smoothly than they do for people who will not submit to the imposition. It is really a money-saving process, and economical tourists (of course, I don't allude to people absolutely poverty-stricken, doing Europe cheaply and enduring a thousand discomforts) will be wise in making

up their minds to give away pennies, sixpences, francs, and even thalers, occasionally, with systematic freedom. At the same time it is exceedingly unwise to scatter one's money extravagantly and carelessly; that breeds contempt; waiters think you a fool or a greenhorn, and take liberties with you. But a habit of giving small fees, carefully and graciously, will breed in you an air which servants are quick to recognize by one of those subtle instincts which defy

explanation. It is an air which has nothing bold or aggressive about it; nothing so annoys a Continental servant as bluster.

"Monsieur," said an intelligent waiter who served me when in Paris, and whom I have known for years, "the manner of a gentleman who respects himself and considers his servant, one does not see it, one perceives it. It is as quiet, monsieur, as the perfume of a flower."

A FOREST RETREAT.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

I.

"THIS is the place where we stop, Hester—I hope you don't think it very rough."

Mr. Clyde spoke a little anxiously as he descended from the front of the stage-coach, and opened the door before any one else could do so. A pale, pretty girl gave him her hand, and sprang lightly to the ground. Then she answered his remark:

"Rough, papa? No—not half so rough as I expected. You know you said 'a mere hunting-lodge,' and this seems a very comfortable place."

"Is there any reason why a hunting-lodge should not be comfortable?" her father asked, with a smile. "Here comes our host.—Well, Mr. Young, you see I am back again, and have brought my daughter with me."

"Very glad to see you back, Mr. Clyde," answered Mr. Young, with a cordial grasp of the hand, "and happy to make Miss Clyde's acquaintance. Walk in—I'll be with you in a few minutes."

The father and daughter—one carrying a gun, the other a satchel—went in accordingly, and paused on the piazza to wait the disembarking of the other passengers. As they did so, the girl remarked: "Our host made a very natural mistake. Don't correct him, papa. I like to be called by your name."

"And I like you to be called by it," answered Mr. Clyde. Then he walked to the end of the piazza and said, "What a view, Hester! Isn't this reviving after ten months spent among bricks and stone?"

"I feel as if I had reached paradise," said Hester, following him, and putting her hand on his arm. "Oh, what a heavenly landscape! Papa, I never did a more lucky thing in my life than to have that attack of fever."

Mr. Clyde laughed—his frank, good-humored face lighting up with amusement.

"I am glad you think so," he said.

"I know so," said Hester. "But for that, mamma would never have let me off duty to come with you; while, as it is, how charming to think that we have a whole month of freedom before us!"

"You must get back your roses by the time it ends, or mamma will think that after all she made a mistake."

"I shall get them back soon enough," answered the girl, cheerfully.

While she stood looking at the magical mingling of blue hills and fair, fertile valleys in the great width of sweeping landscape before her, the curtain of a window near at hand was drawn slightly aside, and a face glanced out.

A man's face, as was to be easily ascertained. If Mr. Clyde or his daughter had looked around, they would have seen one eye, an aquiline nose, and half of a brown mustache. They did not look round, however, so the eye—no doubt aided by another partly hidden—had an excellent opportunity to admire Hester Clyde's delicate profile and graceful figure, before Mr. Young approached and it was necessary to drop the curtain.

He was followed by a servant, who conducted Miss Clyde to her room, and told her that supper would be ready in an hour. "What a pleasant place!" thought Hester, looking round after the door was closed. The room was small, the floor bare, the furniture of the plainest possible description, but everything was spotlessly clean, and the view from the window magnificent. "Free for a month!" she said, again. Then she lay down on the bed, and fell asleep like a child, with the soft evening breeze blowing lightly over her.

In consequence of this *siesta*, Mr. and Miss Clyde were the last to enter the supper-room an hour later. The rest of the company were all assembled, and a cheerful clatter of knives and forks and voices was in progress. A gentleman with an aquiline nose and brown mustache, who was seated near one end of the table, glanced up with interest when they appeared, but bestowed his attention on his plate when Mr. Young conducted them to seats exactly opposite his own. The genial host then took his place at the end of the table and opened a conversation:

"I hope we shall be able to give you some good hunting, Mr. Clyde. We have had uncommon luck ever since the season began."

"I should judge so," said Mr. Clyde. "The venison is delicious."

"We are indebted to Mr. Ferguson for that," said Mr. Young, nodding toward him of the nose and mustache.

This was enough of an introduction for Mr. Clyde, who, however ceremonious he might be at

home, was the prince of good-fellows, and easy of approach as a schoolboy, when out on a holiday like the present.

"Let me congratulate you, Mr. Ferguson," he said, looking across the table. "Are you very much of a hunter?"

"As far as liking the sport goes, I may answer yes," replied the gentleman addressed, in the voice and with the manner of a cultivated person. "With regard to skill, I must be more modest."

"Oh, there's no need for modesty," said Mr. Young, with a laugh.—"He's a crack shot, Mr. Clyde, I assure you. I've been telling him about some of your feats, and I hope to see a trial of skill between you."

"Agreed on my part," said Mr. Clyde, heartily. "Which do you find the best deer-drive now?"

In the discussion which ensued, Mr. Ferguson bore a part, while Hester, glancing down the table, decided that all the people present (not more than twenty) were commonplace and uninteresting. "So much the better," she thought; "I shall not be tempted to form any friendship, but shall have my time entirely to myself."

Ferguson, meanwhile, regarding her clear-cut profile, thought to himself: "Why is it that I have a vague remembrance of having seen that face before? It is impossible that I could have done so—and forgotten it. The association must be in its likeness to some one else. But to whom?"

After supper, Hester said:

"Papa, where are you going—out on the piazza to smoke? May I come with you for a little while? I will not stay long, for I think of retiring early."

"Certainly you can come," answered Mr. Clyde; "but put a shawl round you. These mountain-nights are chilly."

So, presently—having in the interval gone to her room for a shawl—Hester came out on the piazza and sat down near her father, whom she found still talking to his new acquaintance of the supper-table, with whom he had discovered many tastes in common.

"Sport, however, is not the only attraction which has drawn me to this region," that gentleman was in the act of saying. "I like Nature—especially in its wilder forms—and I dislike society as one finds it at summer resorts or country-houses full of company. Now, you may readily imagine that there is little to trouble one in that line here. I spend my days among the mountains, my evenings in smoking and reading."

"What an ideal existence!" said Hester's frank, sweet-toned voice.—"That is how I shall spend my time, papa, during the next month—barring the smoking."

"Very good," said papa. "We shall see how long you will keep that resolution. I'll cut you an alpenstock to-morrow, and you can climb this mountain behind the house and erect your throne of contemplation there."

Hester looked at the mountain which near at

hand lifted its bold crest against the dark-blue, star-studded sky.

"I should like it," she said, "but I am afraid I am not strong enough for that quite yet."

"There are many beautiful places more easy of access," said Mr. Ferguson. "This is such a wild place that the beauties are not ticketed yet as 'Lovers' Retreats' and 'Fairy Glens'—but one likes them better for that."

"Indeed, yes," said Hester. "One may fancy, perhaps, that one has discovered them for one's self—and that sense adds to the charm of everything."

"With some people," said Mr. Clyde. "Others like their cascades and glens discovered for them, as well as their heroes and beauties. It is astonishing to consider how incapable the average human mind appears to be of originating an opinion. Its views on every subject, 'from logic down to fishing,' are presented to it ready-made, and adopted with facility."

"Very fortunately so," said Ferguson. "There is only one subject on which men are generally capable of originating an opinion, and that, I think"—with a glance at the outline of Hester's head and face—"is with regard to beauty."

Mr. Clyde laughed as he took his pipe from his mouth.

"You couldn't have given a worse example," he said. "There is nothing in connection with which reputation has more weight. Now see!—I'll give you an instance. Suppose Hester had arrived here heralded with a flourish of trumpets as 'the great beauty Miss Clyde'—"

"O papa, pray don't be absurd!"

"How all these good people would have stared, admired, and thronged about her! I've seen it done with plainer women. As it is, some one may have thought, 'That is rather a pretty girl'—but nobody has gone beyond that, you may be sure."

"Papa," said Hester, "you are really becoming too personal. I must say good-night and retire.—Pray, Mr. Ferguson, don't think that he usually talks in this way. I never heard him do it before."

"If I may be allowed to say so," Ferguson replied, speaking on an irresistible impulse, "he has only strengthened my opinion that men are *not* obtuse on that subject. It can hardly be possible that there is only one person here for whom no flourish of trumpets was necessary."

He had scarcely uttered the words before he regretted having done so, for even in the starlight he saw the change which came over Hester. The frank and graceful simplicity vanished, her face hardened, her manner grew cold.

"You see what you have brought upon me, papa," she said, rising. "It would be a pity to draw a compliment from a friend—it is something more than a pity to extort a flattery from a stranger. Good-night."

She crossed the piazza and entered the house before Ferguson found words in which to speak. Then he said to Mr. Clyde:

"Pray excuse me. It was presumptuous of me

to make such a speech, but the impulse was uncontrollable."

"It was my fault," said the older man. "I should not have spoken as I did—but it is not a matter of importance. No woman was ever offended by a respectful and well-timed compliment."

The subject dropped here, for Mr. Young came up at the moment; but, according to the fashion of such small annoyances, it lingered in Ferguson's mind, and the last reflection with which he turned into bed was, "I must apologize to Miss Clyde at the first opportunity."

It was nearly twenty-four hours before this opportunity was found. Hester, being still somewhat of an invalid, did not appear at breakfast the next morning, and after breakfast Mr. Ferguson was one of a party who, going out on a deer-hunt, did not return until evening. Making then a hasty change of toilet, he went in to the tea-table and found Hester with a faint bloom on her cheeks, and a cluster of ferns and wild-flowers in her hair, listening to Mr. Clyde's account of the day's sport. She bowed slightly but distantly when Ferguson sat down, and went on talking to her father.

"But how odd that you should think all this entertaining, papa! If you really *chased* the deer, it would be another matter; but to waylay the poor thing when it is flying for its life, and shoot it down—oh, I don't see how you can feel other than cruel and cowardly!"

"I have rather callous sensibilities, I suppose, my dear," said Mr. Clyde, cheerfully. "It seems to me no more cruel and cowardly to shoot a deer than to wring the neck of a chicken. It isn't well to be too sentimental. Now, what have you been doing all day?"

"I took Mr. Young's little boy for a guide, and went on a long ramble. How I enjoyed it! This is a divine place, papa. Why did you never bring me here before?"

"I did not fancy that it would please such a fashionable young lady."

"Now you are sarcastic, and it isn't your forte at all."

A few minutes later they left the table, and Ferguson said to himself: "I must certainly make that apology. What a lovely face she has! But it is of too fine a type of beauty, too gentle and frank, to be that of a fashionable young lady. No woman can be a belle without losing the candid simplicity which is the aroma of her womanhood. This girl has not lost it. But for the ease of her manner, I should fancy that she had just left school. She certainly must have lived a secluded life: one of those home existences which seem to shrine the best qualities of the feminine—"

"Hot biscuit, sir?" said a servant, presenting a plate.

Ferguson declined the biscuit, and rose from table. As he left the supper-room he glanced into the parlor, an apartment which he usually shunned with scrupulous care. A group of ladies were crocheting and talking in one corner, in another a party

of young people were playing a game of cards, laughing a great deal, and now and then accusing each other of cheating. Hester was not visible, so Ferguson proceeded to the piazza. Here he found her sitting alone, midway between a flirting couple at one end and a group of smokers at the other. The opportunity was favorable, and, being not at all troubled with shyness, he took advantage of it.

"I have come to beg your pardon, Miss Clyde," he said, making her start by the unexpected sound of his voice. "I was presumptuous last night, and should have apologized at once for my speech if you had remained a minute longer. Do you not sometimes speak on an impulse? If so, you may understand how I was led away. I certainly meant no disrespect, and, I may add, no flattery."

There was something straightforward in this apology which at once melted all that remained of Hester's little resentment.

"We will put the question of flattery aside, Mr. Ferguson," she said. "I am very sure that you meant no disrespect, and probably it is I who should apologize for receiving your friendly compliment so rudely. Yes, I often speak—and act—on an impulse. In fact, I may echo what some one has said, and declare that I spend half of my life in doing things, and the other half in regretting having done them."

Mr. Ferguson felt sufficiently encouraged by her tone to say, "I should never think that."

"Why not?" asked Hester, amused by the decided tone of the remark.

"May I venture on a personal speech again without running the risk of offending you?"

"I am not very easily offended. If your personal speech is not a compliment, I think you may venture on it."

"I was only about to say, then, that, judging from your face and manner, I should think that you were too self-possessed to be impulsive."

"That *is* a compliment, Mr. Ferguson, and one for which I am obliged to you. You are mistaken—but that does not matter. It is a favorite theory of mine that nobody really knows anybody else. We only know our own idea of the characters of others."

"I do not agree with you. The majority of people are superficial in their judgment of character as of everything else. But I believe that any one who has made it a study can read it unerringly through very slight manifestations."

"As, for instance—?"

"For instance, manners, appearances, tastes, opinions. Tell me what a man likes, and, as a general rule, I will tell you what he is."

"And a woman, too?"

"There I hesitate. But one may form a general judgment according to general principles."

"If people were always consistent, perhaps so. But who is? Under different circumstances one is very apt to become a different person, especially if one is impressionable and receptive."

"Are you so, Miss Clyde?"

"Is it a habit of yours to ask personal questions,

Mr. Ferguson? But I don't mind answering this one. I am. Look at that!" She extended her hand, and pointed to the great landscape, in all its majestic silence and dimness. "Does not such a scene bring all one's best thoughts and feelings uppermost? Who could be frivolous and foolish with such a strange, solemn influence at work?"

"Some people manage to achieve it," said Ferguson, glancing at the flirting couple.

"I mean people who can *feel*," answered Hester, with dignity.

II.

"PAPA," said Miss Clyde, a week later, "who is Mr. Ferguson?"

Her father, who was engaged in cleaning his gun, looked up with a little surprise. "Really, my dear," he replied, "you know as much of Mr. Ferguson as I do."

"I know that he is pleasant and cultivated, clever and decidedly peculiar," she said; "but, according to mamma's creed, man is to be considered first as a social animal, and secondly as a thinking one. As a social animal, to what class and order does Mr. Ferguson belong?"

"He is a gentleman, undoubtedly."

"Yes, as far as himself is concerned; but who are his people, and where does he come from? One likes to know these things."

"I'll ask him, if you desire it. He is evidently a man who has traveled a great deal, and acquired the habit of speaking little of himself. He's a clever fellow, and I hope you are not going to make a fool of him, Hester."

"I make a fool of him, papa?"—Hester opened her eyes like an injured goddess—"what are you thinking of?"

"Of an amusement to which you are rather partial, my dear."

"That was in another state of existence. Such a thing would be impossible here. Mr. Ferguson pleases me because he suits so exactly my—my forest state of mind and feeling."

"I hope you won't delude him into thinking your forest state of mind and feeling an enduring one," said Mr. Clyde, rather dryly. Then he shouldered his gun, and walked away.

Hester smiled as she lay back in her chair, with her hands folded in her lap over the book she had been trying to read. The vine-draped lattice of the piazza framed her in a green half-light, but her gaze dwelt unimpeded on the paradise of happy valleys lying below, and the blue mountains afar, with soft cloud-shadows drifting over their wooded sides.

On this state of repose a footstep broke before long, and around the corner of the house Ferguson came, bearing a cushion of green velvet, as it seemed—but when he drew near the green velvet resolved itself into the softest and richest moss. Hester raised herself with a cry of delight.

"Oh, how lovely!" she said. "And how good of you! Have you brought all that in from the hills?"

He laid it on the floor at her feet, and answered: "Yes. I found it during the hunt this morning in a glen five or six miles away. I thought at once that it would make a beautiful foundation for the cross of moss and ferns which you have been making."

"It will be charming," she said. Then her languor vanished. She brought the cross, and went to work to finish it. "It will be such a pleasant memento of my life in the woods!" she said, as she put a fern here and a bit of moss there.

Then it occurred to Ferguson that he had very little idea what manner of life was hers when out of the woods, and he was on the point of making a remark which might lead to some revelation on the subject, when through the open window of a room behind them came the sound of a name pronounced by a rather high-pitched feminine voice:

"Miss Mildmay!"—Hester and Ferguson both started slightly—"what could have induced your brother to imagine that she was here? It is the last place likely to attract such a very dissipated young lady."

"I don't know," replied another voice; "but this is what he says"—a paper rustled—"So I understand that you have the famous beauty and belle, Miss Mildmay, among you. What do you think of her? Society wherever she goes is divided into two classes—those who rave about her, and those who deny that she has any beauty at all. It is rumored that she has retired to the wilderness in order to reflect on her numerous suitors, and decide which she will accept. One or two of the most desperate, however, talk of following her."

"It would be funny if they came and didn't find her!" said a third voice—evidently a very young one—with a giggle.

"Perhaps you think there might be a chance for you in that case, Mattie," said the first speaker.

"But what could have put such an idea into Tom's head?" said the reader. "So odd of him! Perhaps Miss Mildmay *is* coming."

"Let us hope not," said the other, devoutly. "A more unpleasant event could not possibly occur."

"Is she so very disagreeable, then?"

"One of the *most* disagreeable people!" (emphatically). "I don't know her myself, but I know what her character is. She has been so spoiled by admiration, and has such an exalted opinion of her own importance, that she is simply intolerable—especially to her own sex."

"I do hope she won't come!" said the youngest speaker.

"You may be sure there is no danger of it," returned the other. "No woman like Miss Mildmay would dream of coming here. What is there to attract her? It is absurd to suppose that she would care anything for Nature."

"Of course not," assented the other voices.

"And she couldn't dress, she couldn't dance, she couldn't flirt—unless she brought her material for that amusement along with her—so what would induce her to come?"

"There's Mr. Ferguson—she might flirt with him," suggested speaker number three.

"O Mattie, hush!" said the others, in horrified whispers. Then there was a chorus of giggles, a rustle of dresses, and the trio left the neighborhood of the window.

"How edified Miss Mildmay would have been if she had chanced to overhear that conversation!" observed Hester, with a slight smile, after they had departed.

There was an increase of color and an odd look on Ferguson's face as he answered, "Isn't it rather a pity that she could not have done so?"

The young lady did not answer for an instant. She arranged a fern to her satisfaction, looked at it with her head on one side, and then said, "Why?"

The gentleman answered without hesitation: "Because I think if women of that stamp could know how they are really regarded—what altogether unlovely characters they possess—they might perhaps think less of personal appearance and more of moral qualities; less of winning admiration and more of securing respect."

"But don't you think," she suggested, "that it is a little unjust to condemn Miss Mildmay on the testimony of a woman who confessed that she did not know her?"

"It would be unjust if I did not know that every word the woman uttered is true."

Hester looked up from her mosses. "How can you know it?" she asked, quietly.

"I know the class of which she is an acknowledged type, and, although I have never seen her, I have heard so much of her that I may say that I know *her*. It would certainly be strange if by any chance she came to this place, for it may surprise you to hear that it is on account of Miss Mildmay that I am here."

"Yes, it surprises me, after what you have just said," answered Hester.

He laughed a little, and sitting there in the cool shade, watching her pretty white hands at work, and the play of light and shadow over her graceful head, he felt inclined to become confidential.

"May I tell you about it?" he asked. "I am not one of her victims, I assure you."

"Are you sure of that?" she asked, with a smile dimpling the corners of her mouth.

"I have very good reason to be sure," he answered, decidedly. "To begin at the beginning, I have a sister who, like all women, is a born match-maker. Miss Mildmay is a great friend of hers, and of course it follows that she has long been anxious for me to see, fall in love with, and, if possible, marry that young lady. I have been abroad for years, but every letter from Nell has borne the same burden. Unluckily for her plan, however, I met several people in Europe who were able to enlighten me regarding Miss Mildmay's character. I heard that she was a thorough woman of the world, and an unscrupulous flirt, two things which I detest. When I came home last spring, Nell at once showed

me her friend's picture, and, though I acknowledged its beauty, I did not— "By Jove, I have it!"

Hester gazed at him in astonishment, for, with this exclamation, he lifted himself from the position in which he had been reclining on the steps of the piazza, and stared intently at her. "What is it you have?" she asked, coloring nervously.

"A likeness that has been haunting me in your face ever since I saw you first," he answered. "Every time that I have seen your profile, I have asked myself what other face it recalled to me, and now I know. Has any one ever told you that you resemble Miss Mildmay?"

"Not any one at all."

"Then let me tell you that you do. The picture of which I speak was a photograph taken *en profile*, the head turned over the shoulder in one of the positions suggesting horrible discomfort, to which photographers are so partial, the hair elaborately coiffed, the complexion brilliantly painted—altogether the picture of an imperious, self-conscious beauty; and when I laid it down I said to my sister, 'I would travel five hundred miles to avoid meeting that woman!'"

Hester's laugh rang out gayly. "What a pity that my face should recall anything so disagreeable!" she said. "I will try and remember hereafter not to turn my profile toward you."

"Pray don't misunderstand me," he replied, eagerly. "I was about to say that, although it was impossible not to admire the beauty of Miss Mildmay's face, I disliked the expression exceedingly; and it is in expression that your face differs entirely from hers. The outline of feature may be similar, but the spirit that shines through and makes the countenance is absolutely unlike. Indeed, it is strange that two such opposite types of womanhood should in any respect resemble each other."

"Yes, it is strange," said Hester, demurely, though her mouth was dimpled by irrepressible smiles. "But you have not told me yet how Miss Mildmay sent you here."

"Very unconsciously on her part. My sister, who has a country-house which she is very fond of filling with gay company, wrote to me a month ago that she desired me to meet her friend. I replied by a calm but decided refusal, packed my valise, and started for the wilderness at once."

"Was such a desperate measure necessary? You hardly fancied that your sister and Miss Mildmay would join forces and descend upon you, did you?"

"I am afraid I have told my story so stupidly that you think me a conceited puppy," said Ferguson, hastily—for Hester's "sweet upper lip" had curled not a little over her last words. "I fancied nothing of the kind; I did not for a moment imagine that Miss Mildmay had bestowed, or was likely to bestow, a serious thought upon me; but I *did* feel a great aversion to the idea of meeting her, and I was anxious to be out of Nell's reach. Besides which, a description that I heard of this place delighted me. I felt sure that if I came here, no fashionable belles would rustle their silken skirts

about my ears. In fact, Laurie Cleveland—the friend who described the place to me—said as much.”

“Laurie Cleveland!” A soft, bright blush sprang to Hester’s face. “Do you know him?”

“I have known him for years, and he is one of the best fellows—may I infer that *you* know him, Miss Mildmay?”

“Yes, quite well. Are you aware that he is reported to be engaged to Miss Mildmay?”

“What, Cleveland! I should be sorry to think it true. Such a frank, genial, generous soul deserves better luck than to marry a woman steeped to the lips in worldliness. But I may be very indiscreet in talking in this way—probably you know Miss Mildmay, perhaps she may even be a friend of yours?”

“I know her,” Hester answered, with a flitting smile, “but you need not fear that I will betray your confidence, or that if I did she would resent your opinion, based altogether as it is on hearsay.”

“Does that mean that you think it unjust?”

“I do not think it very accurate—but, perhaps, some time you will meet Miss Mildmay and be able to decide on its justice yourself.”

“I am constrained to hope not. Women of the order to which Miss Mildmay belongs are never attractive to me.”

Hester did not ask what order of women *were* attractive to him. She said:

“My cross is finished. What do you think of it?”

He understood that the subject was put aside.

III.

THE day after this conversation, Mr. Clyde brought Hester a letter.

“It came under cover to me,” he said. “Have you given directions to that effect? I think I know who is the writer.”

“Very likely you do,” she answered, with a smile; and a bright tide of color came flowing into her face.

She said nothing more, and carried her letter away to read it in solitude, but, when her father saw her again, there was such a light of gladness on her face that it was his turn to smile, as he said:

“Is your correspondent coming, Hester?”

“Yes, papa, he will be here by the end of the week,” she answered, simply.

“I think he will find you improved. You are not quite the pale little shadow you were when you came.”

“I improve every day, every hour, in this glorious atmosphere. I mean hereafter to spend as much time as possible in the open air, and if I am as dark as any Indian maid who ever leaped over a precipice when I go back to mamma, you need not be surprised.”

“But she will be horror-struck,” said Mr. Clyde.

Hester did not fail to execute her resolution. As much time as possible she spent in the open air—gaining health and strength perceptibly with every hour. Ferguson was frequently her companion in

these rambles, and their accidental acquaintance ripened from constant association into a very cordial *camaraderie*. The gentleman told himself that he had never before enjoyed the society of a woman so much—had never before seen the best qualities of the feminine mind so strikingly displayed: the grace, versatility, and appreciation, which are a woman’s chief intellectual charms. There could be no doubt that for some reason Hester exerted herself to make him aware of the fact that she possessed a mind which, besides its native brightness, had received rather more than the usual desultory culture of young ladyhood, and a taste which was always delicate and refined. On her personal appearance she seemed to bestow little thought, and her dress was always remarkable for its simplicity; but day by day—as with returning health came returning color to her cheeks, and light to her eyes—the consciousness grew upon Ferguson that she was a very beautiful woman.

He never felt more certain of this than on one evening when they had climbed the knob behind the house, to which Mr. Clyde had directed Hester’s attention on the first night of their arrival, in order to see the sun set beyond a hundred hills. The view, always magnificent, was this evening so lighted up by the splendor of a divine sunset that it thrilled Hester like noble music. Above the waving line of blue heights lying afar, the sky was all gold and crimson, with here and there a vivid, flame-like streak of scarlet. The cool, fresh winds which came to their brows seemed to blow straight out of this bed of glory, while from the landscape below no sound came up to break the stillness that surrounded them.

“Oh, how delightful this is!” said Hester, with a soft little sigh.

“I should not mind if it lasted forever,” said Ferguson.

“I am afraid we should grow tired in that case,” said Hester, with a laugh. “I confess that after the sunset-glow has faded I shall not at all mind going down to supper. This air gives one a wonderful appetite. Perhaps we shall find some new arrivals, too. See! is not that the stage yonder?”

“I believe it is,” answered Ferguson, looking at a speck winding along a thread far below. “Are you expecting any one?” he asked, pitching a stone rather viciously in that direction. “For my part, there is nothing I desire less than new arrivals. I should like to draw a magic circle around this forest retreat of ours, to keep them away.”

“But would not that be selfish? How do you know but that among those whom you would keep away might be a friend of your own?”

“I have no friend whom I want to see *here*.”

“Not even Mr. Cleveland, of whom you spoke the other day?”

“Not even Laurie. There comes a time in every man’s life when he desires only one companion; and that companion, Miss Clyde, may I venture to say that I have found?”

A duller woman than the one whom he ad-

dressed would have understood all that those words implied, but, beyond a slight increase of color, Hester betrayed not the least sign of having done so. She said, quietly: "That is a very pretty compliment, Mr. Ferguson—but you know I don't like compliments. Let us suppose that Mr. Cleveland has penetrated into your magic circle—that he is on the stage passing below there—you would not be sorry to see him, would you?"

"Yes; I should be sorry to see any one. But why do you make such a supposition? What would bring Laurie here?"

"Perhaps to join you in a deer-hunt—perhaps to meet Miss Mildmay, to whom, as I told you, he is reported to be engaged."

"But how could he meet her, when she is not here? I hope you don't mean that she is really coming?"

"It is one of the laws of matter, I believe, that a body cannot be in two places at the same time. Hence Miss Mildmay cannot be coming, for the very good reason that she has already come."

Ferguson stared at the speaker, whose clear, darkly-fringed eyes met his with a light of amusement in their depths.

"You are not in earnest, Miss Clyde," he said.

"I am perfectly in earnest, Mr. Ferguson," she answered. "Will you try and pardon me—will you try not to be desperately shocked—when I tell you that I am Miss Mildmay?"

"Miss Clyde!"

"I am *not* Miss Clyde, except by courtesy. Mr. Clyde is only my step-father. My proper name is Hester Mildmay—but I did not come here in search of you, Mr. Ferguson. I have often heard Nelly Blake talk of her brother, but I had altogether forgotten his name—in fact, I may say his existence—until your story recalled it to me. She *did* invite me to meet a gay party at her house this summer, but, just before the time for starting, I had an attack of fever, after which papa brought me here to rest. I had no intention of deceiving any one in bearing his name. I am so much attached to him that I often call myself by it. I owe you an apology for not telling you the truth when we were discussing Miss Mildmay a week ago, but I was so much amused by your intense prejudice that I could not resist the inclination to win your liking before telling you who I was."

While she was speaking, the changes on Ferguson's face but slightly represented the tumult of his thoughts. Nothing could have been more unexpected, scarcely anything more trying, than this revelation. The blood came to his face in a burning torrent as he recalled all that he had said of Miss Mildmay to Miss Clyde. His first intelligible conclusion framed itself unconsciously into words:

"Great Heaven! what a fool I have been!"

"I don't agree with you," said Hester, unable longer to restrain a laugh. "You were not to blame for failing to suspect who I was, if that is what you mean. Apart from the fact that a photograph gives little idea of the real countenance, I had lost flesh and color by illness, and fashion had abolished the elaborate coiffure, and brought in a simple arrangement of hair. As to the silken skirts which you came here to avoid, I should never under any circumstances be guilty of the bad taste of wearing those in the forest."

"You may spare me, I think," he said, in a low voice. "I am sufficiently punished."

"But you should not feel *that* way at all!" cried Hester, eagerly. "I was not in the least hurt or offended by your opinion—"

"Since it was altogether without value in your eyes."

"Pardon me; I was about to say, since it was based wholly on hearsay. I hope you think now, Mr. Ferguson, that I am not quite so black as I was painted, and that you will not so heartily commiserate your friend for being engaged to me."

He gave a great start at this.

"I had forgotten that," he said, hastily. "I have no right to ask, but I should like to know if it is true?"

"It is true," she answered.

The words were so decided that Ferguson rose and walked quickly away. He felt like one who had received a blow, which for the time almost stunned sensation. As a refrain to which every thought was set, the words rang through his mind, "What a fool I have been!" How long he stood looking at the wide, beautiful landscape, without seeing a feature of it, he never knew. It was Hester's voice that roused him.

"Mr. Ferguson," she said, very gently, "I am truly sorry if my foolish mystification has given you annoyance. Pray forget it. I am very willing to ignore Miss Mildmay and continue to be Miss Clyde to you until we part."

"You can never be Miss Clyde to me again," he answered, without looking round. "You talked of my learning to *like* you, but you must know—"

She interrupted him ruthlessly.

"I know that you have been so kind and pleasant to me that I should be very sorry if I have in any way thoughtlessly given you pain. Will you not try to forgive, and—forget? You must for Laurie's sake, if not for mine. I have not told you yet that he is really down at the hotel. Come, will you not shake hands, and let us go to meet him as friends?"

There was a minute's longer pause. Then Ferguson turned, took the hand which she offered and kissed it once, twice, thrice.

"We are friends," he said. "Let us go."

And so in the soft twilight they went down the hill together.

A SOCIETY LION.

BY ALBERT RHODES.

TWO men disembarked from the French steamer at New York with the pleasure usual in wanderers who return to their native land. They were friends. One was a man of forty—Anson Gray; the other thirty—Dalton Dwight. Gray was stout and florid, with a beaming countenance, which told of an excellent heart, but did not say much for the head. He was effusive and suffusive in his sentiments, and had rather a higher opinion of mankind than it deserved. His appearance indicated his health, and taste for the pleasures of the table. In addition to these natural advantages, he was wealthy as well as generous.

The man of thirty—Dalton Dwight—was of a more reserved nature, as well as more intelligent. The reserve and a slight tinge of melancholy in his expression rendered him less prepossessing than his companion to a stranger; but, when people knew him, they found something winning in his calm face, as well as in his bright words. Dwight was a physician, who had been spending a couple of years in Paris to perfect himself in his profession, and he had no other resource save that profession. In other words, he was poor.

While they were in Paris, Gray had been attended through a perilous sickness by Dwight, who, according to the patient, had rescued him from death. Here was the sense of an obligation conferred and received, which usually forms the basis of human friendship.

They were naturally acquainted with each other's affairs, expansion being one of the first privileges and consequences of friendship. As to matters of the heart, it had been communicated to Gray that his companion was engaged to be married to a young woman of twenty, named Mary Blount, of whom a personal description had been given, as well as of her mother, who for several years had been a widow. An account of the surroundings of these two women had also been given, from which Gray understood that they were people of fortune, living in affluence—Mary Blount being an only child.

Dwight spoke hopefully but calmly of his projected union with Miss Blount, but not with that enthusiasm which characterizes the lover on the eve of the consummation of his happiness—according to the opinion of Anson Gray. But the latter said to himself that it was not the way of Dwight to be expansive, which probably did not prevent him from feeling enthusiasm on the subject of his marriage, although he did not express it. Gray, however, made up for what was lacking in Dwight in this respect, and glowed with anticipations of happiness for Dwight, while the latter listened to him with his characteristic tranquillity.

As Gray's feet touched land, he was as buoyant as a lad of fifteen. His eyes moistened with affection as they passed over the familiar points of the

metropolis. He had lived in handsomer, cleaner, and better-governed cities across the sea, but none were to compare with this one, which was another proof, if any were needed, showing the strength of local attachment for the native place with which most men are born. As they drove up-town he was constantly calling the attention of his somewhat indifferent companion to the familiar objects which they passed.

Soon after they arrived at their destination, Dwight left his comrade and turned his steps in the direction of the family mansion of the Blounts. As he ascended the familiar steps and pulled the bell, the old timid feeling came over him, with its many remembrances. A strange servant appeared at the door, and, in answer to the question if Mrs. Blount and her daughter were at home, said that they did not live there any more. Were they well? The man did not know anything to the contrary. He asked for their address, which was given to him. He started for the place indicated, and in a few minutes stood before a small, somewhat obscure house on one of the side-streets, very different in appearance from the mansion formerly occupied by the Blounts.

He was ushered into a plain drawing-room, which contained only here and there an object of art which belonged to the other establishment, evidently saved from a financial wreck. He turned over an album of photographic portraits, and saw Mary's likeness in the same place—opposite to his own. In another album of *pensées* he saw the verses which he had written, dictated by love, in which he had renewed his vows. The refrain was constancy—through all the accidents and misfortunes of life. While his memory was busy with the scenes which the words called up, and the contrast which they offered to the evidences of changed life around him, Mrs. Blount entered and extended the hand of welcome with the old-timed warmth, for she had always been his especial friend.

The tone of Mrs. Blount was sad as he was made acquainted with the toppling and final downfall of the Blount fortune. When Mary came in, he took her hand affectionately, and looked into the face he had not seen for two years. Her expression exhibited a vague look of inquiry, which he answered by another pressure of the hand. She was changed in appearance; her cheek had lost its color, and her eye its vivacity.

She still showed that independence of character, to some extent indicated by the poise of the head, which he had always known in her. And he thought as he looked at her that scarcely any circumstance could ever tame her proud spirit.

There was foundation for his apprehensions concerning Mary's health. The mother informed him that she was so ill that she had for some time been

receiving daily visits from the family physician, Dr. Stone. Again Mary looked up at him, with the vague inquiry in her eyes, when he spoke soothingly and encouragingly to both. He had felt the daughter's dry palm and her low, irregular pulse, but he said, after the professional manner, that she would soon be restored to health, and that they would both see better days. As he took leave of them he assured them of his speedy return.

After he went away Mary said to her mother, "I am afraid I shall never quite understand Dalton, mother."

Mrs. Blount pressed her to explain what she meant, but she could not do so in a way that was plausible or clear.

"My instinct tells me sometimes, mother, that there is a want of candor in Dalton."

The mother assured her that there was no foundation for such an impression; that he had never done or said anything to justify it. She embraced her mother, and said nothing more on the subject.

On his way to his lodgings Dwight dropped in a moment on Dr. Stone, the old friend and family physician referred to by Mrs. Blount, whom he had known when he was a student in medicine. It transpired at this interview that Mary Blount was consumptive. From a recent diagnosis which he had made, Dr. Stone thought she would hardly recover, although she might linger a long time. The reverse of fortune, with the melancholy in its train, had doubtless hastened the development of the malady. "If her mind and heart were more pleasantly occupied than they are now," added the doctor, "it might do her some good. In a word, if she were made happy, there is no telling what the result might be. From present indications she seems to be doomed."

The same evening Dwight looked at Mary Blount rather as a physician than a lover, and the result of this professional scrutiny was that the diagnosis of Dr. Stone was probably correct. Gray, desiring to share in his joys, had begged to be presented at the earliest opportunity, and he had brought him with him. There were languor and sensibility in the girl, and Gray, who did not look with the eyes of a physician, thought his friend was a man to be envied. Besides, she was unlike Gray, being pale and *svelte*, while he was ruddy and robust; the dissimilarity between the sexes, as we know, often being the cause of mutual admiration.

The beaming optimist, Gray, was prepared to look at everything through a rose-tinted glass—prepared, in a figurative sense, to take mother and daughter to his bosom, because of Dwight. While Dwight talked in one corner with Mrs. Blount, Gray talked in another with her daughter. Gray, according to his custom, spoke with unbounded admiration of his friend, enumerating all the good qualities of which he believed him possessed.

"Has he no little vices?" asked she, archly.

"None," said the friend, with conviction.

Here she changed the subject, and led him to

speaking of his travels in foreign countries, but in most of the scenes he described his friend continued to be a prominent figure. The mind of the talker was not an original one, and he went over the realms of the guide-book, where sentiments and opinions are ready made for use, and, it may be reasonably surmised, offered but a slender contribution to his listener's knowledge. He soon returned, however, to the subject which most occupied him, and said, in his beamy way:

"Miss Blount, I suppose you must look forward to the day when you shall become his wife with a lively pleasure?"

"Do you think *he* does?" said she, answering his question by asking another.

"Undoubtedly," returned he, promptly.

"You are his close friend—do you think he shows it?" continued she.

"Oh, it's not his way to show it, you know; it's not his way. Every man has his ways, and he has his. When he saved my life, he did it as calmly as he eats his breakfast. I once hinted to him in Paris that he did not seem to be moved at the sight of joy or suffering as men commonly are, when he explained to me that it was the result of professional training, and that in visiting the hospitals he had at length succeeded in controlling his feelings, or at least the manifestation of them, in order to become skillful in the treatment of disease, and that he was afraid he carried some of this training into the relations of private life from force of habit."

"So that," added she, "when he sees a woman weeping, his mind is at once occupied with the scientific cause of her tears, and so on through all the round of emotions which he chances to see."

"Oh, I did not say that. I merely wished to convey the idea that he acquired the habit of controlling the manifestation of his feelings, but not of the feelings themselves."

Then he went over the noble qualities of his friend once more. As he did so, she placed her hand over her mouth, and he was certain he saw a suppressed yawn.

"I am sure you will be happy with Dalton," continued he.

"It is hard to tell," answered she.

"Is it possible that you do not really love him?" asked he, not able to deny himself the question, in spite of the indiscretion it involved.

"I have an ordinary friendship for him; as for loving, I have never loved any one so far except my mother."

"Considering my friendship for him, will you permit me to ask a question?"

"Ask, Mr. Gray."

"Why did you become engaged, if you did not love?"

"The match was not of my making. It was done by my mother and his; they were old friends."

"And you accepted without hesitation?"

"I demurred at first, but, to oblige my mother, I at length consented."

This was a revelation which evidently surprised

Gray. She showed an aversion to say anything more on the subject, and he made no further reference to it.

As the two men walked home together, Gray dwelt with enthusiasm on the charms of mind and person of Miss Blount. Dwight told him he took fire too easily. No; he had never seen a more lovely woman in his life, and Dwight ought to regard himself as one of the most fortunate of men.

It was bright moonlight. Dwight stopped, looked his companion in the face, and said, "Do you really admire her to that extent, Anson?"

"She is simply superb, and, in your place, I would be the happiest of men," said Gray, enthusiastically.

"You know how I feel toward you, Anson?"

"Oh, we know each other, Dalton."

"I am going to give you a proof of my friendship," said Dwight. "I see that you like Miss Blount very much."

"I do not see who could help it."

"Well; I release her from her engagement with me, if you can succeed in producing a favorable impression."

Gray thought a moment of the indifference she had manifested concerning his friend, then said:

"This is indeed magnanimous, Dalton. But if I tried to avail myself of your generosity, I should be wrecking your hopes of happiness."

"My happiness is your happiness, Anson. Try; pay your court, and, if she shows a preference for you, I shall at once retire, retaining her friendship as well as yours."

"You are a noble fellow, Dalton!"

"I am satisfied that, in my place, you would do as much for me."

They separated, clasping each other's hands with the firm grip of friendship.

A day or two afterward, while Dr. Stone was visiting the Blounts, Gray was for a few minutes the subject of conversation, and what the doctor said concerning his character and wealth was favorable.

"He has what the world calls a big heart," said he, "which is the world's way of saying that he is good and generous, albeit his heart is no bigger than those of his neighbors—anatomically considered. He has another fortune besides the one in houses, lands, and stocks, and that is in his exuberant nature; it makes him happy himself, and is the cause of other people's happiness, having the same effect as the wit of Falstaff. This is so much a part of Gray that I do not believe any misfortune could take it away from him."

"Dalton is fortunate in having such a friend," said motherly Mrs. Blount.

"Fortunate for Dalton Dwight; whether it is so for Gray, I am unable to say," observed Dr. Stone.

This was somewhat enigmatical, but the conversation took another turn, and the kind of doubt which it seemed to imply was lost sight of by Mrs. Blount. The more attentive daughter, however, probably took note of it. The doctor then gave a

few directions to his patient. Shortly after, the door-bell sounded again, and a servant entered to inquire if Mrs. and Miss Blount were at home for Mr. Gray.

"Ask him in," responded Mrs. Blount, and added to her daughter, as the servant disappeared, "Speak of an angel, and you are sure to hear the rustle of his wings."

A slight blush passed over the face of Mary as he entered. After some desultory conversation, the doctor and Mrs. Blount remained on one side of the apartment, while her daughter and Gray took a seat on the other side of it near a window. There was again some desultory conversation as he sat near her. He was at length alone with her, or nearly so, for his words went no farther than her ear. He considered it his duty to make a last effort for his friend before making one for himself, and he again became eloquent concerning his noble qualities. Here the white and shapely hand went up to the mouth to suppress a yawn, as before. He paused a moment and looked at the indifferent expression which the face before him bore. Then he changed the subject, and spoke of himself, and she appeared to manifest an interest.

One day, after visiting her for several weeks, he said:

"I think I see myself pretty nearly as others see me—a man upward of forty, double your age, at least, Miss Blount; somewhat bald, too stout to be symmetrical, and with hardly any of the graces of mind and person which appeal to the eye and the heart of a young woman."

"You are unjust to yourself, Mr. Gray."

He waved his hand, as if to say that he understood that her remark was made according to the conventionalities of society.

"No, really, Mr. Gray, you are too modest."

Again he waved his hand in deprecation, then said:

"Since you do not love Dalton, do you think you would ever be able to love me?"

To which she replied, after a slight pause, the color mounting to her forehead:

"That is rather a blunt question on a short acquaintance, Mr. Gray."

"Excuse me for making it as I do, Miss Blount, but I am desirous of seeing my way more plainly than I do now. You have confessed that you are not attached to Dalton—that is, in the way which a woman should be attached to a man when she wishes to make of him her husband. Will you permit me to ask if you have such an attachment for any one else?"

She shook her head negatively.

"Then do you think there is any hope for me?"

"Come and see me occasionally," answered she. "*Nous verrons!*"

Gray understood that she could not say more than this, and, after the encouraging words, left the house, not a little elated.

He became an assiduous visitor at the house, and in the course of a month Dwight received from Miss

Blount a small package. It contained the engagement-ring which Dwight had given her before his departure for Europe, when the two plighted their troth. He was not so much surprised on the receipt of the ring as one might have supposed. Its return was significant. Explanation was unnecessary, and no letter came with it. He looked at it philosophically, and said that such was life.

He took out of a secretary a half-dozen photographic portraits of Miss Blount, taken when she was in health and beauty, and surrounded by the luxuries which wealth alone can give. It was a dream, said he, as he put them together in a package, along with a bundle of letters written in a feminine hand, and beginning with "My dear Dalton." These he sent back whence they came, accompanied with the following note:

"MY DEAR MISS BLOUNT: You have broken our engagement. I would have done everything in my power to make you happy, had I been permitted to make the effort. I am deeply affected by your determination, but I cannot hope to change it, and I shall not attempt it. There is one thing that mitigates the pain of the breaking-off, and that is the knowledge that he who supplants me is worthy of all your esteem and affection. Since I may not be your husband, permit me to remain your friend,
"DALTON DWIGHT."

The friendly relations continued to exist between Gray and Dwight as before the event, although they did not see each other so often. At the end of six months Dwight received an invitation to dinner from Mrs. Blount, at the solicitation, probably, of Gray. At the appointed time, Gray came for him in a cab, to take him up, and as they were driven along he explained to his companion that the dinner was in honor of his engagement to Miss Blount.

Dwight, seeing that the cab was driven past the street where the small house was situated in which he had last seen the Blounts, said:

"The driver is going the wrong way."

"No, he is all right."

"But he has passed their street."

"Oh, they don't live there any more. The driver knows the way—he has been there a number of times already."

When they got out before the old Blount mansion, Dwight was mute with surprise.

"Back-room, up-stairs," said the servant.

They removed their overcoats in this room, and adjusted their toilet a moment in front of a mirror before they went below, and as they did so, Dwight observed:

"So they are back in the old house?"

"Yes; they have been here for the last ten days."

"Then they are not ruined."

"No. It did not turn out as they feared. They were for a time embarrassed, but by good management and luck they have only lost a small part of their fortune. In short, they are in nearly as good

circumstances as they were before. I am sure you must be delighted to hear it, Dalton."

The heart of Dwight was like lead, but he did not hesitate to say:

"Anson, let me sincerely congratulate you and them."

As Dwight stood before the glass, stroking out his mustache in the midst of a sombre reflection, Gray said:

"Well, Dalton, are you ready?"

"All right, Prince Fortunatus; lead on."

A new surprise awaited Dwight below. The pale cheeks and languid eyes were no longer the attributes of Miss Blount, but in their place were the color, form, and vivacity of health.

"We are always glad to see our old friends," said she, with a slight blush, as she extended her hand to Dwight, and then turned to speak to another guest.

Dwight went to Dr. Stone, who was in one corner, saying:

"How remarkably well Miss Blount is looking!"

"Never was so well in her life."

"How about your diagnosis?"

"Men are sometimes liable to err—even doctors."

"The lung has healed?"

"Evidently."

"How beautiful she has become!"

"Which is in accordance with a theory of mine," observed Dr. Stone.

"Pray, what is that?"

"A cured phthisis is a beautifier. It softens the lines and gives gentleness of expression."

"There may be something in that, doctor."

The flowers were squat; there were no high things on the table, such as centre-pieces of confectionery, to obstruct the view, and Dwight had a fair opportunity of contemplating the loveliness of Miss Blount, who sat opposite. Among the dozen guests, in the third seat from the daughter of the house, sat Gray, who, not being able to see her, looked effusively on the man who had saved his life, as he told the story to the young woman alongside of him. Dwight was not gay; he was simply decorous. He took the rose-bud out of the slender glass and fixed it in his coat-lappel, took his eyes off the young woman opposite and turned them toward the blond person alongside of him, and said to her, as she squeezed the lemon-juice over the sacramental six:

"Do you like oysters?"

"I think they are lovely."

"And bisque-soup, lobster-salad, and cucumbers?"

"Nothing better."

"All destructive to the health. I speak as a humanitarian and a physician."

This was some of Dwight's surface chaff; his deeper thoughts dwelt on the probabilities of the past and the slim possibilities of the future.

Between the soup and the fish he said to the young woman alongside:

"You are an intimate friend of Miss Blount's, I believe?"

"Oh, yes, we are old schoolmates."

"You are, of course, aware that she is engaged?"

"Yes. I know even the evening when she became so."

"How long since?"

"Three days ago. She did not tell me so, but I have it through my maid, who has it from Mary's maid."

"Indeed!" said he, encouraging the gossiping propensity of his neighbor.

"Yes. On the evening in question, after Mr. Gray had left the house, she ascended to her room where her maid was waiting for her, and the maid noticed that she was heightened in color and under the influence of unusual excitement. Then followed something which concerns you, Mr. Dwight."

"Pray, what was that?"

"I am afraid you will get conceited if I tell you."

"You cannot make me any more so than I am now. Go on."

"She took your portrait out of a drawer, and looked at it in the saddest way imaginable; and the maid is sure that she saw a tear in her eye as she put the portrait back in the drawer.—Where is my salt, please?"

"Here it is," said he, placing it before her.

"The fact is, I like plenty of salt in my food; don't you, Mr. Dwight?"

He nodded affirmatively.

"What a pretty rose-bud you have in your coat! It's such a nice fashion. I was at a dinner the other night where the women themselves put the buds into the button-holes of their partners. I thought that was very nice, too. To come back to Mary. She was always fond of flirting; and I am not entirely certain that she will become Mrs. Gray—so many slips between the cup and the lip nowadays, when it comes to marrying. Besides, I don't think she is very, very much in love with him—it isn't natural: he's more than double her age, and too fat, to say nothing of his being bald.—What a delicious *entrée*! Pour me a little red wine, please."

"Certainly," said Dwight, pouring. "This Bordeaux is wholesome; it will do you good, although it cannot make you any handsomer than you are."

"If you are going to make me a declaration, Mr. Dwight, please wait until the dessert, otherwise it might interfere with our dinary occupations. How do you think Mary looks to-night?"

"I don't think I ever saw her look so well."

"She *is* handsome; she has two weak points, however, which prevent her from being absolutely beautiful. Her nose turns up just a trifle too much, and her teeth, although white and in good preservation, are just a little too large."

"What an eye you have, Miss Blondinette!"

"I *have* an eye for a flaw, whether you mean what you say or not—you men are so given to compliments. But we don't believe half you say. If

we did, our poor heads would be turned from the day we 'come out.' As for you, Mr. Dwight, to be frank, I must tell you that you have the reputation of sprinkling sugar over everybody; nevertheless you slip in a little acid in your sugar in an innocent sort of a way sometimes, as if you did not intend it. That is an *on dit*—people will talk, you know. Are you fond of music?"

"He who has not," etc."

"Of course. Isn't Von Bülow lovely? So much nicer than that semi-savage Rubinstein. I'm glad they placed me alongside of you, you are such a pleasant talker—it's not flattery! Though Mr. Gray does not seem to be much pleased where he is—he would like to be sitting alongside of the beloved, of course. I suppose she thought it would look too sentimental; and she was wise, for he would have been sure to parade his affection—he can't hide it, for the life of him. Ardor may be excusable in a young fellow, but in a fat man of his age it's ridiculous."

"Be careful, Miss Blondinette; he is a friend of mine."

"My prattle won't hurt him, if he *is* a friend of yours, Mr. Dwight. Besides, I'm afraid your friendship—but I hardly dare to say it."

"Don't spare me, Miss Blondinette."

"You promise not to be provoked?"

"I give you my word."

"Well, I am afraid your friendship has just a little touch in it of what Iago's friendship was for Othello."

"What a *méchante langue* you have, Miss Blondinette!"

"But, to do you justice, you *do* treat everybody civilly, and that's a great deal."

"Then I am incapable of friendship?"

"I did not say that. What I mean is, that it is leavened with cynicism."

"There is nothing left of me—I am entirely demolished. Here is the dessert; after the bitter things you have said, you had better take some sweets, Miss Blondinette."

"I'll take an *éclair*. Thank you. I haven't seen you at any of the Germans. You used to dance them before you went to Europe."

"If your mamma saw me whirling you round in a German, she would not call me in for even a headache. There is a time for all things, and my time for dancing the German is past."

"Oh, I see—not consistent with professional dignity. But I see you occasionally patronize the kettle-drum."

"Yes; the kettle-drum is inoffensive, even for a parson."

"I see Mrs. Blount is preparing to rise from the table. *Sans rancune, n'est-ce pas*, Mr. Dwight?"

"As you say, Miss Blondinette, *sans rancune*."

When the hour for going away arrived, Dwight approached Miss Blount for the first time after making his salutation on entering, and bade her good-night in his quiet way, but there was a sadness in his face that she could not help observing.

That night when Dwight went home, he opened his diary, and made the following note :

"During many years a certain man was possessed of the idea that sagacity was his especial trait, but one night the truth was unfolded to him that he had been laboring under a delusion."

In the silence of his room he gave way to a mental monologue, which, had it found utterance, would probably have run something after the following fashion : "The question is, to find out what would be more attractive to Mary Blount than wealth joined to forty years of age or upward. If she had wealth, youth, and good looks, with, say, a coronet on the top of them, within her reach, how would that do? It is reiterated in the highways and by-ways of Europe that the American girl would sooner be a countess than anything else in the world. Where there is so much smoke there must be some fire. I must find her a coronet—it is worth the trial. Even though she may not be disposed to accept it, she, with her tendency to flirting, would probably toy and dally with it long enough to produce an estrangement on the part of Gray. And, between two contending aspiring candidates, I might possibly be accepted as the man of compromise, for Gray, in his efforts to destroy the chances of a rival, would probably destroy his own. It is certainly worth the trial; and now to work."

The next day, he went down into Bleeker Street, to one of the dingy *cafés* which line its borders, and inquired for one Pierre Got, by nationality a Frenchman, and by profession a cook, who had landed in the city about three months before. He was shown to a small upper room, where he found the man—good-looking, twenty-five years of age, and clad in well-worn garments. Got bowed to him with the cordiality of recognition, for he had known him in Paris, and requested his visitor to be seated on one of the two fragile chairs which the room contained, he standing up before him in a respectful attitude as if waiting to take his orders. Dwight waved him to the remaining chair, which he took with a bow of self-deprecation. When his visitor entered he had been smoking a brier pipe of "Caporal," which he respectfully laid aside as soon as he recognized Dwight.

"Fortune does not seem to have been kind to you since I saw you in Paris," said Dwight, speaking to him in his own language.

"I was not satisfied to let well enough alone, Monsieur Dwight, but was tempted in a weak hour to try my luck in the New World."

"You appeared to be in a good place when I was in Paris, Pierre."

"Yes, in the house of the Baron de Jarnac, where you used to come occasionally to dine. I was *chef* in his kitchen, and you have tasted of the quality of my work—you know what I can do."

"I appreciated it, Pierre, I assure you. The last time I dined with the baron, I recollect there was a certain *suprême de volaille* which I shall not easily forget."

"Ah, monsieur recollects that," said Pierre,

warming. "While I was in that house I invented a sauce which had a success, and which bears my name, *à la Got*," added he, with pride.

"You are without employment now, Pierre?"

"Without employment, and without money."

"Pierre, a brilliant future rises before you," said Dwight.

Got pricked up his ears.

"I am going to introduce you into a house where I think you will be well received and taken care of."

"Do they keep a good table?" asked Pierre.

"Excellent."

"How is the kitchen?"

"From what comes out of it, I suppose it must contain all the appurtenances necessary to culinary art. But your destiny does not take you to the kitchen in this case."

"Where does it take me to, Monsieur Dwight?"

"To the *salon*. You are not to cook the food, but to eat of it; you are not to serve, but to sit at the table."

"This is a mystification."

"What is your native place, Pierre?"

"The Rue Cadet, Paris."

"De Cadet will do very well. Are you ready for a grand *coup*, Pierre?"

"I am ready for almost anything. I am without money, credit, or friends."

"Very well, the horn of plenty shall soon be upturned before you."

Shortly after Dwight's visit to Bleeker Street, a lion appeared in the society of Murray Hill. He first came into public view at a kettle-drum somewhere. How he got there was difficult to tell, for the *deus ex machina* who brought him out remained in the background. He had no known sponsor, but in some way was presented to one woman, and was then passed along from one to another, until he had friends and acquaintances on all sides. It is certain that Dwight had nothing to do with his presentation, for when Dwight met the Count de Cadet they were formally introduced to each other. The young nobleman commanded the suffrages of the young women almost as soon as they made his acquaintance. His card became the ornament of many a card-basket, and his tone, bearing, and broken English, became the themes of common admiration. Each "set" endeavored to monopolize him, and most of the young women took advantage of the occasion to speak to him in his own euphonious tongue. He showed from the first a partiality for the society of Miss Blount, and his advances in this direction were met at least half-way.

In the new world to which Count de Cadet was introduced, he was soon made aware of the fact that the chief aim of each woman was to be "in society," but he was unable to discover the mysterious boundaries which inclosed it. Several persons told him, in a spirit of friendly guidance, that such and such a person was not of the Brahmins, whom he met, and thus he remained in doubt as to the people who composed the distinguished circle. He found, more-

over, that no three women were of the same opinion on this interesting subject. The distinctions of class, however, occupied him but little, for he evidently had a purpose.

Miss Blondinette became one of his friends, and danced the German with him, and she discovered that, although he could not do the Boston, it being unknown in his country, he had a step *à trois temps* which was charming. She, of course, spoke to him in his own beautiful language, and with the volubility, incorrectness, and accent, common to many of the young women who learn it in six months. The heart of Miss Blondinette was touched as she sat alongside of her partner that night. Her eyes dwelt admiringly on the coronet as it glittered on his sleeve-buttons, and in his *claque* reposing on his knees. Her admiration was so pointed that he could not be otherwise than gallant. He was sure her heart was as good and tender as spring peas, and she was as handsome as an ortolan of the Café Anglais. These compliments had a savor of the culinary department which she relished as among the amiable eccentricities of the noble De Cadet. The revolutions in one of the figures of the dance reminded him of a string of chickens on a turning-spit, and, when he said this, Miss Blondinette was convinced that he was witty as well as handsome. It is probable that, as Miss Blondinette contemplated the sleeve-buttons and the ornament of the *claque*, a vague longing came into her mind that she would like to put what her eyes dwelt on at the top of her note-paper and on the panels of her *coupé*. But, if she entertained an ambitious hope of this kind, he did not share it. As has been said, Count de Cadet had a purpose, and it consisted in directing his addresses to Miss Blount, somewhat to the chagrin of Miss Blondinette and her companions. If the sultan had not thrown his handkerchief, he seemed to be on the point of doing so.

Yet to while away the time which was not spent with or near Miss Blount, he liked to talk with Miss Blondinette about carp *à la Chambord*, pheasant *à la Sainte Alliance*, and other kindred things of a toothsome nature. She could not understand why he admired Miss Blount; besides, she was engaged to the fat man with the bald head. "Engaged or not engaged," returned the count, "she is as beautiful as a Périgord truffle, and, as for the fat man, he is anything but an Adonis or a Bayard."

The assiduities of the Count de Cadet in the direction of Miss Blount created some alarm in the mind of Gray, which that disciple of Machiavelli, Dwight, observed with satisfaction. The engaged man asked Dwight who this foreign suitor was, and that person answered that he only knew him as every one else knew him—in short, that they were, comparatively speaking, strangers. Already he saw the cloud coming over the sunny face of Gray—saw the brow knit with jealousy, and saw a provoking smile on the face of his rival. Meanwhile Dwight looked on tranquilly as the two puppets were moved against each other by an unseen hand. One evening especially, while De Cadet, Gray, and he were

at dinner in the house of Mrs. Blount, Monsieur de Cadet sat alongside of the daughter of the hostess, and made several ardent speeches to her in his own tongue, which ruffled Gray not a little, and impelled him to address De Cadet in a curt manner, which evidently displeased Miss Blount.

During the repast the conversation turned on the table, concerning which Monsieur de Cadet talked with a marvelous fluency, explaining in more or less technical terms how certain dishes were prepared, when Dwight brought down his foot on his toes under the table. Then he changed the conversation, not, however, before Gray had observed that he would have made an excellent cook, which showed that Gray's bile was gathering.

As they passed into the smoking-room, the foreigner found himself for a moment alone with Dwight, to whom he spoke in an undertone of the attractions of the kitchen with a sigh such as the Israelites must have drawn when they thought of the flesh-pots of Egypt.

As Dwight looked at the rivals smoking—one florid and stout, with an audible breath; and the other symmetrical, handsomely-featured, and young, with a coronet to confer—he could easily understand Miss Blount's state of mind.

She received his attentions without probably having any idea of breaking her engagement with Gray. She regarded their intercourse simply as a flirtation—one of the privileges of the woman on this side of the Atlantic until she is married. But De Cadet did not come from a country possessing such a custom, and he apparently took for granted that she encouraged him to go further in the path he was in. The gentleness and warmth with which she treated him, and which is permitted on these shores, led him into error as to his actual relations with her. Thus, after an evening during which he had been more than usually tender, he repaired with a triumphant air to the lodgings of Dwight, telling him that the citadel had at length surrendered.

"I make you my compliments, Count de Cadet," said Dwight; "you are destructive to woman's peace of mind. In other words, Pierre Got, you have shown an art and a zeal that I hardly expected of you."

Pierre Got stroked his mustache, and said, with becoming modesty, that he had done what he could.

"You know the explosion is to come—in short, you are ready to accept the consequences, Pierre?"

"I considered all that beforehand. I know what is to come."

"Very well. Take yourself off, Pierre, for your reputation will soon be in shreds."

After receiving this information, Dwight thought the time was at hand for lighting the train which was to blow up the Count de Cadet, and he proceeded to inform Gray that he had discovered that the foreigner was an impostor—that his proper place was among the pots and pans.

The result followed which Dwight anticipated. In an exasperated mood Gray immediately called on Miss Blount, and exposed the *soi-disant* Count de

Cadet; and he did it so unhappily by attaching a short sermon to it that it led to the estrangement which Dwight looked forward to as furnishing his opportunity. Her mortification was great; she was obliged to vent her indignation on some one, and Gray was the first victim at hand. He left the house smarting under what he considered the unjust treatment he had received. After he went out, Dwight entered on the scene to pour oil on the troubled waters. He explained the situation of affairs clearly and soothingly. Her intimacy with De Cadet was matter of common report, and she would not probably like to submit to the humiliation of asking Gray to come back and resume his former relations.

Under these circumstances, he begged to renew his own suit; he had never ceased to love her, and to marry her would be the crowning happiness of his life.

According to the reasoning of the ordinary mind, it would have been logical for her to accept this proposal; but the ways of woman's heart are as inscrutable as those of Providence, and she declined it, saying that she saw through his base intrigues. What she did do was a shock and a scandal to her friends and acquaintances—she became simply Mrs. Got, and retired forever from the fashionable world as completely as if she had entered the cloistered walls of a convent.

REMINISCENCES OF FIFTY YEARS.

WHETHER or not the public appetite for personal reminiscences, memoirs, anecdotes, and gossip, is essentially a transient one is, perhaps, an open question, but there can be no doubt that at the present time there is danger of its being surfeited. Every one who has attained to prominence in any department of life seems to feel it incumbent upon him to tell us what he knows and thinks of his contemporaries, and also what he knows and thinks of himself; and as it is given to few men to be a Pepys, an Evelyn, a Walpole, or a Greville, it is not surprising that the mass of such productions are neither so entertaining nor so edifying as to meet the intellectual requirements of even the "snappers-up of unconsidered trifles." In point of fact, symptoms are not wanting of a tendency on the part of these memoirs to degenerate into mere tea-table scandal and gossip, and one might venture often upon the wide waste of current literature without securing such a prize as the Earl of Albemarle's "Fifty Years of my Life."¹ A sheaf of its good things we propose to glean for our readers, but as the interest of the book lies as much in its autobiographical features as in its reminiscences of persons and events, it will be necessary to bind them together with a slender thread of narrative.

The first important event in the life of the earl is recorded thus on a fly-leaf of the family Bible: "George Thomas Keppel, born y^e 13 June, 1799, christened by the Rev. — Croft, July y^e 7, 1799, in the parish of Marylebone." He was the third son and fifth child of William Charles Keppel, fourth Earl of Albemarle, who held several important offices of state under George IV. and William IV., and whose genealogy carries us back to a certain Van Keppel, who was in the early part of the twelfth century one of the seven equestrian chiefs or dynasties of the county of Zutphen, in the ancient kingdom of Saxony. The first earl came over to England in the suite of William of Orange, and in each generation from that time to the present the Kep-

pels have been more or less prominent in the public service of the nation. One of them served with credit under the Duke of Marlborough, and another was the famous Admiral Keppel, who planned the relief of Gibraltar when it was beleaguered by the French and Spanish, and who was elected to Parliament from Windsor against the personal canvass of George III. The dowager Lady de Clifford, who for a long time held the post of governess to the Princess Charlotte of Wales, was the present earl's maternal grandmother, and figures largely in his earlier reminiscences. This lady lived in London, near the house of Mrs. Fitzherbert, the wife, as far as the laws of the Church could make her so, of George, Prince of Wales; and when young Keppel was about six years old, he used to divide his attentions pretty evenly between the two houses, the attraction of the latter being a little lady of his own age who was under the guardianship of Mrs. Fitzherbert:

"By my little hostess, I had the honor of being presented to the Prince of Wales, afterward George IV. His appearance and manners were both of a nature to produce a lively impression on the mind of a child—a merry, good-humored man, tall, though somewhat portly in stature, in the prime of life, with laughing eyes, pouting lips, and nose which, very slightly turned up, gave a peculiar poignancy to the expression of his face. He wore a well-powdered wig, adorned with a profusion of curls, which in my innocence I believed to be his own hair, as I did a very large pig-tail appended thereto. His clothes fitted him like a glove; his coat was single-breasted and buttoned up to the chin. His nether garments were leather pantaloons and Hessian boots. Round his throat was a huge white neckcloth of many folds, out of which his chin seemed always struggling to emerge. No sooner was his royal highness seated in his arm-chair than my young companion would jump up on one of his knees, to which she seemed to claim a prescriptive right. Straightway would arise an animated talk between 'Pruiny' and 'Munrie,' as they respectively called each other. As my father was in high favor with the prince at this time, I was occasionally admitted to the spare knee, and to a share in the conversation, if conversation it could be called, in which all were talkers and none listeners."

¹ Fifty Years of my Life. By George Thomas, Earl of Albemarle. London: Macmillan & Co. New York: Henry Holt & Co. From advance-sheets.

Keppel's father was a leading member of the Whig party, and in 1806, our chronicler being then in his eighth year, he went with his two little sons to pass the Easter holidays with Charles James Fox, the great Whig statesman, at St. Anne's Hill, Chertsey. The following reminiscences of Fox refer to that visit, and are highly interesting :

"It was at the time of our visit that the symptoms of dropsy, the disease of which Fox died a few months later, began to show themselves. His legs were so swollen that he could not walk ; he used to wheel himself about in what was called a 'Merlin chair ;' indeed, out of this chair I never remember to have seen him.

"In many respects his personal appearance at this time differed but little from that assigned to him in the many prints and pictures still extant of him. There were still the well-formed nose and mouth, and the same manly, open, benevolent countenance. But his face had lost that swarthy appearance which in the caricatures of the day had obtained for him the name of 'Niger : ' it was very pale. His eyes, though watery, twinkled with fun and good-humor. The 'thick black beard of true British stuff' had become like that of Hamlet's father, 'a sable silvered.' He wore a single-breasted coat of a light-gray color, with plated buttons as large as half-crowns ; a thick linsey-woolsey waistcoat, sage-colored breeches, dark worsted stockings, and gouty shoes coming over the ankles.

"Fox was not visible of a morning. He either transacted the business of his office, or was occupied in it, or reading Greek plays, or French fairy tales, of which last species of literature I have heard my father say he was particularly fond.

"At one o'clock was the children's dinner. We used to assemble in the dining-room ; Fox was wheeled in at the same moment for his daily basin of soup. That meal dispatched, he was for the rest of the day the exclusive property of us children, and we all adjourned to the garden for our game at trap-ball. All was now noise and merriment. Our host, the youngest among us, laughed, chafed, and chatted, the whole time. As he could not walk, he of course had the innings, we the bowling and fagging out ; with what glee would he send the ball into the bushes in order to add to his score, and how shamelessly would he wrangle with us whenever we fairly bowled him out !

"Fox had been a very keen sportsman—too keen to be a successful one. In his eagerness he would not unfrequently put the shot into the gun before the powder. Bob Jeffs, the Elden gamekeeper (an heirloom of the admiral's), was fond of telling me how he once marked down a woodcock, and went to the hall with intelligence. It was breakfast-time. Up started Fox from the untasted meal, and gun in hand followed the keeper. A hat thrown into the bush flushed the game, the bird escaped scot-free, but Jeff's hat was blown to pieces.

"One hot September morning Fox set out from Holkham, fully anticipating a good day's sport at Egmore, Mr. Coke's best partridge-beat. As was usual with sportsmen in those days, he started at daylight. Just as the family were sitting down to breakfast, Fox was seen staggering home. 'Not ill, I hope, Charles ?' inquired his host. 'No,' was the reply, 'only a little tipsy.' Being thirsty, he had asked the tenant of Egmore for a bowl of milk, and was too easily persuaded to add thereto a certain, or rather an uncertain, quantity of rum. As a consequence, he passed the rest of the day in bed, instead of in the turnip-field.

"A party of Holkham shooters were one day driven home by a heavy rain. Fox did not arrive till some time after the rest ; he had fallen in with one of Mr. Coke's laboring-men, who had come for shelter under the same tree. The statesman became so interested in the society of the ploughman, who gave him an account of the system of 'turnip-husbandry' just come into vogue, that he had great difficulty in tearing himself away.

"At my father's table one evening the conversation turned upon the relative merits of different kinds of wine. Port, claret, burgundy, were criticised in turn, but Fox, who considered alcohol the test of excellence, said, 'Which is the best sort of wine I leave you to judge ; all I know is that no sort of wine is bad.'"

When about nine years of age, young Keppel was taken from the private tutors who had hitherto had his education in charge, and sent to Westminster public school. He draws a lively picture of the mode of life at that famous seminary, and none of his sketches is more striking than the account which he gives of that brutal system of "fagging" which seems so strange an anomaly to every one except Englishmen themselves. The following is a sample of a day's work during this his period of servitude :

"I rose as the day broke, hurried on my clothes, brushed those of my master, cleaned several pairs of his shoes, went to the pump in Great Dean's Yard for hard water for his teeth, and to the cistern at Mother Grant's for soft water for his hands and face, passed the rest of the time till eight in my own hasty ablutions, or in conning over my morning school-lesson.

"Eight to nine.—In school.

"Nine to ten.—Out for my breakfast, or rather for my master's breakfast. I had to bring up his tea-things, to make his toast, etc. My own meal was a very hasty affair.

"Ten to twelve.—In school.

"Twelve to one.—In the usher's correcting-room preparing for afternoon lessons.

"One to two.—Dinner in the hall—a sort of roll-call—absence a punishable offense, the food execrable.

"Two to five.—Evening school.

"Five to six.—Buying bread, butter, milk, and eggs, for the great man's tea, and preparing that meal.

"Six to the following morning.—Locked up at Mother Grant's till bedtime ; fagging of a miscellaneous character.

"I had borne this description of drudgery for about a fortnight, when, without weighing the consequences—remember, reader, I was not nine years old—I determined to strike work. Instead, therefore, of preparing tea as usual, I slipped behind one of the maids into the coal-cellar, and there lay *perdu* for a couple of hours. I was at length dragged out of my hiding-place and delivered over to the fury of my tealess master. He made me stand at attention, with my little fingers on the seam of my trousers, like a soldier at drill. He then felled me to the ground by a swinging buckhorse¹ on my right cheek. I rose up stupefied, and was made to resume my former position, and received a second flogger. I know not how often I underwent this ordeal, but I remember going to bed with a racking headache, and being unable to put in an appearance next morning at school."

¹ "Buckhorse," in Westminster language, a blow on the cheek with the open hand.

The most entertaining reminiscences of this period of his career are those relating to the youthful Princess Charlotte of Wales, of whom, as we have already said, his grandmother was governess. He first made her acquaintance shortly after entering school, in 1808 :

"It was on a Saturday, a Westminster half-holiday. From this time forth for the next three years many of my Saturdays and Sundays were passed in her company. She had just completed her twelfth year. Her complexion was rather pale. She had blue eyes, and that peculiarly blond hair which was characteristic rather of her German than of her English descent. Her features were regular, her face, which was oval, had not that fullness which later took off somewhat from her good looks. Her form was slender, but of great symmetry; her hands and feet were beautifully shaped. When excited she stuttered painfully. Her manners were free from the slightest affectation; they rather erred in the opposite extreme. She was an excellent actress whenever there was anything to call forth her imitative power. One of her fancies was to ape the manners of a man. On these occasions she would double her fists, and assume an attitude of defense that would have done credit to a professed pugilist. What I disliked in her, when in this mood, was her fondness for exercising her hands upon me in their clinched form. She was excessively violent in her disposition, but easily appeased, very warm-hearted, and never so happy as when doing a kindness. Unlike her grandmothers, the Duchess of Brunswick and the Queen of England, she was generous to excess. There was scarcely a member of my family upon whom she did not bestow gifts. From Princess Charlotte I received my first watch; from her, too, my first pony, an ugly but thoroughly good little animal, which, from its habits of 'forging' in the trot I named 'Humphrey Clinker.' Poor old Humphrey! He did good service to the younger members of the family after I reached man's estate. In speaking of the open-handedness of the princess, I must not omit to mention sundry 'tips,' which I hardly think I should have accepted had I understood how near—our relative stations considered—her poverty was akin to my own."

On Saturdays young Keppel was generally the guest of the princess. The Sundays she used to spend either at his grandmother's villa at Paddington, or at his father's house in Brompton. To quote again :

"Once outside her own gates, the princess was like a bird escaped from a cage, or rather like Sir Boyle Roche's bird—in two places at once.' Into whatsoever house she entered she would fly from top to bottom, one moment in the garret, and almost in the same moment in the kitchen. Lady de Clifford had a cook of the name of Durham, quite an artiste in her way. The Prince of Wales, who occasionally honored Lady de Clifford with his company at dinner, used to flatter grandmamma by asking her how she could afford to keep a man-cook. One day, however, at the hour of luncheon things went ill; the dowager's bell rang violently. The mutton-chop was so ill-dressed, and so well-peppered, as to be uneatable. On inquiry it was discovered that the good old lady's royal charge had acted as cook, and her favorite grandson as scullery-maid. I have a living witness to this mutton-chop scene in the person of my kinsman, Dr. Thomas Garnier, Dean of Winchester, who assures me, through my sister, Lady Caroline Garnier,

that I said, 'A pretty queen you'll make!' I do not remember this flippant speech, but the frank, hearty manner of the princess made it difficult for her young associates to preserve the decorum due to her station."

On the occasion of another of these visits to Earl's Court, the two playmates were participants in a still more serious escapade. The princess had come this time in her own carriage, and the scarlet liveries attracted to the entrance-gate a crowd of people, anxious to get a glimpse of the heiress-presumptive to the throne :

"Soon after her arrival at Earl's Court I happened to pass outside the gates. I was asked by the bystanders, 'Where is the princess?' I told her how desirous the people were to have a sight of her. 'They shall soon have that pleasure,' was the reply. Slipping out of the garden-gate into the road, she ran in among the crowd from the rear, and appeared more anxious than any one to have a peep at the princess. I would fain have stopped her, but she was in boisterous spirits, and would have her own way; she proceeded to the stable-entrance, saddled and bridled my father's hack herself, and, armed with the groom's heavy riding-whip, led the animal through the subterranean passage to the garden gravel-walk. She now told me to mount. I, nothing loath, obeyed. But before I could grasp the reins, or get my feet through the stirrup-leathers, she gave the horse a tremendous cut with the whip on the hind-quarters. Off set the animal at full gallop, I on his back, or rather on his neck, holding on by the mane, and roaring lustily. The noise only quickened his pace. I clung on till I came to the plot in front of the drawing-room windows, when the brute threw his heels in the air, and sent me flying over his head. At the same moment the princess emerged from the rose-bushes, panting for breath. She had hoped, by making a short cut, to intercept the horse and its rider before they came into view. My cries brought the whole family on to the lawn. Of course, the princess got a tremendous scolding from Lady de Clifford. That she was used to, and took coolly enough. Unluckily for her, up came my father, in whose good graces she was desirous to stand high. By looks rather than words he expressed his disapprobation. In a short time quiet was restored, and my people returned to the house. But no sooner were the princess and I alone again than the heavy riding-whip was once more put into requisition, and she treated my father's son exactly as she had just been treating my father's horse."

Warwick House, the residence of the princess, was so short a distance from Westminster School, that in the summer months young Keppel frequently, as he says, made it "a skip out of bounds :"

"I fear there was too much of 'cupboard love' in these visits, for I was blessed with an excellent appetite, and Mother Grant's food was execrable. The princess, aware of this, used to bring me sandwiches of her own making. I once took it into my head that I must needs have a sharer in the good fare. So I took with me my chief crony, Robert Tyrwhitt, a gentleman still living, whose name in more recent times has been frequently before the public as chief-magistrate of Bow Street. As I was a privileged person at Warwick House, I passed, with my companion unquestioned by the porter's lodge, and through a small door which opened from the court-yard into the garden. The princess greeted us with a hearty welcome. In the garden was a swing into which Princess Charlotte stepped, and I

set it in motion. Unfortunately, it came in contact with Bob Tyrwhitt's mouth and knocked him over. He forthwith set up a hideous howl. Out came sub-governess, page, dressers, and footman. Before they reached us, the princess had descended from the swing, had assumed an air of offended dignity, and was found lecturing me on the extreme impropriety of my conduct in bringing a boy into her garden without her privity and consent. The marvel is, how she or I could keep our countenance."

It was his irrepressible propensity for such and similar escapades that finally put an end both to his association with the princess and to his school-days at Westminster. Being detected in a particularly flagrant breach of rules, the head-master of the school, instead of resorting to the familiar expedient of the rod, wrote to the Earl of Albemarle, dissuading him from thinking any further of a learned profession for his son, and recommending him to choose one in which physical rather than mental exertion would be a requisite. The earl acted upon this advice, and ere he was yet sixteen our chronicler had "put away childish things" and become ensign in the Fourteenth Regiment of Foot. Almost immediately upon his appointment he was ordered to Flanders, to join the army which the allies were mustering to confront the Emperor Napoleon, who had just then thrown Europe into consternation by the return from Elba. He participated in the whole of the "Hundred Days' Campaign," was in the thickest of the fight at Waterloo, formed part of the advance-guard of Wellington's army in the subsequent march on Paris, and witnessed all the circumstances of the reinstatement of Louis XVIII. His sketch of these momentous events is graphic and animated, but there is nothing at once fresh enough and brief enough for quotation except, perhaps, the following "incident" of the Waterloo battle:

"As we were performing this movement (advancing to fill a gap in the line caused by the drawing off of the Guards for the defense of Hougomont) a bugler of the Fifty-first, who had been out with skirmishers, and had mistaken our square for his own, exclaimed, 'Here I am again, safe enough.' The words were scarcely out of his mouth when a round shot took off his head and spattered the whole battalion with his brains, the colors and the ensigns in charge of them coming in for an extra share. One of them, Charles Fraser, a fine gentleman in speech and manner, raised a laugh by drawling out, 'How extremely disgusting!' A second shot carried off six of the men's bayonets, a third broke the breast-bone of a lance-sergeant (Robinson), whose piteous cries were anything but encouraging to his youthful comrades. The soldier's belief that 'every bullet has his billet' was strengthened by another shot striking Ensign Cooper, the shortest man in the regiment, and in the very centre of the square. These casualties were the affair of a second. We were now ordered to lie down. Our square, hardly large enough to hold us when standing upright, was too small for us in a recumbent position. Our men lay packed together like herrings in a barrel. Not finding a vacant spot, I seated myself on a drum. Behind me was the colonel's charger, which, with his head pressed against mine, was muzzling my epaulet; while I patted his cheek. Suddenly my drum capsized, and I was thrown prostrate, with the feel-

ing of a blow on the right cheek. I put my hand to my head, thinking half my face was shot away, but the skin was not even abraded. A piece of shell had struck the horse on the nose exactly between my hand and my head, and killed him instantly. The blow I received was from the embossed crown on the horse's bit."

On the final cessation of hostilities, Ensign Keppel returned with his regiment to England, and shortly afterward the battalion to which he belonged was ordered to the Ionian Islands. Previous to embarkation, he was granted a few weeks' leave of absence, during which he saw for the last time his old playmate, the Princess Charlotte:

"The public was at this time wholly engrossed with the approaching marriage of the Princess Charlotte. A short time before the wedding, her royal highness went in state to the Chapel Royal. On that same morning I went to the peers' seat in the chapel, and could not resist looking furtively up at the royal pew. It was five years since I had seen the princess. I wished to observe what changes that lapse of time had wrought in her. In form she was considerably altered, but a glance showed me that in other respects she was the same princess whose playmate I had the honor of being in my under-school days. She knew me immediately, and from under the shade of her hands, which were joined together over her face as she knelt, she made me sundry telegraphic signals of recognition in her own peculiar manner. The moment the service was over I rushed to the corner of St. James's Street to see her pass. She kissed her hand to me as she drove by, and continued doing so till her carriage turned into Warwick Street. Up to the moment that I lost sight of her, I could see her hand waving from the window. I saw her for the last time. When, after an absence of eighteen months, I returned to England, the flags of the ships in the Channel were hung half-mast high, and the whole nation was mourning for her, whom it had fondly looked upon as its future queen."

The young ensign had hardly received the kind of training that would have enabled him to appreciate the peculiar charms of the "Isles of Greece," and the record of his Mediterranean service presents nothing of special interest. On his return, he was appointed to an ensigncy in the Twenty-second Regiment of Foot, the headquarters of which were then located at the Mauritius, and thither he repaired. In returning to England with his regiment in 1819, he touched at St. Helena, where Napoleon was then nearing the close of his bitter exile, and he gives no flattering sketch of Sir Hudson Lowe, Napoleon's keeper. Early in 1820 he was appointed Honorable Equerry to his royal highness the Duke of Sussex, and during the next few months his life was that of a gentleman about town. In August of this year occurred the trial of Queen Caroline, and Keppel's connection with the duke procured him "admission behind the throne, and occasionally to a seat among the queen's law-advisers," so that he was both an eye and ear witness of all the principal events in that celebrated cause. Unfortunately, his account of it is too long to quote, but here is his description of the first appearance of the queen:

"Denman, as solicitor-general of the queen, was addressing the House, on the morning of August 18th, against the principle of the Pains and Penalties Bill, when a confused sound of drums, trumpets, and human voices, announced the approach of the queen. Beams a foot square had been thrown across the street between St. Margaret's Church and the Court of King's Bench; but this barrier her majesty's admirers dashed through with as much ease as if they had been formed of reeds, and accompanied her majesty to the entrance of the House. She was received at the threshold by Sir Thomas Tyrwhitt, Usher of the Black Rod. The queen had known him while she was living under her husband's roof. 'Well, Sir Thomas,' she is reported to have said, 'what is your master trying me for? Is it for intermarrying with a man whose first wife I knew to be alive?'

"The peers rose as the queen entered, and remained standing until she took her seat in a crimson and gilt chair, immediately in front of her counsel. Her appearance was anything but prepossessing. She wore a black dress with a high ruff, an unbecoming gypsy hat with a huge bow in the front, the whole surmounted with a plume of ostrich-feathers. Nature had given her light hair, blue eyes, a fair complexion, and a good-humored expression of countenance; but these characteristics were marred by painted eyebrows, and by a black wig with a profusion of curls, which overshadowed her cheeks, and gave a bold, defiant air to her features."

The following extract is from a letter (dated August 21st) by the then Earl of Albemarle, who, as a peer, was one of the queen's judges:

"When the first witness was called in, the queen stood up close to him. She threw her veil completely back, held her body very backward, and placed both her arms at her sides. In this posture she stared furiously at him for some seconds; there was a dead silence, and she screamed out, '*Theodore!*' in the most frantic manner, and rushed violently out of the House. It appeared to me a paroxysm of madness. The witness was then examined, and there is left a strong case against her. I think she is insane, for her manner to-day chilled my blood. She appeared no more to-day, nor can we guess what she will do to-morrow."

This anecdote of Brougham is from Keppel's own account:

"While Brougham was cross-examining this same Theodore Majocchi, he was interrupted by some peer making a remark. Looking in the direction whence the sound proceeded, he fixed a withering glance on Lord Exmouth, who had been previously examining witnesses against the queen with all the zeal of a counsel for the prosecution. The expression of Brougham's face at this moment is indescribable; his eyes flashed with real or pretended fury, while his nose, to which Nature had given such an extraordinary motive-power, seemed by its contortions to sympathize with the resentment of its owner. The noble and gallant admiral claimed the protection of the House from the insulting gaze of the learned counsel; but he got no redress, and cross-examination was resumed amid a suppressed titter at the expense of the captor of Algiers.

"Throughout the trial it was the evident object of Brougham to express by word, look, and gesture, the contempt he felt for the tribunal which was sitting in judgment upon his client. He even made the interpreter a medium for conveying the feeling. This man was a teacher of Italian—by name Nicolas

Dorien Marchese di Spineto. In all the examinations Brougham would insist upon addressing him as 'Marquis,' implying that he held him to be equal in social position with peers bearing a like title."

The subsequent years of our chronicler's career need not be sketched in detail. In 1821 he was ordered to India, and became aide-de-camp to Lord Hastings, the Governor-General, with whom he was for two years in intimate association, but of whom he has preserved but few reminiscences. In 1824 he returned to England by an overland journey across Arabia, and through Persia and Russia, an account of which he afterward published, under the title of "Overland Journey from India." In 1825 he became a captain; in 1827 a major, unattached; in 1829 he set out for Turkey, and visited the Turkish and Russian armies then confronting each other along the range of the Balkan; in 1831, published his "Journey across the Balkan;" was elected to Parliament in 1832; and in 1851, on the death of his elder brother, succeeded to the family title as sixth Earl of Albemarle. Few biographical details other than these are given in the later portions of the narrative, and we shall but follow the author's own example in henceforth bestowing less attention upon himself, and more upon his reminiscences of other people.

During a portion of 1825 Captain Keppel held an appointment on the personal staff of the Marquis of Wellesley, then Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland; and this position brought him into frequent contact with persons who had been acquainted both with "the Wellesley of Mysore and the Wellesley of Assaye." The following reminiscences, gathered then, of the early years of the Duke of Wellington, are curious:

"The elder brother, as is well known, after carrying away all the honors of school and university, entered Parliament at an early age, and soon established a character for himself as an orator and statesman. The abilities of Arthur, the younger brother, were of much slower development. The late Earl of Leitrim, who was with him at a small private school in the town of Portarlinton, used to speak of him to me as a singularly dull, backward boy. Gleig, late chaplain-general, in his interesting life of the great captain, says that his mother, believing him to be the dunce of the family, not only treated him with indifference, but in some degree neglected his education. At Eton his intellect was rated at a very low standard; his idleness in school-hours not being redeemed, in the eyes of his fellows, by any proficiency in the play-ground. He was a 'dab' at no game; could neither handle a bat nor an oar. As soon as he passed into the remove, it was determined to place him in the 'fool's profession,' as the army in those days was irreverently called. At the military college at Angiers he seemed to have a little more aptitude for studying the art of war than he had shown for the 'Humanities,' but he was still a shy, awkward lad. It is a matter of notoriety that he was refused a collectorship of customs on the ground of his incompetency for the duties; and I have reason to believe that a letter is now extant from Lord Mornington (afterward Lord Wellesley) to Lord Camden, declining a commission for his brother Arthur, in the army, on the same grounds. When he became aide-de-camp to Lord Westmoreland, the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, his acquaint-

ance with the usages of society was as limited as could well be possessed by any lad who had passed through the ordeal of a public school. Moore, the poet, who visited Dublin shortly before me, and who lived in much the same society as myself, alludes in his journal to the character for frivolity which young Wellesley had acquired while a member of the vice-regal staff. An old lady, one of his contemporaries, told me that when any of the Dublin belles received an invitation to a picnic they stipulated as a condition of its acceptance that 'that mischievous boy, Arthur Wellesley, should not be of the party.' It was the fashion of that period for gentlemen to wear, instead of a neckcloth, a piece of rich lace, which was passed through a loop in the shirt-collar. To twitch the lace out of its loop was a favorite pastime of the inchoate 'Iron Duke.' The disastrous campaign of the Duke of York appears to have had a sobering effect upon his character. From that time forth he put away childish things and betook himself in good earnest to the active duties of his profession."

An anecdote inserted under date of 1828 shows the "Iron Duke" in a more amiable light than that in which he usually appears. Private theatricals were the rage in London at that period, and an amateur *corps dramatique*, composed chiefly of noble lords and ladies, and of which Keppel was a leading member, used to give regular performances at Hatfield House:

"On one grand occasion, the Duke of Wellington, then prime-minister, almost every member of the cabinet, and nearly the whole of the *corps diplomatique*, came from London to witness our performances. The Hatfield epilogues were usually assigned to me. On this special evening, I had to recite a very clever one by Lord Francis Leveson in the character of the ghost of Queen Elizabeth. I am disturbed in my grave by the goings on in the house that had served me as a prison and palace. My wrath is roused by finding that such mummeries have the sanction of the descendant of my sage minister, Lord Burleigh. In retiring I stumble accidentally into the green-room, and my feelings as a 'Virgin Queen' are shocked at seeing 'a man without his coat.' I swoon, the curtain drops.

"But our solemnities did not stop here. An illustrious actor had his part to play. While the audience was designedly detained some minutes in the theatre, our corps had hurried into 'King James's Room.' On an ottoman at one end was placed a gilt chair, and on it in royal state sat *Queen Elizabeth*. On each side were arranged the *dramatis personæ*. The Duke of Wellington was then asked, in his capacity of prime-minister, to make his obeisances to the sovereign. With a loud, hearty laugh, such as many must still remember, he showed that he fully entered into the fun, and accepted the rôle assigned him. Surrounded by the members of his cabinet, and by the representatives of the crowned heads of Europe, he approached the throne in mock solemnity, and did homage to my majesty."

Here is another of the author's Irish reminiscences:

"A cause of much celebrity was tried at some country assizes. Chief Baron O'Grady was the presiding judge. Bush, then a king's counsel, who held a brief for the defense, was pleading the cause of his client with much eloquence, when a donkey in the court set up a loud bray. 'One at a time, Brother Bush!' called out his lordship. Peals of

laughter filled the court. The counsel bore the interruption as he best could. The judge was proceeding to sum up with his usual ability of speech; the donkey began to bray. 'I beg your lordship's pardon,' said Bush, putting his hand to his ear, 'but there is such an *echo* in the court that I can't hear a word you say.'"

The following amusing bit of reminiscence relates to one of the "eccentricities" of the last generation:

"During my stay at Brighton I was thrown much in company with Lord Dudley and Ward, shortly afterward created Earl Dudley. There must be many now living who have heard his two voices—his gruff bass and his high treble. Moore mentions that some one said it was like Lord Dudley conversing with Lord Ward. This peculiarity reminds me of the end of one of Matthews's songs about a man with two tones in his voice, who, having fallen into a pit, cried for assistance to an Irishman, and the Irishman's reply:

"'Help me out! help me out!' Zounds! what a pother!
If you're two of you there, why not help one another?'

"Who has not heard of Lord Dudley's eccentric habit of giving utterance to his thoughts in a loud soliloquy?

"He was a frequent guest at the Pavilion. His knowledge of good living led him easily to detect a great falling off in the royal *cuisine* since the decease of George IV.; sitting next King William he exclaimed, in his deep bass, 'What a change, to be sure!—cold *pâtés* and hot champagne.'

"The king and queen, when Duke and Duchess of Clarence, once dined with Lord Dudley, who handed her royal highness in to dinner. Scarcely seated, he began to soliloquize aloud: 'What bores these royalties are! Ought I to drink wine with her as I would with any other woman?' and in the same tone continued, 'May I have the honor of a glass of wine with your royal highness?' Toward the end of dinner he asked her again, 'With great pleasure, Lord Dudley,' she replied, smiling; 'but I have had one glass with you already.' 'The brute! and so she has!' was the rejoinder."

The last paragraph that we have marked contains an anecdote, hitherto unpublished, we believe, of Sir Philip Francis, the reputed author of "Junius: "

"It does not often happen to a man to be one of a dinner-party of five, in which there should be two nonagenarians. Yet such was my lot, when, in the summer of 1854, I took my cousin, Sir Robert Adair, the diplomatist, to dine with Mr. Samuel Rogers, the poet. The late Duke and Duchess of Bedford completed our quintet. The conversation at dinner turned upon the authorship of 'Junius.' Every one assigned it to Sir Philip Francis. I happened to be the only one at table who had not been personally acquainted with that gentleman. The others had all met him at Woburn in the time of the fifth and sixth Dukes of Bedford. 'How,' I asked Rogers, 'could a man accept the hospitalities of sons whose father he had so maligned?' I was answered that he was fond of good company and good cheer, and he was sure to find both at the abbey. Of his love of the pleasures of the table the poet gave us a sample. At a city feast, Francis sat next a gentleman who was slowly enjoying some turtle-soup, evidently reserving a large lump of green fat for a *bonne bouche*. Sir Philip looked upon the process for

some moments with an envious eye. At last he seized the delicate morsel with his fork, and transferred it to his mouth. He then gave the stranger his card, saying, 'Sir, I am ready to make the most ample apology, or to give you the satisfaction of a gentleman, but I must say you had no right to throw such a temptation in my way.' The citizen, much as he loved calipash, loved life more, and was content to accept the first of the alternatives."

With this "jotting" the earl brings his reminiscences of fifty years to a close; but it is hardly to be supposed that he really staid his memory and pen at this point, and we shall probably have a posthumous continuation of the narrative. That the public will have good reason to anticipate its appearance with pleasure, we trust our gleanings from the present installment have shown.

TWO HOLY MOUNTS.

BY B. F. DE COSTA.

I.

MOUNT ST. MICHAEL, CORNWALL.

MOUNT ST. MICHAEL is at once an isolated rock and a stately architectural pile, being also the most interesting of all the curious antiques that gem the British coast.

The geologist speaks of this singular mount as a rock, but to the eye of the poet this lofty cone of granite, mingled with schist, appears an altar. Thus it appeared to the Druids in the days of eld; still, what we see to-day is the mountain of stone, tipped with a convent, castle, and church; all of which combined form an English knight's *home*.

Those who are acquainted with the old English poets will remember where the mount stands. It towers up on the classic page of Milton and Spenser, and among the conceits of Drayton and Carew. The author of "The Faërie Queene" asks:

"St. Michael's Mount, who does not know,
That wardes the western coast?"

There are at least few English tourists who do not know St. Michael's Mount, though it may lie out of the track of ordinary American travel. With many a Londoner it is a Mecca. In truth, there are but few more attractive summer resorts than Penzance and Mount's Bay. This part of ancient Cornwall, facing France and Spain, was the "Ictis" of the Phœnician tin-merchant who, in this rocky coast, saw reproduced the shores of "Aradus of Tyre." One quaint old English chronicler, in describing the place, says that "it brooketh no concurrent for the highest place;" yet its height is not so noticeable as the remarkable situation of the rock, which rises up on the border of Mount's Bay, and, by the ebb and flow of the tide, is twice a day surrounded by the sea. At high water the mount stands among the waves, while the ebb lays bare a dry causeway several hundred yards long, that connects it with the main. Crossing this causeway, the old writer says: "Your arrival on the farther side is entertained by an open green of some largeness, which, finishing where the hill beginneth, leaveth you to the conduction of a winding and craggy path; and that at the top delivereth you to a little plain." At this point we may leave our old antiquarian guide to potter at his leisure about matters that hardly concern the present age, while we ascend, finding the way grow-

ing steeper at every step. Leaving the little plain to which the craggy path "delivereth you," and where some old cannon with rusty throats command the sea, an ancient well is next reached, near which is one of those old tin-lodes that made Cornwall famous in the marts of the East in the days of the Ptolemies. Entering the gateway, one finds that he has suddenly stepped back into the middle ages, when the greater portion of the masonry was finished. Nevertheless, we must not make the mistake of supposing that the history of the mount goes no farther back than the period referred to. It was a holy place in the fifth century, when visited by St. Keyna; and this supposed sanctity is what caused the mount to be revered for many generations. In fact, it was here that old chronicles place the appearance of the archangel Michael, notwithstanding the fact that this appearance is also claimed for Mont St.-Michel in Normandy, and for a convent of the same name in Italy, near Bologna. This tradition with respect to the appearance of the archangel is what Milton refers to in his poem of "Lycidas," where he speaks of the "great vision of the guarded mount," which was 'always both fortress and convent. The most simple, however, do not accept the tradition to-day, so great is the change wrought in the sentiments of the people by the English Reformation. The sanctity of the mount is a thing of the past, for we no longer see the barefooted pilgrim toiling up the steep ascent to pay his vows in the convent-church, now reduced to a family chapel.

Nevertheless, such was the ancient fame of the mount that Edward the Confessor gave the monks a charter, and Pope Gregory, in the year 1070, issued a bull extolling its sanctity, and remitting the penance of pilgrims and benefactors of the convent. During the Norman period the mount was made a dependence of the Norman Mont St.-Michel; and about the middle of the eleventh century the rule of the Cistercians or reformed Benedictines was established here. There was also a convent for women, as well as for men, and the ruins of the chapel, dedicated, of course, to the Virgin, were quite recently pointed out. The aspect and the situation of all the remaining buildings are exceedingly romantic and picturesque; while the view of both land and sea is very commanding. To enjoy this view in its perfection, it is necessary to climb to the top of one of the towers, from which dizzy place the prospect

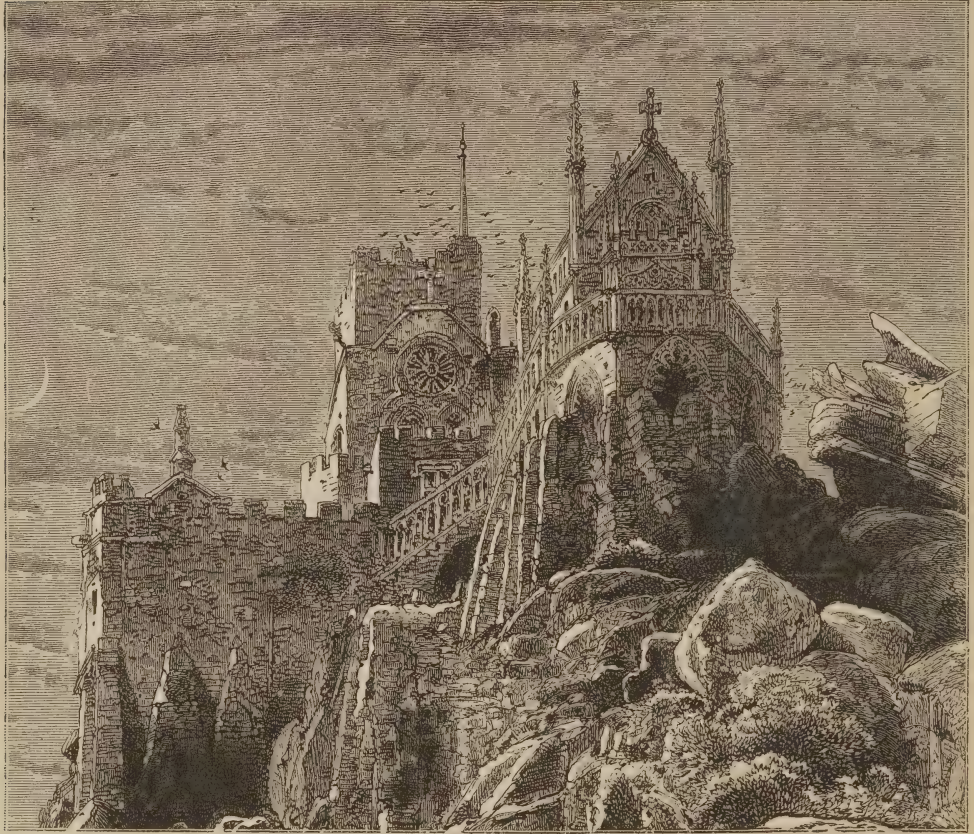
is one that evades description. There is, for instance, such an immense stretch of ocean ; the British, Irish, and Atlantic Seas all rolling within the compass of the eye, reflecting in their dancing waves the illimitable blue of the clear summer sky.

The tower itself is sometimes called "St. Michael's Chair," but the real chair is on the edge of a dangerous crag overhanging the sea. In connection with this chair there is a curious tradition, which

rily rang the bells, we are told, as Richard and Rebecca ascended the holy hill, and together entered the church. Then—

"Six marks they on the altar laid,
And Richard knelt in prayer ;
She left him to pray, and stole away
To sit in St. Michael's Chair."

But, foolish woman, the place is too much for her poor brain ; and, growing giddy, she goes over the



MOUNT ST. MICHAEL, CORNWALL.

teaches that the wife who succeeds in sitting in it will ever after have the mastery over her husband—a privilege likewise attached to the drinking of the waters of St. Keyna's Well. Southey, in visiting the mount, took occasion to versify the tradition in connection with the story of Richard and Rebecca Penlake. The latter had, as it appears, such a virulence and such a desire for rule that the former felt bound to curb both infirmities with the cudgel ; all of which Rebecca bore, secretly biding her time. Finally her chance came ; for Mr. Richard Penlake, like many another stout Cornish man, fell sick and got well, and then, of course, according to the custom of the times, was obliged to make his pilgrimage to the mount to thank St. Michael for his recovery. Mer-

crag. In view of this melancholy even the people would toll the bell ; but we read :

" 'Toll at her burying,' quoth Richard Penlake—
'Toll at her burying,' quoth he ;
'But don't disturb the ringers now
In compliment to me.' "

And thus, as the Icelandic *Sagaman* says, Mistress Penlake "is out of the story."

St. Michael's Mount is a quiet, dreamy place, wholly unlike its Norman namesake. It is an institution of the past, and, after its picturesque appearance, its ancient associations form the great attraction. Stirring scenes have been enacted within and around these venerable walls. From the year 1196 to 1471 the garrison was composed of both soldiers

and monks, the carnal and spiritual elements both finding room for their exercise in the defense of the place during those turbulent times. In those days of poor artillery, strategy was resorted to by those who would gain possession of the stronghold. In the time of Edward VI. the Earl of Oxford and his followers climbed the mount in pilgrim guise, as devotees of St. Michael; but, when once inside the gates, they drew their swords and made themselves masters. And it is said of the earl that what he "thus politically won he valiantly kept." Perkin Warbeck took possession in a still simpler way. Knocking at the gate, he told the monks that he was King of England, when, glad to have a royal guest, they humbly let him where he was afterward "proclaimed" king. Here also his wife, the counterfeit queen, Lady Gordon, was found and made prisoner after the sham king had been defeated. During the Cornish rebellion the mount was fiercely besieged and finally captured, after a desperate resistance, by Arundel. From that time until the present day quiet has generally reigned in the neighborhood of the mount; and, after passing into various hands, it was finally bought by Sir John St. Aubyn, whose descendants have held it for five generations.

Though the mount is now the seat of a private residence, portions of the buildings are shown to visitors. To-day the entrance is not much changed, and the chapel and refectory remain nearly as they appeared in former times. The latter has an arched and groined ceiling, and a frieze extending around four sides, representing hunting-scenes. On viewing these one recalls those monks of "The Golden Legend," over the door of whose abbey were—

"None of your death-heads carved in wood,
None of your saints looking pious and good,
None of your patriarchs old and shabby;
But the heads and tusks of boars,
And the cells
Hung all around with the fells
Of the fallow-deer."

And if the tradition is true, that the region around the mount was once a forest, the hunting-scenes on the walls of the refectory may have been suggested by the experience of the monks themselves. In one old chronicle, the place is spoken of as "the hoare rocke in the woode;" and some antiquaries prove, to their own satisfaction at least, that this region (as is *indisputably* the fact with regard to Mont St.-Michel, Normandy) has been submerged by the sea, which has encroached several miles. Others show, by the discovery of Roman coins, that the shores of the bay have not materially changed during the last fifteen hundred years; while the historian of tobacco is astonished at finding a pipe thirty feet underground. But these are curious questions that do not come within the range of our article, and which have far less interest for the ordinary visitor than the Chair of St. Michael, which, as already indicated, is a somewhat dangerous attraction. Those who kiss the Blarney-stone at Blarney Castle are obliged to hang over the brink of the tower head downward; but the heels must go first in the case of the person who

would sit in St. Michael's Chair, which is a place contrived by the monks evidently for the purpose of a beacon-fire to warn and guide the fishermen at sea. But the monks have now gone from the mount, never to return, and they live only in reminiscence. While across the Channel, but a few miles away, the monastic garb is the commonest of all ecclesiastical habits, the cowl is a rarity in England. The spirit of monasticism is dead; and this Cornish mount stands to-day as a fair index of the condition of English society, the family having succeeded the monastic community, which it may safely rival in the matter of good living. Yet, though the monks are no more, St. Michael's Mount, Cornwall, cannot lose its charm. Its picturesque and commanding situation, on the border of Mount's Bay, will never cease to delight the eye. Under certain atmospheric conditions, the spectacle gives full play to the imagination, and in the mirage it seems to soar away to the upper sky; while in the moonlight, seen from Marazion, the ancient resting-place of the pilgrims, four or five hundred yards distant, it heaves aloft its vast bulk with an appearance of remarkable grandeur, the architecture with which it is crowned being delicately gilded with the white heavenly light. Thus, indeed, the mount appeared to the ancient pilgrim approaching the archangel's shrine even in the common light of day, his imagination not waiting for the moon to gild the hallowed place with glory.

II.

MONT ST.-MICHEL, NORMANDY.

IN certain respects, Mont St.-Michel, of the Norman coast, bears a striking resemblance to St. Michael's, Cornwall. Like the English marvel, it is a cone of granite rising from the sea, crowned with a convent and castle. But here the resemblance in a great measure ends, since, in addition to the monastery and keep, the Norman mount bears a considerable town upon its flanks, and is fortified with almost impregnable walls.

Again, while the Cornish mount belongs exclusively to the past, the Norman St.-Michel belongs to the present. What it has been, it is to-day. The present is a reflection of the past, and at the same time the votaries of the archangel dream of bright days to come, days when the pictured prophecies that adorned the Paris Salon in the spring-time of 1875 shall be accomplished, and Mont St.-Michel, "La Merveille de l'Occident," shall reveal a splendor hitherto unknown.

In speaking of the physical peculiarities of St.-Michel it should be mentioned that the mount enjoys double the elevation of its English namesake, the situation also being much more imposing. One part of the day St.-Michel is washed by the waves, while at another it appears a mountain rising—rising from a vast sandy plain, wedge-like cleaving the air:

"For with the flow and ebb its style
Varies from continent to isle;
Dry-shod, o'er sands, twice every day,

The pilgrims to the shrine find way ;
Twice every day the waves efface
Of staves and sandaled feet the trace."

In approaching the bay of Avranché at low tide one is struck by the weird appearance of the gray sands laid bare league upon league. This is something more than low tide, for the ocean has actually

not indulge in more than a few recollections. The history of St.-Michel would fill a volume. We find that the Druids were first upon the ground, as was the case at St. Michael's, Cornwall. The venders of the shell-collars here may not be aware of the fact, but these collars are really mementoes of the Druidic times, which were thrown out of joint by the



MONT ST.-MICHEL, NORMANDY.

disappeared from sight, and has left behind a Sahara. Experience, however, soon teaches that these smooth, compact-appearing sands are as treacherous as the sea-waves, and, whatever may be their appearance, cannot be trusted without a guide. A ship once wrecked upon the sands disappeared from sight before the cargo could be saved.

On reaching the border of the sands, St.-Michel is seen looming up grandly at a distance of more than a mile, though the effect of the view depends more or less upon the condition of the atmosphere.

Committing yourself to the ordinary track, you are safe—that is, if you wait until those who are accustomed to pass back and forth have marked it out. On approaching nearer you perceive more clearly the nature of the vast pyramidal pile, girt around to its base with mediæval walls, strengthened with huge towers and bastions, designed to oppose the assault of cannon and the siege of the waves ; while above the walls rises a collection of quaint stone dwellings inhabited by fishermen, and above all tower the vast conventual buildings, the castle, and the splendid Norman church. The world scarcely affords another such monument. The building of this has already consumed a thousand years. It is with a feeling of wonder that the stranger enters the grim port, climbs the steep, narrow street, passes through a second gate a hundred and fifty feet above the sands, and thus reaches a little hostelry in the town where the ordinary visitor must lodge.

And here let us pause to think for a moment about the history of Mont St.-Michel, concerning which the very stones are eloquent, though we can-

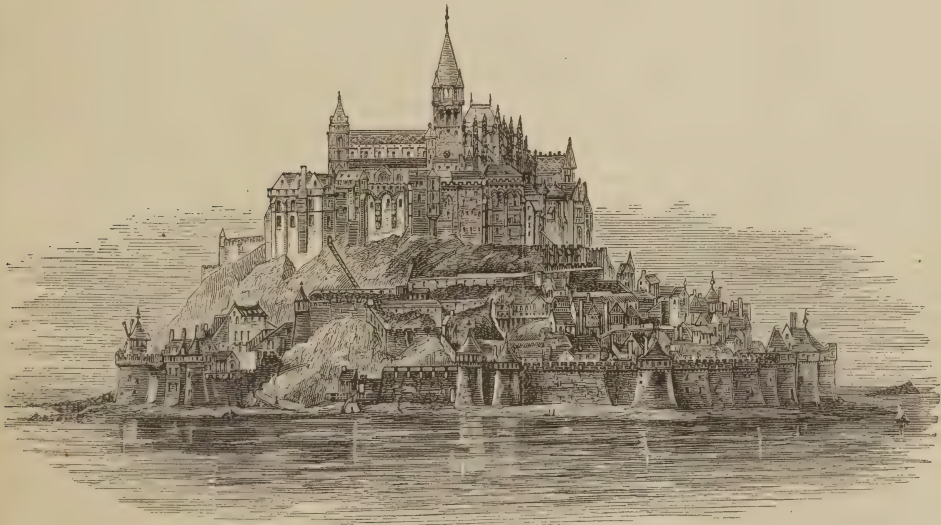
not indulge in more than a few recollections. Paganism was succeeded by Christianity, in accordance with the decree of Constantine (A. D. 313), when the anchorites retired to this then lonely place to practise their austerities in seclusion. Finally, in 708, Aubert, Bishop of Avranché, came to the mount, when the archangel Michael appeared and bade him build a monastery. Obedient to the command the work went on, pile being added to pile, until the mount was completely transformed and it took on something of the complex grandeur that we behold to-day. Various orders of monks have flourished here, and from time to time learning has found a home. Princes have made the place their abode, and kings have ascended the narrow streets in pilgrim attire. This rock has known all the vicissitudes of the convent, castle, and prison, having served each use in turn, and sometimes all of them at once. Letters have here been cultivated by such men as the Abbot de Thorigny, and royal humility has been illustrated by such kings as Philip the Hardy and Louis XI. War has done its worst to destroy the mount. Siege-artillery has played upon the walls, and what revolutions spared has been injured by lightning and shaken by earthquake. And yet Mont St.-Michel remains in its olden majesty and grandeur to-day.

But let us not forget we are to ascend the mount, which may be accomplished by climbing the street or following the course of the walls that rise from crag to crag. The little street, whose rough pavements have so many times been trodden by barefooted kings, boasts of some little shops, full of *souvenirs* of the mount, chiefly suited to the tastes of peasant pil-

grims. In passing over the cobble-pavement strewn with garbage, you notice that stables are sandwiched between the shops and the little stone houses, though at one point a freshly-restored mansion meets the eye, indicating the possession of some wealth and taste. The steep street ends in a succession of zig-zag stone steps, that tax even a strong man's strength; the prospect opening and widening as you ascend. Finally, the convent is reached, the portal of which is guarded by a couple of scenic towers, built in 1257. Then come more stairs, then vast halls and corridors, with huge, prison-like doors, devised for strength; but the halls are enlivened by bazaars, where pilgrims drive through bargains for medals, badges, and beads. When these buildings are cleared, the platform upon which the church stands is reached, and the visitor is enabled to look down upon the town, and away across the sands, far out to sea. The prospect is one of much grandeur; but the most elevated view is from the roof of the church. A bass-relief over the south door of the sanctuary tells us of Aubert's interview with the archangel; and, entering by this door, the visitor finds himself within a really splendid church. The present nave dates back to the year 1140, while the pointed Gothic choir is of the fourteenth century. There is no gaudy ornamentation, and indeed no excess of ornamentation of any kind, though the building is worthy of the grand situation it occupies upon the summit of this wondrous rock. On the north side of the church is the so-called "Marvel," standing

poems in stone, is a feast in itself; and the vast fireplace, where a knight could sit in the saddle, shows what they thought in old times of good cheer. But, in speaking of the "Marvel," it will be necessary to shun details, and simply say that this *is* a marvel, and a place where one might spend days without exhausting the features of interest. There is much to be seen even among the substructions of St. Michel, such as the crypt, catacombs, and dungeons. The latter are consecrated to eternal gloom. The dungeon of Cellini, in the castle of St. Angelo, at Rome, is humane in comparison; while that of the Prison of Chillon, at Lake Lemman, appears an elegant *salon*.

It is with a feeling of intense relief that we escape from the stifling atmosphere, to climb the roof of the grand old church, where we again look down upon the town, in whose little street the men appear like mice. Landward we see the fair hills of Brittany and Normandy, and seaward, beyond the mount, stretches the gray Sahara, bounded in the distance by resplendent windrows of snow-white foam proclaiming the advance of the incoming sea. Standing here amid a forest of bold pinnacles and flying buttresses, which almost recall the roof of the Cathedral of Milan, the attention is divided between the boldness of the architect and the solemnity of the *grèves*, which once, according to old chronicles, were dry land. The manuscripts give the names of villages that no longer exist, and which have been engulfed by the sea. There is something peculiarly attrac-



MONT ST.-MICHEL, NORMANDY—PLAN OF RESTORATION.

upon the brink of a perpendicular and unassailable precipice, of which its outer wall is a part, and presenting in its three different stories many splendid halls, besides extensive *dortoirs*, refectories, kitchens fit for kings, and all the varied appointments that mark an imperial establishment. The grand refectory, with its lovely architecture, full of exquisite

tive about these drowned lands, which open the way to curious speculations; but there is much to do, and the notes of a chant now break upon the ear. Turning from the line of distant breakers, we look toward the shore, and catch a glimpse of a procession, whose standard-bearer has just stepped upon the sands. At the distance of a mile we hear the an-

tiphonal song, floating up to us on the calm air. Let us go to the welcome of this pilgrim band. In descending proceed by the walls, noticing the hanging gardens whose soil has been brought from the mainland, thus furnishing flowers for this sterile rock; and observing the strong battlements and ports, the frowning bastions, and all the various inventions for increasing the destructiveness as well as the pomp of war.

Issuing at last from the gate, we walk forth upon the sands, and take a deliberate view of the mount, finding it more impressive than ever, and noting, now perhaps for the first time, the Orphelinat, where poor children are protected by the monks. The waves, at full sea, beat against the very foundations of the house. Another time we may walk around the mount, mark the magnificent elevation from every view-point, and try to take in the stupendous fact, which grows upon one like Niagara; but at present the tide and the pilgrims are coming, both of which, rising above human law, wait for no man. Midway the sands we meet the procession, singing, according to the order enjoined, the "Litany of the Saints," and we catch the suffrage "*Sancte Michael, ora pro nobis.*" This procession, like scores of others that we see in the course of a few days' sojourn, is every way remarkable, being composed of men, women, and children, bearing numerous banners; the children in long white robes and gay sashes, the women in peculiar Breton and Norman costumes, the men in holiday attire, and decorated with badges, and the priests, in official regalia, leading the office. On the long column moves, with the steady step of solemn enthusiasm, until reaching the gate, when, according to the pilgrim ritual, the litany ends, and the singers take up the hymn to St. Michael, "Prince most glorious," in adoration of whom, on his descent from heaven, "the sea lifts itself up," while "the earth trembles." Chanting the solemn invocation, they slowly climb the mount. At the entrance of the church a second hymn to the archangel is sung. The song ended, the service begins, and the preacher, before mass, pronounces a fervid discourse; the whole being interspersed with invocations, sung or pronounced with a wild enthusiasm, saluting the archangel as the guardian of paradise, and beseeching him to intercede with the Father and the Son on their behalf, and lead them to the "joy eternal," annexing his name to the threefold ascription. Sometimes there is a mass at every altar at the same time, the choir being full of banners and regalia, and the peer democratically standing by the side of the peasant in his blue blouse, all being animated by one heart and mind, namely, the relief of France and Rome, which all believe may be accomplished by St. Michael's puissant arm; the shrill treble and

thundering bass wellnigh causing the roof to quake in the pilgrim hymn ending—

"Pour Rome donc et pour la France
Nous implorons votre secours :
Armez-vous pour leur délivrance !
Sauvez-les ! gardez-les toujours !"

This is all intensely political, as one of the priests admitted, but then, he added, "it makes the people religious, and teaches them to pray." And, as one result of intercession, they point to the fact that, in the late war, the portions of France where the archangel is honored the most suffered the least, and in fact almost nothing, from the inroads of the Germans :

" . . . So much the fear
Of thunder and the sword of Michael
Wrought still within them."

In recognition of his services, a general contribution was made to secure the silver statue of the leader of the hosts, now seen in the church. The pope indorses this, which we might call the *cultus* of Michel, and pilgrimages and invocations are attended by large indulgences. The confraternity of St. Michel is numerous, and extends over all France; but the work of the society falls upon a few, chiefly priests, who reside in the convent, and have the charge of entertaining the pilgrims. They are also the custodians of the monuments of the mount, and hope to derive enough from the pilgrimages to repair and restore all the buildings, which, in such an exposed situation, go rapidly to decay. As already indicated, at the French exhibition last season magnificent drawings were displayed, showing the mount as it is, and as it will appear when divested of what does not belong to it. What is needed is more power on the part of the convent authorities, who should be allowed to manage the affairs of the town, now simply a kind of irresponsible republic without government, or at least without municipal law. The people, indeed, conduct themselves very well, but they are chiefly stupid fishermen, and have no conception of decent sanitary habits. They live and worship by themselves, and possess a very ancient and quaint chapel. Indeed, everything here bears the stamp of the archangel, and the inhabitants, as well as pilgrims and tourists, have only one idea. Stanfield, the coast-painter, after his visit, could scarcely divest himself of the subject, and therefore begged a literary friend to write a "Drama of Mont St.-Michel," which he might illustrate with his pencil, and thus possibly get relief. The material for such a drama is abundant, but then how would the drama itself appear compared with Stanfield's illustrations? The reader will judge of that after making his own pilgrimage, and forming some adequate acquaintance with this marvelous mount.

CROIZETTE.

ONCE knew, in the neighborhood of Paris, a good old priest who was gentleness itself. His every movement was replete with episcopal unction, and his soft, sweet voice sounded in the ears of the afflicted like a soothing melody. In listening to him one could appreciate the legend of David charming away the melancholy of King Saul by the sounds of his harp.

One evening after dinner, as we were sitting together on the banks of the Seine, the priest said to me, in his quietly deliberate voice:

"I once belonged to the Third Cuirassiers. One day while intoxicated I had the misfortune to kill, in a duel, a comrade who had supplanted me in the heart of a *grisette*."

You may imagine the surprise that this confession caused me. Well, I felt exactly the same impression some ten years later, when, between the acts of "Jean de Thommeraye," I went behind the scenes to compliment Mademoiselle Croizette on her interpretation of the character of the courtesan *Baronnette*. She talked to me of her childhood, of her education, and ended by saying:

"I came very near becoming a governess."

A governess! What an idea! The *Baronne d'Ange*, the *Duchesse de Septmonts*, a governess!—that fair creature a governess, who unites all seductions in her own person, and who proves that Venus did not perish in the wreck of the pagan world! Can one imagine Croizette with blue spectacles, a grammar in her hand, and employed in wiping recalcitrant noses? No, it is impossible; so it is all for the best. And we are unspeakably grateful to the theatre for having rescued from teaching that strange profile, better suited to the blaze of the foot-lights than to the smoky lamps of a boarding-school.

The portrait of Croizette is not an easy thing to take. None of her features possess that mathematical regularity which suits the hackneyed phrases. Her eyes are small, her nose is large. The modeling of the mouth is heavy and contorted. And yet what a charm and what harmony in this assemblage of defects! Everything about her, from a certain break in her contralto tones to the merry or angry sparkle in her brown eyes—everything attracts attention to this woman, whose originality is striking—above all, in private life. Those who are satisfied with laconic definitions say of her, "She is modern," or, "She has a strange temperament," or else, "She has an exceptional nature."

But, preferring precise terms to a hollow brevity, we will describe Croizette as follows:

"A native of St. Petersburg, transplanted to Paris at a very early age, amid an intelligent society, she shows traces of her three nationalities, which are—Russia, France, and Art."

One reception-evening in the Rue de l'Échelle, No. 8 (her residence is situated half a block from the Comédie Française), the candles of the superb chandelier that hangs in her *salon* were lit. Croizette

was gazing with delight at the exquisite effect of the antique wrought-iron work under the brilliant light.

"What are you doing?" asked one of her friends.

"My dear fellow," she answered, gayly, "my three selves are in ecstasies. The Cossack is looking enviously at a collection of candles, the Parisian is enchanted by the blaze of light, and the lover of the beautiful is contemplating an old work of art."

Let us remain in this *salon*, whose doors are closed to all but a few faithful friends—the members of the Croizette Club. There meet almost every day, from four to six o'clock, M. Perrin, the manager of the Comédie Française, Prince Radziwill, the Chevalier Nigra, Baron de Beyens, Baron Finot, and the financiers Stern, Joubert, and Martini. No journalists, no artists, no musicians.

The conversation is as brilliant as it was at the Hôtel de Rambouillet, and, although lacking the celebrated blue hanging starred with silver of the *salon* of *Artémise*, the walls are none the less interesting to examine. The pictures by Carolus Duran and by Jadin are calculated to fix the attention of amateurs. The furniture is covered with Eastern stuffs. In one corner stands Mademoiselle Croizette's writing-desk, hidden behind a gilt trellis-work, over which climb tropical plants. On the blotting-book lies a just-finished letter. Croizette does not like to write, and yet, strange to say, her handwriting is colossal. Her lazy pen takes twice the trouble that is necessary, for the letters that it forms are not less than half an inch long. Only the official signature of a monarch can equal hers in size. The flourish is bold and masterly.

"If I were you," said Dumas to her, "I should ask in my will that the only inscription on my tombstone should be that original signature."

Mademoiselle Croizette intends to follow this advice. She has already spoken to the stone-cutter on the subject.

I will not detain my reader long in the other rooms of this beautiful home. We will cast a rapid glance into the bedroom, hung with blue satin, with its suite of furniture in the style of Louis XVI., enameled white, with blue lines. We observe in the ebony bookcase the works of Hugo, Balzac, Voltaire, De Musset, and the plays of Alexandre Dumas *fils*, bound in dog-fish skin, that skin that, with its gold veins, reminds one of *lapis lazuli*. In the dressing-room we note the secretary and cheval-glass of Mademoiselle Mars, purchased at a sale in Versailles, and, after a caress for the three dogs, the four cats, and the paroquet, who seem to be the real masters of the house, we will turn our steps toward the Théâtre Français, to the dressing-room of the young actress.

Actresses' dressing-rooms have often been described, but I do not think that the reader has ever been introduced into one of those reserved by the Comédie Française for its company. We will not

find there the smoky, stuffy little closets of the other theatres. They are pretty rooms, well aired and spacious, and transformed by the aid of the upholsterer into elegant boudoirs.

Croizette's dressing-room differs from the others, however, as she does not affect the daintily-pretty style. The walls are hung with striped ticking, which gives the room the aspect of a military tent. There the actress arms herself for the combat. As a general, before a battle, studies his plans, so she studies her intonations and prepares her effects. She will stop suddenly, her face daubed with pearl-white and her hands covered with paste, to repeat a speech of whose effect she is not quite sure. Here it was, before these large swing-mirrors, that she studied that terrible death-scene of the "Sphinx" that the sharp tongues of the company were wont to call "a death with mushroom-sauce."

And since I have touched upon the chapter of the local squabbles, I will mention here that none found, upon their entrance into the house, more coldness and ill-feeling (from the ladies of the company naturally) than Croizette. At the present time her kind heart has won pardon for her beauty and her success, but at her *début* she saw revived for her benefit the cutting sarcasms and silent hostility that long ago had greeted Mademoiselle Plessy, in whom the "old stagers" saw a rival and suspected a star. Croizette received all attacks with perfect serenity. Only once—and that quite recently—was she roused from her calm.

A *sociétaire*, whose figure is as meagre as hers is opulent, said at the end of a rehearsal, "Undoubtedly Sophie has talent, but she does not understand her profession—she is not yet accustomed to the boards."

"I confess," said Croizette, turning toward her charitable comrade, "that, so far as boards are concerned, you have the advantage of me."

But let us enter the dressing-room on whose threshold we have lingered. The room is divided into two parts by a curtain, which permits the actress to change her dress without forcing her visitors to withdraw. As soon as she is dressed the curtain is drawn back, and the conversation is resumed. Croizette, however, continues to "make up" her face according to the inevitable requirements of the stage. The hare's-foot spreads the pearl-powder on her features; a black pencil marks in the corners of her eyes the touch that lengthens them, and a stick of pink cosmetic deepens the crimson of her lips. Meantime the hair-dresser arranges the frizzes over her forehead, or twists up the masses of her blond hair, and her maid walks around her, smoothing the satin bows, or pulling out the rebellious puffs.

Those who are tired of watching these operations contemplate the pictures on the walls—a portrait of Bressant, who was Croizette's first professor; a photograph of Delaunay, with an affectionate inscription; a sketch by Carolus Duran; and a head

of a negress on an ochre background, signed by her rival, Sarah Bernhardt.

Pens, ink, packs of cards for the games of *solitaire* that while away the length of the *entr'actes* (here her Russian origin betrays itself), a glass of water, and bottles of peppermint, her favorite remedy for nervous attacks, are scattered over the slabs of the inlaid furniture. Sometimes on the mantelpiece a bouquet of roses and white lilacs perfume the air. Like an affable and generous hostess, Croizette detaches sprays of this perfumed cluster of flowers for the button-holes or corsages of her visitors.

Outside of her profession, which Croizette loves above all things, and to the study of which she brings the strong will and the energy that gained for her her diplomas from the Hôtel-de-Ville and the Conservatoire; outside of the theatre, Croizette has but one passion—horses. To such a point does she carry her love for them that, whenever she visits a magnificent stable, she envies the lot of the stable-boys. When quite a child, her greatest ambition was to ride on horseback, and, if I remember rightly, she ran away from her mother's house in Versailles to join a coachman of the neighborhood, who indulged her with a ride occasionally. They had locked her in her room, but she broke a pane of glass, and went to keep her appointment, with her wrist streaming with blood.

The character of Sophie Croizette is in some respects exceedingly masculine. The sight of blood awakes no repugnance. She will watch a surgical operation without flinching, will dress a wound, or watch beside a corpse. Her physician calls her Mademoiselle Nélaton.

To finish with the masculine tastes of the young actress, I will group them all together in a rather strange mixture. The heroine of "L'Étrangère" prefers meat to any other kind of food, despises deserts, disdains all ornaments, has no idea of the value of money, is utterly devoid of coquetry, and is never so happy as when, arrayed in a riding-habit, and mounted on a thorough-bred horse, she can gallop over the country.

My sketch is finished. I see, however, on looking it over, that I have given to my sitter a multitude of good qualities, and not one bad one.

But it is never too late to mend. Croizette is outrageously absent-minded. The other day she entered her bath with her shoes and stockings on, and never noticed the fact until an hour later, when she began to dress.

She has another defect, and that an involuntary one. She makes havoc among the hearts of the college-students, and creates whirlwinds beneath the caps of young officers. She receives daily at the theatre a number of letters, wherein collegians respectfully propose to espouse her as soon as they have graduated. Sometimes they send her verses. The verses are invariably bad. But at least for *that* fault, Croizette is not in the least responsible.

"ONLY THE BRAKESMAN."

BY CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

I.

"ONLY the brakesman killed"—say, was that what they said ?
The brakesman was our Joe ; so, then—our Joe is dead !
Dead ? Dead ? Dead ?—But I cannot think it's so ;
It was some other brakesman, it cannot be our Joe.

II.

Why, only this last evening I saw him riding past ;
The trains don't stop here often—go rushing by as fast
As lightning—but Joe saw me, and waved his hand ; he sat
On the very last old coal-car ; how do you 'count for that—

III.

That he was killed alone and the others saved, when he
Was last inside the tunnel ? Come, now, it couldn't be.
It's some mistake, of course ; 'twas the fireman, you'll find :
The engine struck the rock, and he was just behind—

IV.

And the roof fell down on *him*, not on Joe, our Joe—I saw
That train myself, the engine had work enough to draw
The coal-cars full of coal that rattled square and black
By tens and twenties past our door along that narrow track

V.

On into the dark mountains. I never see those peaks
'Thout hating them. For much *they* care whether the water leaks
Down their big sides to wet the stones that arch the tunnels there
So long—so black—they *all* may go, and much the mountains care !

VI.

I'm sorry for that fireman— What's that ? I don't pretend
To more than this : I saw that train, and Joe was at the end,
The very end, I tell you ! Come, don't stand here and mock—
What ! it was *there*, right at his end, the tunnel caved, the rock

VII.

Fell on him ? But I don't believe a word— Yes, that's his chain,
And that's his poor old silver watch ; he bought it— What's this stain
All over it ? Why, it is red !—O Joe, my boy, O Joe,
Then it *was* you, and you are dead down in that tunnel !—Go

VIII.

And bring my boy back ! He was all the son I had ; the girls
Are very well, but not like Joe.—Such pretty golden curls
Joe had until I cut them off at four years old ; he ran
To meet me always at the gate, my bonny little man.

IX.

You don't remember him ? But then you've only seen him when
He rides by on the coal-trains among the other men,
All of them black and grimed with coal, and circles round their eyes,
Whizzing along by day and night.—But you would feel surprise

X.

To see how fair he is when clean on Sundays, and I know
You'd think him handsome then ; I'll have— God ! I forgot—O Joe,
My boy ! my boy ! and are you dead ? So young—but twenty.—Dead
Down in that awful tunnel, with the mountain overhead !

XI.

They're bringing him ? Oh, yes, I know ; they'll bring him, and, what's more,
They'll do it free, the company ! They'll leave him at my door
Just as he is, all grimed and black.—Jane, put the irons on,
And wash his shirt, his Sunday-shirt ; it's white ; he *did* have one

XII.

White shirt for best, and proud he wore it Sunday with a tie
Of blue—a new one. O my boy, how could they let you die
Crushed by those rocks! If I'd been there I'd heaved them off—I know
They could have done it if they'd tried. They *let* you die—for, oh,

XIII.

"Only the brakesman!" and his wage was small. The engineer
Must first be seen to there in front.—My God! it stands as clear
Before my eyes as though I'd seen it all—the dark—the crash—
The hissing steam—the wet stone sides—the arch above—the flash

XIV.

Of lanterns coming—and my boy, my poor boy lying there,
Dying alone under the rocks—only his golden hair
To tell that it was Joe—a mass all grimed, that doesn't stir—
But mother'll know you, dear, 'twill make no difference to her

XV.

How black with coal-dust you may be, your poor, hard-working hands
All torn and crushed, perhaps; yes, yes—but no one understands
That even though he's better off, poor lad, where he has gone,
I and the girls are left behind to stand it and live on

XVI.

As best we can without him!—What? A wreath? A lady sent
Some flowers? Was passing through and heard—felt sorry—well, 'twas meant
Kindly, no doubt; but poor Joe'd been the very first to laugh
At white flowers round his blackened face.—You'll write his epitaph—

XVII.

What's that? His name and age? Poor boy!—poor Joe!—his name has done
Its work in this life; for his age—he was not twenty-one,
Well-grown but slender—far too young for such a place, but then
He wanted to "help mother," and to be among the men.

XVIII.

For he was always trying to be old—he carried wood
And built the fires for me before he hardly understood
What a fire was—my little boy—my darling baby Joe—
There's something snapped within my breast, I think; it hurts me so,

XIX.

It must be something broken. What is that? I felt the floor
Shake; there's some one on the step.—Go, Jennie, set the door
Wide open, for your brother Joe is coming home. They said,
"Only the brakesman"—but it is my only son that's dead!

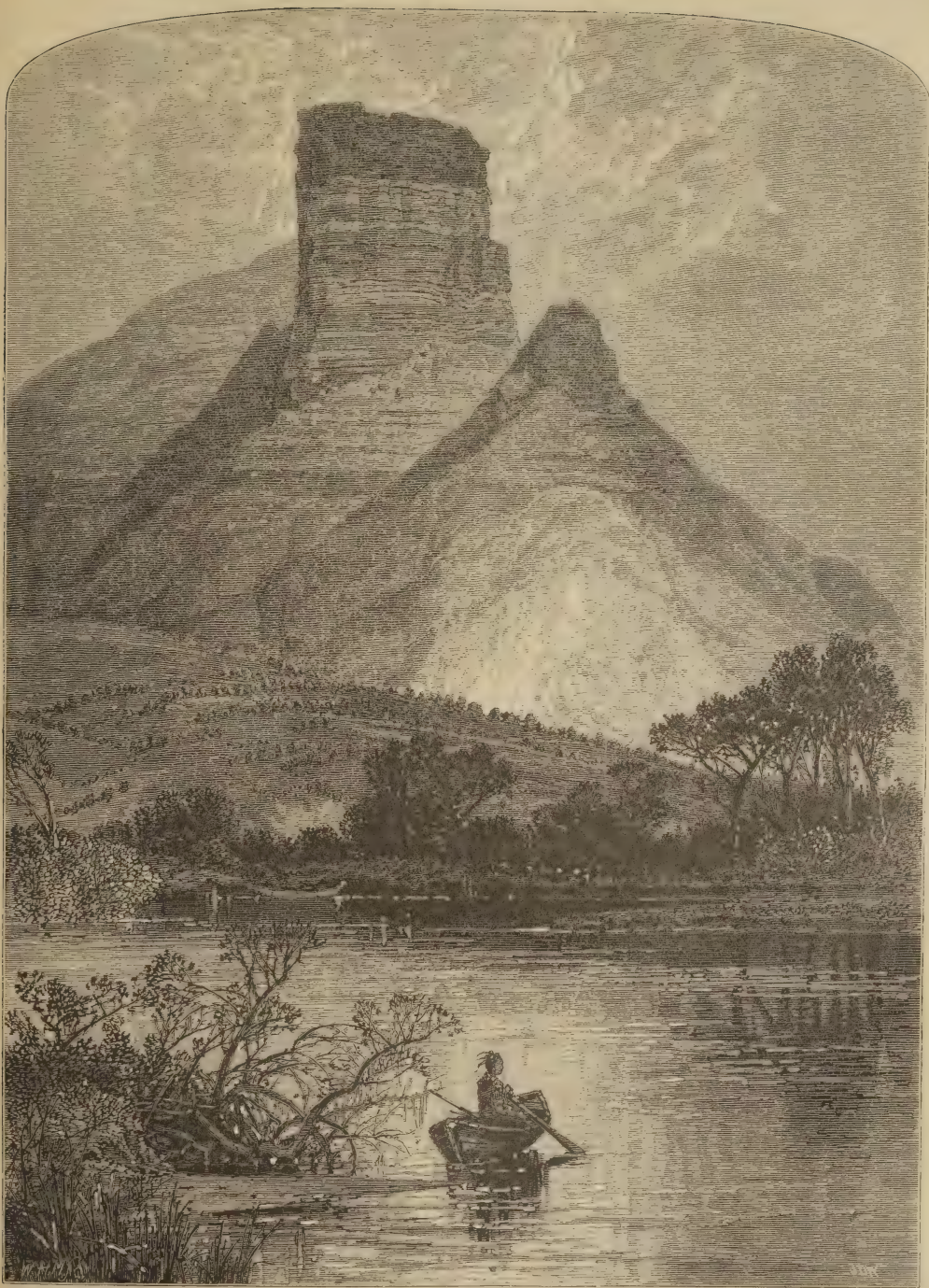
SANTA BARBARA.

BY ALBERT F. WEBSTER.

IT is probable that no health-resort in America is regarded with more interest by the invalid class than Santa Barbara, California. It has acquired, by means of the newspapers and by real-estate agents' pamphlets, a reputation which is likely, from its over-glorious character, to do it harm for a time, and to work incalculable mischief among those travelers who trust without reflection.

Much of the fault lies at the door of careless writers, but an equal amount lies at the door of careless readers. It generally becomes very clear, upon speaking with one who professes himself disappointed, that he has only himself to blame; that he had read of the drawbacks, but that he had permitted his own imagination to so over-estimate the

value of the charms that the opposite qualities had disappeared from his mind. To take a familiar instance: With the exception of Mr. Murray, no one has received so much blame for over-praising a land as Mr. Nordhoff has. He wrote warmly in praise of most that came under his notice in Santa Barbara, and he wrote with the honesty and vigor of a healthy man, to whom the fogs and winds of the place were anything but annoyances. Yet at the same time he spoke of both of these things. The greater number of his readers, naturally glad to hear a pleasant story, took cognizance of all the rest, and gave these important items no weight at all, for the reason that the writer gave them but little. Mr. Nordhoff did not write from an invalid's standpoint,



GRAND BUTTE, GREEN RIVER, WYOMING TERRITORY.

nor did he profess to do so; and, while it is true that he did not tell all that an invalid could tell, he did not tell what any invalid might not tell; that is, there are as few misstatements and overdrawn pictures in his book as there commonly are in the best of books containing general information.

It would be entirely useless, indeed, worse than useless, to attempt to thoroughly describe Santa Barbara in its character as a health-resort in an article of this kind. It is probable that as many invalids become displeased with the place as become charmed with it, and, inasmuch as a thousand-and-one personal and local considerations enter into every sick man's case, it would be presumption to attempt to show here why or why not any class of people should come to the place or should shun it.

It will be quite as satisfactory, and certainly more safe, if the writer simply describes the town and the climate as he found them late in the April of the present year, adding, by way of hints, a few facts derived from a number of well-kept tables.

Upon referring to a map of California the reader will see that at Point Conception the coast makes a sudden turn nearly to the eastward, and that it again turns, farther on, to the southward; also that a range or succession of ranges of mountains, gradually gaining in altitude as they recede from the ocean, follows the general line. Between this range, which shuts off the force of the cold northwest winds which prevail upon the upper part of the California coast, and the sea, there lies that semi-tropical region that has of late years become noted as a place of refuge from Northern winters. In the midst of that region is Santa Barbara.

The approach to it from the north and by sea is very pleasing, and disposes one pleasantly toward the town before it comes into view. The land terminates in abrupt cliffs, from forty to sixty feet high, and at their bases there are long, smooth beaches, gently washed by the sea. From their tops the land recedes in low undulations, rich in pasturage, and the view terminates at the crests of high mountains about twenty miles farther inland.

One perceives his approach to a settlement in the gradually-increasing number of houses and farm-lands along the coast. Some of these houses are very fine, having balconies, broad piazzas, large gardens and groves, and the cultivated ground seems particularly rich and productive.

Several hours before approaching this spot the traveler feels a very sensible change for the better in the temperature. Before turning Point Conception he shuddered with the cold, but now he is pleasantly warm, and he is tempted even to seek the shady side of the boat.

Santa Barbara comes into view like the sudden revelation of a canvas panorama—not a complimentary association that, but one that is nearly inevitable, nevertheless. A sudden break in the coast-line discloses the town lying upon a gently-rising plain facing almost south. It seems to be nearly encircled, first by low foot-hills, and then by lofty mountains in the rear. The plain that is directly in view

is perhaps three square miles in extent, and over the greater part of this the town is distributed. A few spires and a few towers here and there, a number of square and lofty mercantile buildings, together with a collection of low roofs, fairly dense, and then a very scattered suburb of handsome villas, is the reward for the first glances at the place, and it seems pleasant enough, but nothing more. There is not much of a marine interest at Santa Barbara, and therefore it is commonly little trouble for the steamer to find her way to the wharf and to land her passengers.

Your first stroll will be, no doubt, down State Street, a broad thoroughfare, with a road-bed of earth, lined for a mile or so with the principal business places of the town. You discern at once that the evil genius, the real-estate interest, has been at work, for very good and very bad buildings are mingled in the most incongruous fashion, and you can almost see the wrangle of the "up-town and down-town factions" in the spitefully savage distances that intervene between one fine building and another. Stables built of wood, some small and some surprisingly large; mud-walls eight feet high, adobe houses of one story; harness, milliner, and fruit shops, innumerable; bar-rooms, Chinese wash-houses, and a few minor lodging and eating rooms, of doubtful cleanliness, fill up the wide gaps that exist between the few large structures that adorn the way. These buildings contain the law and real-estate offices (which pay a rental of one and a half per cent. per month to the builder), and the various halls and public rooms of the town.

Up to eleven o'clock on each day this thoroughfare is very cheerily thronged with lady-shoppers and letter-hunters; and, if one happens upon the spot at a certain moment, he may get a fair and home-like view of one of the two horse-cars that occasionally pass that way. Very neat little turn-outs abound. Jaunty phaetons, drawn by small, sleek horses, and driven by ladies in gauntlets large enough for a crusader, dash here and there at the rate of four or five miles an hour, bringing up at all the worsted and strawberry shops that can be found. I do not think that mounted harnesses and footmen have yet made their appearance in the Santa Barbara streets, but the ground seems ripe for them, and next year, perhaps, will see a sudden development of style—or, as it is called here among the mountaineers, of "dog."

Up and down the street there are always, at this hour, great numbers of saddle-horses, either tied at the hitching-posts, or loping furiously between the lines of carriages. Every man, and every other woman, owns or has the use of one of these animals—small Mexican mustangs, sharp, intelligent, willful little beasts, but by no means dangerous. The smallest boys and girls—so small, indeed, that their legs, as preventers of capsize, are practically worthless—sit perched upon the bare backs of the roughest of these nags, and ride the shortest or longest distances, on the most important or the most inconsequential of missions. If it be necessary to get a

quart of goat's-milk ten miles off, or to bring a doctor to set a fractured limb in the next block, the messenger leaps upon his mustang and does his errand at break-neck speed. You are often aroused by a clatter of hoofs that is so fierce and rapid that your blood chills as you run to the window dreading a fearful sight; yet it is nothing but a very calm and a very diminutive youngster who, with his small legs parted over the neck of a gaunt roan, is shooting along like a Kansas tornado—irrespective of time and grace.

At this morning hour, too, one is likely to gain a good idea of the native element in the town. The Spanish and Mexican people, the greater part of whom are very poor, come to do their day's marketing, and their dark, deeply-seamed, and heavy faces, backed by masses of jetty hair, meet one at every turn. A few years ago, say six or eight, the old Spanish families of the place—some of whom are yet wealthy—consorted with the American element and were friendly; but latterly they have withdrawn among themselves and their huge families of dependents, and stand aloof. With the fresh influx of new people occasioned by the sudden fame that the region acquired as a health-resort, there sprang up naturally a variety of interests with which the old inhabitants could have no sympathy; and the development of the Protestant religious feeling widened the gulf still further. Therefore, it is only with a special effort that one can gain the friendliness of the old residents; but, this once secured, no hospitality can be more grateful than that which follows.

There is a portion of the town that is called the Spanish Quarter. It is a little apart from the main street, to the east. The place consists of several blocks, and it is seemingly dead and useless to the last degree. You pass suddenly from the liveliness and bright coloring of the new part of the town into a dingy locality where the houses are built of drab adobe one story high, and roofed with the ponderous red tiling of fifty or sixty years ago. The streets are illy cared for. There is litter everywhere, and weeds grow as high as one's waist on either side. Here a piazza runs along in front of a large house for fifty feet; here is a wall marked and scored by the idle boys of generations past, or sadly eaten and undermined by the washing of the heavy rains of winter. There is no fresh paint, and all the old is blistered and chipped. Neither is there anything new in the wood-work; the pillars are worm-eaten and ready to fall, and all the old decorations are split and defaced. It is only now and then that a human being shows himself; perhaps a huge green door will yield a few cautious inches, and a dark-eyed girl, hatless and shoeless, will sidle forth, or a cramped and bent old man will be discovered sitting in the corner of a dusty porch meditatively smoking his cigarette. A few voices lift themselves above the half-ruined walls, and occasionally a gay laugh breaks out from behind a heavy wooden grating set in the embrasure of some cobwebbed window. Over the tops of the walls one sees the splendid verdure

of a few orange-trees, and the odors of hidden gardens fill the air at every step. You are told that these mysterious secret houses contain plenty of amiable and handsome people, some of whom could purchase all the rest of Santa Barbara and slide it forever into the sea; but the stroller does not dream of this, and he fancies that he is walking in a village long since deserted save by a few intruding vagabonds to whom free lodging is something of an object.

The town, too, has its Chinese Quarter; a small region where the door-posts are illuminated with red-paper signs covered with black hieroglyphics, and where a few smooth-faced, placid-looking folk, with braided hair, saunter about waiting for chances to do a little washing. It is hard to convince strangers of the inherent wickedness of these people. Even their loungers seem clean, and their industrious ones are very industrious. You meet them everywhere, in the town and out of it, carrying baskets of clothing or vegetables upon the ends of poles balanced upon their shoulders. Now and then the proprietor of some laundry engages a Melican man to do his carrying for him, and it is not uncommon to see the express-wagons of Wells, Fargo & Co. undergoing the indignity of transporting some Chinaman's weekly wash to and from his customers. The conflict of the races does not run very high hereabout; the Chinaman has qualities which, taken for all in all, make him a fair competitor for the white man taken in the same way. A large ranch-owner, twelve miles out of town, a few days since discharged his white dairyman who was earning twenty-five dollars a week, and engaged a Chinaman to do the same work, for thirty-five a month. He has a Chinaman cook at the same rate at one of his houses, and a Swedish woman cook at another, at twenty-five—and the character of the work they are required to perform is similar; that is, no more skill is necessary in one kitchen than in the other. At the same time the proprietor will take a white man in preference to a Chinaman where heavy work is required, if in matters of temper and sobriety they are the same. The white man is nearly always the better man physically, but at the same time the independence of his manner renders him less reliable than his rival, and he often suffers in consequence.

By far the greater of the remaining portion of Santa Barbara has been built within the last six years. Up to that time the town was unknown east of the Rocky Mountains, but since then immigration of people who have become permanent residents has been very large. The population of the place is now between five and six thousand—nearer the former figure, perhaps, than the latter. Should you take a walk in one of the side-streets, especially in the upper part of the town, you will be a little surprised to learn that this pretty cottage with its fragrant acre is the property of a Maine judge, that the next belongs to a Cleveland merchant, the next to a Massachusetts lawyer, and the next to a wealthy widow from Indiana. This is no exaggeration; it is parallel with the truth at least. Most of the cot-

tages are really charming, and, if some are a little overdone in ornamentation, the trouble is balanced by the real beauty which Nature affords in the gardens. Every plot of ground, no matter how small, has its row of orange-trees, its exotics, and its bed of native perennials. Roses abound summer and winter. The verbena-beds are cut down like grass thrice yearly, and spring up again stronger than ever. Sago, palm, Japanese persimmon, cacti of the rarest and most curious sort, grow freely, and so do the calla, the Spanish-bayonet, and the great white-plumed pampas-grass. The gardener here rolls his garden and hardens the upper soil to prevent the evaporation in the summer of the wet deposited in the winter. Thus, in September he has a damp soil for his plants, although it has not rained for four months. Vines of every sort flourish luxuriantly. Heliotrope climbs twenty feet high. The two predominating native trees of the place are the live-oak and the sycamore. But the people plant a little shoot of the Australian blue-gum (*Eucalyptus globulus*), and in two years it becomes a shade-tree fifteen or twenty feet high. One of these trees, having a graceful green-brown foliage, will rise in five years above the surrounding verdure like a Lombardy poplar, and the rows which in Santa Barbara meet the eye everywhere are very marvels of rapid and healthy growth. To return to the houses. They cost from one to ten thousand dollars, and are built upon land ranging in price from six hundred to two thousand per quarter section. (The town is laid out in regular five-acre squares, and a fourth of either of these is thought to be a fair house-lot.) Of course, these are mere suggestive figures, but I believe them to be within the limits. Water is laid on from a reservoir at the mission above the town, and every householder has his hose and hydrant, and amuses himself twice or thrice daily by playing streams all over his lawns and shrubs. Among the residents there is the greatest friendliness, and, though the pursuit of excitement is often vain, a genial undercurrent of music, tea, and card parties, keeps the little community in amiable countenance.

A little apart from the town, and in all directions, there are large play-farms and ranches hundreds of acres in extent, and upon these are dwellings about as rich and tasteful as one sees in the suburbs of Boston. They are surrounded by sweeping drives, and by a hundred umbrageous retreats, and are in all respects the results of the nicest taste. The hardships imposed by the harsh climates of the East have induced many a home-loving man to tear apart from his native place, and to come hither and begin anew. On every hand you encounter people possessing excellent health who assure you that two or three years ago their cases seemed to be hopeless, and death imminent, and who, upon describing the country which has afforded them safety and relief, speak of it with true affection, seeming to feel that it possesses for them an almost personal friendliness.

"You see that I am enthusiastic," exclaimed a certain lady, who, with grateful tears in her eyes,

had been speaking of the charms of her new home, "and you must agree that I am right. Ah, if you only knew the depths of the joy that one feels when, after years of illness, the vigor of life returns and the world begins to smile again, you would not blame me! Indeed, I *love* these hills and valleys and all their changes, for their service to me. I came to know them while I was growing stronger, and now that I am well is it not natural that I should fancy they had a little heart for me in particular?"

At Santa Barbara you are expected to be a good horseman. Nothing there goes on out-of-doors without the aid of a mustang, even among the visitors, and of necessity the unfortunate who was never taught to ride stays in his hotel and counts his fingers. Even if you do not ride well you had better make a show of liking the exercise, else you will find yourself relegated to the whist-players—a position no man ever rises from in a public-house. It is a fine thing to have a neat little horse with a Mexican saddle upon his back brought to your door every morning, and to join a spirited party out for a gallop. Should you be inclined to ride fast and far, you will find companions always. Many of the young ladies do twenty and thirty miles daily, and now and then a fair prodigy arises who will do fifty miles, and yet comes to breakfast on the following morning at her accustomed hour.

The roads are fair for horseback-riding, but not more than fair. You will go to Montecito, a beautiful little stretch of country just over the foot-hills from Santa Barbara, and clamber up to the Sulphur Springs, a rather wild spot in the side of a huge mountain six or eight miles off. Along the *mesa*, too, is a good place for a ride, especially if there is a cool, soft wind coming in from the sea to the southward. If your horse wants to try the virtues of a run, take him down upon the hard, drab-colored sands of the beach, and give him all the rein he desires.

The ranchmen are always glad of visitors, and, if you have a desire for real information, go out ten or twelve miles toward Point Conception, and stop at any farmer's place, and feel sure that you will be kindly received. In case you have no true knowledge of agriculture, and are only glad of a gardener's success because of your ever-green generosity for your kind, you will be thrown into a state of rejoicing in the first ten minutes that you spend in the almond-orchards. It will be a real service to warn future visitors against permitting their astonishment and pleasure at what they hear to flow out immediately upon arrival, for it is often the case that a fruit-raiser, justly proud of his successes, will detail his minor achievements first; and it can easily be conjectured that a stranger, who has expended great enthusiasm upon the mere preliminary surprises, may find himself entirely dry of gratification when the really astounding facts come out.

For example, if you allow yourself to be carried away by the history of a sweet-potato that weighed sixteen good full pounds, or by the contemplation of a field of wheat growing its fourth volunteer

crop, three tons to the acre, after having produced (also in volunteer crops) twenty-five, sixty, and thirty bushels after the first seeded harvest—you will have to struggle hard to express anything like a fair amount of pleasure at seeing, an hour after, a patch of corn four inches high, which will not require another drop of rain to make it ear and ripen five months hence; and when you are introduced, later on, to a rich, little, half-acre garden, that is said to produce enough vegetables daily, except potatoes, for sixty and seventy farm-hands all the year round, the chances will be very good that you cannot utter a single word of delight at this greatest phenomenon of all; and that you and your host will separate at the gate with a marked coldness on both sides: he, chilled by your evident lack of appreciation and you by your sheer inability to smile once more, or to utter a syllable that will not seem utterly and abominably flat. It is a good plan to begin with a slight nod or elevation of the eyebrows, and, when something is said that really surprises you, you can take out your note-book and set it down. By husbanding your resources carefully you can easily spend a whole afternoon with a California farmer, and yet at the close of the day have a good stock of telling exclamations of astonishment left to end up with, thus winning a reputation for great intelligence, besides preserving yourself from that weariness which follows all extended exhibitions of joy.

But, speaking seriously, these Southern plantations are truly wonderful to Northern eyes. The strange products, the broad almond-orchards, the English-walnut groves, the orange, fig, and lemon trees, all so clean and prosperous, together with all their strange conditions of growth, fill one with surprise, and provoke an almost endless curiosity. The poets have done some mischief to the people of temperate regions in persuading them to feel a sentimental reverence for citron-groves and the like, which is not to be entertained for similar groves of Roxbury russets; hence they are inclined to regard a Southern vineyard, for instance, or a Southern field of orange-shoots, with a peculiarly dainty respect, which is not at all warrantable.

For all purposes of beauty, an orange-grove is utterly unprofitable. An orange-tree is a globe-like mass of dark but glistening verdure, supported by a smooth gray trunk eight or ten inches in diameter, the whole attaining a height rarely exceeding twenty-five feet. There are no projecting limbs, and there is no shape, no effect, as in most other plants, and one, after all, is forced to seek his satisfaction in counting up the money-profits, which undeniably are large.

There is another pretty delusion, too, that visitors to these Southern towns are compelled to divest themselves of sooner or later. It is, that fruits native to the country are to be had on every hand for the asking. There is not a town of any considerable size in the North where one cannot purchase from among a larger assortment a better handful of delicacies than he can here. Oranges, lemons, figs, nuts, strawberries, and jellies, are all as high-priced

as they are elsewhere, and are commonly of a very indifferent quality.

There is another way of riding in Santa Barbara, which is quite as pleasant as galloping at a dashing speed with a laughing party. It consists in going off alone; a sulky notion, it is true, but in this charming place he would be a hard friend who would not allow you now and then the privilege of a ramble in solitude. Suppose you ride to the northeast of the town and ascend one of the line of sloping foot-hills that hedge in the plain. At the crest you stop your horse beneath one of the thickly-leaved live-oaks and look down at the village and plain you have left behind. Then, for the first time, perhaps, will the beauty of the whole landscape appear. It has been the good fortune of the writer to visit many towns in the country noted for the grandeur or the fineness of the scenes they rest among; and, while he remembers some whose surroundings are more ruggedly picturesque, and others whose environs are a hundred times more cultivated than those of Santa Barbara, he recalls none whose outskirts are capable of pleasing so thoroughly.

There are all the elements present to produce a great spectacle: a range of broken and almost inaccessible mountains; a half-circle of green-brown hills, dotted here and there with small plantations; a wide plain, with many a flashing square of ripening wheat and barley; a broad expanse of azure and sparkling sea; a lofty, tender-hued, cloud-like island a score of miles to the south; and, above all, a sky ineffably blue, deeper and more grateful than most other skies. The serenity of the picture has its complements in a breadth of expanse and in a weight of color among the mountains that prevent one from exclaiming, and arouse the deeper love for Nature as well as the lighter.

The atmosphere softens all things, and there are so many heights that the transformations of the light and shade are perceptible constantly. All the sounds and moving sights suggest a profound silence and calm. The faint call of some child far below; the half-heard rattle of some mowing-machine in the distant grain-fields; the short, low clang of the old bells on the Catholic church in the town, suggest to you nothing but calm, and you say to yourself that it is very still. Even should you catch sight of something that moved—perhaps a little cloud of dust stirred by some *vagüero* galloping into town, or the half-discerned figure of a priest walking with down-cast head in the ruined cemetery of the mission, or the white sail of some fruit-boat on the sound—you would only feel the quietude of all the rest the more.

It is no wonder that the dwellers in the place learn soon to feel affection for it. It seems made for tired people. One standing in his garden, or sitting in the seclusion of his chamber, has but to raise his eyes to behold a poet's mountains or a poet's sea, and, if aught in Nature can tranquilize an anxious spirit, the power is surely here.

Beyond the hills there is a wide valley, whose depth and breadth you would hardly dream of, for from the plain the mountains seem to rise close by.

Your horse descends the sharp incline very easily, and you find yourself shortly in a shaded cañon, where there is a stream of water flowing over a bed of whitish rocks. The edges of the stream are lined with large sycamores, whose roots and branches both reach thirstily into the water; and the hills above are studded with live-oak, whose sturdy trunks seem to stand aloof disdainfully from such indulgence.

Here and there, in the ride to the mouth of the ravine to the south, you will come upon the hut and demesne of some Spanish-Mexican, a low-browed, heavy-featured, black-haired fellow, who gets his bright-eyed wife to answer your questions, and flares up at his rotund children, by way of showing that he is strong at least in his own language, if not in the English. Nothing could very well increase the ugliness of the abodes of these people. Built of the sombre-colored adobe, thatched with reeds, windowless, doorless, smoky, and half-eaten by the attacks of the winter rain, the dwellings seem unfit to protect the toughest animals that ever existed. But, if on urgent need you put your head inside the door, you will find as large and as jolly a family as ever devoured a father's substance. A choking atmosphere, a horrible odor, a smouldering fire, a few gourds and cooking-utensils, a number of colored prints of the holy family and the saints, and a growling dog or two, are the ordinary properties that enter into the household, and the good-natured people never dream of anything different. The sheds and out-buildings, if there be any, are untidy to the last degree, and as for flower-beds and shrubs, or any sort of comforts, nothing could be more improbable. By way of contrast to the houses of these natives, one notices farther down the cañon the little cottage and inclosure of an American. It is truly the ideal working-man's dwelling. The land fenced in is not more than half an acre, perhaps not that. But all is neat, clean, and in the best of order. Sheds, barns, dove-cotes, hen-coops, garden-palings, and the pretty little house itself, are all whitened, and flowers and vines abound. It is probably the work of some new-comer, and a comparison between what he has done in a short time and what his neighbors have been a lifetime in accomplishing is a fair and significant commentary upon the better man.

A moment since I mentioned, incidentally, the Mission. Ordinarily, it is spoken of immediately when the subject of Santa Barbara is broached, for it forms the most conspicuous object to the eye when the town first comes into view, and it excites greater curiosity than anything else in the place. But in writing, as in dining, one likes, now and then, to reserve a particularly fine morsel until the last.

The Mission church is a huge white-stone building, standing in the rear of the town, upon an elevated portion of the plain, with its broad, turreted front turned to the southward, overlooking the sea. Its façade consists of two flanking towers of solid masonry, surmounted by open belfries, in which are hung, with strips of raw-hide, upon enormous beams, several begreened, harsh-toned bells. The great

portal is in the centre of the broad curtain, and a rough-hewn figure of the Virgin and Child surmounts the apex of the roof. To the east runs a pillared balcony, where you see the priests in their gray gowns walking to and fro, conning their books; and above are a school for boys and a range of dormitories and chambers. In the rear is a neglected garden, though full of flowers yet, and on the other side of the church a burial-ground, where are numerous broken crosses standing leaning amid the choking weeds, and many sepulchres, cracked and chipped, with nodding grasses springing from out the crevices in their sides. All is surrounded by an adobe wall, broken and thrown down in some places, but lofty and firm in others. The interior of the building is rough, and the glories of the sanctuary are bedimmed with the dust and neglect of many years.

The Mission is now wofully poor. All has changed since the acquirement of the territory by the United States, and the good Franciscans feel the full force of their vows. Merry-eyed Brother John, who, with a switch behind him, was explaining to a class of mild-looking Spanish lads the charms of short division, said, with a sigh: "It's thrue. We have now ter tile forr a livin' the same as thim other fellez!" and he nodded laughingly toward the laboring heretics in the town below.

In a beautifully-written vellum-covered book, each of whose entries is piously prefaced thus:



"VIVA JESU!"

one reads of old Christopher Oramar and Antonio Paternia and José de Miguel, who in 1786 and thereabout were the Fathers of the Mission; also the faithful lists of the altar-ornaments, fruits, stock, births, and baptisms, of the different years as they came along. In the flood-tide of its prosperity there were no less than nineteen buildings erected close beneath the walls of the church for the accommodation of the neophytes; in 1796 three hundred and twenty-five people were baptized, showing how deep a hold the picturesque ritual had upon the hearts of the homely Indians; the property comprised, among other articles of real value, two thousand and odd head of cattle and eleven thousand head of sheep.

To-day the sole income is derived from a boarding and day school, which the Brothers maintain on sound principles—pay in advance, and furnish yourselves—a melancholy decline, it is true; yet the tourist cannot help rejoicing, for the poverty of the house has compelled a thin veil of decay and abandonment to fall over everything, and to render the place a real jewel of a wreck. Ruins of aqueducts, fountains, and storehouses, cover the region for a quarter of a mile around, and not a square edge or new touch is to be found anywhere. At mass a few copper-colored women, dressed mostly in light muslins, find their way into the holy precincts, and, kneeling, cross themselves before the faded images, while the

voice of the dismally-chanting priest loses itself in the dusty spaces far above. The ceremonies are threadbare, like the altar-cloths, and devotion goes afoot.

Yet it is strangely pleasant to hear at nightfall on the plain below the tinny, querulous clangor of the mission-bells, suggesting as they do something a little out of date, but wonderfully pathetic for all that. They bring to mind, too, the little group of priests that live in the old place—men of different nations, some old, some very young, but all intent upon objects beyond our sympathies; so far beyond, indeed, that it is good for the soul to wonder now and then which of us, a priest or ourself, has made the mistake, profoundly conscious that there must be a grand one somewhere.

The writer, while speaking warmly of Santa Barbara, asserts distinctly that its climate is not perfect, or anything like it, and that upon reaching the town one has to exert as much skill in choosing a proper place for residence in it as he had to exercise originally in selecting it from among the hundred other health-resorts.

The climate is as whimsically conducted (we will put it in that way for convenience' sake) as that of New England—that is, you can no more count upon a dry winter in the former place than you can upon a warm one in the latter. For example: the winter season of 1875-'76, beginning November 1st, was one of extraordinary severity, and the rainfall was twenty-two inches. To comprehend how much bad weather these figures stand for, please examine the following table:

The rainfall for 1867-'68 was 25.19 inches; 1868-'69, 1.577; 1869-'70, 10.27; 1870-'71, 8.91; 1871-'72, 14.94; 1872-'73, 10.45; 1873-'74, 14.44; 1874-'75, 18.71.

A further proof of the uncertainty of the climate is the fact that the small rainfall of 1869-'70 included water that fell as early as October and as late as June, while the severe rainfall of 1867-'68 includes water that fell as early only as November and as late only as May. The table also shows that any winter may be twice as severe as the previous one, also that the ordinary variation is nearly one-third. At the same time, the rain rarely falls in Santa Barbara for twenty-four successive hours. One can go out-of-doors with comfort almost every day in the year, and without an overcoat.

There are fogs, too. Between May and Septem-

ber they average, perhaps, two each week. But they disperse at nine in the morning, and the succeeding weather is delightful. They rise above the earth at a very early hour, and one, upon seeing them, decides that the day is cloudy, so far up do they rest.

In March and April the greatest changes occur, and the cold winds blow. But these winds are greatly tempered before they reach the plain, and are only cold in comparison with the ordinary temperature. No moderately healthy person need be annoyed by them in the least. As for extremes of temperature, perhaps the showing of two late years, taken at random, will be sufficient. In 1873 there were only thirteen days when the mercury rose above 83°; 86° was the highest, and 40° was the lowest. In 1875 the mercury rose above 83° only seven times; 88° was the highest, and 38° the lowest, this latter register being for seven o'clock on the morning of the 24th day of January.

Still, while these very fairly show what may be expected in a general way, they do not touch the matter of rapid changes, the bane of invalids.

That rapid changes do take place is undeniable; yet it would be next to impossible to make any fair deduction from the records of them, inasmuch as they occur at widely-varying intervals. They are by no means to be looked upon as a feature in the climate, as they are in the climate of the Eastern States; and one is hardly justified in speaking of them at all, so accidental are they. Still, it is well enough to remember that they are possible.

In Santa Barbara each visitor must judge for himself. He may live comfortably in the lower part of the town, or he may find, after a few weeks, that he must remove farther in the direction of the Mission. Again, he may prefer the warmer air of the cañons—no one can lay down a law for him. Notwithstanding the fact that he has fled from a frigid winter to a semi-tropical one, he must yet use discretion to secure peace and comfort.

Taken for all and all, Santa Barbara may be well regarded as a safe and delightful refuge. The difference between its ordinary winter and a winter of the fortieth parallel is the difference between black and white. Roses in December, and strawberries all the year, appeal to the Northern malcontent with a mighty force, and, if he but preserve here a small part of his old watchfulness over himself, he need never dread disappointment.

GUIDO DA POLENTA'S DAUGHTER.

BY JUNIUS HENRI BROWNE.

GUIDO DA POLENTA'S daughter was Francesca da Rimini, whom everybody will recall as one of Dante's doomed spirits, because hardly any one reads the "Divina Commedia" in these days; and it is a peculiarity of our present human nature to remember what we have never heard of. Francesca, however, is known everywhere for her amatory

sorrows, and would be, though Alighieri's works had been consigned to the limbo of irredeemable stupidity. He deserves, too, the credit of introducing her to the general public by that simple and exquisitely-condensed passage in the "Inferno," beginning—

"Noi leggiavamo un giorno per diletto Di Lanciotto."

Never was a sad story of unhappy love more delicately told than in the single verse—

"Quel giorno più non vi leggemmo avante."

Inasmuch as Polenta was his friend and protector, the taste, not to speak of the gratitude of the poet may be questioned in thus rendering immortal a scandal which must have given great pain to the family. Had Dante held his peace, poor Francesca's indiscretion might, likely would, have been buried with her. But he was unaware of that. Her disloyalty, in consequence of her beauty, rank, and accomplishments, especially of the distressing tragedy that followed it, made a great noise throughout Central Italy. It was chronicled, and caused discussion for months. Dante merely wished to express sympathy with her and her lover, and to point a moral respecting osculatory literature in general, and the reading of it together by two young persons of different sex in particular. He did not consider to what an extent genius embalms everything it touches; he did not think, when he wrote the line—

"La bocca, mi baciò tutto tremante,"

what a burning coal he was casting into the hearts of susceptible women of unborn generations.

Francesca's mere errors, as may be inferred, did not create such an ado. Uxorial slips were far too common in the middle ages, notably in Italy, to produce any commotion whatever. It was the terrible punishment with which they were visited that italicized the sin in the annals of the times. Men so openly and incessantly violated their matrimonial vows that it would have been strange, indeed, if they should not have shown a little leniency to their wives, when these sought to make reprisals. In the case of Francesca, her husband, Lanciotto, was quite as culpable as, if not more to blame than, herself in the lamentable affair. She lived in an adjacent city, Ravenna; but he had heard glowing accounts of Polenta's daughter from many sources. In truth, her loveliness of person and grace of mind were such as to fill several provinces. In an evil hour he decided to propose for her hand—a most unwise decision; for he was as fierce and ugly as she was gentle and handsome. He was of the Malatesta family, on the masculine side, for the most part a cruel, odious brood, whose history is stuffed with infamies. As fitting to his character, he was deformed, and on account of his deformity distrusted somewhat the issue of his suit with one he knew had had the shapeliest wooers in her train. Therefore he delegated to his brother, Paolo, a fair and noble youth, the management of the delicate mission, rightly believing that, where he might fail, his famed kinsman would almost certainly succeed.

Paolo was an exception to the Malatesta men. He had the softer qualities that they had not, as well as their stouter virtues. His heart was tender, but his hand was firm; while his voice was eloquent, his soul was insensible to fear. He went to Rimini to plead in his brother's behalf, and so sweet was his entreaty that Francesca yielded to it speedily. He

had been specially instructed not to mention Lanciotto's deformity, and the instructions he implicitly obeyed. Why the flattered beauty should have consented to wed a man she had never seen does not appear. It might require explanation, had it not been the way of the sex from time immemorial to do things totally inexplicable to everybody, themselves included. Connubial contracts entered into by parties, without any knowledge of one another, may turn out as well, or as little ill, as those entered into after mutually intimate acquaintance. Nobody can tell how a marriage may result; for marriage defeats probabilities, and reconciles contradictions. The probability is, that the Ravenna belle, complimented by a proposal from one who had become enamored of her through her fame, inclined to be as generous as the proposer. Then, too, he had the aid of the invisible, which is ever romantic and enkindling to the imagination; and, moreover, she might judge of him by the gallant messenger he had sent. "If Paolo be thus"—she may have reasoned—"what will not Lanciotto prove!"

There were immediate preparations for the nuptials—it was not the habit of the haughty Malatestas to wait—and Francesca, if we believe the chroniclers, beheld not her lord until an hour before the ceremony. Sorely disappointed she must have been; instinctively she must have shrunk from the anticipated caresses of a deformed, violent, selfish, tyrannical being, as her bridegroom showed himself at the first flush. "Alas, alas, how different from Paolo!" she could not but have thought, with bitterness enough, at that eventful moment.

Perchance she wanted to withdraw; perchance she tried to. Small prospect was there of her gaining permission. In those days women did less as they wished, and more as they were bidden. The Polenta family doubtless deemed it a good match, and so it was practically, since Lanciotto was son of the Lord of Rimini—him whom Dante names the old mastiff of Verucchio—and the heir of his father's title and estates. The Malatestas were not a family to be offended; for they were unscrupulous as powerful, and the fierce mastiff would have torn the Polentas as he tore the unfortunate knight Montagna, had the marriage been, at the last hour, annulled.

Really there was no safe method of escape for Francesca, who fancied, mayhap, that to be near Paolo would be some comfort. The twain were married. At least Lanciotto was, and his bride was sacrificed—a circumstance not unusual, even in these later days.

The couple, of necessity, were not harmonious. The husband was sullen, harsh, brutal, from the beginning. Ere half the honeymoon was over, the young wife was oft espied in agony of tears. Her fair face grew wan and worn through what she suffered from the inferno of her lot. Paolo had loved her from the moment he had seen her; and she, although she knew it not, had loved him in instantaneous return. Under such conditions, they should have put the sea between them, all of Tuscany at least. But, as lovers invariably do, they placed be-

tween them only the folds of their velvet and silken garments, and hence the iliad of their woes.

Lanciotto must have been suspicious, jealous from the first. Such men are usually so without the slightest cause. And he assuredly had cause. Paolo and Francesca were much together, and the deformed either secretly watched them, or ordered them to be watched.

One direful day, when they with Nature were alone—or fondly thought they were—he stole upon their conceived security, destruction glaring in his eye, sword gleaming in his hand, and slew them both. They had but time to tighten affection's clasp, to syllable their love, and breathe their last.

That picture stands beyond any that limner has ever hued—the lovers dying in one another's arms, and smiling at death; their slayer scowling over their bleeding forms, hell in his face, and heaven in theirs. That picture by its airy magic still draws from distant climes the pilgrim's wandering feet, and makes of Rimini a fane of love, a sentimental shrine.

I have heard of a maiden lady of uncertain age (her ancestors came over in the Mayflower, and she vegetates in stern morality at Plymouth when at home), who stubbornly refused to go from Bologna to Rimini because Parisina Malatesta and Francesca Polenta were from Rimini, and, as both were, she had been told, very improper persons, she had reason to believe the atmosphere of the place unfavorable to propriety.

All women are not so supernaturally righteous as that supersensitive soul. Most of them, the moment they have crossed the Marecchia, thrust their heads out of the car or carriage window in hope of discovering by some inward revelation the house in which Francesca formerly abode. Men have much the same curiosity; indeed, as I have been informed on the spot, the first question asked by nearly every tourist is, "Where did Francesca live?"

The *valet de place* or *commissaire* who could not answer that might as well turn his attention to the means of earning an honest livelihood. But a fellow of such calling never fails to have a reply for any and every inquiry that is often made. If Polenta had never had a daughter, or had never existed, the stupidest valet in the town would be able to point out to you the family residence, and in any street you might have a fancy for. He could tell you, also, where Lanciotto and Paolo dwelt; where the lovers were in the habit of meeting; where they first read of Lancelot and Guinevere; and the identical spot where the infuriated husband surprised and smote them in their sin.

If not content with this, you could learn from him where the marital Malatesta bought his sword; how much he gave for it; what barber Paolo employed to dress his hair; and the exact price Francesca paid for her beautiful stockings—an article, you would be appraised in confidence, she was extremely particular about—purchasing none but the best, though more of the same kind might be had at No. — in the Piazza Giulio Cesare.

Wonderful creatures, these *valets de place*! After a country editor, they are the nearest approach to human omniscience.

The valets of Rimini are not compelled, however, to draw so liberally on their imagination. It is claimed, with show of authority, that Francesca's house has been identified with what was the Palazzo Ruffi (Count Cisterni occupied it a few years since, and may occupy it now for aught I know to the contrary), or, to speak strictly, that it stood on the site of that palace. The eyes of many nations have been riveted on that gloomy building; the feet of many travelers have trodden its brick floors for no better reason than because they believed that one of the heroines of mediæval romance once ate and slept there, laughed and cried, put on her clothes and took them off, like any other woman whose romance—for every woman has her romance—is as yet unknown to the world. Leigh Hunt went there for inspiration ere he wrote his poem; Ary Scheffer before he painted his picture; and a troop of other artists who have told the pathetic tale in marble, music, pigment, and ink. And for centuries to come Rimini will be the Loretto of sensibility, the Mecca of romance.

How any great love, ending in tragedy, singles out and consecrates the place where the love has been felt, and the tragedy so enacted as to make of passion a poetic whole!

Italy is full of such places. Verona has had its fatal history of Romeo and Julietta; Ferrara of Ugo and Parisina; Faenza of Galeotto and Francesca Manfredi; Bologna of Bonifazio and Imelda. But none of these, not even the tender tale on which Shakespeare has breathed his immortality, touch the mind with so deep a sympathy, or nestle so close to the heart, as the cypress-bound idyl of Paolo Malatesta and Francesca da Rimini.

Who that has been to the ancient town on the Adriatic has not thought more of the unhappy pair than of its Roman or literary antecedents? Who has not slighted the Bridge of Augustus (over the Marecchia); the antique arch (now the Porta Romano); the Church of San Francesco, Alberti's masterpiece; even the (extremely apocryphal) spot, marked by a chapel, where St. Anthony preached to the fish, because the people refused to listen to him—to hurry to the house known as Francesca's? It is she who gives interest to the mutilated Castel Malatesta, on which may yet be traced the insignia of the family she was allied to—the rose and elephant. Proper symbol, as I once heard a sentimental maiden say: Francesca was the rose, Lanciotto the elephant that trampled out her beauty and her sweetness.

Malatesta! The name is significant of the character of many of its sons. Still, the Malatestas were not worse than other ignobly noble, infamously famous families that tyrannized over Italy in the middle ages. A precious crew of cultured villains, verse-scanning poisoners, dilettant ravishers, critical cut-throats, were they all—the Gonzagas, Manfredis, Estes, Viscontis, Sforzas, Orsinis, Frangipannis, Medicis, Borgias, Grimaldis, alike and equal in iniquity,

patrons of art and betrayers of women, students of literature and assassins of their nearest kin, poltroons before superstition and doers of every shame, quibblers over Aristotle, and committers of unnatural crimes.

How readily we forget all their honors, even their dishonors, and fix upon some example of suffering humanity, which, though we may not approve, we cannot condemn, like that of Rimini's lovers! The noblest place that man can die is where he dies for man; and yet many of us feel that the noblest place is where he dies, as Paolo died, for woman. Died he for her, or she for him, or each for the other, or both for both? Who can say? But all agree that they died, and, even if selfishly, they died in that illustrious, dramatic fashion which guards the globe against oblivion—when gifted poets turn historians.

All Rimini is now but as a setting for Paolo and Francesca's love. And, when the places filled with their associations have been visited, the seat of the Malatestas is dull and done. They who have been within its walls are apt to believe they have sacrificed to Cytheræa and her eternal son, and so secured their fealty and favor. "I am always lucky in the game of hearts," says the Frenchwoman; "I have bathed fifty times in the waves that kiss the shores of Francesca's home."

"Never doubt me," murmurs the passionate Italianne; "I have stood where Polenta's daughter died."

"I am no novice in love," exclaims the fair American; "I have been where that monster Malatesta killed his charming wife."

Francesca, it must be acknowledged, was not a pattern of conjugal fidelity; but say the ultraromantic, she was loyal to love, if not to her husband, and, while marriage is an accident, love is an essential. Hands may be given where they are ordered; but we cannot command the soul. The fault was less in Francesca than in her circumstances. She atoned by death for her great sin, and, being dead, it is only natural that lovers in every land should mourn the memory of her who died for love.

This may be the sentimental view, and sentiment springs from the lapse of years. The grave quenches animosities and annuls scandals. Conventionality is contemporaneous; but Nature is everlasting. To obey both is sometimes hard. We reprove those who offend the former: we execrate them that transgress the latter.

Had Francesca been called Mrs. Malatesta, and lived across the street—but the subject, declares Mrs. Grundy, is not proper for discussion in the light of to-day. The indiscreet young lady should not be brought from Rimini to be sent to Coventry. She must be allowed to slumber in her mediæval tomb in order that distance in time may lend her the hues of enchantment or the grace of condonation.

Perhaps Mrs. Grundy is right. Five centuries contain enormous power, not of idealization alone, but of assuagement and absolution. We refuse to pardon, or to tolerate in the Now, what we sympathize with and reverence in the Remote. She who

would be a horrid creature in the Present becomes a suffering saint, seen through the dimness of departed years. Time teaches charity because it stifles passion and expels prejudice. Blessed, therefore, be time. History is more than philosophy teaching by example, it is humanity enforcing its lessons by illustration.

One always learns much of what has happened by going to the place where the happening has been—no matter how long after. It is impossible to tell in what proportions the information is true or false; but the same may be said of everything you have not witnessed yourself, and sometimes even of that.

I have learned a great deal about Francesca by visiting Rimini, and I was surprised, on arriving there, how very little I knew of her beyond her sad fate. Such things as I have mentioned were gathered in the town. They may be old; but they were new to me. Chronicles of love, particularly when they have a local habitation and a name, never cease to be related, never lose their interest or freshness, in Italy. They spring spontaneous from the soil; the warm sun yields them nourishment; the blue sky bends over them in benediction. The people narrate them from generation to generation, and thus the tradition of ages becomes the sentimental gossip of the hour.

While you listen to the prattle of the crone respecting Francesca, you may be getting the but slightly-altered facts of five hundred years before. I remember hearing in Rimini that, three centuries after their death, the bodies of the lovers were found in Ravenna, in such a state of preservation that the silken garments they had been buried in had undergone little change. I did not know that they had even been laid in one grave, and the other part of the story seemed a palpable invention. To my surprise, I learned, somewhat later, that Carlo Troya (in his "Introduction to the History of the Middle Ages," I believe) had mentioned those circumstances as irrefragable facts. So, no doubt, many things related of the couple, that are thought fictitious, might be proved authentic by examination.

I had no trouble in obtaining in Rimini a detailed personal description of Francesca. She was of medium size, slight, but round, and lithe as a willow. Her complexion was pale-olive; her hair a rich, lustrous brown, rather light than dark, a shade of red in it. Her eyes were purple, and under her nearly sable lashes—her eyebrows were of the same color—often looked black as night. Their greatest beauty was in their variety of expression. They took their hue from the mood of her mind, from the emotions of her heart. It was impossible to name their color; for, ere it could be mentioned, another color came and went, and was succeeded by still another. Her nose was moderately small, turned up slightly; her mouth was somewhat large, but beautifully shaped, the lips being full; her teeth like little pearls, though she barely showed their tips when she laughed. Her ears were diminutive and transparent; her chin full and round; her hands and feet not so small as they might have been, but of exceeding symmetry.

I like the description, because it agrees with my notion of her; and yet it differs from the order of beauty poets and painters have endowed her with.

Whence came this portrait? Is it fiction, tradition, or ideal? Judged physiologically and physi-

ognomically, it corresponds with her nature so far as we know it. Judged as she always is by the uncertain rules that apply to poetry, she must have been attractive enough to make her husband jealous, and to have offered to her lover some compensation for his sudden taking off.

CHAPTERS ON MODELS.

BY JAMES E. FREEMAN.

(GATHERINGS FROM AN ARTIST'S PORTFOLIO.)

I.

THERE is a poverty-smitten town, about halfway between Tivoli and Subiaco, on the north bank of the Agnio, some twelve miles south of the farm of Horace, called La Scarpa. Its crazy-looking tenements find an unwholesome footing upon the first rise of one of the lowest ranges of the Sabine Hills. La Scarpa is noted as sending down to Rome more beggars than any other of the upland villages, and rivals Saracinesca itself for its supply of costume models and models also who pose without costume of any sort. Among its most distinguished models was Francesco, a tall, picturesque-looking fellow of five-and-thirty. He was thin and supple, with gypsy-like features, and a wonderful head of black, curly hair; his covering, that of the poorest class of mountain shepherds. Francesco was a bit of a religious enthusiast, his imagination having been very likely excited by the legendary stories which make such a disproportionate part of the pious education received in such places as La Scarpa. His whole appearance and manner had a tinge of melancholy fanaticism. These peculiar characteristics made him a valuable model for all the St. Johns of the Wilderness, St. Anthonys, and other meagre saints and Biblical subjects. Between the few posings he could find for these and soliciting charity he pursued his career in Rome.

Every winter at the time when the *pifferari* came down with their bagpipes to play before the altars of the Virgin, came Francesco, with his two children who were also destined to become acolytes of art. Mariuccio, the youngest, was a very pretty little child, who inherited her father's raven ringlets and fine eyes, with the difference that her curls were more soft and silky, and her eyes sparkled with a bewitching brilliancy, intense animation, and intelligence, which his languid, sad orbs never knew. Quick perception is common to the Italian mountaineers; but I never saw it so strongly expressed as in this girl. Mariuccia commenced her vocation when five years old, and grew rapidly into favor. At fourteen she was one of the most attractive of the Roman female models; her form, though small, was charmingly proportioned. She was the best type for a pretty Bacchante that could be found, as well as for all subjects of that kind; consequently she was more employed in the studios of the sculptors than of the painters—or, in other words, Mariuccia was more

popular without drapery than with it. Her limbs, I have already said, were of rare perfection, much more perfect, in my opinion, than those of Napoleon's sister, judging from the statue in the Villa Borghese, who posed to Canova.

Francesco never allowed his daughter to go to the studios without her mother, who knit her coarse stockings while Mariuccio posed. The sitting over, when the weather was fine, they went to sun themselves, and eat their bread and *salame* upon the steps of the Piazza di Spagna. By-the-by, what a striking feature it used to be, these groups spotting the grand stairs, perspective to its summit, with masses of every bright color known! At a certain distance they might almost have been mistaken for patches of brilliant flowers. Had they been flowers, the prettiest, freshest, and purest among them would have been Francesco's daughter.

It was here, sitting upon those steps, that the charming Mariuccia was seen by a young French artist who had just come to Rome; and here I will relate the little romance of the belle of La Scarpa. The French artist was very much struck by her, and secured at once all her disengaged sittings for months, and made many studies from her in every possible pose. The more he painted and drew from her, the more he became the slave of her unsophisticated charms. The young painter was of a distinguished family, and of independent means. His associates saw and wondered at the untiring fascination which the rustic siren exerted over him. Admitting her extraordinary loveliness of form, they could only see in her the material enchantment of a pretty, ignorant peasant-girl, with whom an artist might toy and amuse himself, but never wed. Their surprise grew into astonishment when they learned that Gustave seriously contemplated to woo honestly and marry the low-born model. Mariuccia ceased to be a model save for the French artist. Among the class to which she belonged there was talk of masters who had been paid by the French painter to teach Mariuccia all sorts of things, and some were malicious enough to say coarse words about the interest which Signore Gustave took in the girl.

Mariuccia was no longer seen in the streets; her radiant smile and black, bright eyes were missed by scores of careless adorers, and they felt aggrieved and sore against the selfish artist who kept her hid-

den out of sight, and some of them for revenge insinuated motives as wicked as they were untrue. A year or two passed by, scandal had worn itself into indifference, and, one day meeting Francesco, he accosted me as follows :

"Signore, I know that you have always believed my daughter to be an honest girl, and you will be glad to hear that this day fortnight she is to be married to the French artist Gustave. There are nearly three years that they are *promessi sposi* ; during that time he has been paying teachers to educate her, and is now satisfied that she is well enough taught to be his wife. Proud as I should be with the event, yet, O signore, it breaks my heart to part with her, for she is, though I say it, *una troppo cara figlia*. He takes her to Paris, and I may never see her again." And poor Francesco's ever-melancholy eyes grew sadder still. "When," he continued, the distinguished French artist proposed for her, both myself and her mother objected ; we felt that the difference of station was too great, and, should our child marry, Signore Gustave might subject her to humiliations ; far away from those who, poor and miserable as they are, are dear to the child, and would have wept with her and consoled her. She refused to marry old Andrea's son, who owns three of the best vineyards about La Scarpa, and has a flock of two hundred sheep ; and she refused also to marry Benedetto, *un bravo giovane*, whose father is the only *tobaccaro* of our place. You see, she had already given her heart to the French painter. We were very frank with Signore Gustave, and told him honestly that we feared it would be impossible for Mariuccia to grow into the ways of fine people, and reasoned with the young man (as well as we simple *contadini* may), and tried to convince him of the mistake of tying himself for life to the daughter of an ignorant peasant, little removed from a beggar" ("Not an ignoble one, at least," I replied, in parenthesis) ; "but we could not dissuade him from his resolution. 'Mariuccia is attached to me,' the artist replied, 'and I will wait until she has been sufficiently educated for all that I desire.' Finally we consented. *Dio mio!* to believe that the daughter of poor beggarly Francesco should marry a veritable rich signore ! It appears a dream, signor pittore ; but Mariuccia is an angel of a child, and Signore Gustave told me to-day that she was well enough accomplished to be presented at court to-morrow if it was desirable. Only to think that she is going away from us to become a great lady."

In two weeks after this conversation an event occurred, new to the annals of the miserable village of La Scarpa : the arrival of a splendid carriage in its narrow, pig-infested streets. It was known that the wedding-party would arrive that day among them and all the population were there to shout a welcome to the rich signore and his rustic bride. Mariuccia was dressed in the finest costume known to her native place, without even the bonnet (first object always assumed by most females who drop the mountain dress). Upon her head, instead, was the most costly, lace-worked *toccano* ever seen. Her bodice

was of the rarest red satin ; her apron interwoven with thread of gold in bouquets of flowers, and gayly-plumaged birds wrought skillfully upon the pale-greenish ground. Her skirt was of rose-colored silk, and the cloth attached to her waist of the finest material and of the deepest crimson ; her deerskin *ciocchi* were laced with golden straps ; the entire dress most costly, but strictly adhering in its disposition to the *cioceria* costume. The poor people of this poorest of towns, feeling proud of the conquest of their village belle, scattered flowers before the carriage-wheels, and filled the air with "*Evviva Mariuccia ! evviva il Signore Francese ! evviva la signorina !*" Francesco and his family were for that day the princes of La Scarpa. The best of the wretched dwellings was prepared for the nuptial party ; the generous Frenchman distributed largess to the indigent inhabitants of the place. The next day he returned to Rome and departed for Paris, where he now resides. The pretty Mariuccia is the mother of several lovely children, and is known as an accomplished and charming woman. I often ask Francesco, who is still a good model for Biblical subjects (though getting a little too stout for St. John the Baptist), how it fares with his daughter, and his face forgets its gloomy pathos. He really becomes transfigured as he answers : "O signore, she is so happy ! and he is so good and fond of her ! She never forgets us, and sends us continually nice presents and loving letters. God bless her, the dear child !"

Annina, another of the fortunate models, was from the town of Anticoli. I first saw Nina in Rome some fifteen years since, leading about her father, who was blind, and begging for him. She was a graceful, fair-complexioned girl of thirteen or fourteen. Her hair was golden, and her eyes of a dark-bluish gray. She had a happy faculty in getting sous out of the pockets of susceptible elderly gentlemen, who found her sparkling glances and merry laugh irresistible—for the girl never asked for alms in a whining tone, and looked as if she would give a kiss for every sous, and the more sous the better. The women, of course, did not approve of Nina, and called her a bold, impudent little minx. The mother of Nina was a licensed beggar, who touched people's hearts by eloquently talking of better days, from which she had been driven by terrible misfortunes, and which might possibly be true, for the old woman had the air of a fallen countess, and exhibited the remains of a once handsome person. She was wise and prudent enough, whatever she had been, or was at present, to look carefully after her attractive daughter, and, when her blind husband died, accompanied Nina to the studios, where she began to find plenty of employment for her fine, undraped, classical figure. Its approximation to the Greek type made her a valuable model for the sculptors, and her pure complexion, auburn hair, and soft, dreamy eyes, made her a favorite model for the painters. From her rise, leaving begging to do the model, Nina abandoned her former lightness of manner, and was noted for her modest, retiring deportment ; no one could say

she had any longer the manners of a "brazen minx."

She had for some months been occupied by a pension student of the French Academy at Rome. He was a young man of great promise, and was modeling a very clever figure, for which he consulted only Nina's proportions. Every morning, as I took my early walk upon the Pincio, I saw the crippled old mother with her cane hobbling along the road toward the French Academy to accompany her daughter to the studio of the student. Who that has found admittance into that stately edifice (once the residence of Catherine de' Medici, now a school of fine arts for the best of the students of France), and passed into the grounds behind it, will not remember the grove of ilêx, with its profound shade above on the right, its charming avenues below on the left? and have noticed its fountains, vases, fragments of interesting bass-reliefs upon the façade of the palace; its quaint collection of all sorts of objects sacred to art and taste, and will well remember, as they strolled through the labyrinthian walks, leaf woven over head, flowers, and hedges, shrubbery on either hand, and also remarked, nearly hidden in foliage, several studios? In one of these romantic *ateliers* posed daily, to the pension-student, the bella Anticolana, while the mother took snuff, dozed or perchance counted her beads; and day by day more perfect grew the sculptor's work. Then came the last sitting, and the figure must be cast. When the next day came, and the student saw no pretty Annina in his studio, he felt there was something missing, and finally had to confess to himself, and then to his fellow-students, that he had fallen in love with his model. They laughed at him and chaffed him unmercifully, hooted at his talk of honest sentiment and matrimony. "It was a *bêtise* not to be thought of, and he, a deluded Don Quixote," but the young sculptor was serious, and was determined to marry Nina if she would have him. The girl was already engaged to marry a rustic of her own town, who had nothing in the world but his shovel and his strong, sunburnt hands to maintain her. Annina went home to spend the summer, and shortly was to wed her affianced *contadino*. In the mean time the student grew more earnest, and in his desperate passion followed her to her squalid home, used the influence of her friends, and the counsels of the village priest, to dissuade her from marrying her peasant-lover, and risking the poverty and wretchedness it would entail. At length she prevailed upon to give up Pietro and become the wife of the rising French sculptor. Married, he returned to France, with his Nina, and now wears the proudest decoration of his country—one of its great artists. The model, they say, has proved to be a model wife, and they are very happy.

Madalina was not a professional model, nor would ever probably have been one, had I not met her carrying upon her head a basket of live pigeons. As I was watching her, I saw one of her pigeons break loose from the others, to whom it was fastened by a string, and fly down the lane. Some mischiev-

ous boy had thrown a stone at the basket, and frightened the bird. The poor girl's distress was pitiful, and she cried bitterly. A good friar and myself came to her aid, and recovered the pigeon. She told us a sad tale of two little brothers and a baby left at home, a mother who had died a week before, of a father who had abandoned them; and that little Rosina, the infant, was dying for want of nourishment; that they had nothing left but three domestic pigeons, which she was carrying to the *archiprete*, hoping to sell them for a few sous, that she might buy some goat's-milk for the baby, and a little meal to make a *polenta* for her starving brothers. Reader, this story, told by a half-nude, ragged girl of fourteen, with her beautiful, pathetic eyes full of tears, would have touched your heart, as it did Father Gerolimo's and mine. The good monk and myself waited until she had been to the priest's, and came back with a few copper coins tied into the corner of the tattered handkerchief, which was in strings about her neck. The last resource had been parted with—the basket was empty. She sped away, her wild black hair blown backward by the winds, first for the milk, then to the store for the meal. We resolved—the kind monk and I—to find out where this poor child lived, and see if what she told us was true, and followed her.

Subiaco, surrounded by the highest ranges of the Latin mountains, is fifty miles from Rome, and lies upon the bank of nearly the extreme source of the Agnio. The town itself is one of the most picturesque of the Roman state. It rises from the rough, restricted valley where it stands, an almost perfect pyramid, especially as seen approaching it by the road from Tivoli. It is by no means a town proclaiming by its exterior the poverty which dwells therein. Passing through the lower part of it, there is a way which leads up to the two famous convents of San Benedetto and Santa Scholastica. Immediately after the eastern gate of the town is passed, commence a series of roadside altars, which continue, at stated intervals, the whole distance of the rocky ascent. Before the first of these altars we came upon Madalina on her knees before the shrine of the Madonna—let us presume, in gratitude for the aid she was so fortunate as to carry home. To her it was a rich argosy, and would keep life for another day or two in her famished brothers, and lift baby Rosa from the grasp of death. She arose, cast one imploring look upon the picture of the sainted Mary, and entered upon some grounds covered by an irregular, extensive mass of ruins, which lie along the deep gorge where the Agnio roars and foams, fighting its way through a frightful channel of giant rocks and caves. These ruins are what remain of a grand palace built by Nero, and where he was residing, says one of the Roman historians, when Rome was burnt (which, if true, puts the fiddling-story out of joint). Nothing above-ground now speaks of its long-vanished splendor. Below are dark, damp grottoes, used by the shepherds sometimes as sheep-folds, or where swine are frequently penned up. Toward one of the best of these unwholesome aper-

tures we saw Madalina bend her steps. Waiting for her outside the door were her nearly-naked little brothers. Her first words were, "How is baby?"

"Sleeping," responded both.

The girl's eyes lighted up with thankful satisfaction. She went in, and Father Gerolimo and myself approached the door. The next moment the girl rushed out with the infant in her arms, brought it into the broader light, her eyes strained and fixed with affright upon its waxen face—her lips apart, with breath imprisoned in her throat. She gave a shriek, and cried, "It is dead! It is dead!" The succor had come too late.

Father Gerolimo did what he could to console the heart-broken Madalena, who had taken the place of mother to her infant sister. And I—well, I will confess it—I felt ready to rail that instant against human institutions, human charity—and inclined to renounce my belief in Providence itself; but a little reflection sufficed to make me abandon this accusation, for had not Providence shown its mercy in taking the little Rosa from further suffering? and I almost wished the whole family might share her enviable fate. There was nothing within the cave but straw upon the floor, where these miserable beings slept; a broken, wooden bench; a place in a corner of the room where to build a fire, with a hole above it for the smoke to escape; a cracked and broken dish or two, and an earthen pot, in which all the cooking was done, if they had aught to cook. A more wretched picture I have never seen.

The pious monk and I went away resolved, in our

different ways, to do what we could to rescue these poor, deserted children from their present pitiful condition. The monk went to his convent to beg the prior for means to bury the infant, and some bread for their immediate want—I to tell the pathetic scene which I had witnessed to some English and American ladies who were passing a-week or two at Subiaco. These charitable women lost no time in finding the cave and its deplorable inmates, never relaxing their exertions until Madalena and her brothers were removed from their unhealthy den, their nudity covered with such garments as could be found, and bread enough to defy starvation. A Russian princess, who at the same period was making an excursion to Subiaco, became interested in the fate of these poor children, used her influence, and the boys were taken into a charitable institution in Rome, where they would be taught and cared for. As for Madalena, she found a place in a good family as chambermaid—and let us hope the drear caves of Nero's palace will never know them more. It remains, however, for me to explain why Madalena finds a place in my chapter on models. Why, simply because I painted a picture of her. When first I saw her with the basket of pigeons on her head, I was determined to do so. The picture represents her going to offer the last thing left them—three domesticated doves or pigeons, to buy poor little Rosa a drop of milk, which *came too late*. Madalena's was a head that Raphael or Correggio would have loved to paint. There were beauty and sadness, sweetness and intelligence, faith, affection, purity, and modesty.

GOBELIN TAPESTRY.

BY LUCY H. HOOPER.

ONE of the most luxurious appliances of household life in the middle ages was the tapestry hangings that formed part of the possessions of every noble or wealthy commoner. These costly, and in many cases artistic draperies, served to hide the bare stone walls of feudal castles, or to exclude the currents of air admitted by unskillful masonry; they changed a pile of cushions into a lordly couch, a canvas tent into a princely chamber; they were used for screens, for partitions, for curtains, for carpets. The fair chatelain who trod over rushes might lift her eyes from the sodden greenery beneath her feet to gaze on marvels of needle-work upon her walls. These tapestries were woven or embroidered with scenes from Holy Writ, from mythology, or with the deeds of contemporary warriors. Gold and silk were often used in their embellishment. A set of hangings, nay, even a single piece of fine tapestry, was, and still is, considered an appropriate gift for one sovereign to offer to another.

The specimens of embroidered tapestry which date from a period anterior to the sixteenth century show little art in blending colors or in pictorial rendition of a subject. No shading is employed, and

the effect is rather that of a mosaic than a picture. There was no perspective attempted, all the personages occupying the same line in the foreground. On a background, which was plain in the thirteenth century and ornamented in the fourteenth, the characters were outlined by a single line, which sometimes designated also the folds of their garments. These outlines were filled up with masses of stitches in two, or at most three, shades of color. In the sixteenth century there is an attempt at perspective and at the creation of a background, but the dimensions, rather than the shading of the personages, indicate their relative positions. The flesh-tints and the colors of the draperies are still of extreme simplicity, only three shades being employed, heightened with white. The greens, and especially those of foliage or verdure, are produced by a dark-blue for the shadows and a yellow for the lights; there are three shades of blue used. The Hôtel Cluny and the Musée du Louvre possess some fine tapestries of this period, in perfect preservation, and some others were once to be seen at the Musée des Gobelins, but were burned when that division of the work was destroyed by the Communists in 1871.

The royal manufactory of tapestries in France was founded by Francis I., who established it at Fontainebleau, in or about 1543. Among the first designers of models for the new manufactory may be cited Primoticio. The succeeding monarchs of France protected and encouraged the work, and in 1630, during the reign of Louis XIII., the manufactory was removed to its present quarters, the Hôtel des Gobelins, so called from a Flemish or Dutch family of dyers who had set up their works therein, and who, thanks to the virtues of the waters of the Bièvre, or to some secret methods of their own, had speedily become celebrated for the brilliancy and stability of their dyes, particularly a certain scarlet, whose merits appear to have been incontestable. The river-water, now sullied by all sorts of impurities, has lost the qualities it was once supposed to possess, if, indeed, it ever really possessed them, and the water now used in dyeing the wools employed at the Gobelins is drawn from a well. Respecting the famous scarlet, a strange legend was long current among the populace of Paris. It was said that this superb tint was produced by the intermixture, with the other ingredients, of the urine of human beings fed on certain deleterious substances, whose effect was greatly to abridge life; thus it was not uncommon for criminals condemned to death to request that their punishment might be commuted to that of the "food of the Gobelins."

Under Louis XIV. the manufactory of the Gobelins attained its greatest importance. The king and his prime-minister, Colbert, united there all the different bands of workmen employed on furniture or decorations for the royal palaces of France. To the weavers of carpets and tapestry were added embroiderers, goldsmiths, engravers on metal and on precious stones, wood-carvers, dyers, etc., and the establishment received the title of the "Manufactory of Furniture to the Crown." Charles Lebrun was named director in 1663, and a new edict, confirming and extending the privileges accorded to workmen of Les Gobelins, was issued in 1667. The director, Lebrun, and his pupils were charged with the care of furnishing designs for the different works. From the pencil of Lebrun himself there exist in the collection of the Louvre alone over twenty-four hundred drawings furnished to Les Gobelins, to say nothing of his famous "Battles of Alexander." The 15th of October, 1667, Louis XIV. paid a visit in state to the manufactory, accompanied by Colbert, and inspected, with evident satisfaction, the magnificent tapestries, silver plate, carvings, carpets, etc., which were among the products of the works. But these extensive and splendid works were in existence but for a comparatively brief period, and after the death of Lebrun the manufactory was restored to its original function, namely, that of producing carpets and tapestry.

Up to this period the tapestries of the Gobelins were executed from a decorative point of view solely. The use of gold-thread to heighten the lights, the liberties taken by the workman with the lights and shadows of his model, prove that effect was

sought and not artistic reproduction. The tapestry was an interpretation but not a copy. The result was, that broader and more striking effects were obtained, and the workman was able to employ only fast colors. Thus the tapestries of this epoch present a uniform and harmonious coloring, the different tints having faded together, and the design having gained in tone what it has lost in brilliancy. The use of gold-thread proved, however, extremely injurious to the pieces in which it was employed. Not only did it lose its lustre and become by the action of time and of the atmosphere of a dingy brown hue, and thus darken the paints to which it was supposed to lend brilliancy, but the sharp edges of the metal thread chafed and wore the threads of the warp, so as to cause the tapestry to give way in the points whereat it was used. Certain pieces, largely enriched with gold-thread, have in this manner been actually destroyed, having literally dropped to pieces. Under the regency a quarrel broke out between the artists and the *tapissiers*, the result of which was to lead the manufacture to new and more artistic heights. From that time date the copies of actual paintings, laboriously produced, line by line, and hue by hue, that are still to be seen at Les Gobelins in such marvelous perfection.

The appointment of Boucher as director in 1755, gave general satisfaction to the managers of the works. No one who is acquainted with the graceful, delicate, but affected and *maniéré* talent of this artist, but will be struck with the fitness of his designs for decorative purposes. He seems to have been born to paint ceilings and walls, to decorate fans, to design groups for chair-coverings and for screens. His graceful goddesses, embowered in roses or encircled with clouds, his hovering Cupids, his smiling nymphs, are as charming as they are artificial. To reproduce his pearly flesh-tints and faint, gray shadows, the workmen of Les Gobelins were forced to combine new hues and to invent new dyes. Unfortunately, this delicate coloring proved as evanescent as it was charming. The tapestries of the Louis XV. period present to-day a uniform surface of pallid and effaced hues, amid which, here and there, some single tint stands forth with startling and primitive brilliancy. The renowned scarlet of the establishment seems in particular to defy the power of time. Recently at the sale of the furniture of the Château de Vaux Praslin at the Hôtel Drouot, a fine example of the tapestry of this period was exhibited, representing Venus in her chariot, surrounded by nymphs and Cupids. A mass of rose-pink drapery in the background alone preserved the original beauty of its hue, the rest of the piece having faded into a faint yellowish-brown, whereon the original design could scarcely be discerned.

To create the new colors desired, and particularly the different tint of gray and brown, the manager of Les Gobelins brought from England a skilled dyer named Neilson, under whose direction a register of all the hues used in the establishment was drawn up, together with the receipt for producing each of them. One thousand different colors, each composed of

twelve shades, from the palest to the darkest, were set down in methodical order. Nor did the improvements introduced by Neilson stop at the dyeing division of the establishment. He also changed the method of weaving, and reestablished an institution created at the foundation of the royal manufactory, but long fallen into disuse, namely, the seminary, or department for training apprentices, which apprentices were to be chosen from among the children of former employés. One of the great stumbling-blocks in the path of the enterprise, namely, the difficulty of obtaining skilled workmen, was thus obviated. Neither before nor since has the manufactory ever attained to so high a point of artistic development as at this period. Its productions were particularly suited to the gorgeous and artificial taste of the age, and the art of the epoch, itself artificial and decorative in character, lent itself readily to the purposes of the work.

The first Revolution brought with it evil days for Les Gobelins. At first it was proposed to suppress this peculiarly royal institution altogether, and certain pieces of tapestry adorned with *fleurs de lis* and coats-of-arms were solemnly burned at the foot of the Liberty-Tree. Among the pieces so destroyed was a large and magnificent one, representing the visit of Louis XIV. to Les Gobelins. The manufactory was finally allowed to exist on the condition of reproducing only republican subjects, and the portraits of the chiefs of the new government. Among the heroes so immortalized figured Marat. The choice of subjects was afterward enlarged, and sundry paintings by Correggio, Guido, and Lesueur, were forwarded to Les Gobelins to be used as models. The establishment of the first empire brought with it fresh activity for the royal manufactory. From its looms came the covering for the new imperial throne, the design for which was furnished by David. Soon the workmen were kept busy copying the pictures which recorded the military glories of Napoleon, as well as in producing a large quantity of furniture-coverings and tapestries enriched with gold, destined to replace the furniture of the royal palaces which had been sold, destroyed, and dispersed under the republic.

The Restoration brought about but little change, except in the subjects of the pieces executed. The carpet-factory of La Saronnirie was joined to the Gobelins at this period. No change of any importance has taken place in the manufactory since that time. Wholly devoted to the uses of the state, the splendid products of its looms are destined either to adorn the public buildings and the royal palaces of France, or to serve as presents from the French Government to the sovereigns of friendly states. There never was but one brief period in the history of this essentially royal institution when its productions were offered for sale to the general public. This period was during the second republic. Two sets of furniture-coverings were purchased for an American gentleman residing in Philadelphia, and formed for twenty years the ornament of his drawing-rooms. The so-called Gobelin tapestry which decorates the

houses of some of our millionaires is nothing more nor less than a finer species of Aubusson tapestry. It is hardly possible that any piece of new Gobelin tapestry, with the exception of the furniture-coverings before mentioned, has in our later days ever found its way to the United States. Nor are the antique pieces which are occasionally offered for sale often purchased by our citizens. The artistic blending of color and design, the peculiar beauty of the tints, faded though they may be, and the real æsthetic value of the work, are not yet appreciated by the American art-collector.

In 1871 the Communists set fire to the manufactory, and, though the flames were extinguished before they had spread to the main buildings, the wing wherein were situated the exhibition-rooms was totally destroyed, with all its valuable contents. Among these last were tapestries of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, including the Acts of the Apostles after Raphael. There were also a number of pieces dating from the eighteenth century, among which were to be found several of Boucher's most charming compositions. The historical portraits, scenes, etc., were numerous and highly interesting. The value of the collection thus destroyed has been estimated at four hundred thousand dollars. At present the exhibition-rooms contain some thirty specimens in all, including the fragments of two historical subjects ordered by the first Napoleon, and left unfinished at his downfall. Cut hastily from the looms, and cast aside in a closet, they lay there forgotten till Louis Napoleon became the ruler of France; they were then disinterred, cleaned, and framed, and now figure honorably in the diminished collection. These fragments are the commencement of two pictures, intended to represent, one the capitulation of Vienna, and the other the meeting of Napoleon I. with Queen Louisa of Prussia after the battle of Tilsit. They are very beautiful in execution, the use of silk as a substitute for the high lights in gold and silver objects being very remarkable and successful.

The process of tapestry-weaving as practised at this celebrated manufactory is well known. The work executed there is called the *haute-lisse*, from the warp being placed vertically, in contradistinction to the *basse-lisse*, or work with an horizontal warp, as executed at Beauvais. The weaver stands with the model which he is to copy behind him. As the surface of the tapestry must present a perfectly smooth and even surface, all cuttings and fastenings must be made on the wrong side, consequently he must work on the wrong side, and thus neither faces his work nor the model which he is engaged in copying. The process is an extremely slow one, every thread being carefully and deliberately selected, introduced, and fastened into its place. The carpet-weavers work on a different system, their model being suspended overhead, and the right side of their work being toward them. These carpets are considered the finest in world; they are of the closest velvet-pile, and the shading, colors, and designs, are inimitably beautiful. No instance has ever been known of one being sold

from the manufactory. Some of the larger carpets take from five to ten years to make, and cost from twelve to thirty thousand dollars each. The largest ever made here was manufactured for the gallery of the Louvre; it was in seventy-two pieces, and was over four hundred and fifty yards in length. The present force of workmen employed in the establishment is over one hundred. Their pay is from three to six hundred dollars a year, and when they become old or disabled they are entitled to a pension.

The works at present in course of construction comprise sundry panels destined for the new museum at Sèvres and other public buildings, among which is

a copy of Machard's lovely "Selené." Instead of copying celebrated pictures, the administration more wisely devotes its energies principally to the reproduction of designs by eminent artists, made specially for the manufactory. Two carpets for the palace at Fontainebleau now occupy the looms, as well as sundry pieces of furniture-covering destined for the same building. The only innovation which has been made in the details of the manufactory during later years has been the substitution of cotton thread for linen in the warp, the former being found to be more durable and to stretch less than the linen thread which had been heretofore employed.

FALLEN FORTUNES.¹

CHAPTER XXXIII.

A CATASTROPHE.

"O MAMMA! Kitty! news, news!" cried Tony, running joyfully into his mother's room one morning. She was not yet up; yielding to her daughter's entreaties and to the monitions of her own growing sense of weakness, she had of late consented to take her morning meal in her bedroom.

As her son entered, she rose from the pillow with eager eyes.

"What news, my child? It is not post-time yet. How *can* there be news?"

Kitty, too, who was arranging some late autumn flowers in a little vase upon the dressing-table, so that her mother should see them reflected in the glass, turned round with a beating heart. "The ship must have arrived at Rio!" thought she.

"O mamma!" said Tony, his ardor greatly cooled, and half-conscious of having aroused undue expectations, "the first snow has fallen upon the fell. It is quite high up; but one can see it, plainly, and it looks so beautiful. Margate says that it will not go away again till late in the spring; and that its coming so early is a sign of a hard winter.—What is the matter, dear mamma?"

Mrs. Dalton had sunk back on a pillow, and covered her face with her thin hands. What sort of news she had expected, Kitty knew not; but it was plain that the disappointment had been a terrible blow.

"A hard winter," she repeated, "a hard winter."

"That is what Margate says," continued Tony, reassuringly; "but Margate may not be right, you know. And, even if she is, what will it matter? The snow will fall and fall; the beck will be frozen; the roads will be choked up, so that only light carts can come; and we shall be snug and cozy in Sanbeck, all by ourselves, just as though we were out of the world."

"Out of the world?" repeated his mother, slowly.

"Yes, mamma; but why should *we* care, being all together?" reasoned Tony, gently. "I have heard you say yourself that you are always happy when you have us about you; and I am so glad that I am not at Eton this half."

She was kissing him now in a strange, passionate manner, and the rare tears were streaming down her cheeks. Kitty would have drawn the boy away; but she signed to her to leave him.

"You have not forgotten who is *not* here among us all, Tony?" whispered she.

"Oh, no, mamma; I often think of dear papa."

"And pray for him, darling? Do you pray for him?"

"Yes, indeed I do; every night and morning," answered he in her ear, "just as you taught me. There is no snow where he is gone, Jenny says.—I went to Jenny first, because I knew she was up and at her desk. And I have promised her to write to him all about it. Margate says there will be skating on the mere, and sleighing; the timber-trucks make capital sleighs, and the boys will draw me—half a dozen of them at a time, Margate says—and one shoots down the fell like an arrow. Now, all that will be something to write about to papa. I don't mind writing when I have got something to write about—that's *her* difficulty, Jenny says; so it happens to clever people as well as to stupid ones. And oh, dear mamma, I do hope you will get out as far as the bridge to-day, and see the snow on the fell."

Poor Tony came back to that as his one strong point, and the sole excuse for his enthusiasm; but he felt that it was not so strong as it was, and that he had overrated the importance of his tidings. He even understood that his mother's thoughts were too occupied with "dear papa" to take much interest in the natural phenomenon which had taken place; but, beyond that, matters were a puzzle to him. Kitty, on the other hand, now felt that Jenny had been right when she said that her mother suspected something was amiss; that her apprehensions respecting the Flamborough Head, and the precious life it carried, were not less poignant than hers and Jenny's, though they had not the same sad foundation. She had never said one word to her of her walk to the mere with Uncle George, or even referred to his visit; a suspicious circumstance of itself, and which, joined to what she had seen that morning, made tender Kitty's heart bleed.

Jenny had now no secrets from her sister as respected the steamer. Jeff had written again—at Jenny's desire—describing what had happened at Lloyd's; how first "the committee" had announced "that they would be glad of information regarding the Flamborough Head," and how, afterward, it had been placed in the dread list of "missing vessels." Yet even he had not said one word of the paragraph about the wreck, wishing to spare his correspondent, and ignorant that his employer had already supplied the information.

So week after week went by, and the snow fell, as Margate had prophesied it would do—heavier than

¹ Continued from APPLETON'S JOURNAL (weekly) of June 24th.

it had been known to fall for many a year in Sanbeck; no roll of wheel nor beat of hoof was heard—and, indeed, save the doctor's pony and the butcher's light cart from Bleabarrow (the latter only at long intervals), there was no traffic of any kind in the little valley. The voice of its stream was hushed, and its fir-trees, too heavily weighted by the snow, had ceased to murmur; all was silence and solitude. The Daltons were literally out of the world. Few letters arrived for them now, even when the postman came, which was not always (for there was danger of him being "smooored" in the drifts); the most sympathizing folks cannot be always writing to condole with us, and there was no opportunity, alas! in this case for aught else but condolence. Our misfortunes are wearisome to our friends as well as ourselves, and make dumb both us and them. As to the Daltons' ordinary acquaintances, who had been very numerous, the family had "gone under," and were already forgotten. Kitty was the one who suffered most from this isolation; to her mother it seemed well to be alone with her wretchedness; and Jenny had occupation—the balm for anxious minds. She was forever writing and reading. Kitty was fond of reading, but not of study; she was not omnivorous, like her sister, and the library of the late Mr. Landell had few attractions for her. She was, in truth, a devotee to the shrine of the circulating-library; a persecuted faith, but one which has a great many charming followers. As the family subscription in London was not yet run out, the books came down with those of the Campdens to Riverside, and were afterward forwarded by carrier.

"If the snow permits it, pray send me over our batch of books," wrote Kitty imploringly to Mary; "it is a case of real destitution; I am starving for light literature; not a novel has met my eye for a fortnight. I am now reading the 'Pilgrim's Progress'—the most recent work in the library of the Nook."

Mrs. Campden denounced this note as "flippant," considering the circumstances of Kate's position. The writer, indeed, was by no means in a flippant mood; only she no longer wore her heart upon her sleeve with respect to Mary. She did not feel inclined to lay bare to her her miserable anxieties, and affected a gayety that she was far enough from feeling. It is true we should never affect anything; but Kitty would have found it hard to please Mrs. Campden now by any style of composition. With a large class of persons the unfortunate, like the absent, are always in the wrong; and besides, the mistress of Riverside was angry with the girl for refusing or withholding encouragement to Mr. Holt.

However, the books were sent off as requested, and reached their destination, although with some difficulty, and not until late in the afternoon. The carrier, who was suitably entertained in the kitchen by Margate in recompense for his courage, gave a terrible account of his journey. If his cart had not been the best built and lightest of all carts, and the horse a paragon of strength and endurance, he could never have come up the valley! The snow was five or six feet deep in many places, and hung so heavy on the hedgerows that they looked like white walls! He tossed off his glass of spirits so quickly after his meal, in order that he might get home before dark, that he found he had just time for another. The treasure he had brought with him was taken into the parlor, and at once divested by Kitty of its coverings. She had thrown down the brown paper and the white upon the ground, and plunged in a first volume of her favorite author; and under his benign influence time, notwithstanding its weight, and weariness and woe, was flying. She only knew that it

was growing late because of the waning light, which made her bring the enchanted pages nearer to the window. Presently, her mother entered the room, and her first act was to pick up the discarded wrappings of the parcel.

"O mamma, I am so sorry," said Kate, remorsefully. Neither she nor her sister, though neat enough in their personal appearance, were tidy; whereas, if Mrs. Dalton had a weakness, besides good-will for everybody, it was for putting things straight.

"Nay, nay, my dear," answered she, smiling; "don't reproach yourself: it was natural enough that, in your eagerness for the kernel, you should forget the husk."

"But that I should have made you stoop to pick them up, mamma—I am quite ashamed of myself."

And she cheerfully shut up her book, with the air of a good nun who has prescribed for herself a penance.

"Nay, my darling; I am going to look through our weekly accounts; so do not punish yourself in that way. I don't want you to make yourself agreeable just now; only please to get the lamp, for my old eyes will not serve me in this twilight."

Neither Margate nor her myrmidon was intrusted with the trimming of the lamp, which, with many another household duty, was now Kitty's peculiar care. Notwithstanding the economical fashion in which the Daltons lived at the Nook—it was much more meagre than what fine folk call "quiet"—their establishment was to be even still more reduced; it was found that Lucy could not be retained beyond the quarter. The fact was, with all one's good sense and wish to spend as little as possible, certain free-handed habits—a shilling here and sixpence there, and food for whoever set foot in the house on real or pretended service—could not be discarded all on a sudden. In vain the weekly accounts were pared to the thinnest proportions; the "extras" somehow swallowed up the savings. Of course it would be a pang to part with their last attendant; but not so severe as it would have been a few weeks ago. Although her emoluments were the same as before, Lucy was not so easily reconciled to the roughness of the new *régime* as were her mistress and the young ladies; and she complained of the lack of "society." Margate's gossip—for it is not to be supposed that Nature had denied her the usual topics of conversation—itself by no means piquant, was also entirely local; while the "gurl," as the third retainer of the family was scornfully denominated by the lady's maid, was a mere sponge or sucker. Her ears—and mouth—were opened for everything, but there was no reciprocity. We cannot all of us be self-denying forever; it is something if one makes a temporary sacrifice at the shrine of duty, and poor Lucy had found by this time that her promise of life-long service to her old employers would be not a little irksome to keep. So she was parting from them, though on the best of terms; and in the mean time Kitty was learning to "make herself useful" about the house—a very elastic phrase, which, as we have seen, included lamp-trimming. A neat-handed Phyllis than Kitty it is impossible to imagine; and whatever she set her hand to she graced. If you could have seen her now, as she comes up the oaken stair with the lamp, burnished, and throwing its mellow light upon her golden hair, you would have said that the Daltons had one family ornament at least still left to them, one rare and beautiful picture, which—however humble its frame—would not escape the judicious eye of the *connoisseur*.

"Congratulate me, mamma, upon my success," said she, as she stepped carefully into the parlor over the raised threshold that had been very literally a

stumbling-block from generation to generation of the dwellers in the Nook; "does it not burn well?"

There was no reply; and, hastily setting down the lamp, Kitty looked around her in some trepidation. Under the deep window-seat, where she had herself been sitting a few minutes before, lay a motionless figure.

"Mamma!" shrieked she, in an agony, and was down on her knees beside her in a second; then, "Lucy! Margate! Help! help!" rang through the old house.

Her first thought was of physical aid, and therefore she did not call Jenny; yet Jenny arrived somehow—though her chamber was farthest off—as soon as the others. When the kitchen-girl, rushing in with the rest, wrung her hands and cried, "She is dead, she is dead!" it was Jenny who said, "Hush, fool!" as Margate afterward observed, "like a man," and took the direction of affairs.

"Lift her up and put her on the sofa," was the order that three pair of strong and willing arms promptly obeyed; and in the mean time Jenny's own hands had removed the pillow.

"Yes, she has fainted—that is all, Jenny," whispered Kitty, with anxious pleading.

"How did it happen? Where did you find her?" returned the other, in the same low voice.

"Just as you saw her. I had left the room for the lamp only a minute or two."

"What is that newspaper in the corner?"

"It is what the books were wrapped in; mamma had just taken them up."

Jenny walked quickly forward, and picked up the paper. Her eye glancing quickly over the page fell at once on the heading, "*Supposed loss of the Flam-borough Head.*"

"Good Heaven! Kitty, mamma has read it—the paragraph about the wreck!—Margate, some one must go for Dr. Curzon instantly: not one moment is to be lost."

"Indeed, ma'am, there is not a soul to send. If we had known it before the carrier had gone— But there is not a man nearer than Farmer Boynton's; and the snow—"

"I will go!" cried a small voice, half choked with tears; and Tony, who had crept in unobserved, and was standing by his mother's side in a passion of silent grief, instantly left the room, and the next moment was seen flying across the court-yard.

"The poor child has not even put on his cloak," murmured Margate, pitifully.

The night was falling, and the snow was deep; but at that awful time, with that lifeless form and death-like face lying before them, neither Kitty nor Jenny could think of aught save her who had given them being.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

TONY'S EXPEDITION.

AT nine years old some town-boys are already men in matters upon which a large class of men most pride themselves: in self-reliance, habits of economy, and the art, if not of getting on in the world, at all events of taking good care of themselves in it. In seven years more, if such a lad is in the coster-monger line, he will even have a wife and a carriage. But, in the upper classes, our boys remain boys for a long time—some of them, under exceptionally favorable circumstances, even all their lives—and, notwithstanding the boasted advantages of our public schools, are strangely helpless and dependent. They are trusted early enough (occasionally too early) to

go to the play by themselves with a sovereign in their pocket; but, without the sovereign—without, that is to say, the adventitious aids, and claims upon the services of others, to which they have always been accustomed—the British schoolboy is no match for the street Arab of one-half his years. When Master Anthony Dalton set out on his errand to Dr. Curzon's, he had not even "the light heart and the thin pair of breeches" so much eulogized by philosophers as adapted to the needs of human life. He had a very heavy heart and knickerbockers. There was nothing on the side of this gallant young gentleman, aged nine, but pluck and a good cause; and there were a great many things—including the wind, which was from the northwest, and blew right up the valley—against him.

Like the rest of his race, he was of delicate constitution, and had been brought up delicately, as was natural enough in a family in which he was the only boy. Town-born and town-bred, he had never even seen the country, save in summer-time, till he came to the Nook, and had probably never been out in it, save in a carriage, after dark. He was not the least of a "molly-coddle," and certainly no coward; yet, if the road to Dr. Curzon's had been throughout in its normal state, and well-lit as a London street, circumstances had been such with Tony as to render his present expedition, in the phrase of his women-folk, "quite an undertaking;" and, considering that the night soon grew to be so dark that he could scarcely see a yard before him, and that the snow was everywhere two feet deep, at least, in the roadway, and sometimes half a dozen, it must be allowed that the child had his work before him. Of difficulty, however, and far less of danger, Tony had no thought as he ran down the noiseless road toward the bridge. His mind was full of his mother, the sight of whose death-like features had appalled him, and his one consuming idea was to bring Dr. Curzon to her side, and save her life. He no longer sobbed, but husbanded his breath for her dear sake, and plied his little legs. It had been his intention at first to go to Farmer Boynton's, as Margate had suggested, and get a messenger from among the men at the homestead; but the farm was some way up the valley, in the contrary direction to the doctor's house, and he felt that time would be lost by his so doing. If he could fetch the doctor himself—and the snow was not very deep as yet, though he made but slow progress—help would reach the Nook all the sooner. Behind were the lights of the village; on the left was the solitary beacon of Boynton's farm; to the right lay the long road, so white and yet so dark with no glimmer from house or homestead; yet to the right he turned, and plunged on through the half-yielding snow.

It was a pitiful struggle, as struggles against Nature in her iron mood mostly are; and the odds, always great against poor humanity, were in this case overwhelming. The little lad did not even know, what any child who does "the wheel" for halfpence from the knife-board could have told him, how to husband his breath. He was almost "pumped out" already, yet he ran on at the top of his speed. It was grown too dark to distinguish the hard snow from that which was rotten and gave way to his light tread, or to avoid the deep furrows left by the carrier's cart. A slight bend of the road had already hidden the lights behind him, and walls of snow shut him in to right and left. His mind reverted to a picture in the old house at home of the retreat from Moscow, of a young conscript left behind by his comrades, and perishing in the white and solitary waste. It had taken hold of his childish imagination, and he had often dreamed of it in his little cot,

and been glad to wake in the morning and find his mother's face looking down upon him with her sweet smile. At that recollection his heart smote him for having forgotten the condition in which he had left her, even for a moment, and he sped on with renewed vigor. If will could have done it, Tony would have run on to York, had it been necessary; but unhappily it is not true that wherever there is a will there is a way. The boy began to stumble, and then to stagger, like a drunken man. His legs still moved, but mechanically; he had lost control over them, and was presently landed, head first, in a snow-drift by the wayside; there he lay for a few seconds, half unconscious. He would have been glad enough to remain there forever, but the thought of his mother still spurred him on, and he contrived to extricate himself. There was a sharp pain in his right foot, as though a hot iron had seared it; his shoe had come off in the snow. As he ran on, he sent forth one wild, passionate cry—a bitter acknowledgment of failure, rather than an appeal for aid; then stumbled and fell.

"Hulloa, there, hulloa!" responded a gruff voice. Tony heard it, but as one hears a voice in dreams.

"I say, hulloa!" continued the voice, reproachfully, as though a civil observation of that description, civilly put, had deserved a civil reply. Then the light of a lantern gleamed over the track, and John Bates, the Bleabarrow carrier, came cautiously along it, and almost fell over the boy's prostrate body. Then he exclaimed "Hulloa!" again, but this time in a very astonished tone—it was a word he had evidently found capable of great modulation—and, stooping down, picked up poor Tony.

"Why, hulloa! young gentleman"—here the word expressed commiseration as well as surprise. "This is a pretty game, especially played with 'one shoe off and one shoe on,' like 'my man John' our Emmy sings about. It's my opinion as it's precious lucky for thee that the old mare came to a full stop just where she did, or thou wouldst never have seen the Nook again."

He carried the boy back to his cart, which was stuck fast in the snow, a few yards ahead, and placed him tenderly among some empty sacks.

"Well, this settles me not to try to push on any more.—Coom, Ned, coom" (here he addressed his horse); "let us turn round and go back to Sanbeck."

"The doctor, the doctor!" cried Tony, suddenly, raising himself from the sacks. "Mamma's ill, and wants the doctor."

"And could they find nobody in all the place but a little lad like thee to fetch the doctor to thy mother such a night as this?"

"Yes; a man could have gone from Farmer Boynton's, but I thought I could go quicker myself. Oh, please, let us go at once."

"But the wheels can't move a yard that way; and I doubt whether I could get there afoot myself. To be sure, I could take Ned out and ride him, and leave thee here in the cart."

"I said I would fetch the doctor," said Tony, resolutely, "and I'd rather do it."

"Very good; and so thou shalt. With thy bare foot, and in such sad plight, it will be better for thee to be put to bed at Dr. Curzon's. So, I will ride Ned, and take thee before me. If it had not been for the good stuff they gave me at the Nook, I should have starved o' cold by this time; and one good turn deserves another."

The honest carrier needed not have thus found an excuse for an act of benevolence which was natural to him. Most men who pass their lives exposed to wind and weather have wholesome natures. The possession of an "Emmy" of his own, too, doubt-

less made the "soft spot" in Mr. John Bates's heart still softer. He unharnessed the horse; and, throwing a sack or two on his bare back for Tony's accommodation, mounted, and, placing the boy before him, moved slowly along the snow-choked way toward the doctor's house. They reached it at last, taking six times as long as they would have done upon ordinary occasions; and scarcely less astonished was the worthy doctor at their appearance than if they had been two veritable Knights Templar traveling according to the ancient custom of their Order. He looked grave, indeed, when Tony told him his errand; but, reassuming his habitual cheerfulness, he at once ordered his pony to be brought round.

"As for you, young gentleman, since you have lost a shoe," said he, "you had better sleep at my house."

But Tony besought so earnestly to be taken back to the Nook, to see about mamma, that, having been fortified, as to his inward boy, with something hot, and wrapped up in various warm coverings, he was once more placed before the carrier, who made up his mind to stay the night at Farmer Boynton's; and the three started together for Sanbeck. It was an expedition that, in after-years, Tony never forgot, down to its minutest details; the great events of human life stamp not only themselves upon the mind, but all the surroundings which accompany them; the snow-clad road, the leaden night, and every incident of his noiseless journey, were destined to hang in that picture-gallery of the past (which there are none so poor as not to possess) forever; the very notion of the sturdy shoulders of the horse the boy so unwontedly bestrode, recurred to him long after his two companions had paid the debt of Nature.

Though they rode through the muffled court-yard of the Nook without a sound, the servant-girl, who was on the watch, ran out to meet them, and whispered something in the doctor's ear; he was off his pony in an instant, but not before Tony had scrambled down from his huge steed.

"No, my boy," said the doctor, gravely, as the lad was about to limp up-stairs; "you must not go to your mamma's room just now."

"What is the matter, Sue? Is mamma worse?" cried Tony, wildly; his little legs trembled under him with fatigue and apprehension of he knew not what. The girl picked him up in her strong arms, and placed him in a chair by the kitchen-fire.

"No, no; now the doctor has come, all will be right," said she; "but you must not run about without your shoes. What a walk you must have had through the snow and dark!"

"Oh, that's nothing—at least nothing to cry about;" for the girl had begun to sob hysterically. "Tell me about mamma."

A thin, shrill, quivering cry was heard above-stairs.

"What is that, Sue?"

"You have got a little baby-brother, Master Tony; such a dear little thing!"

Tony was nonplussed. He had always understood that the doctors brought these little strangers; but, if Dr. Curzon had brought this one, he must have carried it in the crown of his hat—a performance Tony had never seen equaled save by a conjurer in London, who had brought a bowl of gold-fish out of the same receptacle.

"I should like to see my baby-brother, if I can't see mamma," said Tony, dreamily; he had but a faint interest in this newly-arrived relative, and he felt dreadfully tired.

"So you shall, if you will just lie down in your bed a bit; it is your bedtime nearly, and you *must* take off your wet things, you know."

"But you'll call me directly mamma asks to see me?" pleaded the boy.

"Oh, yes, Master Tony, yes; when she asks, I will." There was something strange in the girl's voice and manner, which he could not understand. But he was too worn out for guessing riddles. He even submitted to be carried into his own little room, an indignity he had not endured for many a year, and was put to bed like a child, or a gentleman who has taken too much champagne.

In the morning he awoke so late that the sun was streaming full upon his bed, and upon Jenny's thin, white face, who was bending over his pillow with an expression he had never seen her wear before; it was tender, but yet grave and almost stern.

"Have I overslept myself, Jenny, and got late for lessons?" said he. Then rapidly collecting his ideas: "And how is mamma? Sue promised that when she asked for me— O Jenny, what is the matter?"

"Mamma will never ask for you again, dear Tony, nor for any of us. She is—"

"Dead?" The boy burst into passionate sobs. "Oh, don't say dead, Jenny!"

"Yes, darling. We have lost the best mother that ever children had."

"O mamma, mamma!" cried Tony, stretching

out his little arms. It was terrible to see so young a creature so torn with anguish.

The door opened, and Kitty entered, her beautiful face distorted with weeping. "You have told him, then, Jenny?" said she, in broken tones.

"Yes, dear; I thought it best."

"But why, *why* did they not send for me? Why did they let me sleep?" asked Tony, reproachfully. "Did mamma never ask?"

"Yes, darling, yes," said Kitty; "she did ask for you, but not in time; and when we told her you had gone for the doctor through the dark and snow, she thanked you with her sweet eyes. 'My poor, poor boy!' she said. It is we who are to be pitied, darling, and not she, for she is an angel in heaven."

"Sue told me I had a baby-brother?" said Tony, softly, after a little pause.

"Yes, dear, you have."

"How strange and sad it will be for poor papa," continued the boy, thoughtfully, "to hear that mamma has gone to heaven, and that there is a baby-brother!"

Neither Kitty nor Jenny could make reply. They had not the heart to tell him that, in all human probability, the news that had broken their mother's heart was true; that they three—and the baby-boy—were left alone in the world; not only motherless, but fatherless.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BELL'S BEEHIVES.

BY M. E. W. S.

"BURGESS, I have seen Mrs. Hopkins this evening!"

"Never! What, the fascinating widow?"

"The same, noble Kingman!"

"*Bien!* what is she going to do this summer?"

"Oh! that is the question; she is going to a quiet, out-of-the-way place to board, a farmhouse, called Bell's Beehives. She says it is very pretty, and a place for sketching, a new White Mountains, without the white-cotton umbrella which has ruined North Conway," said Burgess.

"Well! if we can get a picturesque country, where there are none of our kind, I will go. I want a background for my great picture of the 'Interview between Hyppolita and Theseus.'"

"I do not know about backgrounds, Burgess; but you will find the pathetic, the picturesque, and the natural, everywhere."

"Very true, great Kingman; but you, who only want a pig, or a chicken, or a kitten, should not despise my classic aspirations. You must remember that I was born ambitious."

"I was with Hercules and Cadmus once,
When in a wood of Crete they bayed the bear!"

By-the-way, how much do you expect for that vision of pigs which you have just finished?"

"It is sold, envious spirit, for a sum large enough to pay for our summer board."

"Great American Morland, I congratulate thee! why, my 'Romeo'—'Mercutio'—still hangs fire. Nor will it sell at any price."

"Simply, shows the degeneracy of the public

taste. Donkeys and pigs hang where Othello and Desdemona cannot get, and Kingman outranks Burgess."

"Yes, and I think you are going to win the little widow, Mrs. Hopkins. Was she kind and fascinating last evening—did she set her cap at you, Kingman?"

Burgess and Kingman were called indifferently the Orestes and Pylades, the Valentine and Orson, the Damon and Pythias, of the noble art of painting. This did not please them so much as the happy hit of a brother-artist, who dubbed them Castor and Pollux, because immortality was equally shared between the two offspring of Jupiter. They were totally unlike, except in being good fellows, and in making high comedy of life; two cheerful and *insouciant* companions, wholly inseparable—living together, painting together, the one at his Romeos, the other at his pigs—too unlike to quarrel; but knitted, by that invisible something which we call sympathy, into a compact friendship, which had stood the test of ten years of constant companionship.

"We might have a very agreeable summer, if we could only get Clement Arthurs to go with us; he is sitting to me for St.-Brie, in my 'St.-Bartholomew' picture. The noblest head—believe me, Kingman—if I can do Clement Arthurs justice, the noblest head in modern painting! If we can only *get* him!" Burgess resumed.

"I dare say we can. I saw him walking with that gigantic, muscular Christian, Fleming, to-day. Arthurs is tall, but he looked a baby beside Fleming,

and Fleming is notoriously in search of a trout-brook ; I think they would go."

"Don't mention Mrs. Hopkins, because Clement is such a woman-hater that he will stay away if you do."

"Well, that is the worst of it ; you see, Miss Myrick is to be there, with her three nieces, Mrs. Hopkins, Miss Theresa, and Miss Louisa Emerson."

"Oh ! philanthropic girls, go to hospitals, and do the useful, I believe. Then Arthurs will never consent, for of all women he hates that type the worst."

"Well, no one ever accused Mrs. Hopkins of being useful ; so she may serve to neutralize her cousins."

"Theresa and Louisa are very pretty girls, and not at all pretentious. I think Arthurs could live in the house with them," said Burgess.

"Let us get him there, and say nothing about the ladies, and let Fate fight for us afterward," said Kingman, gayly.

"Who are you ?" said a bronzed pedestrian to a dark-eyed, gypsy-looking boy, who emerged from a thicket of raspberry-bushes by the side of the road.

"Please, sir, I am Ratcatcher," said the boy.

"Ratcatcher, hey ! well, do you know how, my human terrier, to direct me to Bell's Beehives ?"

"Yes, sir, I lives there."

"Correct your plurals, then, Ratcatcher, and lead me to Beehives. Who lives there ?"

"Well, please, sir, Mr. and Mrs. Bell, and the artist gentlemen."

"That is the place I want, then. Shoulder my knapsack, and I will give you a quarter."

Ratcatcher had not been educated to observe beauty, but he did think, as he trotted along by his new acquaintance, that he was a very nice-looking gentleman.

The fact was, Arthurs was a superbly-handsome man, a circumstance which he deeply regretted. There was a singular mixture of pride, modesty, reserve, and simplicity, in his nature, and a love of truth and hatred of humbug, which mounted up beyond a virtue into a fault. To be let alone was a demand of his innermost soul, and when he found, as he grew to manhood, that his good looks increased daily, and that men would admire, and women wildly worship him, his disdain knew no bounds. His horse would eat out of his hand, his dog would follow him, and lie down at his feet wherever he stopped. Men at college found out his worth in spite of him, and would give him position and place. Perhaps it in the end gratified him, but at first his singularly-veiled nature shrank from it. His nature was like a stream—deep yet sluggish—winding lovingly through shady groves and solitary meadows. He loved introspection almost unhealthily, and shrank from the contact of his species. He had the most affectionate nature, and those who loved him, and whom he loved, knew it by a certain language more eloquent than words. Unfortunately, women worship such men, and perhaps follow them and flatter them too much. No matter how he dressed, whether neglectfully or carefully, he looked like an ideal prince of the blood.

This, and his own artistic tastes, gave him a following of artists, men with whom he principally passed his life.

Perhaps the man who held the key to this locked door, this singular and somewhat interesting character, was Henry Fleming, a young clergyman, and a muscular Christian of the high, healthy, English school. Arthurs was swamped in skepticism, but Fleming made no effort to convert him ; he knew his man, and waited.

"If I go to hear you preach, Fleming," he was wont to say, "it is because I like the grace of your speech, not that I believe in your message."

"Well, Arthurs," Fleming would say, "that is then, not the fault of the message, but of the messenger."

Fleming had promised to join Arthurs, and Burgess, and Kingman, at Bell's Beehives. The last three passed several days delightfully together, luxuriating in Mrs. Bell's good butter, clean beds, fine honey, and excellent cooking, before he arrived.

What was Arthurs's horror to see him drive up one evening with four women ! Yes, they had sprung a trap on Arthurs ; and, worst of all, the oldest lady of the party dashed at Arthurs, and bestowed a maternal kiss on his cheek.

This was Miss Myrick, an old friend of his family, a woman he could not but respect, and to whom he must be deferential ; but he was determined to leave Bell's Beehives immediately, as she introduced him to her three nieces, thus :

"My niece, Grace Hopkins, a widow ; two other nieces, Theresa and Louisa Emerson ; Clement Arthurs, son of my oldest friends. Girls, make friends with Mr. Arthurs."

Miss Myrick had been bred a Quaker, and she had been born without sensibilities, so she was perhaps as little fitted to grace the fashionable world as anybody ; but she had a healthy and hearty tone about her, which was not disagreeable. If Arthurs felt at first as if several buckets of cold water had been hastily poured over him, he recovered himself, and made his bow like a good boy. He was, however, disgusted, and determined to beat a speedy retreat.

The summer boarders at Bell's Beehives soon became a conglomerate picnic. They found plenty of lakes to be sailed on, forests to be explored, distant views to be sketched. Arthurs had not at first joined the group at all, but, taking Ratcatcher for a guide, had whipped the streams alone, or sketched by himself some unobtrusive waterfall, some distant or delicate cloud shadow.

In the evening he preferred his lonely cigar on the piazza to the conversation within.

Miss Myrick, however, occasionally dragged him in.

"Come in," said she ; "we are rather foolish here, but anything is better than solitude. Alone, you only despise yourself ; in company you despise others. Come in and despise us."

Arthurs liked the old Quakeress ; and, as for the other women, they let him alone admirably.

"Proverbs, did you say?" said Theresa, as he was entering the room; "yes, we will play proverbs. Each shall give one, which some one else shall answer in verse."

"Good gracious, Miss Theresa!" said Kingman, "do you think we are all Shakespeares?"

"Scarcely inferior, Mr. Kingman. Besides," said Theresa, absent-mindedly, looking straight at Arthurs, "the most stupid people always do better in this game than you had hoped."

"Thank you," said Arthurs, laughing heartily; "thank you for the encouragement. What do we need to play this game with, besides inspiration?"

"Pencils and foolscap. I wonder if in this bevy of artists there is a pencil?"

"Oh, no," said Arthurs, "artists never have any. Farmer Bell has the stump of one with which he keeps his butter-account; we might borrow that."

But Miss Myrick appeared with pencils and foolscap. Games were her delight; she played every description of solitaire, was invincible at bezique, knew whist better than Sarah Battle, and could remember the sequence in "Authors" and "Quotations" with maddening accuracy. She had scotched a new game now; she did not mean that it should escape her.

Theresa led off the game by giving, "Zeal without knowledge is a fire without light."

Miss Myrick gave, "Words are women, but deeds are men."

Burgess gave, "He that hath love in his breast hath spurs in his side."

Mrs. Hopkins gave, sentimentally—

"Follow love, and it will flee;
Flee love, and he will follow thee."

Kingman gave, "It is a hard winter when one wolf eats another."

Louisa Emerson gave, "The Night is the mother of thought."

The Reverend Fleming gave, "He that tells his wife news is but newly married."

While Arthurs brought down the house with this old Saxon proverb: "Wedlock, the first moon is honey, or smick-smack; the second is hither and thither; the third is thwick-thwack; the fourth, the devil take them that brought thee and me together!"

They were drawn in the following order:

Theresa drew the last. Arthurs drew Miss Myrick's; Fleming drew Louisa's; Kingman drew the sentimental lines of Mrs. Hopkins; Burgess found himself relegated to the "Zeal without knowledge," which he said no one but a Tupper could poetize; while Mrs. Hopkins took up Burgess's, "He that hath love in his heart," etc.

Theresa wrote thus:

"He that dares to laugh at wedlock
Grimly shall he punished be!
He shall wed a Lady Dedlock,
Yes, a marble bride has he;
Stately, cold, unnatural woman,
Weeping o'er some hidden grave;
Such shall be thy vengeance, wedlock,
On thy poor and guilty slave!"

"Ah! ah! ah!" said Arthurs, shivering. "Wait

until I run out and get a mustard-plaster. I die, like Zampa, of my marble bride."

Louisa answered to the proverb—"He that tells his wife news is but newly married," with the following:

"Ah! sweet incautious days!
I have no patience with the sage who sings
That there are wiser words, or better things,
Than those which shape themselves to lovers' lays.
What is our wisdom, learned with bitter tears,
What all our prudence, our suspicious fears,
To that sweet confidence, unasked, unsought,
Which grows from out one speech, one heart, one thought?
He who makes love the keeper of his life,
May never fear to trust a loving wife."

"Bravo, Miss Louisa!" said Arthurs. "You rebuke my old Yorkshire proverb more effectually than Miss Theresa has done with all her steel-clad wit."

"Why, Louisa, I didn't know you were a *sentimentalist*!" said Miss Myrick, as if it were an unpleasant thing.

Then came Fleming's turn. "I am required," said he, "to demonstrate that 'Night is the mother of Thought':"

"I own a fair island of palms,
In the heart of a tropical sea,
Which the beautiful genius of Night
Has given fee-simple to me.
The ship which I sail to my isle,
For pilotage uses a star,
Like a Turk, I a crescent unfold,
When my banner floats freely and far."

"On my island I reign like a king,
And I right all the wrongs of the earth;
No sorrows encompass the good,
No evil intentions have birth;
Not tempted are we to inquire
Why the judgments of Fate seem unfair,
We are spared all the insult of doubt,
The ingratitude deep of despair!"

"When I took my last trip to the isle,
Some sadness had traveled with me;
I looked through my cargo in vain,
To throw the poor thing in the sea.
A quarantine strict I enforced
(No regrets were allowed to be brought),
So I uttered my trouble to Night,
Dark Night, the true mother of Thought."

"My handmaid, the goddess of dreams,
Said Night, 'has been going astray,
A scatter-brained damsel is she
(If I could I should send her away).
This errand I gave her to do,
Let a queen to this island be brought;
Trust me to correct her mistake,'
Said Night, the sweet mother of Thought."

"Then suddenly vanished my pain,
And I saw ere the boat touched the shore,
A maiden so gentle and young,
That my heart with its fullness ran o'er.
Ah! vision, delightfully dear!
With promise and happiness fraught!
Go, guard her with tenderest care,
Dear Night, thou sweet mother of Thought!"

"That strikes me as rather an illogical set of verses," said Burgess. "Now, see how I combine logic and poetry:

"If knowledge should fail to prove we are right,
What is light without heat? better heat without light!"

And what do I care for knowledge or zeal,
 If in darkness I sit, and if frigid I feel?
 But if zeal without knowledge leads into the fire,
 Then to knowledge and wisdom I surely aspire.
 Perhaps for myself there's no cause for alarm,
 A little of either will do me no harm;
 But for others I give (although it's been said)
 Be sure you are right, and then go ahead."

"That is very sententious," said Theresa, musing.

"Yes," said Kingman.—"Burgess, step up into the Valhalla of the great popular poets. It sounds as if it meant something, and it really means nothing. If you write a volume, put me down for six copies."

Kingman then read his answer to "Follow Love, and it will flee."

"They say that love is a chase
 Where the game pursues the hunter,
 That the ladies come after us—
 Is that according to Gunter?
 French novels abound in such ladies,
 But none have come hunting for me;
 Should one take a fancy to follow,
 I'll not be the fellow to flee."

"Beautiful, be-a-u-tiful!" said Burgess. "Brown-ing or Story has been pilfered. Miss Myrick, come, give us something high-toned, to take the taste of Kingman out of my mouth."

Miss Myrick did things seriously. So she cleared her throat, and began:

"WINTER IN A BOHEMIAN FOREST."

"It is a hard winter when one wolf eats another."

"Oh! pity! I hear them! the wolves at the door!
 Great Heaven! how have I encouraged thy wrath!
 My children, half starving, lie pale on the floor;
 No food in the cupboard, no fire on the hearth!"

"If Arnold were here, he would put them to flight,
 But he is far off at his work in the wood;
 Each other they eat in their desperate plight,
 For they, like their betters, are angry for food."

"That is not a wolf! what cries do I hear?
 Good God! is he down! yes, he struggles no more!
 He has fought—yes, he dies! for the lives he held dear,
 And now, and forever, the wolf's at the door!"

"O aunt! that is unnecessarily cruel," said Louisa.

"Well, life isn't all folly and love-making," said Miss Myrick, gruffly. She had detected Fleming and Louisa exchanging papers under the table, and she suspected that Christian had begun to notice Christiana. All the others had seen long before that "Night, that sweet mother of Thought," had exported Louisa's image to Fleming's land of dreams—his island and had found its queen.

Arthurs had to answer the brave and contemptuous challenge that "Words are women, but deeds are men," which he did as follows:

"That hard old proverb dates from Cromwell's times,
 As England, roused from the insidious reign
 Of cavaliers, love-jocks, and amorous rhymes,
 Sought hard to purge her Saxon blood from stain.
 Not so had written some crusading knight,
 Who sought for glory 'gainst the infidel:
 To him *her* words were better than all deeds,
 And all his courage came from Isabel.
 Not less than they who followed Charles, I hold,
 The virile magnitude of noble deeds,

But still I know, the inspiration bold,
 Straight from the heart of some good woman speeds,
 The proverb shall be changed, its reading then,
The words of women make the deeds of men."

"Behold the divine influence of woman! Arthurs is reconstructed," said Fleming.

All of them praised this last verse but Theresa. She shot, however, a glance out of a pair of brown eyes which penetrated the armor of the shy and unapproachable man. She had put a crown of laurel on his head, one of those invisible crowns, but not the less priceless for that.

Theresa was a beautiful, strong, peculiar woman, full of moods and caprices, not easily pleased, perhaps not at ease with herself. Society and the world had never been good enough for her. She liked to dance, to dress, and to be admired, and to conquer that realm where violins play, and gas illuminates, and roses bloom and fade, and suppers gratify but to remind us in the morning of our mortality. All this she could do.

Her chestnut hair, her coral mouth, her tall, swaying figure, her clear white and red speaking of health and inward serenity of the body if not of the mind, left nothing for the *jeunesse dorée* to desire in Theresa, except that they might win and wear. But had it satisfied Theresa?

No; there were worlds left to conquer in this rich, womanly nature. She had tried Greek and Latin, been a violet-hooded doctor, like Tennyson's princess; but that had not sufficed. She had only learned that—

"Even in Athens there may be
 A sweeter thing than liberty."

She had tried work in the hospitals and visits to the poor. She had a decided vocation for this last work, but still it did not quite fill the vacuum. "Those iron-clad joys which we call employments" may keep us quiet, but do they still the aching of the heart?

It now came Mrs. Hopkins's turn to read her answer to the proverb, "He who hath love in his breast hath spurs in his side:"

"Why fly so fast, my gallant steed,
 Our journey lies before us—
 Through many a sad and dreary road
 We go ere night comes o'er us!
 Stay! not so fast: yon dim morass
 Will tax thy powers, thy mettle try,
 And we must save thy noble strength
 To climb ere long the mountain high.
 Then stretches far the sandy plain—
 We shall not meet its like again,
 Where dust and heat both come to greet
 And tax the powers of horse and man.
 Spare not thy strength, my noble steed,
 Thine is the power which will and can
 O'ercome the dread of hill or glade!
 Yes, spur thee on, fly, if thy speed
 Can bring thee to my lady's side;
 They only know who bravely ride
 At love's behest how quickly fade
 All obstacles which fear has made!"

"Ah, Mrs. Hopkins," said Kingman, tenderly, "you have taken your horse very prettily over those bars. I do not think even I could have done it better."

"No," said Burgess, "you never get so high as a horse; your highest flight is a kitten; but the brain of this party is become alarming. Miss Theresa, how did you read the undeveloped Tennysons, Cowpers, Byrons and Shelleys, Keatses and Longfellows, Lowells, Bret Hartes, Howellses, and Hays, who were so unconsciously clustering around you?"

"Oh, I am great at reading character," said Theresa.

"Yes," said Arthurs; "she said, you know, that people were rarely so stupid as they looked."

"Rhymes bring ideas," said Theresa, "just as ideas bring rhymes. Sit down and try what you can do, and the most unexpected results flow from your pen."

"Proverbs are good texts," said Fleming. "Who is it that calls a proverb the condensed thought of a century?"

"They are not very complimentary to matrimony," said Kingman.

"Quite as much so as it deserves," said Miss Myrick. "I like my wolf best."

"I wonder if wolves do eat each other?" said Louisa.

"No moral sentiment blunts the edge of their hunger, or of any hunger," said Arthurs. "I was hungry in the Adirondacks, and the provision was two days off. I could have eaten my grandfather."

"I should not like to be left on a desert island with my best friend," said Kingman.

"No; you might unexpectedly break a tooth on a button, and say, as Burton did in the play, 'I have eaten my friend, and, what was worse, I liked him!'"

"How little we can ever know of what the world is suffering around us!" said Mrs. Hopkins.

At this moment there came upon the ear of this comfortable and happy party a loud wail. In the quiet and repose of Bell's Beehives at night there was rarely a sound, except the barking of a dog or the hoot of an owl. This was the cry of a human being in distress.

Theresa jumped up and opened a window.

"It is Ratcatcher," said she.

"Father's dead, father's dead!" wailed the boy. "I want Zaira."

Zaira was the very pretty gypsy-looking girl who "helped" Mrs. Bell in the dairy.

In fact, the gypsy colony, from which Ratcatcher and Zaira were drawn, had been a great source of amusement and help to the summer-boarders at Bell's Beehives. Many a country neighborhood has some outlawed colony, some of the wandering tribes, the children of Ishmael, living part of the year in tents or in hastily-extemporized huts, in some secluded spot.

Who among us, comfortable and well-housed, but has, in a moment of nomadic instinct, envied them their lives of chapleted ease, as they lay on the greensward hugging dear Mother Nature to their very bosoms? Who of us but has still some wild, untamed blood in our veins, some hunger for the dark, eternal forest, the banks of the sparkling river,

the sombre shadow of the mountain, the flitting carress of the dew-drop, the unexpected greeting of the wild-flower?

Old Baltazar, Ratcatcher's father, was a picturesque old thief and outlaw, who would have been a poacher pure and simple had there been any laws against it for him to break; but who exhausted his otherwise baffled instincts in stealing domestic game instead of wild; and was frequently in jail for carrying off a horse, a pig, a calf, or some chickens, as his necessities compelled him, instead of the more picturesque pheasant or rabbit, of English preserves. His wife, a handsome, weather-beaten, poor woman, with her brood of black-eyed, black-browed children, was a pensioner always of good Mrs. Bell. She had the strong virtues of loyalty to her robber lord and of honesty toward the world he regarded as his prey. So she was rewarded for both by frequent beatings, Baltazar's right arm being thus doubly nerved to the noble duties of domestic government.

Of course, the artists had sketched these nomads in many a group. Baltazar was an unrivaled fisherman, a consummate pioneer of partridges; he had been with the gentlemen all summer in their rambles; they knew him well, and were shocked to hear of his sudden demise.

The ladies, fond, too, of little Ratcatcher, and the pretty, picturesque Zaira, ran to rouse her, and to comfort the weeping boy. Death always comes like a thief in the night; we never expect him, the guest we are sure to entertain, the only guest who never fails to come.

Miss Myrick was calmly reading her Bible before going to bed, when Mrs. Hopkins burst into her room with the dreadful intelligence that Theresa and Louisa had gone to the gypsy camp.

"This comes of their hospital-visiting and their foolish philanthropy," said Miss Myrick, who was not up to the advanced theories of the age.

She might well be alarmed; the fever of which Baltazar died was a contagious one, and the gypsy camp was at some distance, a perilous place, with no good name.

The four gentlemen were smoking in the porch when appeared to them Miss Myrick in dressing-gown, slippers, and tears, and begged of them to go after her imprudent nieces.

Theresa and Louisa had stolen away so quietly, and had joined the gypsy children so far away from the house, that at first Arthurs declared that they could not have gone; but, when convinced of that fact, was eager to walk after them, protect them, and to bring them home.

"I declare women are sublime," said Fleming; "the heroism of these young girls, so delicately nurtured, yet so quick in sympathy for the sick and poor. To me, a man and a clergyman, it never occurred that it was my duty to go and help these people. Yet they knew it, and have done it."

"Women are not so sensible as men, nor so selfish," said Arthurs. "They will both have jail-fever for their pains."

But Fleming knew, from a certain tone in his

voice, that Arthurs worshiped the unselfishness which he deprecated.

A walk of a mile brought them to Baltazar's hut. The moon, in full splendor, lighted up the side of a hill on which grew a primeval forest ; a river rippling over many rocks gave that sound which is the nearest thing to silence.

The gypsy huts, here and there glowing with fire-light, or pale with the glimmer of a dim candle, looked as if hiding themselves behind great masses of shadow.

"A background for the great picture of 'Hippolyta and Theseus,' said Kingman.

"There is a picture which none of us could paint," said Burgess.

The young men paused and looked through the open window of Baltazar's hut.

The poor room was lighted by one candle, but the young girls had instituted that best disinfectant—a good wood fire. Ratcatcher, on his knees, with the tears still running down his cheeks, was feeding the flame with pine-cones. On a miserable bed lay Baltazar's wife in a fainting-fit. Louisa stood near her, bathing her forehead.

On another bed lay the dead man, his features having already taken on the dignity which Death can bestow on the meanest of his subjects. Theresa stood here. She had arranged the poor remains with decency, and had spread a white covering over them ; and, pausing in her work, some instinct of divine compassion, perhaps, some unspoken prayer, had induced her to pause and lay her hand on the forehead of the dead thief and outlaw.

In her simple white dress, in her youth and beauty, in her attitude of compassion, she seemed to the men who were silently watching her like a newly-descended angel coming to take away that spotted soul to some realm of purity, where it would be cleansed from its sins.

"This night shalt thou sup with me in paradise," said Fleming, as the great scene of the Christian story came over him.

"This scene makes me a believer," said Arthurs.

"Does she revive?" said Theresa, turning from the dead to the living.

"Yes," said Louisa. "I think her pulse is coming back. Warm some flannels, and we will rub her hands and feet.—Zaira, come and help us restore your mother."

The young men retired to a cairn of stones, to await the termination of this pious work.

Here they soon found themselves surrounded by a number of ill-looking, dirty ruffians—Baltazar's late friends and fellow-gypsies.

"We don't like *gentlemen* spying round our place," said one, sullenly.

"Don't you, my good friend?" said Arthurs. "Well, it didn't occur to us to ask whether you did or not."

In a moment, as if from the ground, rose twenty or thirty men—angry and villainous faces.

"We take care of our own dead ; no clean-shirted gentry for us !" said one.

The muscular Christian, six feet four, armed with a stick, sprang to his full height. He and Arthurs were no vulgar antagonists, but the gypsies were three to one.

"Look here, my fine fellows, we shall wait to walk home with our friends, these young ladies," said Fleming.

"Not a hair of their heads shall be hurt," said one of the ruffians ; "we have seen them at work, and we would die for them, but you must leave."

And as he raised his hand, with something very like a knife in it, Fleming felled him to the earth.

The noise of all this had reached the inmates of the hut, and Baltazar's wife, slowly coming back to consciousness, heard it, and sprang from her bed. It seemed as if some spiritual sense, some magnetic power, some unnatural or supernatural hand had raised her from her unconsciousness, and some voice had told her all.

With a gesture, imperious, grand, natural, strong, she broke from the girls, and in a moment stood among the men ; in a language the gentlemen did not understand she spoke to the gypsies. They slunk away into the darkness from which they had sprung, and the coast was clear for departure.

Theresa and Louisa soon joined their escort, and walked silently home. It was not a moment for conversation, and with a few words of grateful thanks, perhaps a longer whispered good-night than usual between Louisa and Fleming, they separated.

Baltazar was decently buried, with all his new-made friends of the summer about him to give him Christian sepulture. Perhaps no poorer piece of clay ever served a nobler purpose than he had done, but Arthurs remembered, as he thought of this, a little German rhyme :

"Jesus, with patient hand, in clay once wrought
And made a little dove, which upward flew ;
So work, dear sinner, with thine inmost thought,
That, like his dove, it may fly upward too."

And Fleming, on the next Sunday, preached them a noble sermon from St. Paul's splendid exhortation, "Let every soul be subject to the higher powers," and, taking it in its spiritual sense alone, he went on with the noble thoughts, "No one liveth to himself, no one dieth to himself."

To Arthurs these words spoke home. He saw the selfishness of introspection.

Perhaps he was no worse that there sat beside him—the woman that he loved ; she in whom he had seen the simplest and highest virtues ; she who had promised to live and die, to enjoy and suffer, and to try to conquer life with him.

There came other and lighter moments, walks, and drives, and sails, through the now glorified woods, over the more beautiful lakes. Burgess would sit under the trees sketching Ratcatcher, whom Louisa crowned with leaves, so that he looked like one of Murillo's boys.

"Theresa," said Arthurs, remembering one of the proverbs, "you will not be a marble bride, will you?"

"I don't know," said Theresa. "See Louisa talk-

ing to Fleming, as if they had never met before, and Mr. Kingman, how he flirts with Grace Hopkins! I declare Mr. Burgess will have to marry Aunt Myrick."

"Of all the mistakes I ever made," said Miss Myrick, "this coming to Bell's Beehives has been the worst. I wanted an unemotional summer; no flirtations, no nonsense. I will go to Newport and Saratoga next year, and have a rest, thank Heaven! You

will all be married by that time, and engaged in repenting. Instead of the typhoid fever there has been an epidemic of matrimony here; you might have recovered from the one, but the last is utterly incurable.—Mr. Arthurs, I trust you will not have occasion to quote your proverb about 'wedlock' too soon! at any rate, all of you remember, I wash my hands of the whole thing. 'Thou shalt not say I did it,'"

CERAMIC ART AT THE EXHIBITION.

A CAREFUL study of the vast collection of ceramic ware on exhibition at Philadelphia reveals the fact that the various nations of Europe divide their manufactures into about half a dozen different styles, which resemble each other so much in the different countries that it is almost impossible for any one but an expert to distinguish between the majolica of France, England, or Sweden, or even Italy. The reproductions of *faïence* in England, France, Belgium, and Italy, are so similar, and the coarse gray and blue stone-pottery is so alike in Germany to that in England from the Doulton Works, and from some of the other countries, that an amateur can hardly tell which is which. Painted *plaques*, beautiful as miniatures, are equally the product of the Mintons of England and the manufacturers of Berlin and Sèvres and of Belgium; and the opalescent and the clear-cut or engraved glass of Bohemia, of England, or of Venice, is also very similar.

From almost every country the sulphur-yellow and the bright glazed surfaces of majolica have been sent; and, whether it be a portrait-head clearly outlined in a piece of English Minton-ware, or on a party-colored Florentine urn, the impression is much the same. Hundreds and even thousands of these articles are at the Centennial Fair, and vary in size from the little dishes whose bottom is formed of small fish in high-relief, set round with lily-leaves, from the Barbizet French factory, to tall fountains of majolica with dolphins spouting water, from the Doulton Works. Different countries have borrowed their ideas from one another, and modern potters largely reproduce the old forms.

But certain special kinds of pottery and porcelain appear now and then, and of these that of Hungary is one of the most interesting. It seems especially in pottery as if there were nothing new under the sun, for in the Austro-Hungarian department a great collection of beautiful articles are announced as reproductions of ancient forms. In this fine collection are found open-work porcelain dishes, and cups and saucers, delicate as fine straw-work, and tinted in lovely shades, beneath whose lattice-like exterior an inner solid vessel renders the article fit for use. In this Hungarian collection also appear fruit-dishes and vases that are open-work or close, and are covered with most naturally and delicately modeled flowers in bright colors. This porcelain is highly glazed,

and the beauty of its floral decorations brings it near to that we know as the old "queen's ware" of Wedgwood times.

A superb variety of majolica is the Farina artistic ceramic ware, which is an Italian manufacture. A mantel-piece, slab, and vases, are shown of this ware. The mantel-piece is composed almost entirely of very highly-relieved figures; caryatides support entablatures upon their bending heads, and branches of flowers and arabesques as elegant as those of Raphael form the decoration. All these forms are of varied colors, but, as a beautiful supplement to the brilliant colors in which they are painted, the glaze is burnished in golden hues, which make them glow, as their different angles are exposed to the light, with an iridescent richness. This burnished glaze appears on this Italian work only, and, though it may exist on the majolica of other countries, it is only on the Farina ceramics that we have seen this striking addition to the ordinary majolica. Besides the majolica, is also to be seen in this Italian department coarse mosaic work for tiles, made of the little, square bits of glass that form the golden mosaics upon the walls of St. Mark's at Venice. A tile-work unknown, we believe, in America, these specimens afford us an opportunity to see for ourselves one of the most beautiful and interesting styles of mural decoration in the Old World.

In a section of the Exhibition not very far removed from the Italian majolica, Swedish workmanship discloses to us, in the midst of multitudes of articles of porcelain and soft paste, large basket-like dishes made of a fine clay as white and pure as Parian. This is formed into unglazed vessels by interlacing strings of the white clay, which are plaited over and beneath one another. At the joints of the handles or the union of one main section with another, the parts are united by bouquets of the most delicate flowers made of the same white material. Roses with a hundred petals, carnations with the thinnest serrated leaves, and twisted stems so fine that the eye can scarcely follow their wanderings, are here, and a ceaseless wonder to all how shapes as thin as paper can so perfectly keep their sharpness through the processes of modeling and baking the clay. In the Swedish collection, which is among the most varied in the whole Exhibition, there also appears what we had before supposed was a Wedgwood specialty, consisting of the unglazed,

pale-blue jars and vases adorned with raised white classical figures. German porcelain stoves are everywhere famous, and in the Swedish exhibition are shown two of these large and peculiar structures. Green glazed tiles and party-colored slabs compose this sort of furnace, which are as much as eight or ten feet high, and four or five feet square. Urns and figures of men and girls or boys ornament the tops of the stoves, and are as good examples of these articles as an inexperienced American could desire.

Chief in the prominence which excellence and great numbers of articles give, are the English wares of Doulton and Minton; and tiles of every pattern, glazed and unglazed, Moorish and South Kensington, and those that compose into mediæval designs, natural objects or pictured landscapes or *genre* scenes, are to be found. Their *faïence*, too, is admirable; and, when we turn from it to look at that of Limoges, of Gien, and Loiret, in France, the Bernard Palissy *faïence*, we perceive, for the first time, that all of them alike have the same sincere and simple interpretations of Nature well conventionalized, and that there is a similarity of genius between sturdy English character and a portion of the French nation, which made the latter Huguenots and genuine upholders of the Renaissance, and which has no affinities with the other portion of France represented by the customs and the art of Louis XIV. and Louis XV. This French *faïence* is very beautiful, for, on the simple background of a somewhat coarse, whitish pottery, are painted, in broad touches, landscapes worthy of the Netherlands, or birds, insects, or flowers, sometimes in monochrome, and sometimes with Nature's hues, but feelingly and boldly expressed.

The Doultons have a specialty in the decoration of their coarse brown-and-blue pottery, by incised lines, that have given it much celebrity. Upon the glazed surface of jugs and mugs are cut, in narrow lines, donkeys, horses, boys, and fowls, which are drawn nearly with the spirit of Bewick's animals, forming simple pictures in this manner which are full of vivacity and interest.

Interesting pottery is also displayed from Denmark, and here we see very large black or brick-red jars and vases of fine pottery or terra-cotta, rather too symmetrical in style, we fancy, to be exact reproductions of the classical irregularity of Grecian forms, but covered with Pompeian and Greek decorative figures in flat colors. We know a few of the genuine antiques from which these are taken, and the originals are eminently graceful, with their slight variations from these modern imitations. The Danish manufactures are full of interest, and show, besides, the attentive feeling with which different styles of work are regarded by modern Europe.

Bohemian glass has long been among the most prized of the curiosities which the traveler meets with; and green-and-white antique tankards and drinking-vessels, vases, and beer-jugs, painted in richly-colored coats-of-arms, emblems, and lettering, form among the most attractive features in the museums of an-

tiques abroad, as well as the most beautiful bits of *bric-à-brac* in modern glass warehouses. In the confusing multiplicity of blue or white, red or yellow glass that is spread before us in almost endless variety in the Austrian department, this Bohemian production forms by no means an insignificant feature. Finer painting and more beautiful knights with plumes, heraldry, and castles, appeared on some of the tall beakers than we ever saw at Munich or Cologne, and their beauty and variety are alone equaled, to our recollection, by some of the collections of genuine antique vessels in the museums of Germany.

The most completely artistic collection of pottery at the Exhibition is, perhaps, the comparatively small group of the wares of Spain. A couple of pyramidal groups of the manufactures of Seville and Valencia are coarse in the quality of the clay, but they are, without exception, beautiful and picturesque. Here appears the influence of the Moors and of the East, and white porous water-coolers and pilgrims' bottles are as graceful and as individual as the forms seen on antique gems. Glazed vases are here of the cheapest material, but tinted with the dark greens and mellow yellows and blue colors that are the admiration of the rest of Europe in the old tiles of Granada. Odd little handles to these jars are twisted and bunched up together upon their sides, and it is not unfrequently the case that half a dozen sets of these ribbon-like additions grace the sides of an article.

In the pottery that forms this great exhibition none surprised us more by its finish and excellence than the few unglazed vases from Brazil. Like the Danish imitations of classical jars, the gray-and-white Brazilian pottery is decorated in the most admirable manner with outlined and flat-tinted figures, Egyptian and Greek. The forms of the vases are as fine as those of Europe, and the pottery itself is of as good clay and as highly finished. In view of our own yet backward state in this branch of industrial art, it is astonishing that a nation younger than the United States is so far in advance of us.

While the pottery and the porcelain of Europe far surpass our own, and we admire in turn the colored, the painted, the cut, and engraved glass, the flowers and spun glass, and the blown glass of Munich, England, or Venice, the magnificent display of glass from the various factories of the United States puts us on a footing of equality in respect to the work in pure white glass. Nothing could be more brilliant than the glow of the millions of facets cut on the sides of fruit-dishes, goblets, jugs, and pitchers, from the Sandwich Glass-works of Massachusetts. Crimson and amber bowls are crusted over with a rich surface that resembled frost-work; very pure and thin white goblets are also here, and the engraved vines, fruits, or flowers, are as beautiful in their kind as those of the kindred factories of other lands.

The collection of porcelain and pottery which most powerfully impresses the imagination of the American visitors to the Exhibition, both from its

pompous splendor and the multiplicity of articles, is that of Japan; and a brief account does but scant justice to a department that might tax the narrative powers of Scheherezade in the "Arabian Nights" adequately to describe. We are familiar with the peculiarities of Kioto, Satsuma, and Tokio porcelain and pottery, and know by heart the buff Kioto with its brilliant colors; we know the crackle also, and can tell at a glance the blue or red Japan porcelain, decorated with the favorite rose or chrysanthemum, for the sight of them meets us in every fine china-shop or private dwelling. But the Arita porcelain in the Japanese collection is much more rare, and is sumptuous and splendid beyond any other. Here are displayed a variety of lacquered-porcelain forms—jars, vases, and other objects—but chief among them are two immense jars resembling in shape elongated pineapples. They are six or eight feet high, and graceful and tall as palm-trees. The color of the body of these vases is a bluish-white, and this is covered closely with a fine blue pattern. The blue decoration would have made them elegant without any addition, but this close pattern forms but a background over which the Japanese artist has elaborated large forms in color, and lacquered shapes sumptuous in the extreme—the graceful necks of peacocks, swung around the long necks of the vases, with sweeping tails that occupy nearly half the length of the vases. They are painted above the blue under-pattern, and gold inlaid in lacquer-work makes the feathers of the tails, which is sometimes burnished brown gold, and in other places red, and green, and pink gold; while the eyes of the peacocks' tails show the blue of the under-pattern beneath them. Tufts of palm-trees, very large, of gold-lacquer, shine like big stars upon the sides of these vases, and are very conspicuous above the under-color. The habit of gilding in Japan with different colors of gold is very splendid in its results, for no substance combines better than gold with other tones or colors. We wish the custom might be adopted here of mixing broken tones of paint into our gilding, as in the case of these Arita vases, where we see streaks running through the pure surface of the metal that resemble the dust of vermilion or particles of emerald-green or rose madder.

Besides these superb jars, there is a splendid collection of whitish vases, whose surface resembles the polish of the inside of a shell. Not entirely flat, the glaze upon these articles is most brilliant. But the chief attraction consists of lovely leaves and flowers, ivy and grape leaves, of natural colors, and shaped and indented, veined and twisted, like those of Nature. This porcelain in its texture looks as if it might consist of shell, and, though its color is white, its glaze makes it iridescent to the degree we often see in the inside of an oyster-shell. Some other vases in this group are formed of blue and gold frosted in rough surfaces, and varied by white, unglazed ornaments. In this collection there are no more richly-colored pieces of pottery or porcelain than various old plates and covered jars. Some irregularly-shaped bowls are here besides, as indi-

vidual in form as the primitive lamps in the Cesnola collection at the Metropolitan Gallery, that appear to have been bent by the fingers into their pleasant forms. These old articles, which are formed of coarse, gray glazed porcelain and pottery, are painted in very deep and rich maroons, greens, sulphur-yellows, and purples, so dark that in places they appear nearly black. The key-patterns, or the little leaves that the colors form, are of a most irregular shape; and this indication of their being hand-work gives them a vastly greater charm than is derived from the most precise printed patterns painted with a stencil-plate upon European china. The colors, too, are quite irregular in their depth of tone, and greens run from a deep-bronze color to a pale apple-green in the same figure from no motive apparently, except that the designer's brush had become empty of color, and he thought it unnecessary to mix more. This pottery is very highly glazed, and resembles in texture our ordinary milk-pans and bean-pots.

Side by side with these Japanese productions stand the Chinese, which, though not so numerous as their neighbors, have many of the same characteristics. A ware which has been familiar to us much longer than that of Japan, it is chiefly by its ancient china that we now prize it; and of this there is a large amount. In the present collection at Philadelphia there is a great deal of the heavy blue china which is used for garden-seats; and here is found, too, an almost indefinite variety of forms and patterns of cups and saucers, dinner-sets and fancy articles, each good of its kind, but dimmed by the overshadowing splendor of the Japanese articles. There is none of the enameled porcelain here so magnificent and valuable, we think, but it is a collection only less charming than that from its sister empire.

While the nations of Western Europe vie with one another in the purity of their porcelain and pottery, in the variety of shape and of decoration, and in the geometrical precision of the forms of the articles and the perfect regularity of the figures upon them, it seems to have been reserved for the simpler nations to make the most purely artistic articles of ceramic ware. As the European wares have a sort of family likeness, and bear the imprint of having been formed by mechanical means, so the wares of India, Peru, Egypt, and the remains of the same methods of thought in the Spanish articles we have described, show their pitchers and their water-coolers, their jars and their drinking-vessels, to have been formed by very simple machinery or by human fingers. Many of us in New York are familiar with the multitude of Etruscan and Cyprian articles at the Cesnola collection, and we recall how charmingly the lip of a pitcher has been pinched into its shape apparently by a finger and thumb; and we remember the multitude of cups that are formed by bending up the sides of a flat disk of clay as we nowadays form drinking-cups on an emergency by doubling up the edges of a big green leaf. These old primitive forms have a peculiar charm from the same peculiarities in the soft, porous, unglazed pot-

tery of Egypt or of India, of Peru, of the British colonies in the Pacific, or in Africa or South America. There is never an exactly straight line in one of them, and no curve perfectly reproduces its mate. But, like the little cups of moss that we see growing upon the rocks, each has a peculiar grace of its own, and whether it be in the beautiful Cyprian glass vessels in the Cesnola collection, or in the Spanish pottery we have described in Philadelphia, they bear an impress of human irregularity that is more charming than anything made in a mill or turned out of a mould. The modern philosophers think they have discovered that the irregularity of the Greek curve, the *entasis*, was matter of mathematical calculation on the part of those old builders, and such may have been the case; but, when we see demonstrated continually the similarity and the identity of the uncorrupted artistic sense in all nations not overburdened by minds too analytical, the pure forms of the Etruscan vases and of Greek temples take their place in the same category with the odd and lovely jars from India or Peru in the Centennial collection. After looking at the elaborate beauty of the English potteries, the sight of the queer dabs of forms of color

on the Egyptian glazed tiles in the Exhibition, the barbaric paint on articles from far up the Nile, and the primitive decoration on the Egyptian jars, which are the same now that they were three thousand years ago, is at once a rest and an excitement. All these latter articles are poor, and the paste of which they are made is very imperfect compared to any in use by more cultivated nations; but, after gazing at splendid Sèvres or Dresden china, Minton or Barbi-zet, we return with pleasure to look again on the odd and graceful forms from Spain or Egypt.

Taken as a whole, this collection of pottery and porcelain at Philadelphia surpasses in its educational uses anything that can be seen in any museum. A fine shop like Tiffany's has, perhaps, more costly "bits" of Dresden or Sèvres; and Capo di Monte *faïence*, or Wedgwood, can be found by themselves, but this collection shows on what the minds of many nations are at the present time occupied in this direction of industrial art, and as the present contains in it the results, to a certain extent, of all past ages, we are able to gather an impression, at the Philadelphia Exhibition, of what the world has done in this branch of industry.

MARIANNE.

BY GEORGE SAND.

I.

"WHEN you pass along the thickets, on that lean horse that looks like a wild-goat, of what are you thinking, beautiful dreamer? When I say beautiful, . . . you are not so, you are too slender, too pale, you want brilliancy; and your eyes, which are large and black, have not the least sparkle of life. But when you pass along the thickets, without suspecting that any one can be there to see you appear and disappear—what are the object of your ride and the subject of your reverie? Your eyes look straight before them, and have a far-off gaze. Perhaps your thoughts go as far as your eyes; perhaps they sleep, concentrated on yourself."

Such was the inner soliloquy of Pierre André, while Marianne Chevreuse, after riding at a slow pace under the walnut-trees, passed before the stream, and moved off at a gallop to disappear at the turn of the rocks.

Marianne was a country-girl, the owner of a good farm, bringing in an income of about five thousand francs, which represented in the country a capital of two hundred thousand francs. She was looked upon as a good match, and yet, though she was twenty-two years old, she was still unmarried. She was called too fastidious, and too much inclined to originality, a fault more unpardonable than a vice in the eyes of the persons around her. They reproached her for loving solitude, and they could not comprehend that, an orphan twenty-two years old, she should have refused the offer of her relatives in the town, an uncle and two aunts, without speaking of two or

three cousins, who had desired to take her as a boarder, and to introduce her to the world, where she would have found an opportunity for a good establishment.

La Faille-sur-Gouvre was not an unimportant town. It counted four thousand inhabitants, thirty families of citizens worth from a hundred to three hundred thousand francs, a larger number of official personages well known for many years; finally, a suitable number of marriageable men, among whom an heiress, however exacting she might be, could not fail to make her choice.

Marianne had preferred to remain alone in the country-house that her parents had left her in good condition, sufficiently furnished, and in a charming locality of hills and uncultivated woodland, about two miles and a half from La Faille-sur-Gouvre. The country, situated toward the centre of France, possessed a remarkable tranquillity, especially fifty years since, the epoch to which this simple story relates. In the memory of man no mournful drama had taken place there. The countryman possesses a gentle and well-regulated character. He is a proprietor, and respects his neighbors, in order to be respected by them in his turn. The houses are, however, sparsely scattered in the region where Marianne and Pierre André lived, on account of the great extent of waste-land and underwood, that offer few resources for a small estate, and which, besides, belong in great lots to the important persons of the province.

Pierre André was nearly forty years old, and during the last year only he also had lived a retired

life in the country, not far from Marianne Chevreuse, in a modest little house, which he was occupied in putting in order, with the intention of ending his days there.

Thus, while the young woman was commencing in some degree a life of isolation and reverie, seeking perhaps in the future a solution that she did not yet find, the man, already mature, who was her god-father, neighbor, and the friend of her childhood, pretended to break with the past, and to rely no longer only upon repose and forgetfulness in a retreat in harmony with his tastes.

Pierre André had, however, been ambitious, like others of his race. Intelligent and studious, he had felt himself fit for anything during his youth. His mother had been proud of his first studies, and found little difficulty in believing that there was in him the material for a great man. Father André, poor and avaricious, had unwillingly consented that he should study law at Paris; but he had so carefully spared the money-supplies that the child had nearly died from privation, without seeing the issue to this cruel existence. He conversed marvelously well, he wrote still better; but he was afflicted with a timidity that would never permit him to appear in public, and make manifest his ability outside the circle of his intimate friends. He did not then dream of being a barrister, and, as to becoming an attorney or a notary, besides that he had a horror of chicanery, he knew that his father would never consent to alienate his territorial estate to purchase an office for him. If he had wished to take this heroic course, Pierre would not have consented to it. He did not feel that special aptitude that would have assured the future of his parents. He studied law, then, only for the acquittal of his conscience, and devoted himself to other studies, but without reaching that proficiency in any one of them which would make it a resource for the future. He loved the natural sciences; he appropriated their principal elements without any other design than that of opening his mind to the powers of comprehension and to the faculties of examination which he possessed. He had the ability to write; he wrote much, and published nothing. He did not dare, fearing mediocrity. At last he found employment, that of tutor for two young men of good family, whom he took charge of, and accompanied in their travels.

II.

To travel was his dream. He traveled usefully for his pupils, for he gave them good ideas of general history and of natural history under an agreeable form. He passed with them through Europe and a part of Asia. He was intending to set out for America, when the severe illness of their father called them home. In consequence of this illness the father became infirm, and the sons remained to put themselves at the head of his banking-house; then the vocation of Pierre André ceased.

He was thirty-five years old, and the possessor of ten thousand francs, the result of his economy. His parents entreated him to purchase some land,

and settle near them. He passed some weeks with them, and grew weary of a life restrained in every sense, to which he was no longer accustomed. He had acquired a taste for traveling, and soon departed for Spain, which he had not satisfactorily explored; he next passed to Africa, and when he had exhausted his little fortune he returned to Paris, where he sought for a new employment. Fortune did not favor him; he found nothing but unimportant duties in the offices of various administrations, and was forced to resign himself to lead the tedious life he knew so well, working for subsistence, and asking himself, "What is the use of living when only a monotonous, sad, and wearisome existence can be attained?"

The sudden death of his father, after a long illness without alarming symptoms, recalled him to his aged mother, in the heart of the wild vales of the Gouvre.

The poor woman, who had continued to nourish illusions in regard to him, was dismayed when she learned that he returned without capital after so many years of exile and labor, and that he considered himself fortunate in having solved the problem of living on an insufficient salary without incurring debt. She accused Paris, the government, and society generally, of injustice and blindness in not having appreciated the merit of her son. He could never make her understand that, in order to open a path in a crowd, great patronage or a certain audacity is necessary, and that he was especially wanting in the last quality. Pierre, with the appearance of gayety, communicative and inclined to raillery, had an insurmountable fund of self-distrust. He feared the ridicule that is attached to disappointed ambition, and knew how neither to complain nor to entreat the assistance of others. He had friends who had never seen him suffer, so proudly did he conceal his misery, and who had never assisted or consoled him, imagining that, thanks to his natural sobriety, and to his character stoically playful, he was happier than themselves.

Pierre had, however, suffered bitterly; not from material privations with which his mind was unwilling to be occupied, but from that disheartening and implacable solitude that surrounds an obscure man without resources. He was enthusiastic and artistic in every sense, but without knowing how to pass from sentiment to practice, and from inspiration to business. He had a taste for attending the theatres; the theatre is a superfluity that he ought to have refused. He liked painting, and was a good critic, but, to complete the studies required, bread was necessary, and he had it only on the condition of gaining it day by day. He had a fancy for politics and any medium for the development of ideas, with too much skepticism, however, to become the Corypheus of a man or party. He had felt love with a grievous intensity, but without hope, for he was always enamored with superior types beyond his reach. During entire months he was carried away with a passion for Pasta, whom he had seen two or three times upon the stage, and whom he waited for, every evening of her performance, at the actors' entrance,

that he might see her pass and disappear like a shade. He had loved, also, Mademoiselle Mars; he had dreamed of her voice, her look, until he had become ill and despondent.

In his passion for stars he had forgotten to regard what was within his reach, and when the opportunity for loving reasonably was offered to him he had said reason is the opposite to love. He had then revived his enthusiasm for the beauties of Nature formerly enjoyed, and he had taken an uncontrollable desire to see once more the Alps or the Pyrenees; he had asked himself why he could not have the cynicism of the Bohemian, why this foolish vanity of having linen and fitting clothing when it was so easy to travel over the whole world in rags, and in stretching out the hand to the passers-by. He envied the fate of the vagabond who goes into the depth of the desert, content if he meets the hospitality of the savage, careless if he is obliged to sleep under the starry sky, happy provided that he moves and changes the horizon every day.

And in these moments of absolute disgust he had thought with extreme depression that he was a man below mediocrity in every point, without will, without activity, without conviction, incapable of those great resolutions that transform the medium in which one is inclosed, an unclassed provincial susceptible of becoming intoxicated at the sight of the splendor of civilization or Nature, but too timid or too proud to throw himself there at any risk, and dreading even the censure of the door-keeper.

III.

HUMILIATED by his inability to draw from himself the means of obtaining at least independence in the bosom of civilization, he had returned to the fold, accepting with satisfaction the first serious duty that was offered to him, that of consoling and sustaining the old age of his mother. Above all, he wished to shield her from the privations he had endured. The good woman required very little for nourishment and clothing, but the dilapidated dwelling that she had occupied for fifty years threatened her health. Pierre had it repaired and enlarged, devoting to this purpose the principal portion of a bag of old crowns found in the paternal treasury.

Dolmor, such was the name—perhaps of Druidical origin—of the estate, was worth about fifty thousand francs. With the revenue of so moderate a capital, a small country household could live at this epoch in comparative ease, eat meat once or twice a week, and have vegetables, eggs, and the material for milk-diet of its own raising. One male domestic is sufficient, if there is a horse to care for, as the countrywoman herself attends to the cooking and the housekeeping with the help of the farmer's wife. But the horse was a rare luxury at that time. The farmer's mare did the necessary errands, and her keeping entered into the expenses of running the farm. Now every peasant in easy circumstances has his cart and horse. In 1825 it was unusual to meet a villager protected by an umbrella, and the coun-

trywoman went to town mounted behind her farmer or ploughman.

Mademoiselle Chevreuse, much richer than André, gave rise to many remarks by her audacity in riding alone upon her horse, and her English saddle was a curiosity for the passers-by. Her horse was very unpretentious; it was a colt of the country, brought up in her meadows, and trained to know her and to follow her like a dog. Her farmer had made a great outcry when she declared her intention to keep her for her own use. She was obliged to give him half her value, which did not prevent every one on the farm from lamenting over the dangers to which the young woman would be exposed.

The mare was ill-favored, and always lean in spite of the good care of her mistress; she possessed the nature of a horse of the wild moor, ardent and sober, flexible in her gait, skillful on bad roads, gently playful, but without malice, afraid of nothing, docile from attachment to her owner, but not willingly allowing herself to be ridden by any other person.

Marianne, living alone, felt the need of social intercourse, if it were only an hour a day, with persons somewhat cultivated. Her parents had been intimately acquainted with those of Pierre, and she had kept up the same friendly relations with the aged mother André. She went every evening to play a game of cards, or to talk with her till her bedtime, nine o'clock at the latest. Then Marianne returned alone in a few minutes, thanks to the long and continuous canter of Suzon, who was too well acquainted with the road to stumble against a pebble in dark nights.

Pierre had, so to speak, seen Marianne born. When he was already an advanced student, Marianne hardly walked, and he carried her in his arms or on his back. From year to year he had found her growing up, without thinking of being less familiar with her; then he had returned to the country only at long intervals, and remarked that the beauty of the little neighbor did not carry out the promise of her childhood. He had believed her afflicted with some chronic malady, and had manifested for her a friendship mingled with solicitude. At last, he had been absent five whole years, and when he came to be established permanently at Dolmor he found his god-daughter by the side of his aged mother, consoling her as well as she could, and aiding her to await the arrival of the child so long desired.

Then Marianne changed her course, and no longer came every evening to amuse and care for her aged neighbor; she chose the days when Pierre was absent, or rather those when, absorbed by some labor, he begged her to come and play games with Madame André.

This continued for a year, and Pierre thought but little of studying the character of Marianne. He had returned overwhelmed with two burdens equally heavy, the disgust of a disenchanted past, and the fear of a future divested of all illusion. He did not conceal from himself that his life, passed in abstaining from happiness, would be still more insupportable, if he did not obliterate in it in an absolute

manner even a dream of happiness of any kind whatever. He had resolved to submit to his destiny, to struggle no longer against the impossible, to have a spirit as unpretentious as his character, to become utterly selfish if it were attainable, or at least practical, desirous of his ease, jealous of his security, since there was but this one good thing to hope for, the certainty of not dying of hunger and cold in the depths of a garret, or of disease of the blood on the bed of a hospital.

And yet, for some days, Pierre André was the victim of a kind of fever. The improvement of his house and garden, which had absorbed and interested him sufficiently thus far, was nearly finished. Besides, he had received a letter that, for some unaccountable reason, had deeply troubled him.

IV.

THIS letter was from M. Jean Gaucher, a former trader at La Faille-sur-Gouvre, now established for ten years at Paris, and doing there a prosperous business. "My dear André, I have a great favor to ask of you, which will probably cost you only the interchange of some words. You know that my son Philippe, much more frivolous, much less studious, than his younger brother, has thrust himself into the arts, and pretends to be a painter. He has taste, mind, a good heart, little judgment, less forethought. Finally, you are acquainted with him, and, such as he is, you have some friendship for him. He must be married. He has cost me already not a little money, and has never yet earned any. Will he be more successful in future? I rely little upon him; but I can give him a hundred thousand francs to establish him, and, as he is amiable and a fine fellow, as our family is honorable and my name without stain, he may hope to find a young lady worth double that sum. In this position he will be able to live without work, since this is his dream, and to amuse himself with painting since this is his taste; but it will be desirable that the young lady should have moderate ideas, and in Paris this would be a rare bird. In our good and honest country, such a person may be met with, and I have cast my eyes on the little Chevreuse, who is in a good position in regard to fortune, and who has been brought up in the country. I know her parents, who were honest persons, and I saw her last year at La Faille. She is not very beautiful, but she is not homely. In your last letter you praise her amiable conduct toward your mother; and, since she is still unmarried, I think that my son will suit her. Therefore, my dear friend, I send my Philippe to you for a week. He will be at your house on the 7th of this month. He is not averse to the marriage, but he would not wish for a plain-looking wife, or one who has been badly brought up. He will see Marianne Chevreuse at your house, and if she does not displease him you will be able to settle the affair during his visit or soon after his departure. I count upon your old friendship, and I will do as much for you in return."

Why did this common and simple letter cause such a strong irritation to Pierre André? At first, he found

that M. Jean Gaucher acted very cavalierly with him. Gaucher was rich, and yet, in his days of direst distress, Pierre had never felt intimate enough with him to ask for the least assistance. Perhaps this old friend of his youthful years might have been able to divine without too great effort that Pierre needed everything, and to offer him at least a suitable situation in his house. As a practical man, he had carefully guarded against such thoughts, under the pretext that Pierre was a man too learned and too distinguished not to be able to do better.

Pierre did not owe him any gratitude, and found him indiscreet in sending to him a guest who would feel little pleasure in his hospitality, and who would not indemnify him intellectually for the loss of his time. He was very little acquainted with the young man, and, although he had been on intimate terms with him when very young, he felt no sympathy for him. He had always found in him too much assurance for his age. Besides, he had not seen him for three or four years, and he had not received sufficient information in regard to him to recommend him for a husband to any girl, much less to Marianne, whom he respected as an irreproachable person, and to whom he was attached from sympathy, gratitude, and the kind of adoption that the title of godfather creates.

His first movement was to reply:

"My dear Gaucher, you have invested me with a function for which I feel myself entirely unfit. Having never known how to serve myself, how could I serve others in an enterprise as delicate as marriage? Your project also appears to me chimerical. Mademoiselle Chevreuse! you have forgotten that she is twenty-five years old, will probably find Philippe too young, and I do not even know that she has not renounced the idea of giving up her freedom. To ask her what she thinks in this respect would appear to me, as to myself, an indiscretion that I am not yet of an age to commit."

"Old fool!" cried Pierre André, inwardly, breaking in upon his letter; "what are you writing? Gaucher will laugh at you. He is sixty years old, and he believes that everybody is of his own age. And then you do not tell the truth! Why should you not speak of love and marriage to your goddaughter? She would not be sorry to see you work for her happiness, and she would tell you, without blushing and without trembling, that she wishes very much to see the suitor in question. More than this, if she learned hereafter that you sought to get rid of him, what would she think of you? No; the letter must not be sent. I will write that, obliged to be absent, I beg the Gauchers to choose another ambassador."

V.

PIERRE ANDRÉ tore up his letter; but, at the moment of writing another, he calculated that it would not leave La Faille-sur-Gouvre until the next day, that it would require two days to arrive in Paris, and that it would not be distributed until the day and perhaps after the hour of Philippe's departure for La Faille. It was, then, too late to send his

refusal, and M. Jean Gaucher had assumed his consent.

He resigned himself to his fate, and went to walk along the Gouvre, in order to dissipate his ill-humor by a stroll through the charming plains where this limpid stream flows. Here, concealed by the willows festooned with white bind-weed and wild balsams, he saw Marianne pass, as very often happened, without producing in him any appreciable emotion. This time her presence troubled him, and, instead of addressing her with a friendly salutation, he hid in the branches, and began to examine himself with an irony slightly tinged with bitterness.

What he then said is the continuation of the soliloquy placed at the commencement of our story; but it was a written soliloquy—Pierre loved to write: he had always felt the vocation fermenting within him under the form of outbursts which needed expression for completion. These inward commotions had tyrannized over his life without making it fruitful, because he repelled without wishing to translate them. He imagined on this day that he would be master of his agitation if he took the trouble to discuss it.

He always had with him a large-sized note-book, and he often filled it in his morning-walk. In love with natural history, painting, and archaeology, he jotted down remarks, sketched many times the outlines of a ruin or a landscape, and, as he had not renounced the love and enjoyment of Nature and art, he often found that his observations took a form descriptive rather than literary.

"My misfortune," said he, "is reverie. I evaporate like a fog in the sun. When I fix my enjoyment by expression I feel better for it. Why should I not try at this time to fix my suffering, for I suffer, Satan knows why, and I should suffer a long time thus without discovering it myself. Let us come out of vagueness, free ourselves from thoughtlessness, see what it is! If I can reduce it to a formula, it is that it exists; otherwise it is nothing, and will entirely pass away."

While chatting thus with himself, Pierre had cut his pencil and opened his album; seated on the grass in the shade of the willows and alder-bushes, he wrote:

"For a week I have been weary of everything. My hermitage does not realize my pleasant dream. I would like it covered with moss, adorned with vines and clematis. Instead of all I have planted serving for tapestry, I see nothing but walls of a loud whiteness, with their frames of bricks strikingly new. Fortunately, my mother admires everything, and hopes to live a hundred years in this place. Poor, dear woman! Long may she live to take pride and pleasure in her home! I will bear the unmeasurable *ennui* that will perhaps consume me!

"I say again perhaps. Who knows? I have thought for a long time that, having so many faculties for aspiration and regret, I should have some for renunciation and composure; but the equilib-

rium is destroyed, or rather is not yet established. Am I too young or too old? Am I a man worn out or broken down? What matter, if the result is the same?

"I am rather a man being consumed. The wild beasts have half-eaten me; the only use of what remains of my heart is to make me feel what is wanting.

"Of what use are these complaints? Whither go these vain murmurs? Who will ever be interested in them? My mother must not know them; what other heart than hers would feel the wound?

"Marianne! Ah, well! what! Marianne? I think of her because she is the only person who, with my mother, constitutes the intimate companionship of my life; but there is too great a difference between us for me to associate her with my reveries—difference of age, experience, reflection.

"Marianne, however, seems to reflect; but she talks so little! Neither her manners nor her physiognomy has ever indicated any necessity for pouring out her feelings.

"I believe that she is very happy! Her character possesses a surprising equanimity. Her health, apparently so frail, and concerning which I have been troubled for a long time, is health that has been subject to every trial. Cold, heat, rain, snow, long rides, watching, nothing injures it. She has passed I know not how many nights at the bedside of the sick—at my father's especially. My mother was exhausted with fatigue. Marianne was strong and unmoved. She has not much sensibility—she did not weep when my mother wept; but she was always there, and succeeded in diverting her mind. She is certainly generous and good, courageous and faithful.

VI.

"If I were ten years younger, and had a hundred thousand francs more, I should certainly have aspired to make her the companion of my life. She would not have inspired me with love—at least I think so; she would have inspired me with a high esteem, a boundless confidence—this would have been enough for happiness. No; I shall never be happy on these conditions! I have loved—I have loved passionately, without hope and without expansion. Love is a delirium, an enthusiasm, a dream that can be born only from an impossible and violent state of things. When the joy and despair of feeling it have been experienced, sure and peaceful unions have no charm or virtue to heal these deep burns. Therefore, why cause unhappiness to an honest and worthy creature who cannot help it?

"Unhappiness! Would Marianne be capable of suffering more or less from affection? Yes, if she were capable of loving; but it is not probable that she is. From fifteen to twenty-five the life of a woman is subjected to the storm of the senses or of the imagination, and Marianne has traversed this fearful crisis without saying a word to throw herself into it, or free herself from it. She has a soul cold or strong; now she is saved—she has doubled the tempestuous cape—she is petrified; both her taste and

her inclination tend toward immobility—negative benefit of a country-life, such as we lead here—stupid and cold happiness that I aspire to for myself without hoping to find it so soon.

"Have I, then, ten years to suffer thus before growing cold? If I asked Marianne the secret of her victory, she would not understand me, or she would not reply to me; she would think me absurd for not having divined it; and I am indeed absurd, for I cannot divine it at all.

"The fact is, that few men are capable of understanding and becoming acquainted with women. Generally those that fascinate us and repel us remain enigmas for us. Those who yield to us lose all prestige, and when the intoxication of the senses has been exhausted little interest is felt in following the movements of the soul. Under this relation, marriage is a tomb. I congratulate myself in being too old and too poor to allow myself to lay hold of it.

"It is my opinion that I have thought of nothing noteworthy during the quarter of an hour that I have been writing. I reread without comprehending; I can only detect there the spur of a foolish curiosity whose object is Marianne. I am troubled and anxious, Marianne is serenity personified. By what right does she pass before me like a reproach and an irony without deigning to suspect that I am there, without feeling a presentiment that I am unhappy? Certainly she is not armed as I should be, with philosophy and experience; she is a child by the side of me; no struggle has disciplined her powers, no deception has blighted her spiritual perceptions."

"Ah, well! for this very reason she is stronger. She has lost nothing of herself, she has not been eaten by wolves and vultures; she is without stain, and lives with her whole life; however little intensity there may be to the inner flame, it is sufficient, and what remains to me serves only to consume me."

Pierre shut his note-book and put it in his pocket. He remained some minutes contemplating the dragon-flies that were pursuing each other over the circling water of the stream. He remarked the affinity that exists between the wings of these beautiful insects and the variegated color of the running water. He found also a relation between the movement of the little waves and the graceful motion of the insects' wings. He reopened his note-book, dashed off some tolerably good verses, in which he called the dragon-flies "daughters of the stream" and "souls of the flowers;" then, shrugging his shoulders, he blotted out his poetry and resumed his way to Dolmor, saying to himself that he had taken a walk without profit and without pleasure, but at least without fatigue and without restraint. This was always better than the long walks formerly taken through the bad odors and the dust of Paris, with some insipid labor for the end. In this time, very near to him still, how often he had said when entering a dusty office or a sombre counting-room:

"My God! a tree on the border of the Gouvre and the leisure to see the flow of its clear water! . . . It is very little that I ask, and you refuse me!

"I am ungrateful," said he, walking on. "I have what I dreamed of, and I am not content."

When he arrived at the turn of the rocks, he walked on with a firm step, his eyes fixed on the ground, attentive to a fly, a blade of grass, thinking that everywhere on these sandy pathways, blooming with heather-roses and arrow-headed broom, he could contemplate a poem or surprise a drama, while on the pavements of great cities he had seen nothing but vileness and impurity. And then his fancy took flight to the high mountains, he saw the snow transformed into diamonds by the sun, the needles of blue ice on the rose-colored sky—and suddenly, believing that he had arrived at the door of his cottage, he perceived his mistake. He had, at the turn of the rocks, taken the left instead of the right, and he found himself at the door of Validat, the home of Marianne.

VII.

VALIDAT was an estate well kept for the country and for the age, but this did not prevent a dung-heap from rising in the middle of a pond of filth without drainage, and the farmers' house from being invaded by the animals of the backyard. It was the time of the year when the oxen were not working and did not yet go to pasture. The mowing had not commenced. To wear away the time for these good animals, they were allowed to move about in the yard, the gate of which, made of open-work, was closely shut. For a lock to this gate, a wreath of interlaced branches was passed between the first two spokes, and hung upon a cart-nail driven into the bark of an old tree that serves for a post. This wreath being raised, the heavy and long gate rolled back upon hinges fastened to another tree or to a stump. The inclosure was a declivity surrounded with a thorn-hedge, or with dry thorns cut and laid regularly on the beaten earth. That which inclosed the farmhouse of Validat was ancient and very beautiful. It was composed of plants that had come by chance into a rich soil; black and white thorn, elder-bushes, flowering-briers, hazelnut-bushes, the extremities of the longest oak-branches, from which divides on each side a long branch bent and entwined with the neighboring stumps, the whole garlanded with hops and wild-ivy. The declivities were covered with velvet mosses, and the little ditch was green with the water-cress, veronica, and arrow-weed.

Pierre, perceiving that he had wandered from his path, and thinking that he had nothing to say to Marianne worth the trouble of disturbing her, did not raise the wreath of branches that served for a padlock to her gate, and retraced his steps, blaming himself for his absence of mind.

But the apartments of the young lady, which had a back-door opening upon the working-yard, fronted in the opposite direction, and looked out upon the garden, situated on the south. Ordinarily the dwelling-house of the master, composed of a simple ground-floor, looks out upon the domain, on the manure-heap, the domestic labor, the cattle, that he can watch, and that he loves to contemplate at all times. Marianne had changed this disposition; she

had closed her windows, leaving only a door through which she could communicate at any minute with her small world. Upon the opposite front of the building she had opened a new window and a glass door. The lower part of the house presented on this side nothing but a sombre wall, enlivened by a great yellow jasmine, a fragrant clematis hanging in a thousand tufted festoons, and pyramids of variegated althea. She had had the soil covered with flagstones to the width of thirteen feet, and a tile penthouse protected from dampness this kind of veranda, inclosed with flowers and shrubs, with a path opening in the middle and extending to the end of the garden, a small garden, but charming, and differing little from those of the well-to-do peasants around; one or two squares of vegetables, with pink and rose-bushes for a flower-garden, borders of thyme and lavender; in a corner the ancient box, destined for palms on Palm-Sunday; farther on, the orchard, covering with its untrimmed branches a fine greensward; around the whole, the traditional arbor of vines, with its hedge, like that of the farm-yard, and its fence of tree-branches inclosed with dry thorn.

In this solitary garden Marianne Chevreuse read or worked with her needle when she was not occupied with the care of her estate. She was walking under the vine-arbor at the very moment when Pierre André passed on the road that must bring him to her abode. Their eyes met with a reciprocal surprise, and they exchanged a slightly-constrained greeting. Pierre, who accounted vaguely for his own uneasiness, could not at all explain that of Marianne, and supposed that there was something contagious in the awkwardness with which he had saluted her.

VIII.

SHE inquired for his mother. "She is very well," replied André, "only she longs to see you. Do you know how rare your visits have become? It is a whole week since we have heard of the little neighbor at our house."

"Have you not been away a week, my dear godfather?"

"Not at all. I have finished running about for my garden and building. Everything is complete, and I intend now to become my mother's faithful companion. Do you mean to say that you are going to deprive us of your company?"

"The privation will not be great for you, godfather; but, if Madame André complains, I will go as soon as she comes for me."

"You must come to her, little one! My poor mother can no longer walk easily outside of her garden. She cannot go to you. If you forsake her she will suffer."

"I do not intend to forsake her; but I imagine that she likes much better to be with you than with me, and that I should be a restraint if I came to your house too often."

"Be a restraint upon us! What a singular idea! are you not one of the family?"

And, as Marianne did not reply, André, suddenly and without premeditation, made a grand resolution

as if he would free himself from secret anguish. "Yes, Marianne," added he, "you are peculiar; there are things about you that I do not understand. May I speak to you? Have you time to listen to me and to reply to me?"

"Yes, my godfather, I am listening to you."

"To talk to you in this way in a loud voice through a hedge is disagreeable. May I come to you?"

"My godfather, go to the fence of tree-branches; I will join you."

Marianne ran and arrived there first. She drew aside, without scratching herself, the great fagot of thorns, climbed the fence, and leaped lightly on the little green path, where André found her ready to listen to him.

"It appears," said he, "that you will not allow me to enter your home. I thought you would do me the honors of your garden!"

"My garden is not pretty, and yet I love it. You who have taste would laugh at it, and that would grieve me—"

"When I say that you are peculiar—"

"I know nothing of it; you never remarked it before, and this is the first time you speak of it."

"In the first place, why have you ceased to use the familiar *thee* and *thou* since my return? Is it on account of the respect that my great age inspires?"

"No, you are not old, and I am no more very young."

"Then, what is it? Why do you never answer directly to a direct question?"

Marianne appeared surprised, and regarded André attentively. "You are in a bad humor to-day!" said she.

He was struck with her glance, impressed with pride and penetration. It was the first time she had looked at him in this way.

"It is true, I am in a bad humor," he replied. "I have an embarrassing communication to make to you, and you do not help me at all."

"Embarrassing?" said Marianne, still regarding him with a certain disquietude. "What can there be embarrassing between you and me?"

"You will understand. Let us walk on; it is too cool to stand in the shade when one is warm. Will you give me your arm?"

Marianne, without saying anything, passed her arm under that of André. She waited. "Well," said he, brusquely, resuming his walk, "this is what I have to tell you: Some one who would like to know you has applied to me. I think I ought not to present him without being authorized by you, for I do not wish to bring you together without preparation on your part."

"I thank you, my godfather. A surprise, indeed, would displease me very much. The question is doubtless a project of marriage?"

"Precisely."

"You know that I have refused several."

"My mother told me so. She pretends that you do not wish to be married; is it true?"

"No, she is mistaken. I do not wish for the suitors that have been offered me, that is all."

"Did they displease you?"

"No, but they did not please me sufficiently."

"You wish to love your husband?"

"Naturally. He whom you propose—"

"I propose nothing to you, I execute a commission."

"Without desiring that it may please me?"

"You can, without being troubled, send me away; but you cannot reply to me. You know only by name the person in question."

"Then I have replied to you. I do not refuse to see him, unless you tell me beforehand that he does not please you at all."

"You would believe me on trust?"

"You would not deceive me!"

"Certainly not! Well! the young man has one fault, he is too young."

"Younger than I?"

"Yes."

"And then—?"

"And then, and then— How you go on! You pass beyond the principal objection."

"I did not say that I was not taking it into account. I ask to know everything."

"He is not as rich as you are at present, but hereafter he will probably be richer."

"And what next?"

"What next? Nothing that I know of. I know him only by sight. I have talked very little with him."

"What kind of a figure has he?"

"A good figure enough; large, well made, a fine fellow in one word."

"And what kind of an appearance?"

"An appearance of being contented with himself, since I must tell you."

"You tell me nothing of his family."

"Very honorable, and one on which you will be able to obtain much information. It belongs to the country, and quitted it only ten years since."

"Are you not speaking of a son of M. Gaucher?"

"I did not intend to tell you his name until I had obtained your consent to the presentation; but, since you guess so well—"

"I do not remember very well," said Marianne; "there are two or three."

"There are two. It is the youngest who aspires to your hand."

"He aspires— I remember him very indistinctly. He was a child. He cannot remember me at all. He wishes, then, for my small possessions?"

"It is not he who aspires, it is his father.— But, here, I have the letter; since you know everything, you can read it."

Marianne stopped to read M. Gaucher's letter. She did this with her habitual tranquillity. André observed her countenance, which had an imperceptible smile at two or three passages where the tradesman discussed the question of marriage with an ingenuous crudity; but she was neither astonished nor angry, and restored the letter to Pierre, saying, "Well, let him come—we shall see!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A BARN-YARD ECLOGUE.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

GOOD neighbor mine, can you endure
To look on man in miniature?

I keep no magic mirror hid
(As the ancient Cagliostro did),
Unveiling it for one to see
Humanity in epitome.
Or, if at all with such I deal,
'Tis only that my powers reveal
Those fleet, fantastic shapes which pass
O'er caricature's cracked looking-glass.

Now, do you love your race too well
To admit the comic parallel
That lies between ourselves and this
Ornithologic metropolis,
Which near us clucks and struts and thrives,
Four hundred appetizing lives?
That fowl whose tail-plumes' ebon sweep
Has depths where hints of emerald sleep;
Who deems his top-knot, black as tar,
To have doubtless crowned him barn-yard czar,
Or, heir-presumptive, beyond all ban,
To El Dorados of golden bran—
Search Europe, and you shall not see
Such an aristocrat as he!

But there are those before whose brow
Even this black Marmion must bow,

Though ill can brook his haughty eye
The precedence of such *canaille*!
Look yonder where the lord doth stand
Of all this polygamic land—
The sultan, caliph, Brigham Young,
Of the abject throngs he rules among,
Or, as we call, in homelier talk,
His highness—Cock of all the Walk!
What boots it in one's veins to hold
A royal current, rare and old?—
Be prince by right of head-tuft, legs,
Through ancestries of blameless eggs,
When some vile upstart crows with zeal
On heights no vulgar claw should feel,
Rearing a head that seems to glow
With communism's red overflow?
Alas, the tribes are few on earth
Where brute force may not level birth!
These feathered Bourbons do but serve
To show the usurper's hardy nerve,
And prove, by their own bitter smarts,
Even barn-yards may have Bonapartes!

Mark with what grave, maternal pride
This patient hen, her chicks at side,
Moves like a dame of proud degree,
Each chick a sort of live *pe-wee*,

Filling with sound that scarce knows hush,
 Its biped ball of tawny plush.
 Ill could we find in human mood
 More motherly solicitude,
 Or the intense devotion match
 Of that same strenuous, awkward scratch,
 Whose good results, whate'er they be,
 Her offspring seize, in hot sortie,
 While o'er them, softly wishing luck,
 Sounds her self-abnegating cluck !
 Ah, what rich burlesque may we trace
 On the "fat, fair, and forty" race
 In this majestic hen, this gray
 Cornelia of a latter day,
 Showing, with all their plaintive din,
 Her downy Gracchi, six times twin !
 What eye but plainly finds in her
 The yard's bucolic dowager,
 A life that stands (no general boon)
 At chickenhood's mellow afternoon ?
 Her figure, as one promptly sees,
 Attains *embonpoint's* ample ease,
 From early indiscretions born
 (Girls will be girls) in granary corn ;
 And with her matron mien we find
 A sad austerity entwined—
 Something that tells us at a glance
 She has outlived her first romance,
 And buried young love's dream, maybe,
 In some long-eaten fricassee !

Notice that plain, ill-favored cock,
 Commonplace, of indifferent stock.
 Thus far about his earthly lot
 The least delights have gathered not.
 Always, through some harsh whim of Fate's,
 A neighbor beak beside him waits,
 Ready to seize, ere he can guess,
 The yellow corn-grain of success.
 And much change hath he seen withal
 Since first he served as Fortune's ball :
 The low turned high, the high made low,
 By flashy plume and pompous crow ;
 Discord and pecking ; rise and fall—
 Now social, now political ;

Governments trembling with the shock
 Of some great head brought to the block ;
 Those reigns of terror that we men
 Rouse in the barn-yard now and then—
 Robespierres, Dantons, setting free
 When company drops in to tea,
 And eating broiled, with no regrets,
 Gallinaceous Marie Antoinettes !
 Such change and more hath passed him by,
 Met now with philosophic eye,
 Since he at last in heart has come
 To observe events in roosterdom
 With ripened wisdom's critic view,
 As so much—cockadoodledo !

Ah, friend, for hours my speech might brood
 O'er many an odd similitude,
 And let, while murmuring careless things,
 Analogy fly with fancy's wings.
 We all know well, who know aright,
 Some foolish fowls will sometimes fight ;
 But far too rudely have I rent
 The apparent veil of sweet content
 That wraps with such idyllic charm
 These simple gypsies of the farm !
 Best in their harmless joys believe,
 Nor brush with too bold sweep of sleeve
 From fruit so seeming fresh of hue
 The illusive damask of its dew !
 If human greed, spite, envy, stirs
 These gentle wayside foragers
 (Captives that never need a guard—
 Meek, tentless Bedouins of the yard),
 Why, best that we should shirk intact
 The disenchanting touch of fact,
 Skeptic as though some lip to-day
 To our incredulous ear should say,
 "In yonder garden's glimmering close
 The lily wrangles with the rose."

Ah, that recalls, before you go,
 The new grand rose I was to show
 (Just follow this path, if you please,
 Down-hill beyond the cedar-trees),
 A royal rose, good neighbor mine,
 Large, deep, and gold as Rhenish wine !

IN-DOORS AND OUT-OF-DOORS.

I.

THE AIR WE BREATHE.

BY E. L. YOUMANS.

IT must forever remain a marvel that reasoning men did not earlier find out about the nature of this "breath of life." The arts were slowly developed and many of them lost, literature rose to a high perfection and grew old, civilizations flourished and passed away, before it was discovered that air has weight like other kinds of matter, while it is now only a hundred years since the chief constituents of the atmosphere were ascertained. And it is much more recently that the grand relations of life to the aerial world were traced out and appreciated, while the truth of the case still belongs rather to science than to the common thought of even cultivated people. The old view, palpable to sense (like the motion of

the sun), that earth is the mother of life, originating all and receiving all, is still the vague and common belief. The vegetable kingdom springs out of the soil and decays back to its source ; animals are composed of corruptible matter and are restored to the kindred clay—"earth to earth and dust to dust."

Over the places that receive the bodies of the dead, monuments are erected as if to mark the last unchangeable abode of the departed. Yet, even in the crudest materialistic sense, our final home is not in the earth : Nature soon rifles the grave and disperses its contents into the atmosphere above. Not the charnel-house upon which attention has been hitherto so intensely fixed by poets and preachers,

but the upper realm of rainbows and light, of ever-shifting clouds, of the golden glories of sunrise and sunset, the world of everlasting beauty in the refuge of the day and the splendors of the night—this is, in reality, the tomb of man. Even in the lowest sense we need to look beyond the grave; and death would wear a very different aspect if we could escape from the vulgar and repulsive associations of mere burial, which we owe to graveyard poetry, food-for-worms literature, and the emphatic parade of interment. The atmosphere is a thousand times more the theatre of life than is the earth beneath us. All living things are born from it. The entire vegetable kingdom has been condensed out of its invisible elements, and, in decay and dissolution, except a little ashy residue, it is all again restored to the atmosphere. The animal world follows the same law. All sentient creatures are constructed out of the viewless medium above, and back to its serene depths they are all at length returned. The processes are slow but they are complete and inexorable; art cannot arrest them. Though the body be embalmed for preservation, the course of Nature is only transiently checked, and the dissevered atoms soon find their way back to their atmospheric home. The cremationists are disquieted at burial and our mortuary rites, and would send the dead back in haste to the aerial world on the wings of a bonfire. But why be impatient? The grave is but a convenient incident in the cycle of transformations. Nature will do her own work in her own measured and efficient way. She has time enough, and prefers to use it. Slowly and gradually is life unfolded, and slowly and gradually it is again infolded. In fact, the processes are so closely involved and bound up in a common method that they proceed together, and life and death are but different sides of the same thing. The atmosphere that is finally to claim us is also taking us back to itself, moment by moment, in every breath. Interstitial death, the constant dissolution of the organic system, and the expulsion of its dead particles by respiration, is the essential condition of continued life. We begin to die as soon as we begin to live, and are dying as long as we live. Nature confounds our convenient distinctions, and tells us that a man does twenty times more dying in the course of his life than in his final demise. The living body is a whirlpool of destructive transformations incessantly counteracted, in which life is the constantly-sustained result. If, to maintain his vital energies and enable him to keep up the course of his life-work, a man of seventy has had to drink upward of fifty tons of water, to eat thirty tons of solid food, and inhale more than fifty thousand pounds of oxygen gas, which have been expended in the vital reactions of living and dying, how little, comparatively, of death is there in that final derangement of his worn-out machinery, when the changes cease to go on in a coördinated way! That plant and animal, in relation to the atmosphere, exert antagonizing influences, is well understood. One poisons and the other purifies, and so firmly does Nature hold the balance on a grand scale, from epoch to epoch, that the con-

stitution of the atmosphere is kept in stable harmony with the delicate requirements of living beings. This everlasting self-adjustment of opposing operations, in the sphere of molecular change, is something wonderful, when we consider the enormous extent and activity of the agencies all over the globe, which tend to disturb the atmospheric composition. Every living animal pours out a constant stream of poisonous carbonic acid day and night into the air, and every fire that is kindled, and every decaying thing, reënforces the supply, and yet, in ten thousand gallons of air there is found but four gallons of carbonic acid. It is only a trace, one-twentieth of one per cent., diffused through the mass, and varying but very slightly from this constant proportion, at all heights, in all localities, and in every season. As carbonic acid is liberated from its multitudinous sources, it dissolves away and is dispersed in the ever-agitated, gaseous ocean, while the amount is so rigorously limited, that, when we breathe in the open air, we have the constant use of a medium of standard purity consistent with perfect health.

Hence the desirableness of out-of-door life. Breathing is physiologically fundamental. We perish in a few minutes if the changes are arrested which respiration sustains. No doubt in all the earlier ages, primitive, savage, barbarous, it was life in the open air that maintained health against the numberless bad practices incident to times of ignorance. As regards breathing, our in-door life is sharply and painfully contrasted with that of out-of-doors. We constantly overlook the difference, and have but the faintest conception of the activity of the respiratory process, and the rapidity of its effects when the circumstances are such as to bring them out. Scientists have a way, when they wish to impress vividly upon the mind some truth of reason, the force of which is not apt to be felt, of taking liberties with the facts, by giving them over to the imagination to dress them up in its own way. From age to age, for example, the stars seem fixed in their places, until we come to think of them as the very types of the stationary and the stable. But Humboldt says, "If we *imagine* the stellar movements, which are so slow as not to be perceptible in ages, to be all compressed within a short period, the heavens would then become the grandest illustration of mobility, and would present the most bewildering display of intricate, complex, and apparently chaotic motions." Huxley resorts to a similar fancy to impress us with the activity of the molecular changes going on in plants, when he says, "If the motions of their molecules were *audible*, the doings of protoplasm in the forest would sound out like a continuous roll of thunder." In like manner, if we imagine the noxious and poisonous products exhaled from the human body to become *visible*, that is, to arrest and reflect the light, so great is their accumulation in the air of our dwellings, that each person would be eclipsed in a cloud, and our houses would be perpetually darkened. When we enter our dwellings, the breathing medium is confined within such narrow limits, that every deleterious change is, as it were, conserved, and the contamina-

tion goes on at a rate little suspected, because the products of respiration are invisible. At every breath the quantity of carbonic acid exhaled is one hundred times greater than the normal amount in the external air. While the pure air inhaled contains but one-twentieth of one per cent. of this noxious compound, the air expired from the lungs contains four per cent. of it. Twenty times in a minute we introduce sixteen cubic inches of air into the lungs, and throw it out again with its poisonous

carbonic acid augmented a hundred-fold. How difficult it is to keep the air in-doors as pure as that without is obvious enough; though theoretically desirable, it is practically impossible. But the importance of breathing pure air, which is the motor of life, and the prime condition of health, is imperative; and, although people may get tired of hygienic exhortation, and vote ventilation a bore, it is nevertheless important that they should strive to have the air within-doors as sweet, and fresh, and healthful, as that without.

THE SIEGE OF BERLIN.

WE were riding up the Avenue des Champs Elysées with Dr. V—, reading, in the houses riddled with bullets, the pavements demolished by the shells, the history of the siege of Paris, when, just before arriving at the Rond Point de l'Étoile, the doctor stopped and pointed out to me one of the large corner houses that form such an imposing group around the Arch of Triumph.

"Do you see those four closed windows yonder on that balcony?" he said. "In the beginning of August, that terrible month of August, so pregnant with storms and disasters for us, I was called in to attend a case of apoplexy in that house. The patient was Colonel Jouvé, a cuirassier of the first empire, a firm believer in the glory of his country, who, when war was first declared, took up his residence on the Champs Elysées in an apartment with a balcony. Guess why? In order to witness the triumphant entry of our troops. Poor old man! The news of Wissembourg reached him as he was rising from dinner. While reading the name of Napoleon, written at the foot of this bulletin of defeat, he fell insensible.

"I found the old cuirassier extended on the floor of his room, his face flushed, and as unconscious as if he had been felled by the blow of a club. Standing, he must have been a very large man; lying there, he looked immense. Regular features, superb teeth, a mass of white curling hair, eighty years old, but looking sixty. Beside him knelt his granddaughter, weeping bitterly. She was very like him. Seeing them side by side reminded me of two beautiful Greek medals, struck from the same stamp, only one antique tarnished, rather worn in the outline, while the other was clear and distinct in all the freshness and brilliancy of a new stamp.

"The grief of the young girl touched me. The daughter and granddaughter of soldiers, her father was on MacMahon's staff, and the sight of the old man lying insensible before her called up to her mind another sight not less terrible. I did my best to reassure her, but to tell the truth I had myself very little hope. The old man had been struck down by an apoplectic fit, and at eighty years of age one seldom recovers from that. For three days, in fact, the invalid remained in the same condition, motionless and insensible. Just at this time the news of Reichshoffen reached Paris. You remember in

what a strange fashion. Until evening we all believed in a great victory, twenty thousand Prussians slain, the prince royal a captive. I do not know by what miracle, or what magnetic current, an echo of the national rejoicing reached our poor invalid in the depths of his paralysis, but that evening, on approaching his bed, I found him another man. His eyes were almost bright, his tongue less heavy. He was strong enough to smile, and he stammered out twice—

"'Vic-to-ry!'

"'Yes, colonel, a great victory!'

"And, while I related the details of MacMahon's success, I saw his countenance brighten, his features relax.

"When I left the room the young girl was waiting for me at the door; she was weeping bitterly.

"'He is saved!' said I, taking her hands in mine.

"The poor girl had scarcely courage to reply. The real news of Reichshoffen had just been published—MacMahon flying, the army routed! We looked at each other in consternation. She was heart-broken, thinking of her father. I trembled, remembering the old man. He surely could never stand this new and terrible shock. What was to be done? Should we leave him to his joy and to the illusions that had revived him? Then we would have to lie to him.

"'Well, I will lie to him,' said the heroic girl, dashing away her tears, and with a radiant countenance she returned to her grandfather's room.

"It was a terribly hard task that she had undertaken. At first it was comparatively easy. The old man's brain was feeble, and he believed blindly, like a child, whatever was told him. But with returning health his ideas became clearer. We were obliged to keep him informed respecting the movements of the army, and to invent military bulletins. It was pitiful to see that fair young girl, studying day and night over her map of Germany, pricking it with little flags, attempting to arrange a glorious campaign; Bazaine advancing upon Berlin, Troissart in Bavaria, MacMahon on the Baltic. She asked my advice about this, and I aided her as well as I could, but the old man was our principal assistant in this imaginary invasion. He had conquered Germany so often under the first Napoleon! He knew all the movements in advance. 'Now they will go here;'

'this is what they will do! and his predictions were always realized, which made him very proud.

"But, unfortunately, no matter how many battles we won, how many cities we took, we never went fast enough for the old man—he was insatiable. Every day on my arrival I learned of a new victory.

"'Doctor, we have taken Mayence,' said the young girl, coming to meet me with a sad smile; and I heard from the adjoining room a joyous voice that cried:

"'We are making great progress. In a week we shall enter Berlin!'

"At that moment the Prussians were within a week's march of Paris. Our first idea was to transport our invalid to the provinces; but, as soon as he left Paris, the state of the country would have told him all, and I feared that he was as yet too feeble, too much stunned by his great shock, to be able to bear the truth. So we decided that he should stay.

"The first day of the siege, I entered their apartment (I remember it as if it was yesterday) very much moved, with that sad heart wherewith all of us saw the gates of Paris closed, the enemy under the walls, and our suburbs converted into frontiers. I found the old man seated on his bed, joyous and exulting.

"'Well, doctor,' said he, 'the siege has commenced.'

"I looked at him in amazement.

"'What, colonel! do you know?'

"His granddaughter turned to me.

"'Why, yes, doctor; that is the great news—the siege of Berlin has commenced.'

"She said that, while drawing her needle through the canvas with such a quietly deliberate tone! How could he suspect anything? The cannon of the forts—he could not hear them! Unhappy Paris, all gloomy and disturbed—he could not see her. A small section of the Arch of Triumph was all that he could see from his bed, and in the room, all around him, were the relics of the first empire, well calculated to sustain his delusions. Portraits of marshals, engravings of battle-subjects, the infant King of Rome, large consoles covered with imperial relics, medals, bronzes, a stone from St. Helena under a glass shade, miniatures, all representing the same lady in ball-costume, a yellow dress, leg-of-mutton sleeves, and light eyes; and all those—the consoles, the King of Rome, the marshals, the ladies in yellow, with the short waists, girdles under their arms, and that dignified stiffness that was the grace of 1806. Good colonel! It was that atmosphere of victory and of conquests that surrounded him, more than anything we could say, that made him believe so implicitly in the siege of Berlin.

"From that day forward our military operations were much simplified. The taking of Berlin was only a matter of patience. From time to time, whenever the old man grew weary and impatient, his granddaughter would read him a letter from his son—an imaginary letter, of course—as for a long time nothing had entered Paris, and, after Sedan, his son, who was MacMahon's aide-de-camp, had been sent a

prisoner to a German fortress. You can imagine the despair of that poor girl, without news of her father, knowing him to be a prisoner, perhaps ill, and yet obliged to make him talk in joyous, though rather brief letters, such alone as a soldier always marching onward in a conquered country has time to write. Sometimes her strength failed her, and weeks passed without news. But then the old man grew uneasy and could not sleep. Then a letter would arrive at once from Germany, which she would come and read to him beside his bed in a gay tone while choking back her tears. The colonel listened religiously, smiled with a critical air, approved, criticised, explained to us the involved passages. But where he was really fine was in the answers he sent to his son.

"'Never forget that you are a Frenchman,' he said; 'be generous to the poor people. Do not make this invasion too hard for them to bear. Then came endless recommendations, delightful lectures upon the respect of the proprieties, the politeness which one owes to ladies, a whole code of military honor for the use of the conquerors. He also added some general reflections upon politics and the conditions of peace to impose upon the Prussians. In that respect I must confess that he was not exacting.

"'The war-indemnity, nothing more. Why should we take their provinces? Can we make France out of Germany?'

"He dictated that in a firm voice, and one felt so much candor in his words, such a fine patriotic faith, that it was impossible not to be touched while listening to him.

"Meantime the siege went on; not that of Berlin, alas!

"It was the time of the terrible cold weather, the bombardment, epidemics, and famine. But, thanks to our care, our efforts, and to the indefatigable tenderness that surrounded him, the old man's serenity was never once troubled.

"Until the end I contrived to procure for him white bread and fresh meat. There was only enough for him, though; and you cannot imagine anything more touching than these innocently-selfish breakfasts of the old man—the colonel propped up in the bed, his napkin tucked under his chin, beside him his granddaughter, thin and pale from her privations, guiding his hands, making him drink, helping him to eat all the good cheer. Then, revived by his repast, in the comfort of his warm room, the wintry frost outside and the snow whirling before the windows, the old cuirassier would recall his northern campaigns, and would relate to us for the fiftieth time the account of that terrible retreat from Moscow, when they had nothing to eat but frozen biscuit and horse-flesh.

"'Can you imagine it, little girl?—we ate horse!'

"She could easily imagine it; for two months she had eaten nothing else. From day to day, however, as convalescence approached, our task became more and more difficult. That numbness of mind and body alike, that had so well aided us up to that time, began to disappear. Two or three times the terrible

explosions from the *Porte Maillot* had made him start, pricking up his ears like a hunting-dog ; we were obliged to invent a recent victory of Bazaine before Berlin, and artillery fired in honor of the occasion at the *Invalides*. Another day, when we had pushed his bed up to the window (I think it was the day of the fight at *Buzenval*), he saw plainly the *National Guards* collecting on the *Avenue de la Grande Armée*.

"What troops are those?" asked the old man ; and I heard him mutter to himself, 'Badly drilled ! badly drilled !'

"That was all ; but we understood that in future we must take great precautions. Unhappily, we were not cautious enough.

"One evening, on my arrival, the young girl came to meet me, looking very anxious.

"They enter the city to-morrow,' she said.

"Was the grandfather's door open ? I do not know. But, in thinking it over since, I remember that he was strangely excited that evening. He probably overheard us. Only we were talking of the Prussians, and the old man was thinking of the French, of that triumphal entry which he had waited for so long ; *MacMahon* riding down the flower-strewn avenue, his son beside the marshal, and he (the old man) on his balcony, in full uniform, saluting the torn flags and powder-blackened eagles as they passed.

"Poor Colonel *Jouvé* ! He doubtless imagined that we wished to prevent him from witnessing the

entry of our troops, in order to keep him from becoming too much excited. So he took care to keep the secret from every one ; and the next morning, at the very hour that the Prussian troops were beginning to march up the long road that leads from the *Porte Maillot* to the *Tuileries*, that window was opened softly, and the colonel appeared on the balcony with his helmet, his long sword, his worn and glorious uniform as a cuirassier of *Milhaud*. I cannot even now imagine what effort of will, what return of strength, could have given him the power to rise and dress himself. However, there he was, standing erect behind the railing, astonished to find the streets deserted, the blinds of the houses closed, Paris as silent as a tomb, flags everywhere, it is true, but such strange ones—white, with red crosses—and no one there to greet our soldiers !

"For a moment he thought he had been mistaken. But no ! Yonder, behind the *Arch of Triumph*, was a confused murmur, and a black line that was advancing through the dawn. Then, little by little, the spikes of the helmets glittered, the drums of *Jena* began to beat, and under the *Arch of Triumph*, cadenced by the heavy step of the infantry and by the clang of the sabres, sounded *Schubert's* triumphal march. Then through the street rang a cry, a terrible cry, 'To arms ! to arms ! The Prussians are upon us !' And the four uhlans of the vanguard might have seen yonder on that balcony a tall old man stagger, fighting the air with his hands, and then fall prostrate. Colonel *Jouvé* was dead !"

ILLUSTRATIONS.

I.

"NO CUSTOMERS."

OUR frontispiece illustration, which is engraved from a painting by Mr. B. F. Reinhart, is a study from life, the scene being laid in one of our Southern towns. The old negro is doubtless a man of authority with his race ; notwithstanding his temporary disgust at the low state of trade, we can see that he has a great deal of personal dignity, and probably dispenses to listening customers not only his ripe fruit, but a great deal of sound philosophy on politics and other topics of the day. The painter, Mr. Reinhart, who has his studio in New York, gives yearly to the Academy exhibitions specimens of his painting, his subjects being usually either historical or purely imaginative compositions. His "*Evangeline*" is a famous and very original conception of *Longfellow's* heroine.

II.

GRAND BUTTE, GREEN RIVER.

AMONG the strange scenic features of the far West the rocks of the shores of *Green River* are among the most noteworthy. *Green River* is one of the constituents, or more properly the upper continu-

ation, of the *Colorado* of the West. It rises in the *Rocky Mountains*, near *Fremont's Peak*, in the west part of *Wyoming Territory* ; its entire course is about five hundred miles, a large part of the distance being through deep and precipitous cañons. It first enters the *Uintah Mountains* in the northwest corner of *Colorado*, where the walls of the cañon are nearly fifteen hundred feet high. The stream is very swift, rapids and cataracts abounding. There is generally on one side or the other a narrow strip of land forming the valley of the river, but for considerable distances the walls rise perpendicularly from the water's edge, sometimes to the height of five or six thousand feet. The strange formations of rock which mark all this region are here very noticeable. They are known as *Green River shales*. The strata are arranged in regular layers, mostly quite thin, but varying from the thickness of an inch to that of several feet, and composed of distinct shades of color, from brilliant scarlet to white limestone. The shapes the rocks take under the attrition of the wind and many storms are extraordinary ; sometimes one sees a castellated pile perched upon a rounded hill ; at other places great towers, massive cathedrals, Gothic arches ; there is, indeed, scarcely a form in architecture that is not chiseled out by the wind and the rain from these rocks.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

A DOZEN persons may have a dozen different reasons for their pleasure in the perusal of "Lord Macaulay's Life and Letters," which his nephew has recently given to the world, but all readers must unite in praise of one virtue which the trenchant reviewer and great historian possessed—and this is, his love for children. Perhaps the contrast of conditions stimulates our pleasure in the picture. When we see a man of acknowledged enormous intellectual power, one whose studies are extensive, his labors profound, his duties onerous—whose utterances are listened to eagerly by students, philosophers, statesmen, and masters of thought, the world over—when we see a man of this intellectual eminence deriving some of his most exquisite pleasures from the hilarious amusements of the nursery, we are both surprised and charmed by the discovery. It is noticeable, moreover, how our hearts are won to the lover of children. Even those whose own sympathies are cold, who find the society of little ones troublesome and distracting, are prompt to admire in others the faculty which they themselves do not possess. It is impossible not to argue purity of heart, amiability of temperament, and geniality of soul, from a manifest love of children; and hence, did not many other instances in Macaulay's life bear witness to his possession of these qualities, we should still confidently rely upon the fact solely by his attitude toward children. "He was admirable toward young people," writes his biographer. "Innumerable passages in his journals and correspondence prove how closely he watched them; how completely he understood them; and how, awake or asleep, they were forever in his thoughts." But the great historian was even more than this: he did not simply understand children, he was a hearty, bouncing boy himself to the last. He could turn amid his sternest labors to throw off some rollicking nursery-rhymes, and found his best recreation in a romp with his nieces and nephews. Passages like the following are not infrequent in his diary:

"To Westbourne Terrace, and passed an hour in playing with Alice. A very intelligent and enjoying playfellow I found her. I was Dando at a pastry-cook's and then at an oyster-shop. Afterward I was a dog-stealer, who had carried away her little spaniel, Diamond, while she was playing in Kensington Gardens, and who came to get the reward advertised in the *Times*. Dear little creature! How such things twine themselves about our hearts!"

The "Dando" mentioned here, let us explain, was a character of the period—a "bouncing, seedy swell," the hero of a hundred ballads, who was at least twice a month brought before the magistrates for having refused to settle his bill after overfeeding himself in an oyster-shop. "The feelings with which Macaulay regarded children," says Mr. Trevelyan, his biographer, "were akin to those of the great writer to whom we owe the death of little Paul and the meeting between the schoolboy and his mother in the eighth chapter of 'David Copper-

field.'" It was a more genuine feeling even than this, we should imagine. "I have no children of my own, it is true," he writes, "but I have children whom I love as if they were my own, and who, I believe, love me." Love him! He was fairly the delight of his bevy of nieces and nephews; there was always some uproarious fun, or a half-day's holiday at the shows, in store for these pets. Here is a charming letter to the youngest niece, Alice, to whom he had confided some humble attempts at horticulture:

"MY DEAR LITTLE ALICE: I quite forgot my promised letter, but I assure you that you were never out of my mind for three waking hours together. I have, indeed, had little to put you and yours out of my thoughts; for I have been living these last ten days like Robinson Crusoe on his desert island. I have had no friends near me but my books and my flowers, and no enemies but those execrable dandelions. I thought I was rid of the villains; but the day before yesterday, when I got up and looked out of my window, I could see five or six of their great, impudent, flaring, yellow faces turned up to me. 'Only you wait till I come down,' I said. How I grabbed them up! How I enjoyed their destruction! Is it Christian-like to hate a dandelion so strongly? That is a curious question of casuistry."

That Macaulay always had an eye for childish groups is proved by the following exquisite rural picture. He was in the west of England, and had been to visit a collection of paintings at Leigh Court, and on the road saw what he pronounced a more delightful picture than any in the collection:

"In a deep, shady lane was a donkey-cart driven by a lad; and on it were four pretty girls, from eleven to six, evidently sisters. They were quite wild with spirits at having so rare a treat as a ride—and they were laughing and singing in a way that almost made me cry with mere sense of the beautiful. They saw I was pleased, and answered me very prettily when I made some inquiry about my route. I begged them to go on singing; and they all four began caroling, in perfect concert, and in tunes as joyous as larks. I gave them the silver I had about me to buy dolls. I should like to have a picture of the cart and the cargo. Gainsborough would have been the man. But I should not like to have an execrably bad poem on the subject, such as Wordsworth would have written."

We have quoted enough to indicate the strength of this passion in the heart of the great man.

WE are all of us prone, like Macaulay in the incident related above, to call upon the artists to come and paint for us the charming pictures we have discovered. We are always finding compositions of colors, and groups of picturesque figures, that seem to us quite superior in artistic effect to the paintings commonly found at exhibitions. And artists themselves are ever coming upon scenes that greatly delight them, that seem to possess charms that somehow their brother-painters do not succeed in putting into their pictures. So each of them makes haste to transfer to canvas the fascinating picture

he has discovered, and confidently carries it, when completed, to the marts of the world, where it may give to others the delight he has experienced. But alas! how dull, and cold, and senseless, the world becomes! It gives little heed to the picture so enthusiastically painted; it does not discover the beauties the painter sees there; it wonders why the artist has not put upon his canvas those charming pictures that it sees whenever it goes through country lanes or wanders along the seashore. How, in truth, can it see what the artist sees? To him all the pigments are united with the life, the color, the motion of the original scene. When he looks upon the canvas the mind acts as well as the eyes see; he perceives not so much what *is* as what he *remembers*; the cheeks of his painted people suffuse with color; their eyes sparkle; the light laugh breaks from their lips; the shadows of the trees dance and play; the winds lift the stray locks of hair and bring delicious odors; the air is soft and sweet, and sends tingling pleasure through the veins; of all these things, the pigments speak to him, but they have no such message to others, unless, indeed, they are unusually imaginative and receptive—unless they have taught themselves to look behind the composition on the canvas to the thought in the artists' minds. The accuracy of what we have said can readily be tested with portraits. The likeness of a person we have known recalls to our imagination the expression of his features, the light of his eye, his tone, and voice, and manner, and hence, if the portrait is well executed it becomes a "speaking likeness;" but we never get an accurate or an adequate idea of one we have never met by means of a portrait. We invariably find, if we meet the person afterward, that the portrait had not impressed upon our mind the image of the man as he is. In order to make a likeness really good, really an image of the person, it is necessary that our associations, that the portrait which lies impressed upon the memory, should supplement the artist's work, should enter into his pigments, and transfuse with the real life the dead image before us.

It would appear impossible, all this being true, that artists and the public can ever be at one. For it seems that for him who paints the picture the canvas tells a story which the rest of mankind cannot read; and, this being true, we can understand a little of the surprise or indifference the critic experiences when he sees the painting, and the amazed wonder the painter feels when he finds his labor of love denounced with contempt. We not only all see differently, because of our different temperaments, but we see differently because of the absence or presence of associated ideas. What we see in any work of art depends very much upon what we carry in our mind; and hence, just to the extent that we enlarge our knowledge, broaden our sympathies, strengthen our imaginations, will we be enabled to enter into the heart of an artist's work, and possess ourselves of the spirit that actuates it. To the dull all things are dull. To the appreciative, to those who permit their imagination freedom and scope, art multiplies its truths and its beauties.

It is a rather melancholy reflection that in this world not only are there shams and things artificial, but that we are not always gifted with the vision to know them when we see or hear them. How much every man happens on, in the course of every-day life, that appears real and is not, cannot be reckoned by the shrewdest cynics. At best they can only make general assertions, and illustrate them by a chance example here and there. The smile on a friend's face, expressions of sympathy, the promise of circumstance, the allurements of dress, the objects of ambition, the goal at which we aim, how often do these betray what really is? There are shams, indeed, which even so profound a student and so merciless an exposé of them as Thomas Carlyle, with his blasts against "wind-bags," and "Dead-Sea apes," and "phantasm kings," and "doleful creatures having the honor to be," never will and never can fathom.

It would even appear, from what has transpired recently in a London court, that we cannot be sure of our friend's dinner-service. We shall inevitably become skeptical of the real "Derby" and the undoubted "hall-mark," having learned that cunning and dishonest artificers can successfully imitate the rarest chinās and the very stamp of the Goldsmiths' Company itself. We have already learned to put ourselves on our guard when our host takes us, with an air of triumph, up to the genuine Rubens or Verbeekhoven, which he has just bought for a preposterous sum; and, as we have at least unbounded confidence in the surpassing mechanical ingenuity of the age, we may become so cynical as to look wisely skeptical at all that is apparently old and priceless. It is roundly stated that not only England, but this country, is flooded with spurious Dresden, Sèvres, and Capo di Monte; that there are "more sham 'old masters' in existence than those old masters had hairs on their venerable heads;" that "there are enough sham Canalettos in London alone to repave the Victoria Embankment." It is perhaps fortunate that this sort of spuriousness, after all, is not that which is likely to cause so much very keen suffering in this world as many others; adulteration, for instance. Hundreds of wealthy people, gratifying their vanity by the purchase of "old masters" and precious ware, will live happy in their faith, and die ignorant of a deception which has been practised upon but never exposed to them. Yet it is incumbent on justice to hunt up the forgers of the valuable works of the past, and as far as possible to assure the curiosity and rarity buying public that they are getting honest goods for their money. We live and are happy, it is true, amid a bewildering and masked multitude of shams; but, if justice and law have any function worth exercising, it is that of securing as much genuineness in material things as they can.

It is said at Philadelphia that one of the most attractive "exhibits" to the gentler sex is a lady's outfit, which is alleged to be worth, in round figures, nine thousand dollars. So expensive a costume is not, perhaps, altogether unknown in fashionable drawing-rooms; but it is certain that to thousands of the feminine eyes which rest with

admiration, not to say awe, upon the centennial wonder, it is a marvelous revelation. M. Offenbach is paid an enormous sum to show his smiling and quizzical countenance above the musicians at the orchestral stand: would it not be a sensation almost equally popular and profitable if Mr. John Ruskin could be induced to come over and lecture on feminine dress, standing near the nine-thousand-dollar outfit, and using it as an illustration. We suppose that the ladies must be wearied to death with homilies on the extravagance, the bad taste, the wastefulness, and the folly of the manner in which capriciously-tyrannical fashion compels them to attire themselves; yet the courage of dress-reformers does not flag, and, ever and anon, somebody says something which it were worth while to listen to, and, if our dear ladies are not incorrigible, to get lessons from.

Mr. Ruskin, though not invited to the Exhibition, has recently been able to get the ear of a large audience of London young ladies on the subject of dress. He spoke with something of authority, since none are so quick as the ladies who read him to admit that he is an oracle in taste. He improved the occasion to urge upon his hearers the practicability of at once being economical, exercising taste, and following the fashion. "Dress with modest simplicity," he says, "yet use bright colors, and let your dresses be of the best material. Nor need you disdain the fashion; only avoid its extravagances, its excesses, and its deformities. But don't throw aside a last year's dress because it is not in the fashion this; thereby you violate flagrantly the principle of economy. If the fashion is necessarily costly, condemn and ignore it. In the name of taste and grace, eschew 'pull-backs' and long trains."

Some of these recommendations seem somewhat inconsistent, but it is clear that Mr. Ruskin, radical as he usually is, is seeking a compromise with the instinctive love of good attire which is born in the women of every clime. His protest is against a blind following of fashion, but still he thinks that sovereign should still be allowed to reign—not, indeed, as a despot, but constitutionally. Her decrees should be somewhat modified by the "common-sense and personal delicacy" of women; and faith in her wisdom should be moderated by the exercise of feminine reason. He probably thinks that somewhat more of personal supervision on the part of ladies, over the style and making of their dresses, would conduce at once to greater taste and greater economy. The lady should be the architect, the dressmaker the constructor of dresses. It is quite possible for any one in society to note ladies here and there who dress with unquestionable taste on a small expenditure. Is it not because they see to their own dresses, the choice of the material, the cutting and fitting, and the making the most of what they have?

While Mr. Ruskin is discoursing, the Boston School Committee has practically undertaken dress-reform in a direction within their province. The annual school exhibitions in that city have been noted for the brilliant display of dress made by the richer "sweet girl-graduates;"

and the contrast between their attire and that of their poorer companions has been marked and rather invidious. A lady member of the committee proposes to regulate the matter this year by enjoining upon the graduating young ladies the propriety of appearing in public in modest and becomingly-simple attire. Thereby there will be less heart-burning on the part of the large majority of the not well-to-do scholars; and, more important still, the girls will not make their entry into life with a gaudy display of their extravagance. The idea is a good one, and might properly be adopted elsewhere. By reading Mr. Ruskin's lecture, the Boston girls may get some useful hints how to at once look pretty and beaming, and still comply with the recommendation of their superiors.

GEORGE SAND's career was not only wonderfully prolific and brilliant in a literary sense, but was strangely checkered and romantic in a personal one. In either capacity it is hard to conceive of it as the career of a woman. Touches there are, here and there, in her works, of the finest feminine instinct and delicacy; but these are rare, and seem to come rather from an objective than a subjective source. They are the fruit rather of her study, of other women than of her own womanly instincts. Her life was, in its earlier half, a long and bitter struggle with adverse circumstances. She belonged to a family which could only half recognize her; she inherited the blood of the great Marshal Saxe, but in such a way that the inheritance was rather a disgrace than an honor; royal blood of Poland ran in her veins, as royal blood of England runs in the veins of the Dukes of Richmond and St. Albans, mingled with a coarser stream from a far lower fount. She married a man with whom she could not live; her first essays in literature were failures; and at one time she had to resort to a husband from whom she had parted in anger for bare subsistence. Yet that energy of hers, which was truly bold and masculine, her contempt of conventionalities, her freedom from the restrictions which subject her sex to the restraining laws of society, overcame every obstacle; and years ago she had won her place in French literature as the foremost of female writers, overtopping the fame of De Staël herself. It is scarcely proper to speak of her as a female Balzac, for she was wellnigh as masculine in her fancy and her style as that great master of detail. But she was Balzac's rival as a novelist, surpassing him in elegance and exquisite grace of composition, in smoothness and charm of style, while she betrayed that she was scarcely less keen an observer or less graphic as an artist of people and manners than he. She wrote, moreover, with almost Balzac's own marvelous rapidity and precision; nor can it be said that of her very voluminous writings any one falls to the level of mediocrity. Her earlier writings were more intense and dramatic than her later; but it may be said that in diction and purity of language her style kept ripening till her pen finally fell from her hands. Her place in letters can no more be put in jeopardy by her strange and wayward habits than can that of Byron by the revival of stale scandals as to his

personal vices. She stands forth as the first of French female writers, as does George Eliot as the greatest English female writer. Some time since George Sand published a little book of "Memories and Impressions." It was but a slight sketch or two; but it betrayed how charmingly she could write memoirs if she chose. It is to be hoped that during the leisure of her later years she has put on record reminiscences of a life which has been as full of romance as that of many of her own heroes and heroines, and that the world will have the benefit of literary memoirs which, if they exist, are doubtless very valuable and interesting. We give our readers in this number of the JOURNAL the first portion of "Marianne," one of the most recent of George Sand's productions. It is a good example of her later style.

THERE is a radical difference in the estimate of paintings by artists, and by the larger part of the outside world, that needs to be explained if the two classes of critics are ever to understand each other. To the world in general the interest of a picture depends mainly upon the story it has to tell; to artists its value is based almost solely upon the skill with which the pigments are handled. If one approaches any great picture—a Rubens, a Murillo, a Raphael, or a Rembrandt—with the intention of studying the conception of the scene delineated by the painter, he is sharply taken to task by the art-critic. "That is a literary view of the subject," is the energetic exclamation, "and hence an improper one." The painting, we are told, is to be studied for the massing and composition of its groups, the management of its lights and shadows, its tones and contrasts of color; it is to be admired for the way in which it is painted, irrespective of its success in delineating an incident or portraying an historical event. The critic is to approve or disapprove of the painting, not as to the artist's idea of the event, but as to the artist's idea of composition and color. It is of no moment that Rembrandt brings burgomasters and Rubens Flemish women to the scene of the Crucifixion; these, if defects at all, are literary defects, and not artistic ones. Macaulay, speaking of certain Venetian pictures, says: "The monstrous absurdity of bringing dogs, archangels, cardinals, apostles, persons of the Trinity, and members of the Council of Ten, into one composition, shocks and disgusts me. A spectator who can forgive such faults for the sake of a dexterous disposition of red tints and green tints must have improved his eye at the expense of his understanding." For this he is denounced as uttering a purely literary judgment. The common-sense of most people will heartily sanction this view of the subject. But common-sense is prone to its mistakes, and never lacks abundant confidence and arrogance in its assertions. It would be quite as wrong to refuse recognition in a picture of that which the artist has essayed to express through the medium of color or form, as it is logically untenable for artists to attempt to tell a story upon canvas and then insist that the story is not to be heeded. The charm of many pictures lies almost wholly in their scheme of color, in superb

effects exclusively technical in character. Just as a poem as a work of art rests upon its metrical character, so does a painting as a work of art rest upon effects produced by arrangement of lines and contrasts of color; but common-sense is quite right in insisting that a poem shall be something more than rhyme and rhythm, and that pictures, in order to be great, must exhibit something more than the triumph of technical skill. Music may exist solely for itself; the melody of verse may captivate us, irrespective of any meaning in the lines; and color may have its own story of harmonies to express; yet the world will scarcely yield enthusiastic admiration to these arts if they possess no meaning else—if feeling is not to be stirred, sentiment gratified, and imagination furnished with new ideas.

If all widows could give as emphatic a proof of being inconsolable as did a certain Mrs. Cheng, in Foochow, China, the novelists would, perhaps, cease their pleasantries, although many a middle-aged gentleman would lose a good wife. Mrs. Cheng, it appears, had ample opportunity to assuage her sorrows upon the bosom of a second spouse, and might have doffed her weeds for the red flowers and gilded garments of a native wedding. But she was inexorable. She not only told the kindly match-makers around her that nothing could compensate her for the loss of the lately-departed Cheng, but announced that she was no longer fit for this world, and therefore intended straightway to follow Cheng to another. Her method of departure, as expressed by herself, would have somewhat puzzled a foreigner if he had heard it; for she said that she would "ascend to heaven on the back of a stork." He would soon have learned, however, that this was one of those poetically metaphorical phrases in which the Oriental fancy abounds. To go to heaven on the back of a stork means, in our own prosy language, to be hanged. Mrs. Cheng availed herself of a device borrowed from the barbarian West, to seek her Cheng in realms yet more celestial than the Celestial Land. And she was as good as her word. The gallows which was erected for her cheerful sacrifice is described as having been very pretty indeed. It was graced with flowers and red cords, and was quite a fanciful and pleasing object to the eye. The widow, on the last—in such a case we hesitate to say "fatal"—morning, arrayed herself in all the joyous finery of colored and gilt paper, with a paper crown upon her head, and flowers pinned here and there on her person. She entered a sedan-chair, and was conducted past the houses of her friends to the place of "euthanasia." It is gratifying to know that on this final journey Mrs. Cheng was not too absorbed in grief to keep a too sober countenance, or condemn the every-day creature comforts to which she had been wont. It is explicitly declared that, as she made her progress in the sedan-chair, she distinctly and repeatedly smiled, and—smoked a pipe. Ever and anon she would take the fragrant bowl from her mouth, to taste the sweetmeats offered to her by her friends as she came to their houses. Several thousand people witnessed the final scene, which seems to have

been very far from a tragic one. The general and freely-expressed opinion was, that the whole thing had gone off as pleasantly and gracefully and satisfactorily as possible. Indeed, so very enviable did the widow's lot seem to a small Chinaman of eight who witnessed her cheerful

exit, that he lost no time in following her example, by hastening to a neighboring mill, and there hanging himself. Mrs. Cheng clearly added "works" to "faith," and that she was really inconsolable there, can be no reasonable doubt.

New Books.

ONE of the most influential and, beyond comparison, the most curious and interesting intellectual movements of which America has been the arena is that which, under the name of transcendentalism, or the transcendental philosophy, dominated the leading minds of New England in the last generation. Its philosophical theories have now been so far discredited by the prevalence of the scientific method, and of the "school of experience" which this method seems to sustain, that it has become a term of ridicule and contempt; but there was a time when it threatened to become national in its scope and influence—when it "affected thinkers, swayed politicians, guided moralists, inspired philanthropists, created reformers;" and no student of the intellectual phenomena of our own day can deny that it left a broad and deep trace upon ideas and institutions. Even if Emerson had been the sole fruit or exponent of the movement, it would have been worthy of the careful study of all who are not content merely to skim the surface of events; but he is only the most brilliant luminary in the noblest constellation that gems our literary heavens, all the members of which drew their inspiration more or less directly from the same source.

Such being the importance of the movement, it is matter of congratulation that the task of writing its history should have been undertaken by one so competent to do it justice as the Rev. O. B. Frothingham. His "Transcendentalism in New England" is written from the point of view of one who "was once a pure transcendentalist, a warm sympathizer with transcendental aspirations, and an ardent admirer of transcendental teachers," and who does not pretend to have entirely thrown off the trammels of his early faith; but he is certainly right in holding that "every system is best understood when studied sympathetically, and is most fairly interpreted from the inside." Justice, in such a case, is more likely to be reached through the medium of friendly interest than of either hostile criticism or merely intellectual curiosity; and certainly no one who had not felt the glow of the transcendental faith could have written such a history of it as that with which Mr. Frothingham has furnished us in the work under notice. Any skillful writer who is versed in the literature of modern metaphysics might have written the sketch of the origin and growth of the philosophy in Germany, France, and England, contained in the opening chapters, masterly as that sketch is; but something more than speculative insight and literary skill were necessary to the production of the main body of the work, with its keen *rationale* of social, literary, and theological events, its life-like delineation of persons, and its deeply interesting accounts of the modifications and transmutations which transcendentalism underwent in the creed and practice of its more prominent disciples in this country. There is probably only one other man now living who could

have written an equally satisfactory history, and in a little while it could not have been written at all. "The disciples, one by one, are falling asleep; the literary remains are becoming few and scarce; the materials are disappearing beneath the rapid accumulations of thought; the new order is thrusting the old one into the background; and, in the course of a few years, even they who can tell the story feelingly will have passed away." We have nothing but thanks, therefore, for Mr. Frothingham for undertaking a task which, though a labor of love, must have been both difficult and delicate, and nothing but praise for the manner in which he has performed it.

It remains to say that the scope of the work is more comprehensive than its title. It not only gives a history of the phases which the movement assumed in New England, but analyzes the fundamental ideas of the transcendental philosophy, traces them to their speculative source in Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason," and surveys the several streams through which it discharged itself upon the intellectual soil of the New World: namely, through Jacobi, Fichte, Schelling, Schleiermacher, Goethe, and Richter, in Germany; Cousin, Constant, Jouffroy, and others, in France; and Coleridge, Carlyle, and Wordsworth, in England. More than a fourth of the book is devoted to these preliminary (but essential) matters, and in this portion of his work Mr. Frothingham furnishes the reader with a remarkably luminous and comprehensive sketch of speculative philosophy from the time of Locke to the rise of the "experience school." He then explains the mode and media of the first introduction of transcendentalism into New England; discusses its practical tendencies, its religious tendencies, and its influence upon literature, and gives what we may call intellectual biographies of its great representatives and exponents: Emerson, "the seer," Alcott, "the mystic," Margaret Fuller, "the critic," Theodore Parker, "the preacher," and George Ripley, "the man of letters." Materials do not exist for furnishing what would seem to the general public a satisfactory account of the Brook Farm experiment, so that it is not surprising that the chapter devoted to this should be the least adequate portion of Mr. Frothingham's book. In all other respects the book is masterly and satisfying, and we think it is not too much to say that it will prove of lasting value to the student of history, of philosophy, of theology, and of sociology; for in all these fields transcendentalism showed itself capable of exercising an influence profound if apparently transient.

In his "Enquiry into the Time and Place of Homer,"¹ Mr. Gladstone returns to a department of study which seems long to have possessed a peculiar fascination for him, and in connection with which he has won the

Transcendentalism in New England. A History. By Octavius Brooks Frothingham. With Portrait. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

¹ Homeric Synchronism. An Enquiry into the Time and Place of Homer. By the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M. P. New York: Harper & Brothers.

greater portion of whatever literary reputation he possesses. It would be deemed surprising in a man whose attention has been so long absorbed in the arduous labors of practical politics if he retained enough interest in purely scholarly questions to familiarize himself with the copious and constantly-growing literature of Homerology; but Mr. Gladstone has not contented himself with a merely receptive attitude, but participates in the discussion with all the zeal and enthusiasm of a German classical professor. Readers of "*Juventus Mundi*" are already aware that Mr. Gladstone holds that Homer was an individual poet and not the collective name for an anthology; that his poems are in the highest sense historical, as a record of "manners and characters, feelings and tastes, races and countries, principles and institutions;" and that there was a solid nucleus of fact in his account of the Trojan War. The object of the present "*Enquiry*" is to carry the last two of these propositions further, and to offer "various presumptions, which combinedly carry us some way on the road to proof, of a distinct relation of time between the Homeric poems and other incidents of human history which are extraneous to them, but are already in the main reduced into chronological order and succession; namely, portions of the series of Egyptian dynasties." If such a relation be established, it indirectly embraces a further relation to the chronology of the Hebrew records; and, as the author observes, "the whole, taken together, may in due time come to supply the rudiments of a *corpus* of regular history, likely to be much enlarged from a great variety of sources, some of them Eastern, others lying at various points on the cincture of the Mediterranean Sea."

The data for this proof, or rather argument, are supplied by the great advances that have been lately made in deciphering the inscriptions of the Egyptian monuments and *papyri* and in determining the chronology of the events recorded therein by astronomical and other tests; but, before proceeding to the examination of these, Mr. Gladstone enters at considerable length into the controversy as to the site of Troy and the authenticity of the Hissarlik remains recovered by Dr. Schliemann, and discusses such preliminary questions as the European habitat of Homer, and whether or not he lived before the Dorian conquest. He brings forward much independent evidence to prove that Hissarlik is the true site of Troy, and believes that Dr. Schliemann has discovered the actual remains of the ancient city—there being too many points of agreement between the poems and the relics to render it possible to entertain the hypothesis that they are accidental. As to the historical thesis, it is at once too complex and too minute to be satisfactorily summarized; and it is enough to say that, conceding the correctness of the Egyptian chronology, it is rendered extremely probable that the main action of the *Iliad* took place and that Homer lived between certain well-defined chronological limits. These limits may be expressed in terms of something like certainty by the dates 1387 B. C. and 1226 B. C., and in terms of probability by 1316 B. C. and 1307 B. C. The above dates are established by evidence of a strictly historical character, but it is certainly a strong point in their favor that they correspond so closely with the ancient traditions.

"The Time and Place of Homer" can hardly be called an entertaining book, but it at least presents no difficulties not inherent in the subject itself, and is creditable alike to the taste and scholarship of a man who has filled so conspicuous a position in quite a different field of effort.

UNDER the guise of a "*Life of General Israel Putnam*,"¹ Mr. Increase N. Tarbox makes a voluminous contribution to what is now being classified as Bunker-Hill literature—that is, the controversial writing regarding the questions of who commanded the Americans on that famous day. Mr. Tarbox is grievously incensed at what he calls the "modern" attempt to assign all "the glory of the battle" to Colonel Prescott, and it is only fair to say that, with great superfluity of labor and in wearisome detail, he establishes a very strong presumption that Putnam commanded the expedition as a whole, and that Prescott was simply assigned to duty at the redoubt; but, as we have already had occasion to remark, in reviewing Mr. Frothingham's book, the whole controversy seems to us not only trivial but based on a singular misconception of the true character of the battle of Bunker Hill. If that battle had been rendered remarkable by the generalship displayed on the American side, we could understand the anxiety as to the distribution of the honors of command; but it is almost a truism to say that the significance of the battle lay in this: it proved with unmistakable distinctness that the raw and untrained American levies would stand up against the regular troops of England. When Washington first heard the news of the battle, he asked, "Did the militia stand?" and when told that they had fought with the utmost coolness and desperation, said, "Then the liberties of the country are safe." Franklin, also, writing immediately afterward to a friend in London, said: "The Americans will fight; England has forever lost her colonies." Precisely the same lesson was drawn by Lord Howe and General Gage, and by all the British officers who have recorded their impressions of the fight. This, indeed, was the true and only meaning of the battle, and, from an historical point of view, the question as to who commanded on the field is of the slightest possible importance. Even conceding that General Putnam was commander-in-chief, it is certain that he expended his energies rather in trying to bring up reinforcements than in managing or animating the men actually in line; while no one even pretends that Prescott gave his attention to any other point than the redoubt. In point of fact there has seldom been fought a battle with which "generalship" had less to do; and, in any proper distribution of the glory of the day, the first place should be assigned to the man who fired the most shots.

The strictly biographical portions of Mr. Tarbox's work would be criticised as meagre and unsatisfactory were it not that these are so evidently a subordinate feature. His object was, not to write a biography of Putnam, but to give what he believes to be the correct version of the Bunker Hill episode; and from this point of view it is regrettable that his tone should be so aggressive and even truculent. Surely it is a late as well as a peculiarly inappropriate period to begin to draw invidious sectional comparisons between those Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and Connecticut troops who struck the first vigorous blow for American independence.

NIMBLENESS of fancy, fluency of speech, and fertility of illustration, are the most striking characteristics of Dr. William Mathews's writings, and they have never been displayed to better advantage than in his "*Words; their Use and Abuse*,"² the title of which hardly does justice to the most prominent feature of its contents. It is no

¹ *Life of Israel Putnam* ("Old Put"), Major-General in the Continental Army. By Increase N. Tarbox. With Map and Illustrations. Boston: Lockwood, Brooks & Co.

² *Words; their Use and Abuse*. By William Mathews, LL. D. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co.

mere "collection of words about words," nor does it pretend to the character of a systematic treatise; it is a series of not too closely related essays on what we may call the literary aspects of language, treating of such topics as "Morality in Words," "Grand Words," "Small Words," "Words without Meaning," "Saxon Words, or Romanic?" "The Secret of Apt Words," "Fallacies in Words," and "Nicknames," including, of course, the inevitable chapter on "The Common Improprieties of Speech." It is not Dr. Mathews's method to confine himself strictly to his text, so that the title of one of his essays, no more than the title of his book, indicates the precise nature of its contents. His central ideas are usually clear enough, and are enforced with amply sufficient emphasis; but he clusters around them an immense variety of illustrative quotations and anecdotes drawn from almost every department of literature. Few writers have so thoroughly mastered the art of retelling old stories, and extracting novel suggestions from hackneyed sayings, and fewer still are able to draw upon such varied accumulations. His aim, too, is not merely to entertain while instructing, but to make entertainment the medium of instruction, and we can fancy some surprise on the part of the reader when he finds that the essay with which he has amused an idle half-hour has lodged some ideas in his mind which show a tendency to "stick" long after their literary garniture has faded into a vague reminiscence of pleasure. These ideas will probably not always be found to agree very well, for Dr. Mathews is apt to see with a somewhat exclusive vividness that aspect of a general truth with which he happens at the moment to be dealing. But while, in the precise form in which they are presented to him, the reader may find some difficulty in reconciling the precepts inculcated in the two essays on "Grand Words" and "Small Words" with those to which prominence is given in the later essay on "Saxon Words, or Romanic?" yet in the general solvent of an active mind they will be found to "precipitate" a highly-useful and important criterion of cultivated speech. We may add that, in addition to its more individual and distinctive good qualities, the book would answer fairly well as a dictionary of quotations.

FEWER elements of popular interest, perhaps, are possessed by "The Variation of Animals and Plants under Domestication"¹ than by either of Mr. Darwin's more celebrated works, but it is a book which should be read by all lovers of natural history, and especially by those who would master the more important facts bearing upon the great question as to the origin of species. It may be said in general terms that, while "The Origin of Species" and "The Descent of Man" formulate and expound the several theories which are classified as Darwinian, "The Variation of Animals and Plants under Domestication" presents the specific evidence on which these theories are founded, and by which it is held they are established. This distinction, of course, must not be applied too rigidly, for all three of the books contain a vast deal both of evidence and argument; but, as the author himself says, a great number of statements in "The Origin of Species" have to be taken on trust for want of room to marshal the evidence, while in the last-named work the bearing of the facts discussed upon the general theory of natural selection is disposed of in a single preliminary chapter. "The Variation of Plants and Animals" was first published in 1868, and since that

time Mr. Darwin has continued to attend to the same subjects, thus accumulating a large body of additional facts, which have been used in the preparation of the revised edition, the appearance of which furnishes the occasion for our remarks. In his preface to the new edition, Mr. Darwin says that he has omitted some statements, corrected some errors, and introduced many additional references. The most important alterations have been made in the chapter on certain anomalous modes of reproduction and variation, and in that on Pangenesis; but it may be said that the discussions and investigations of eight years have strengthened rather than impaired the main conclusions of the book.

NOTWITHSTANDING its tragical ending, and the undertone of sadness which runs through the greater part, "A Story of Three Sisters"¹ is an extremely pleasant book. The very contrast which it affords to the tawdry sensationalism that vitiates so much of current fiction would render it attractive to cultivated readers; but it has other than merely negative good qualities. It shows insight into character and skill in its delineation, culture and refinement of mind, keen susceptibility to the manifold beauties of Nature, and a sympathetic perception of the charms which lie in "the quiet and sequestered ways of life." It is deficient, perhaps, in the dramatic incidents and sharp social contrasts with which it is usually found necessary to stimulate the jaded appetite of the modern novel-reader; but there is no lack of healthy human interest, and few recent novels present us with a character for whom we have such a personal feeling as that with which Pamela inspires us. We single out Pamela because the author by no means distributes her attention among the three sisters as impartially as the title of her book would imply. Pamela is the heroine as distinctly as though her sisters had been omitted from the canvas, and, though her individuality is her own, it does not strike us as inappropriate that she should bear the name of the most lovable and unforgettable of Richardson's creations. The story appears to be the author's first work, and as such is remarkably mature in thought and finished in style.

FEW American contributions to philosophical literature have obtained such wide recognition and appreciation as Dr. Draper's "History of the Intellectual Development of Europe."² It has been subjected to sharp criticism, and has aroused much controversy; but there is scarcely a civilized country of Europe into whose literature it has not entered by means of a translation, and recent symptoms would seem to indicate that the current of scientific inquiry is setting more strongly than ever before in the direction which it points out. This fact, together with the additional one that fifteen years have elapsed since the work was first published, has induced the author to prepare a revised and enlarged edition. The nature and extent of the revision and additions are not indicated, and it would be too laborious a task to enter into a detailed comparison of the two editions; but the most noteworthy feature of the present one is that it is cheaper in price and more convenient in size. It can hardly be expected that the book will experience a repetition of its old popularity, but it will, no doubt, in its new form, increase the large circle of its readers, and extend the sphere of its influence.

¹ A Story of Three Sisters. By Cecil Maxwell. Leisure Hour Series. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

¹ The Variation of Animals and Plants under Domestication. By Charles Darwin, M. A., F. R. S. Second edition; revised. In Two Volumes, With Illustrations. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

² History of the Intellectual Development of Europe. By John William Draper, M. D., LL. D. Revised edition, in Two Volumes. New York: Harper & Brothers.



"GOING TO SCHOOL."

From a Painting by MADemoiselle J. BÔLE.

APPLETONS' JOURNAL.

M A R I A N N E.

BY GEORGE SAND.

IX.

PIERRE experienced a strange sentiment of vexation, and, resuming his usual sarcastic tone, said, "I see that my mother was much mistaken. You are not at all desirous to lead a single life."

"I must marry now or never," replied Marianne. "Later, I should decide against it."

"Why?"

"Because liberty is a precious and very sweet possession. When it has been long enjoyed it is difficult to give it up."

"I agree with you. Marry, then, since such is your desire. Therefore, I shall wait resolutely for M. Philippe Gaucher's appearance, hoping that he will not meet with a refusal on your part. He will be at our house on Sunday morning: come and dine with us on that day."

"No, my godfather, I do not think it proper to meet this person half-way. You and Madame André must dine with me."

"You know very well that she cannot walk so far, especially to return in the evening."

"I have bought a *patache*, which—my farmer's strong mare can draw easily. Your mother promised a long time ago to dine with me when I had a carriage."

"You will then open to us your sanctuary, which you would not allow me to enter to-day?"

"Since Madame André will be with you."

"Thus you look upon me as a stranger whom you must treat with dignity and reserve? This is singular!"

"It is not singular. When my parents were living, you came to us naturally and without restraint; but, during the five years of your absence, I have become an orphan, and I must live as a prudent young woman ought to live who wishes to preserve a stainless reputation. You know what a curious and back-biting little community this is. Although living in the depths of an almost uncultivated country, I could not receive a visit twice from any man whatever without being found fault with."

"But an old man like me—a godfather—a kind of papa?"

"They would talk just the same. I know the country, and you have forgotten it."

"Indeed! I ought, then, to desire your marriage, since I shall have the pleasure of seeing you oftener."

"I did not think that this was so great a pleasure to you, my godfather."

"You would not have deprived me of it so often—"

"You have voluntarily deprived yourself of it more than once."

"It is true that I have often taken advantage of your visits to my mother to work in my own room. It was not very polite, but I did not suppose that you had noticed it."

"I noticed with pleasure that you relied sufficiently on my devotion to feel under no restraint."

"With pleasure! I should like better that you had noticed it with vexation, or at least with regret."

"I beg pardon, my godfather?" said Marianne, stopping and looking once more at André with her great eyes, listlessly questioning.

The dominant expression of her countenance was that of an astonishment that waits for an explanation without taking the trouble to seek for it.

"It appears," thought Pierre, "that I have just said a foolish thing, for I do not know how to explain it."

There was but one thing to do, and this was to leave, in order to cut short the conversation.

"I do not wish you to walk any longer," said he, releasing Marianne's arm; "I forget that, in approaching my own home, I am taking you away from yours. Since everything is agreed upon, I have nothing more to ask. I will bring you your *fiancé* next Sunday."

"I have not yet a *fiancé*," replied Marianne, coldly. "As to the project for Sunday, your mother must consent to be of the party; otherwise it is impossible. I shall come this evening to invite her, if this also suits your convenience."

"Yes, this suits my convenience," said André, a little sharply, whom this ceremonious tone really irritated and wounded. "Au revoir, then." And he went off discontented, almost vexed.

"What a cold little nature!" said he, walking quickly with a measured step. "Contracted in imagination, selfish, freezing cold, prudent through fear of what people will say—in one word, a prude. What was I thinking of just now when I tormented myself by seeking to sound the depth of that peaceful lake? There is no depth to it; it is not a lake, it is a pond full of rushes and frogs. The country! this is what it makes of us. She was a pretty child, interesting in her appearance from her pensive and invalid air. Now she is a proud young woman, proud of her calculating prudence, and of her voluntary mental deterioration."

X.

"AND, after all, what difference does it make?" said he once more, on arriving at the threshold of his house. "My cottage is very pretty! I slandered it this morning. These walls, too white, are rose-colored when the sun sends his slanting rays upon them. My climbing plants have beautiful shoots, and will reach to the balcony by the end of autumn. It is a true happiness to have a home entirely to one's self, and to enjoy a boundless liberty. Why should I blame my tranquil goddaughter for thinking of herself when I aspire to live hereafter for the simple pleasure of living?"

"Come, then, my child," cried Madame André from the dining-room. "It is half-past five, and the soup is getting cold."

"And I make you wait!" replied Pierre, taking off his game-pouch, full of flowers and pebbles. "Indeed, I did not think it was so late."

He quickly sat down at the table, after having washed his hands in the little fountain of blue earthen-ware that adorned the dining-room; and, as it was necessary to apprise his mother of Marianne's intended visit, he related the whole story while they were at the dinner-table.

Madame André listened calmly until he gave the account of the favorable reception Marianne had given to the demand for an interview. At this moment she appeared incredulous.

"You are telling me a story," said she, "or Marianne is making a fool of you. Marianne does not wish to be married: she has told me so a hundred times."

"Well, she does not remember, or she has changed her mind. *Varium et mutabile semper!*" What is the matter with you, dear mother?—why do you weep?"

"Perhaps—I do not know," replied the good woman, drying with her napkin two great tears that were running down her cheeks, without any effort to restrain them. "My heart is full, and for a little thing I could weep much."

"Then let us talk about something else. I do not wish you to lose your dinner. It is plain, mother, that you are very much attached to Marianne. I know that, and I think she deserves your friendship; but she is not so different from other girls as she appears. She has, like all the rest, dreamed of love and a family; you could not hope that she would renounce these dreams to play cards with you or to pick up the stitches of your knitting-work until the end of the world! She has her portion of selfishness, like all the world; it is her right."

"And you think it is from selfishness that I grieve over her resolution? After all, you are right, perhaps. I am wrong. Come, then! I do not wish to be disconsolate before her. When she arrives, she must find me as tranquil and as gay as you are."

"As I am?" said André, surprised at the glance his mother fixed upon him; "why should I be sad or troubled?"

"I thought you were a little so."

"You have never imagined, I hope, that I could be in love with Marianne?"

"If you were, it would not be a great misfortune!"

"Truly? Confess, my dear mother, that you have dreamed of bringing about a marriage between me and your dear little neighbor. How does it happen that you have never said a word to me of the matter?"

"I have said a word, and even several words, which you would not understand."

"When? I swear that I do not remember!"

"It was six years ago. It was during the last visit you made at home before your poor father's death. You had then a little ready money. He wished you to marry in order to keep you in the country. Marianne was twenty years old. She was not an orphan, independent and rich, as she is now. This marriage was then possible."

"And now it is not," quickly replied Pierre, with much emotion. "I am older and poorer than I was; I should not suit her. I beg you, my good mother, never expose me to the humiliation of being refused by this calculating and scornful person; never speak of me to her! I hope that you never have done so?"

"Yes, indeed; sometimes."

"And she replied—?"

"Nothing! Marianne never replies when her reply can involve her in difficulty."

"It is true; I have noticed that. There is something horrible in her prudence. A woman of the world darting her glances, coquettish, deceitful—this can be imagined—she wishes for adorners; but a countrywoman who, wishing only for a husband, calculates and behaves in this unseemly manner, is a block of ice that no sun will ever melt."

"Be quiet; here she comes," said Madame André, who had full well remarked the painful vexation of her son. "Do not appear to blame her."

XI.

THEY had finished dinner. They went to meet Marianne, who was approaching on Suzon at the usual measured gallop. Marianne dismounted almost without holding her back. The docile beast stopped short, as if she had guessed her thought, and followed her steps to the front of the cottage, when, turning to the left, she went alone to her accustomed lodging in a corner of the barn, which she shared with the ass belonging to the farm.

Marianne had for a riding-costume a white dimity-jacket, a round hat of rice-straw, and a long skirt striped with blue and gray that she raised very quickly and gracefully by means of a leather girdle. She wore her hair short and curling, and this girlish fashion, added to her slender and rather diminutive stature, gave her always the appearance of a child of fourteen or fifteen at the most. Her complexion, of a dead white, lightly brown around the eyes and on the back of the neck, was neither irritated nor freckled by the sun. Her features were delicate, her teeth were beautiful. She would have been

pretty if she had been conscious of her claim to beauty, or if she had believed that others would discern her power of attraction.

"Well!" said Madame André, embracing her, "we know what brings you here, my dear little friend. You have decided on this marriage."

"No, Madame André," replied Marianne, "I have not yet decided."

"Yes, indeed; since you wish to see the suitor, you have decided to accept him if he suits you."

"That is the question. The sight costs nothing, as the merchants say. Do you consent to bring him to my house on Sunday?"

"Certainly, my dear; I cannot refuse you anything."

"I leave you at liberty to discuss this grave subject of preoccupation," said Pierre André, directing his course toward the meadow. "Women have always on this interesting chapter, little secrets to confide. I should be *de trop*."

"No, my godfather," replied Marianne. "I have not the least secret to confide, and I refrain from all preoccupation until your mother and you tell me your opinion of this person."

"Indeed! You will wait for our opinion before you decide?"

"Certainly."

"I do not accept such a responsibility," replied André, tartly; "I am not a judge of husbands, and I believe that you are making fun of us in feigning not to be a judge yourself."

"And how should I be a judge?" said Marianne, opening her great, wondering eyes.

"You know why you have refused those that have been offered to you. Therefore you know what you desire, and why you will accept the coming proposal."

"Or another!" replied Marianne, with a half-smile. "Do not go away, my godfather; I have something to ask you."

"Ah! that is not unfortunate! Let us see: you wish to know what kind of a husband will be suitable for you?"

They all three sat down on a bench, Madame André in the middle.

"No," replied Marianne; "you do not know, for you have never thought of it, or you would not answer me seriously, for you are not much interested in my future. I wish to ask you one thing which has only an indirect relation to marriage. I would like to know if a young woman in my position can teach herself without leaving her home or changing her habits."

"What a singular question she asks me!" said Pierre, addressing his mother; "do you understand it?"

"Yes, I understand," replied Madame André, "and it is not the first time that Marianne has tormented herself with this idea. I cannot reply to her. I learned when young what was considered necessary for a poor countrywoman; but that does not go far, and there are many things I never speak of, because I do not understand a word of them."

All the mind a young woman in my position can show is not to ask questions that will show her entire ignorance. Marianne is not contented with the possession of the tact and knowledge necessary for her situation in life; she wishes to know how to converse with educated persons."

"Pardon me, Madame André; I would like to be educated, not so much for other people's pleasure as for my own. I see, for example, that my godfather is happy walking alone whole days at a time thinking of what he knows, and I would like to know if he is happier than I, who walk a great deal also without knowing anything or thinking of anything."

"There!" cried André, surprised; "all at once you are putting your finger directly on a key that I have never known how to turn in order to discover the secret of your reverie."

"Indeed, my godfather, you have been troubled to know if there was anything in my brain?"

"I do not say that exactly, my dear child; but the question you ask me I have asked myself a thousand times. While regarding the deeply-thoughtful air of certain peasants, the exuberant joy of certain children, the appearance of intoxicating happiness of the little birds, or the ecstatic repose of the flowers in the moonlight, I often say to myself, 'Is science a benefit, and does not what is given to reflection take away from reverie its greatest charm, or from sensation its greatest power?'"

"Pardon me, I speak like a pedant, and the manner in which I express myself must seem ridiculous to you. To resume our discussion: I swear that I have found no solution, and that I should rely much on you to enlighten me if you would take the trouble to talk with us occasionally of something else besides washing and the price of poultry in the market."

"I can talk only of what I know something about, my godfather, and I cannot find words to give expression to my thoughts. I must have time to seek for them. Wait, I am going to try."

XII.

THEY all three remained silent for some minutes. Marianne appeared as if she were performing in her head the addition of several large numbers. Madame André did not seem much surprised at these argumentative desires. Pierre alone was inwardly agitated. He had apparently taken very much to heart the solution of the problem he had proposed to himself that morning—to learn if Marianne possessed an intelligence that was only sleeping, or if she had none at all.

Finally she broke the silence with a slightly impatient air.

"No," said she, "I shall not be able to explain my meaning. I must leave this for another time. Besides, I did not come to ask you if knowledge would render people more happy or more unhappy; I wished only to know if I could teach myself without going away from my home."

"One can," replied Pierre, "learn everywhere and alone, provided books can be obtained, and you have the means of procuring them."

"But I must find out what books, and I relied on you to point them out to me."

"This will be very easy when I learn what you already know, and what you do not yet know. Your father was educated; he had some good works. He has often told me that you were idle and without taste for study. Therefore, as you were delicate, he did not insist upon your giving up the occupations of a country-life, which you preferred to anything else."

"And it is always thus," replied Marianne. "If I am out-doors and leading an active life while I am dreaming, I feel very well. If I reflect in earnest, I feel as if I should die."

"Then, my child, you must remain as you are, and continue to live as you live. I do not see why you should wish for new occupations when marriage will soon create very serious ones."

"If I marry!" resumed Marianne. "If I do not marry, I must learn how to employ my time when I shall be unable to run about. But it is sunset.—Will you play your game, Madame André?"

Madame André accepted, and Pierre, whom every kind of game irritated, remained in the garden, walking on the terrace, and looking at Marianne, who was playing with his mother in the sitting-room, faintly lighted up by a small lamp with a green shade; she was as attentive to the game, as reticent, as unemotional, as on other days.

"Who knows," said Pierre to himself, "if this is not an intelligence driven back by a peculiar nervous condition? Many well-endowed young persons accomplish nothing for want of the physical faculty necessary to intellectual labor. Among women, if attention is not paid to these inconsistencies of organization, they take another course, and arrive at other results. It is an exception when they are placed in a condition demanding great mental efforts, or an unremitting devotion to study. Why does Marianne torment herself to become an exception? Would she learn like me the secret sorrow of not having been able to utilize her own worth? This is not a feminine trouble. Woman has another aim in life. To be a wife and mother is enough for her glory and her happiness."

At nine o'clock Marianne embraced Madame André, gave her hand to her godfather, and adroitly mounted Suzon, who was trained to spread out her limbs to make herself smaller. The equestrian and her steed were both so light that the sound of the gallop, scarcely heard on the sand, was soon lost in the silence of the night. The evening was warm, the air full of perfume. Pierre remained a long time at his garden-gate, following Marianne in his thoughts, traversing with her in imagination the little beech-wood, the sweet-smelling moorland, the clear stream strewn with sombre rocks. He thought he saw exterior objects with Marianne's eyes, and pleased himself in attributing to her secret emotions that she had perhaps never felt.

The next day was Saturday, the market-day at La Faille. To go to market, even if one has nothing to buy or sell, is a custom of all the country-

people, peasants and proprietors. It is a place of reunion, where the neighboring farmers who have business with each other are sure to meet. It is there, also, that the news of the day is discussed and the market-price of provisions is established. Pierre went there to read the papers; once a week to gain a knowledge of general affairs was enough for a man who desired to detach himself from an active life.

He was passing in front of the Hôtel Chêne-Vert at the moment when the *patache* that serves the neighboring *diligences* arrived, and he saw descending from it a fine fellow, who exclaimed, coming toward him, "Here I am!" and who saluted him with a cordial familiarity. This fine fellow, built like a Hercules, fresh as a rose, and dressed in the latest fashion, with the elegant simplicity of a traveler, was Philippe Gaucher, who anticipated his arrival, announced for the next day.

"Yes, my dear sir," repeated he, thinking from the astonished aspect of André that he did not recognize him; "it is I, Philippe—"

Pierre interrupted him: "I recognize you very well," said he, lowering his voice, "but it is useless to proclaim your name on the roofs; you come here upon business that will not succeed without some prudence. Learn, my young Parisian, that in the country the first condition of failure is to reveal your plans. Let us see, you can go home with me without passing through the village. We can take this lane, which is already half-country, and with less than an hour's walk we shall arrive in season for dinner."

"An hour's walk with my valise on my arm?" said Philippe, amazed at the proposition.

"Is it heavy?" replied Pierre, lifting it; "no! this is nothing."

"But I have something more. I have all the luggage of a painter, for I intend to make some studies here."

"Then I will tell them at the hotel to send all that to my house with a man and a wheelbarrow; I have no kind of carriage to offer you; I make use of my legs, and find myself none the worse for it."

"I know how to make good use of mine, for I am a landscape-painter; and I know how to carry my luggage on my back when it is well supplied with implements. You will see this to-morrow, but to-day I prefer the man and the wheelbarrow."

"Wait here for me," said Pierre, as he entered to give the necessary orders. In about five minutes he rejoined his guest, and they commenced their walk. Philippe's first word astonished André considerably:

"Have you many pretty women in this country?"

"Open your eyes and you will see," replied Pierre, smiling.

"I am in the habit of opening them," replied the young painter; "that is my normal condition; and I have just seen a comical little person pass, on horse-back, trotting like a mouse—the horse, understand."

"Alone?" said André, suddenly agitated.

"All alone, on a little iron-gray horse, with black mane and tail."

Pierre pretended not to understand the matter in question, although he fully recognized the description.

"And you say that she is pretty?"

"I did not say so for fear of being mistaken, she moved away so quickly; but the fact is, she appeared charming to me."

"She is not considered pretty, and does not claim to be a beauty."

"You know, then, who she is?"

"I think so. You say she is small?"

"As slender as a spindle, but very graceful; black hair all curled, an interesting paleness, and great black eyes."

"Does she please you?"

"So far, yes. Tell me, is she—"

"Yes, it is—it is the young person whom your father wishes you to marry."

"Mademoiselle Chevreuse? Bless me! I meet her immediately in this way! Does she know that I have come to—"

"She knows nothing at all," replied Pierre, in an abrupt tone, "and I did not expect you till to-morrow morning."

"That is right. I set out a day sooner to avoid traveling in the night. A painter must see! And then I was curious to form an idea of my native country, for I was born at La Faille as well as you, my dear sir; but I have no memory of my early years. As to the town, what I have just seen of it appears frightful to me; but the surrounding country is beautiful, and before us the pretty little green road, with the blue horizon beyond, is delightful. One becomes accustomed to your great, round walnut-trees, and by contrast your elms, topped and mutilated, have a very amusing physiognomy. My faith! I shall be very happy here; and, if my wife wishes it, I will pass the summers here."

"What is this, your wife?" said André, casting, in spite of himself, a look of haughty irritation on the young painter.

"Well, Mademoiselle Chevreuse or another," replied Philippe, carelessly. "I have come to the country with the paternal injunction to find a wife, and the promise of a dowry if I do not resist. I am weary of my father's tutelage—a worthy man, you know, but he bores me a little. His ideas are not mine. He will trouble me no more, he will reproach me no longer for being an artist, when I shall double my property by marriage—and marriage and painting are in my father's mind one and the same term."

"And because of the painting that you like you will like the wife, whatever she may be?"

"No, but I shall be indulgent; and not expect her to be a marvel of wit and beauty. As to her character, she must be very wicked not to accommodate herself to me. I am the best dough made of a man that has been kneaded by the great Baker of the universe; always gay, in love with light and liberty, smiling at everything; but hush! behold the equestrienne just now before us. It is, indeed, Mademoiselle Chevreuse! Let us hasten our steps to have a good chance to look at her."

XIII.

MARIANNE had come to a standstill—that is, she had slackened Suzon's pace to a walk to speak to Marichette, her farmer's wife, whom she had just rejoined not far from Dolmor.

Marichette was seated on some sacks of oats in the back-part of a long ox-wagon, which her husband conducted on foot with a goad. The road was too narrow to allow a horse or even a foot-passenger to pass between the wheel and the hedge. The oxen moved slowly; Suzon smelled the oats that had been bought for her, and, recognizing her friend, had stretched out her nose to the knees of the farmer's wife, who caressed her forehead, while at the same time she gave an account to her mistress of the fat sheep she had sold, and the swine she had bargained for without being able to obtain at a good price.

During this dialogue Marianne, leaving Suzon to herself, the bridle slipped around her arm, had taken the indifferent attitude of a pensive or weary person. Suddenly, perceiving a beautiful branch of honeysuckle in the thicket, she pushed Suzon with her heel without making her feel the bridle, and reached out her arms to gather the branch.

But at the same moment the young Philippe, who had overtaken her without being seen, leaving André a little behind, sprang toward the honeysuckle, broke off the branch skillfully, and offered it to Marianne with the daring and courteous ease of a Parisian youth. At the sight of this fine-looking stranger, with a glance full of fire and a smile full of words, Marianne did not fail to recognize her expected suitor. No other inhabitant of the country would have had this boldness and gallantry. She blushed a little, then soon grew calm, and said with a faint smile, without accepting the flowering branch, "Thanks, sir; it was not for myself that I wished for it; it was for my horse, who is fond of it."

"Ah, well!" replied the artist, without being disconcerted; "I offer it to your horse, who will not refuse me." And he extended the honeysuckle to Suzon, who took it between her teeth without ceremony.

Philippe took off his hat to make the grand salutation, which consists in raising the hat very high and in holding it above the head as when a sovereign or popular person is received with cheers. Marianne had retaken the short reins in her hand; she made a slight bow without looking at Philippe, and, urging Suzon into the ditch, into which she plunged to her knees, she passed skillfully and adroitly the great naves of the cart, the great horns of the oxen, and disappeared with a rapid pace at a turn of the road.

Pierre was pleased with Marianne for this well-executed sortie. The least accident would have put Philippe with the greatest ease into the heart of the situation.

"Well," said he to the artist, feigning an ironical smile, "you have seen her at your ease."

"Charming!" replied Philippe; "distinction even of mind, of self-possession, of coquetry also! A true woman, indeed! How old is she? My father

said she was older than I ; it was a joke, she appears like a boarding-school girl."

"She is twenty-five years old."

"It is not possible."

"I swear it. She would not wish me to conceal her age."

"That is all the same to me—we are really only as old as we appear to be. Bearded already like a Turk, I look older than she does ; we will be painted in the same frame, and that will give something very well matched, strength and grace, a classic subject."

"Then you have already decided?"

"Yes, since I am in love."

"You have no doubt of success?"

"None at all."

"You are happy to rely thus on yourself."

"My dear André, I count upon two things that I possess, youth and love. These are two great powers—love, which is felt and communicated ; youth, which gives confidence to risk everything and to find expression. There is no vanity in saying that I am young and amorous."

"You are right," said Pierre, becoming sad and depressed. "They only possess a ridiculous vanity who have lost the freshness of inexperience and the ingenuousness of the first advance."

They had arrived at a place where the road, becoming wider, allowed them to pass the ox-cart, and they were approaching André's cottage. In the distance, on the same road, that gained in height, they saw Marianne, riding now at a slow pace.

"She gallops no longer," said Philippe. "Who knows if she is not thinking of me?"

"She is certainly thinking of him," said Pierre to himself, with a sort of heart-breaking anguish.

XIV.

PHILIPPE GAUCHER had the bad fortune to displease Madame André beyond pardon. He was, however, a good and honest fellow, his heart in his hand and his soul as open as his countenance ; but Madame André was unwilling to allow that any other man could be superior to her son, who was not what is called in the country a handsome man. He had neither broad shoulders nor a black beard, nor a ruddy complexion nor an expanded chest. He was interesting, intelligent, and modest ; his figure, like his entire person, breathed the distinction of a rare nature. Thus his mother, who had never seen the world, and who could not define in what distinction consists, had a certain criterion in her methods of comparison. She was shocked by a kind of vulgarity that filtered, as it were, through all the words, gestures, and attitudes of Philippe, and she concluded that his ideas and actions were the consequence of this type of character. She was not wanting in that native and satirical wit that belongs to the inhabitants of the interior, to women especially. She rallied him, then, keenly during the whole dinner without his deigning to perceive it. It is true that, the claims of hospitality being paramount with her, she had welcomed him cordially, and overwhelmed him with little attentions.

Philippe, having learned that his hosts were going to dine the next day with Mademoiselle Chevreuse, and that they would seize the occasion to present him to her, found his affairs more advanced than he anticipated, and did not hesitate to say that he had a propitious star in the midst of the heavens.

"Which one is it?" asked Madame André, maliciously.

"I do not know its name," replied he, gayly. "I know nothing about astronomy ; but when I look at the largest and the most beautiful I am very sure that is mine.—Do you not believe in the influence of the stars, friend Pierre?"

"Yes, indeed ; I believe in it for Napoleon and you. If simple mortals like myself have the guardianship of a star, mine is so small and so far away that I have never been able to perceive it."

Philippe had prolonged the evening in an unheard-of fashion at Dolmor, without thinking that the old lady retired at nine o'clock. Pierre, seeing that the clock marked the hour of eleven, said to his guest :

"You must be weary with your journey ; when you wish me to conduct you to your room, tell me so."

"I am never weary," replied Gaucher ; "nothing fatigues me, but the motion of the *diligence* remains in my head and makes me a little sleepy ; then, if you will allow me—"

Pierre conducted him to a little guest-chamber, entirely new, and very fresh, the blinds of which the painter opened in order, he said, to be awakened by the first dawn. He pretended that he was going to explore the country to choose a subject for painting on the following days.

"Sleep in peace," said Pierre ; "I awake with the dawn, and I will come for you, if you wish me to guide you to the most beautiful spots in our valley."

"Thanks," replied Philippe ; "but, frankly, I like better to reconnoitre alone. The artist is constrained when he is obliged to receive the rebound of another appreciation than his own."

"That means," thought Pierre, "that you intend to annoy Marianne with your curiosity even at her own home. I will watch there, my boy ; she does not belong to you yet—her godfather has still the right to protect her."

He returned to his chamber, and, to get rid of his ill-humor, he felt a desire to write ; but he looked in vain for the note-book he had commenced the previous evening. He did not find it, and, as he did not remember very well what he had written, he was troubled lest he had lost it during his walk. He remembered that, on entering, he had placed his staff and bag in the sitting-room, and he descended to see if he could see his note-book there.

He met his mother, who also appeared agitated.

"What are you looking for?" said she to him.

"A bad little pocket-book where I write my notes."

"There it is," said she, opening a drawer. "I found it this morning in setting things to rights, and I put it away."

"If you have read it," replied André, putting the note-book in his pocket, "you must think me a fool."

"Read it? No, indeed; I am not curious about writing, which I have never read very easily; but why do you say that you can appear like a fool?"

"Because— Tell me first why you seem disquieted and vexed."

"Oh! I can tell you. I am furious to think that we must conduct this pretty youth to Marianne, and that, having received and welcomed him, we are obliged to consider him agreeable before her. It shall not be so! As for me, I will not tell this falsehood. I find him ridiculous and insupportable, and I do not promise to refrain from giving my opinion."

"You judge him too quickly," replied Pierre, sitting down near his mother, who had thrown herself in a pet upon the sofa. "He is neither a beast nor a wicked fellow; his manners, which have too much assurance, I grant, will perhaps please Marianne—who knows? Marianne may not have all the judgment that you attribute to her, and that upon your word I have attributed to her also."

"Marianne has much mind," cried Madame André, "and much discernment; you do not know her."

"It is true; she is very mysterious to me."

"It is your fault; you talk to her so little and you profit so poorly by the opportunities you have of becoming acquainted with her!"

"That is a little my fault, but still more yours. I assure you that she likes the rôle of the sphinx, and I have not the boldness of Philippe Gaucher to lift the veil of modesty of a young girl. She has ceased to be a child with me, she is a woman, and I do not know how to treat brutally the reserve of a woman."

XV.

MADAME ANDRÉ reflected a few moments; then she took her son's hand, and said:

"You are timid, too timid! If you had wished it, it is you alone that Marianne would have loved, you alone that she would have married."

"You reproach me for a very old offense! That happened six years ago. Think, then, for six years I have given up all ideas of marriage."

"Why? Is a person old at thirty-five?"

"He is old enough to judge his future by a comparison with his past. If at thirty-five he has been unsuccessful, it is safe to say that he will never make his fortune, and he ought to retire from the embarrassments and emotions of life."

"That is an additional reason for making a prudent marriage."

"To seek for love in connection with a prudent marriage is something that I have never done and never will do."

"Yes, yes; I understand, I know, all about you. I have also my pride, and I appreciate yours; the reason why I find fault with you is because you have not loved Marianne for herself alone; she fully deserved it, and would have been disposed to return it; When love joins the party there is no more any *mine* and *thine* within the limits of worldly wealth."

"That is true; but I did not believe that Marianne could love me. If Philippe has too much self-confidence, I have perhaps not enough. And then, I confess, I had a passion for traveling that I hoped to pursue. Another person, with a little dexterity and tact, would have made the best of an opportunity like that with which chance furnished me. I did not know how to aid chance. I have said a hundred times, 'I am good for nothing on my own account.' And now that all is ended, I am glad to be able to give you a little happiness. Let us not spoil our present life by useless reminiscences of the past. You say Marianne would have loved me. She is conscious that I did not perceive it, and she will never forgive me. I can explain now the coldness with which she treated me, the care she took to keep me at a distance, and the ceremonious *you* that took the place of the good *thou* of former times. A woman as cold and gentle as she is does not pardon a man for having been blind; and now, as she is going to be devoured by the bold and penetrating eyes of a gross fellow, without scruple and without irresolution, she can use the occasion to revenge herself for my folly. May the vengeance be sweet, and may she be happy! We have no other wish for her. I shall pretend to sacrifice myself with a good grace, and to approve her choice without reservation."

"You are wrong, my Pierre. If you really wished it, there would still be time; but you do not wish it, you do not love my poor Marianne! this is her misfortune. You would have made her happy; she will not be so with a man who is greatly her inferior."

"If she has the superiority that you attribute to her, she will see this in time; she has not yet accepted."

"You doubt her intelligence; this is why I find you foolish, allow me to say. I know very well that I cannot judge for you, and that you will say I do not understand the matter. I know also that it is difficult to form an opinion of the mind of a person who is unwilling to show that she has any; but if one desires to love any one, he investigates, and, if he loves, he divines. If you loved—"

Pierre kissed his mother's hand with an emotion that he quickly repressed. He had nearly confessed to her that for some days he was a prey to the temptation of loving, and that perhaps he already loved. He restrained himself. If he avowed his suffering, it would be too strongly shared by his mother, and she would urge him to a struggle in which he did not dare to hope for victory.

"We will talk of all this after to-morrow," he said. "Let us see first how Gaucher will succeed. But it is late, and you need sleep. Do not be troubled, and be sure that I am too happy with you to desire much to be better off."

Returning to his chamber, he resolved to unburden his heart, and opened his note-book. On the last page of his soliloquy of the previous evening, he found a wild thought that he did not remember that he had put there, and this made him dream. "We ought," said he to himself, "to make an herbarium

of *souvenirs*. A flower, a leaf, a bit of moss, would attain the value of a relic, if these collections recalled an event of the inner life, an emotion of the heart, or an effort of the will. We remember the dangers or fatigue of certain botanical conquests. We see again the grand or charming localities that have made a deep impression upon us ; but it is always the sight of the exterior world that is evoked by these traces ; the history of the soul would play another rôle—"

At this moment, Pierre heard the sound of footsteps in the hall and on the stairs of the cottage ; then the door was opened below, and he saw through the window Philippe Gaucher, who seemed to be going in the middle of the night to discover his subjects for painting.

XVI.

It was one o'clock in the morning. The conversation of Pierre and his mother, of which we have given but a short *résumé*, had continued more than two hours. What fancy induced the artist to leave the house and grounds before daylight ? A subtle indignation pierced André's heart, at the idea that this young fool, eager to make sure of an independent existence, was willing to compromise Marianne's character in order more quickly and more surely to accomplish his object. He joined him in three strides, as he proceeded resolutely on his way to Validat.

"Where are you going ?" said he, in a brusque tone. "Are you a somnambulist ?"

"Yes," replied Philippe, more surprised than indignant at the watchful care of his host. "I have the somnambulism of love, which goes straight to its goal without knowing in what direction it must pass ; but I shall be able to find without aid the manor or the cottage of my pretty countrywoman. I saw her go away yesterday in this direction ; you told me that she lived near the road on the declivity of the hills to the right. The night is clear, and the day will dawn in an hour. Do not trouble yourself about me, my dear sir. I should be very sorry to disturb your habits."

"The first and most important of my habits," replied Pierre, "is to guard the safety of my friends."

"You are too kind to me, in truth ! I like better to go alone—I told you so."

"It is not you that claim my attention ; it is my goddaughter."

"Who is your goddaughter ?"

"Mademoiselle Chevreuse, whom, I believe, you will compromise."

"She is your goddaughter ? Bless me ! Then everything is explained. I took you for a rejected and jealous suitor ; but, the moment that you are a kind of father, I recognize your right, and I wish to tell you, to swear to you, that I should be distressed to injure the reputation of your Marianne. Know, dear friend, that my intentions are pure as heaven. Yesterday, my charming *fiancée* refused a flower that I offered her, saying that she wished to gather it for

her horse, and I offered it to her horse—that is, to her mare, whose name is Suzon, as you told me yesterday evening. But this morning I intend to make a thorough search of all the bushes in the country, and weave a sumptuous garland of honeysuckle, that I shall hang on Mademoiselle Chevreuse's door, with this modest note already written that I have in my pocket : '*To Mademoiselle Suzon, her devoted servant.*' You see there is nothing to be angry about, and that your goddaughter will laugh at the adventure."

"If your ambition is to make her laugh, I think you will succeed."

"You hope that she will laugh at my expense ? I have no objection. The great question is that, either in sympathy or ridicule, her mind shall be occupied with me, and you will oblige me by turning me into ridicule. I shall take my revenge when her brain is filled and unduly excited with my extravagant actions. I intend to commit all kinds of foolish things, but of such a nature that her austere godfather need not remind me of the respect due to his adopted daughter."

Pierre wished to convince him immediately that the offering to Suzon was equivalent to a declaration of love to Marianne, a declaration which would be an additional source of gossip, as the farmers, not knowing how to read, and seeing this bouquet on the door, would be sure to say that it was a pledge of betrothal for the young lady ; but Philippe appeared so decided that he must allow him to carry out his plan or make him angry, and this seemed to him supremely ridiculous, and entirely contrary to the rights of hospitality. Pierre pretended then to take the affair in jest and let him go away alone, reminding him that his mother breakfasted at nine o'clock, and that they should set out toward noon for the Chevreuse dinner, which would take place, according to the custom of the country, at three o'clock.

"Do not trouble yourself about me," replied Philippe, "and especially do not wait for me. If I am too far away to return at your breakfast-hour, I can find bread-and-milk, no matter where. Understand that a landscape-painter is never at a loss."

Pierre feigned to return, and took his course across the fields to Validat. He wished to watch him whom he called with a disdainful spite "her young man."

An insane smile of content found expression on his countenance when, at the end of a quarter of an hour, he saw at a distance Philippe stop in front of the excavated road descending toward Validat ; then, continuing to ascend the open road, to direct his steps to the castle of Mortsang. Philippe, in looking at the roofs of moss-clad tiles belonging to the Validat farm, crouched under the great walnut-trees, and presenting neither pavilion nor turret, was unwilling to suppose that the lady of his thoughts could inhabit this den of peasant-laborers. He had seen farther on the picturesque castle, and there, among lordly inmates, very foreign to his love, he was going to place his offering.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A TALK ABOUT APPLES.

BY JOEL BENTON.

"Come, let us plant the apple-tree.
 Cleave the tough greensward with the spade;
 Wide let its hollow bed be made;
 There gently lay the roots, and there
 Sift the dark mould with kindly care,
 And press it o'er them tenderly."—BRYANT.

RED-CHEEKED, rosy, or golden yellow; sometimes purple, specked, or green, or streaked with yellow and red, or, perhaps, touched with the exquisite tint known as maiden's blush: under these and multiform gradations of color, Nature puts her faithfulest, firmest-fleshed fruit, and we call it the apple. It stands justly at the head of vegetable productions; it is an orb of tempting virtue; it spheres, in limits that fit the hand, a bundle of earth's best flavors; it symbolizes the brain of vegetation, for it has nobility as well as beauty of appearance: a cranium suggesting wisdom, and an almost kissable face. As iron is rated among the metals, so the apple ranks among fruits. It is not the most luxurious or the most luscious for the moment, but it is the most durably valuable, the most practical. All languages make room for its name, and, being always planted near the house, it equals the dog in its notoriety for human companionship. As the word *book* is appropriated as the fit name for the chief book of all, so *apple* sometimes stands for fruit in general. Scripture and geology, which have been supposed to differ about some things, agree as to its age, both placing its birth just a little before man's, as if it were said, "Now the apple is born, it is time for man to be, who is destined to eat it." It is not Genesis but tradition which makes it the apple that was put into Eve's hand, and afterward into her own and Adam's mouth; but literature seems quite at unison in accepting this version of the matter. The unfortunate fruit, whatever it may have been, was said to be of the tree of knowledge; and, curiously enough, the apple has a very pertinent relation to the brain, stimulating its life and its activity, which it does by its immense endowment of phosphorus, in which element it is said to be richer than anything else in the vegetable kingdom. But phosphorus is not only brain-supporting; it is *light-bringing*, and must thus contribute to knowledge.

The apple follows the belt of civilization—the zone of intellect—or else is followed by it. It is, at any rate, correlative, and we may well say—

"Where thou art is clime for me."

It would be impossible to report, in reasonable briefness, the numberless ways in which it has been sung and celebrated. The prose "Edda" says that "Iduna keeps in a box the apples which the gods, when they feel old age approaching, have only to taste of to become young again." To them, then, the apple-tree was not only the tree of knowledge, but the tree of life. If you should attempt to fol-

low it into literature, it would take you all the way through. I just recall at this moment, from a cursory reading when it first appeared, the fine aroma of an essay by Mr. Curtis on the apple, in which all that is graceful was most gracefully said; but I am ashamed to confess that I cannot now quote a sentence of it. And yet it remains, like the flavor of the fruit long ago eaten, or like a melody of Beethoven's which haunts me, but which I cannot retouch with my fingers, or place in the most fragmentary score.

About this fruit, how many fables cluster! The familiar one of Eris, who, simply because she was not invited to a wedding, threw an apple, marked "To the fairest," before Juno, Venus, and Minerva, and so caused the Trojan War and its voluminous woes, is familiar to every schoolboy. Fleet-footed Atalanta, after vanquishing and killing so many of her suitors, was won by an apple. It was the apple, too, which was used, among other things, to tempt Tantalus. In the garden of the Hesperides were planted seeds from the apples which were brought by the earth-goddess as gifts to Juno, at the time of her nuptials with Jupiter; and I think these must have been among the beginning of wedding-presents, which have now grown into that irksome modern institution that includes nearly everything valuable in its list of offerings. But these apples of Juno, which were, of course, the best the earth could afford, it took three pretty women to guard; and, when they forgot their trust so far as to go to eating them, it required a many-headed hydra to do the duty; but Hercules, it seems, outwitted it. When Atlas slipped the world off his shoulders, and gave it to Hercules for a few of these apples, must we infer that he thought there was nothing in the world of equal value? If he did so think, Hercules agreed with him, for he tossed back to Atlas the *worldly* bauble, and went on with his apples rejoicing. Homer names "apple-trees bearing beautiful fruit" as one of the features in the famous garden of Alcinoüs.

The celebrity of this fruit not only goes through the mythologies, but mention of it is made in the Old Testament in about ten places. Solomon says in his Song, "As the apple-tree among the trees of the wood, so is my beloved among the sons." And, in another place, "Stay me with flagons, comfort me with apples." "A word fitly spoken," says the proverb, "is like apples of gold in pictures of silver." Loki, who was the great thief and mischief-maker among the Northern divinities, stole Iduna's apples,

and the Grecian writers report a similar freebooting of Mercury, which gives the schoolboy his eminent examples. Mr. John Burroughs, whose admirable recent essay, in his unique book on "Winter Sunshine," I am going presently to make myself indebted to, says, "The boy is indeed the true apple-eater, and is not to be questioned how he came by the fruit with which his pockets are filled." He will even eat with relish that puckery atrocity, the unripe, green apple, the windfall of July, the very embodiment of vegetable total depravity. Is it because the apple is so closely connected with love and the fair sex that we, who are still unmarried, try at the country parties and firesides what fate it may point out for us? Count the seeds in your apple, and they shall be just numerous enough to spell the fated name. Peel one so as to leave one entire ribbon of the skin, and throw this backward over your head on the floor, and it will fall so as to make the initial of the name you seek. Every human being is supposed to retain a piece of the apple which stuck in Adam's throat. The apple of the eye is a Biblical phrase, which is used to express a supreme value; and the apples of Sodom are employed as a type of all that is illusory and deceitful. These, as is well known, though surpassingly beautiful in appearance, burst, like a compressed bladder, into smoke and ashes at the first touch. If it was an apple that took the world out of its moral orbit, causing the fall of man, it was the fall of an apple that discovered the power which keeps it in its physical sphere.

We are told that in Arabia the apple "is believed to charm away disease, and produce health and prosperity. In some countries the custom remains of placing a rosy apple in the hand of the dead, that they may find it when they enter Paradise."

Mr. Thoreau says that "apples made a part of the food of that unknown primitive people whose traces have . . . been found at the bottom of the Swiss lakes, supposed to be older than the foundation of Rome; so old that they had no metallic implements." It is interesting to know that the same custom prevailed in Italy hundreds of years ago that obtains now, of naming the different varieties of apples after those who brought them there, or who introduced them to notice. It was a cheap and easy immortality, and quite as palpable as that flavorless one which is all the modern scientific Sadder seems disposed, at the present date, to allot to the human soul. I do not know why Mr. Baldwin and his brother apple-culturists may not be sure of lasting and grateful remembrance. At least, if the ambitious politician would be equally certain of his coveted fame, perhaps he might do better to plant an orchard than to parade himself before a continent. Cowley makes his muse give thanks to him who restores or improves the apple:

"He bids the ill-natured crab produce
The gentle apple's loving juice,
The golden fruit that worthy is
Of Galatea's purple kiss."

An agricultural writer, who does not believe in having the pear displace the apple, says:

"The fruit-grower's attention seems of late to be concentrated upon the pear, which takes very great airs upon itself both at the fruiter's and upon the table. It is coddled and wrapped up, and has very high and mighty names given to it, and is very costly; and consequently it seems to be elbowing the apple out of the market. This is to be deplored; for, admitting the deliciousness of the pear, and giving it all the high respect which is its due, we should not forget that for real worth it is not to be named with the apple. The pear is a mere luxury of the palate, having, to be sure, the desirable stomachic qualities that belong to all fresh acid fruits. But the apple has substantial merits. It is food, nourishing and stimulating both to mind and body. It is a domestic fruit—homely, yet rich, and beautiful, and vigorous, like so many homely things, among them the homely graces and virtues. It is the roast-beef of fruits. We could better spare them all, except perhaps the strawberry in its season, than we could spare the apple. And yet the strawberry is merely ephemeral; the apple lasts the year round, to feed us and to cheer us by its peculiar corrective and stimulating qualities.

"It may be safely said that, except the various kinds of grain, there is no product of the earth in this country which is so good for food as the apple. This noble fruit is no mere palate-pleaser; it is very nutritious. . . . Not only is it more nourishing than the potato, but it contains acids mild and gentle, as well as pleasing to the taste, which act in a beneficent manner upon the whole animal economy. An apple-eater is very rarely either dyspeptic or bilious."

An English writer says, "It will beggar a doctor to live where orchards thrive." Mr. Burroughs offers statistics showing that certain operatives in Cornwall, England, in a time of scarcity, found apples in some manner a substitute for meat. They could work on baked apples without meat, when a potato-diet was not sufficient. To its healthfulness he bears witness: "Especially to those whose soil of life is inclined to be a little clayey and heavy is the apple a winter necessity. It is the natural antidote of most of the ills the flesh is heir to. Full of vegetable acids and aromatic qualities which act as refrigerants and antiseptics, what an enemy it is to jaundice, indigestion, torpidity of liver, etc.! It is a gentle spur and tonic to the whole biliary system."

The individual fruit in his hands he describes ecstatically: "How pleasing to the touch! I love to stroke its polished rindure with my hand, to carry it in my pocket on my tramp over the winter hills, or through the early spring woods. You are company, you red-cheeked spitz, or you salmon-fleshed greening! I toy with you, press your face to mine, toss you in the air, roll you on the ground, see you shine out where you lie amid the moss and dry leaves and sticks. You are so alive! You glow like a ruddy flower! You look so animated, I almost expect to see you move! I postpone the eating of you, you are so beautiful! How compact! how exquisitely tinted! Stained by the sun, and varnished against the rains! An independent vegetable existence, alive and vascular as my own flesh, capable of being wounded, bleeding, wasting away, or almost repairing damages!"

Mr. Alcott, whom Carlyle could never pardon

for his vegetarianism, is an equal eulogist of this fruit. He says: "Apples are general favorites. Every eye covets, every hand reaches to them. It is a noble fruit; the friend of immortality, its virtues blush to be tasted. Every Muse delights in it, as its mythology shows, from the gardens of the Hesperides to the orchard of Plato. A basket of pearmain, golden russets, or any of the choice kinds, standing in sight, shall perfume the scholar's composition as it refreshes his genius."

The apple-tree, like any other crop, has a preference of soil. Mr. Mitchell says the Newtown pipin fails to do well in New England. Gervase Markham, who wrote three hundred years ago, tells us that the "apple-tree loveth to have the inward part of his wood moist and sweatie, so you must give him his lodging in a fat, black, and moist ground: and, if it be planted in a gravelly and sandie ground, it must be helped with watering, and bating with dung and smal moulde in the time of Autumne. It liveth and continueth in all desirable good estate in the hills and mountains where it may have fresh moisture, being the thing that it searcheth after, but even there it must stand in the open face of the South."

According to Pliny and Theophrastus, there are urban as well as sylvan trees, and the apple is placed with the former. It stands nearer to the human race than any other, and is never dissociated from its peaceful and gentler activities. How individual and venerable are the separate trees of an ancient orchard! Gnarled and rheumatic, they have worn out their limbs in your service. They look upon you like inarticulate old people; but it is not hard to imagine that the dryad within them is just ready to appear and to speak. Their humanness is shown by the fact that, like men, they are persecuted for their good deeds, as around the best you always find the most clubs and stones. To come upon an orchard in the midst of a wilderness or a desert foreshadows the arrival home, and suggests a happy antithesis to that civilization which the shipwrecked sailor discovered on a strange shore when he approached a newly-erected gallows! The birds and the beasts know the worth and friendship of the apple-tree, and cluster about it. Its age is estimated to be from one hundred and fifty to two hundred years. I remember, when a boy, of hearing about an apple-tree in Litchfield, Connecticut, and later I saw where it had lived and died, that bore a hundred bushels of apples on the year it was a hundred years old. I think there are some Connecticut annals that speak of this tree; but there may be other trees that have done better. How few human lives, though, do as well!

An orchard is not established or preserved, I suppose, unless there are at least three trees, as, in like manner, it takes three geese to make a flock. For there are three grades of number—unity, duality, and severalty (?); and gregariousness only begins with the latter. The law recognizes the sacredness of the orchard by allowing no road to be laid out through one; and in doubtful cases, or where the

orchard might be construed to extend to too small a distance to save the division of the farmer's lot, I have known of trees being planted by night to ward off the impending or unpopular highway.

When William Tell was put to the cruel task of shooting at a target, of which his own little son formed the conspicuous pedestal, the thing to be hit might have been a potato or a turnip; but it was an apple. Whether there was any significance in this choice of the tyrant I am not able to say; but the apple, it is well to remember in this Centennial time, has for us also a sacred relation to freedom. It now enters into the memorial of our latest triumph against tyranny. Johnston's surrender, which ended the rebellion, was made under an apple-tree; and, before this event, it was upon "a sour-apple tree" that so many in the North would have hanged Jefferson Davis had he been caught. Thoreau learns that the apple-spray was once used as a badge and reward. From Loudon he quotes the fact that the ancient Welsh bards were rewarded by this for their excellency of singing. It is the peach, or some other twig, that the conjurer uses who goes about to tell you where there are beds of ore or veins of water; the apple is too true and sturdy to lend itself to this trickery! Instead of turning in his hand, it would more likely turn his face to shame.

For a fillip to the best social feeling and the wittiest conversation, we wait till the apples appear. How well they brighten up the dull winter evening when they go round! Whittier, in speaking of old times in the country, says:

"And for the winter fireside meet,
Between the andiron's straddling feet,
The mug of cider simmered slow,
The apples sputtered in a row,
And close at hand the basket stood,
With nuts from brown October's wood."

How sorrowful to think the old-fashioned "apple-cut" is now fallen into desuetude! At least, it must be a primitive place indeed where it is now kept up, or can be enjoyed as of old. It cannot breathe the atmosphere of the electric telegraph, and its "news" was somewhat differently collected and sent out. It was a picture worthy the genius and fidelity of a Dutch painter; but I doubt if any artist has ever painted it. There sat the hired man, with his coat off, astride the chair and apple-parer, forking on the fruit, which he turned swiftly around with his right hand, while holding the knife on with his left. The scalped and denuded apples usually fell into an ancient wash-tub, and the boys and girls, or old and young together, sat in a circle, quartering and coring them in pie-pans or in wooden bowls. After the work was all ended, and a barrel or more had been prepared to dry, the games, the frolic, and the merriment, began. While the elders were present, the party was a trifle more sober, and gossip took the place of fun. It was on one of these occasions, of which Mr. Burroughs speaks, "where so many things were cut and dried besides apples."

Strangely stimulating is this fruit! The activity it gives to the blood is fairly contagious. I suspect

a good many of the shrewd sayings of our wise forefathers, which survive orally in every neighborhood, owe their spur and sparkle to the juicy apple, or the juice which came from it, which was the omnipresent drink. I have a young lady friend who always beats me at a favorite game after the apples appear, though before they arrive I am occasionally the victor.

In the United States there are nearly one million acres devoted to the apple. In Pliny's time there were said to be twenty-two varieties of apples known to the Romans; but we who live to-day have the benefit of over two hundred kinds. To think that all these diverse varieties, from the king to the golden-sweet, came from the harsh and acrid crab, and are largely the result of patient culture devoted to specific ends, shows what elasticity lies buried in Nature, and only awaits the genius of man or the favor of fate. In England, where they have poorer oysters than we have, they also have poorer apples. The fruit requires the alternation of cold winters and warm sunshine, and draws its elixir and lusciousness from a favoring soil. The result is, American apples form an immense export trade, and are eagerly sought abroad. I am told there is a farmer in Ulster county, New York, who devotes two hundred acres to one kind of apple—the Newtown pippin. This orchard is picked every year by hand, the fruit is carefully barreled, and the whole crop goes to the English market, where it brings the highest price. It is said that there is no such variety as a distinctively "sweet apple" known in England.

Mr. Thoreau is fantastic enough to think that the man who deals with apples should be of solid and robust quality, for he says: "When I see a particularly mean man carrying them to market, I seem to see a contest going on between him and his horse on the one side, and the apples on the other; and, to my mind, the apples always gain it." Mr. Burroughs does not fall behind him in loyalty to their sturdiness and "Saxon quality." Says he, in an apostrophe: "I think if I could subsist on you, or the like of you, I should never have an intemperate or an ignoble thought—never be feverish or despondent. So far as I could absorb or transmute your quality, I should be cheerful, continent, equable, sweet-blooded, long-lived, and should shed warmth and contentment around."

There are some apple-eaters—men more particularly—who can apparently eat just as many apples after a meal as if no meal had been served. I recall a laboring-man who ate six large ones after a hearty dinner, and went his way, as if nothing notable had happened. This was twenty-five years ago, and he still lives, and is destined to live, perhaps, as long as will the tree that bore them. They were eaten raw, as the epicure of this fruit tells you they always should be, and the second orthodox rule is, to "dispense with the knife." Any one, however, who is not anxious to have them as good as they can be, will do the next best thing in following this recipe, which I will venture to vouch for: Buy a small tin apple-corer; core with it as many apples as you want, without peeling them; set them on a

tin dish; place this in a hot oven, having first filled up the vacancies left by your surgery with the best of sugar. Let them bake till they are well done. Take them out, and, if you do not know what to do next, call in your nearest and best friend for further advice.

Those who buy their daily fruit of the apple-woman might not feel so appetized to know the way she puts on their waxy and tempting polish. I shall not divulge her commercial secret, but, when I patronize her wares, I make a somewhat liberal use of the knife. I am told that in the olden time there used to be a familiar dish called "apple-butter," which was merely a peculiar kind of thick applesauce that would easily spread. It was put up every autumn by the barrel for family use. The habit of making it still prevails in some places, as in Ohio and Western Pennsylvania, and is a part of the established family routine.

What is it the old couplet says happens (I forget the first half)

"When first you shake hands with a tankard of ale?"

It happens, I suppose, just the same when you cross palms with a cup of cider. Is there any object in the country more picturesque than the old cider-mill? I know not why, but it is always pathetically old. We see it with its open sides, the long sweep where the horses go round (or perhaps the broad water-wheel takes their place), the slouchy dilapidation of its brown clapboards (was it ever otherwise than brown?), and catch the delicious aroma of great heaps of apples mingling their hundred various odors into a perfume that tinges and stirs the memory after long years. It is a picture that suggests boyhood, and hints of Arcadia. The boy that never bounced about the antique press, or played with the pomace, or sucked cider through a straw, has lost something out of his life that no after-happiness shall ever replace.

Twice a year some powerful fairy holds her wand of enchantment over the benignant orchard until the hillside stands fairly transfigured. Who will be rash enough to say when it gives us the most delight—when it upholds its mammoth bouquets in May, or when it bears for us its solid bounty in October? At the two gateways of summer it stands with outstretched arms, proffering in the left hand a flowery benediction, in the right a glowing cornucopia—in both a spectacle of wonder. What a burden of subtle associations clings to each period! The flowery apple-bough may well baffle the skilled florist, with all his art, to match it; and it is a theme which best of all befits the artist's easel. It suggests, in the "opal-colored days," that—

"Spring is strong and virtuous,
Broad-sowing, cheerful, plenteous,
Quickening underneath the mould
Wealth beyond the price of gold."

What the birds, whose orchestra is then filled, think of it, is matter of familiar history:

"I marked them yesternorn"—
amid the choir,

"Dusky sparrows in a crowd,
Diving, darting northward free,
Suddenly betook them all,
Every one to his hole in the wall,
Or to his niche in the apple-tree."

In the fall we pass the same spot to find the enchantment merely changed. The trees are now opulent with their shiny, waxy freight, or the ground around the venerable boles is up-piled with pyramids of beauty. It is the hazy October day; there is a mild hush in the air; a halo covers the off-lying hills as with a garment; the work of the year is ended; and from the ancient boughs, redolent of the mem-

ories of past generations, and ripe with the sunniness of a hundred summer days, sweeps down upon you a breath that might have come from the Fortunate Islands. Nature furnishes nowhere else in all her gallery two more memorable match-pieces than these of the orchard in May and October. It needs no subtle seer, like Swedenborg, to read the parable, or divine the moral correspondence. Happy is he whose life exhibits the same glory, or who shall be able some time to say, with the delicious quaintness of Marvell—

"What wondrous life is this I lead?
Ripe apples drop about my head!"

FOUR GREAT SONG-COMPOSERS:

SCHUBERT, SCHUMANN, FRANZ, AND LISZT.

BY GEORGE T. FERRIS.

HEINRICH HEINE, in his preface to a translation of "Don Quixote," discusses the creative powers of different peoples. To the Spaniard Cervantes is awarded the first place in novel-writing, and to our own Shakespeare, of course, the transcendent rank in drama.

"And the Germans," he goes on to say, "what palm is due to them? Well, we are the best writers of songs in the world. No people possesses such beautiful *Lieder* as the Germans. Just at present the nations have too much political business on hand; but, after that has once been settled, we Germans, English, Spaniards, Frenchmen, and Italians, will all go to the green forest and sing, and the nightingale shall be umpire. I feel sure that in this contest the song of Wolfgang Goethe will gain the prize."

There are few, if any, who will be disposed to dispute the verdict of the German poet, himself no mean rival, in depth and variety of lyric inspiration, even of the great Goethe. But a greater poet than either one of this great pair bears the suggestive and impersonal name of "The People." It is to the countless wealth of the German race in folk-songs, an affluence which can be traced back to the very dawn of civilization among them, that the possibility of such lyric poets as Goethe, Heine, Rückert, and Uhland, is due. From the days of the "Nibelungen-lied," that great epic which, like the Homeric poems, can hardly be credited to any one author, every hamlet has rung with beautiful national songs, which sprung straight from the fervid heart of the people. These songs are balmy with the breath of the forest, the meadow, and river, and have that simple and bewitching freshness of motive and rhythm which unconsciously sets itself to music.

The German *Volkslied*, as the exponent of the popular heart, has a wide range, from mere comment on historical events, and quaint, droll satire, such as may be found in Hans Sachs, to the grand protest against spiritual bondage which makes the burden of Luther's hymn, "Ein' feste Burg." But nowhere is the beauty of the German song so marked as in

those *Lieder* treating of love, deeds of arms, and the old mystic legends so dear to the German heart. Tieck writes of the "Minnesinger period:"

"Believers sang of faith, lovers of love; knights described knightly actions and battles, and loving, believing knights were their chief audiences. The spring, beauty, gayety, were objects that could never tire; great duels and deeds of arms carried away every hearer, the more surely the stronger they were painted; and as the pillars and dome of the church encircled the flock, so did Religion, as the highest, encircle poetry and reality, and every heart in equal love humbled itself before her."

A similar spirit has always inspired the popular German song, a simple and beautiful reverence for the unknown, the worship of heroism, a vital sympathy with the various manifestations of Nature. Without the fire of the French *chansons*, the sonorous grace of the Tuscan *stornelli*, these artless ditties, with their exclusive reliance on true feeling, possess an indescribable charm.

The German *Lied* always preserved its characteristic beauty. Goethe, and the great school of lyric poets clustered around him, simply perfected the artistic form, without departing from the simplicity and soulfulness of the stock from which it came. Had it not been for the rich soil of popular song, we should not have had the peerless lyrics of modern Germany. Had it not been for the poetic inspiration of such word-makers as Goethe and Heine, we should not have had such music-makers in the sphere of song as Schubert and Franz.

The songs of these masters appeal to the interest and admiration of the world, then, not merely in virtue of musical beauty, but in that they are the most vital outgrowths of Teutonic nationality and feeling.

The immemorial melodies to which the popular songs of Germany were set display great simplicity of rhythm, even monotony, with frequent recurrence of the minor keys, so well adapted to express the melancholy tone of many of the poems. The strictly strophic treatment is used, or, in other words, the

repetition of the melody of the first stanza in all the succeeding ones. The chasm between this and the varied form of the artistic modern song is deep and wide, yet it was overleaped in a single swift bound by the remarkable genius of Franz Schubert, who, though his compositions were many and matchless of their kind, died all too young; for, as the inscription on his tombstone pathetically has it, he was "rich in what he gave, richer in what he promised."

The great masters of the last century tried their hands in the domain of song with only comparative success, partly because they did not fully realize the nature of this form of art, partly because they could not limit the sweep of the creative power within such narrow limits. Schubert was a revelation to his countrymen in his musical treatment of subjective passion, in his instinctive command over condensed, epigrammatic expression. Let us glance at this rich and gifted life, which, however quiet and commonplace in its exterior facts, was so great in its creative and spiritual manifestation. The son of a humble Vienna schoolmaster, the early life of Franz Schubert was commonplace in the extreme, the most interesting feature being the extraordinary development of his genius. At the age of fourteen he had made himself a master of counterpoint and harmony, and composed a large mass of chamber-music and works for the piano. His poverty was such that he was oftentimes unable to obtain the music-paper with which to fasten the immortal thoughts that thronged through his brain. It was two years later that his special creative function found exercise in the production of the two great songs, the "Erl-King" and the "Serenade," the former of which proved the source of most of the fame and money emolument he enjoyed during life. It is hardly needful to speak of the power and beauty of this composition, the weird sweetness of its melodies, the dramatic contrasts, the wealth of color and shading in its varying phrases, the subtilty of the accompaniment, which elaborates the spirit of the song itself. The piece was composed in less than an hour. One of Schubert's intimates tells us that he left him reading Goethe's great poem for the first time. He instantly conceived and arranged the melody, and when the friend returned after a short absence Schubert was rapidly noting the music from his head on paper. When the song was finished he rushed to the Stadtconvict school, his only alma mater, and sang it to the scholars. The music-master, Rucziszka, was overwhelmed with rapture and astonishment, and embraced the young composer in a transport of joy. When this immortal music was first sung to Goethe, the great poet said, "Had music, instead of words, been my instrument of thought, it is so I would have framed the legend."

The "Serenade" is another example of the swiftness of Schubert's artistic imagination. He and a lot of jolly boon-companions sat one Sunday afternoon in an obscure Viennese tavern, known as the Biersack. The surroundings were anything but conducive to poetic fancies—dirty tables, floor, and

ceiling, the clatter of mugs and dishes, the loud dissonance of the beery German roisterers, the squalling of children, and all the sights and noises characteristic of the beer-cellar. One of our composer's companions had a volume of poems, which Schubert looked at in a lazy way, laughing and drinking the while. Singling out some verses, he said: "I have a pretty melody in my head for these lines, if I could only get a piece of ruled paper." Some staves were drawn on the back of a bill of fare, and here, amid all the confusion and riot, the divine melody of the "Serenade" was born, a tone-poem which embodies the most delicate dream of passion and tenderness that the heart of man ever conceived.

Both these compositions were eccentric and at odds with the old canons of song, fancied with a grace, warmth, and variety of color, hitherto characteristic only of the more pretentious forms of music, which had already been brought to a great degree of perfection. They inaugurate the genesis of the new school of musical lyrics, the golden wedding of the union of poetry with music.

For a long time the young composer was unsuccessful in his attempts to break through the barren and irritating drudgery of a schoolmaster's life. At last a wealthy young dilettant, Franz von Schober, who had become an admirer of Schubert's songs, persuaded his mother to offer him a fixed home in her house. The latter gratefully accepted the overture of friendship, and thence became a daily guest at Schober's house. He made at this time a number of strong friendships with obscure poets, whose names only live through the music of the composer set to verses furnished by them; for Schubert, in his affluence of creative power, merely needed the slightest excuse for his genius to flow forth. But, while he wrote nothing that was not beautiful, his masterpieces are based only on themes furnished by the lyrics of such poets as Goethe, Heine, and Rückert. It is related, in connection with his friendship with Mayrhofer, one of his rhyming associates of these days, that he would set the verses to music much faster than the other could compose them.

The songs of the obscure Schubert were gradually finding their way to favor among the exclusive circles of Viennese aristocracy. A celebrated singer of the opera, Vogl, though then far advanced in years, was much sought after for the drawing-room concerts, so popular in Vienna, on account of the beauty of his art. Vogl was a warm admirer of Schubert's genius, and devoted himself assiduously to the task of interpreting it—a friendly office of no little value. Had it not been for this, our composer would have sunk to his early grave probably without even the small share of reputation and monetary return actually vouchsafed to him. The strange, dreamy unconsciousness of Schubert is very well illustrated in a story told by Vogl after his friend's death. One day Schubert left a new song at the singer's apartments, which, being too high, was transposed. Vogl, a fortnight afterward, sang it in the lower key to his friend, who remarked: "Really, that *Lied* is not so bad; who composed it?"

Our great composer, from the peculiar constitution of his gifts, the passionate subjectiveness of his nature, might be supposed to have been peculiarly sensitive to the fascinations of love, for it is in this feeling that lyric inspiration has found its most fruitful root. But not so. Warmly susceptible to the charms of friendship, Schubert for the most part enacted the rôle of the woman-hater, which was not all affected; for the Hamlet-like mood is only in part a simulated madness with souls of this type. In early youth he would sneer at the amours of his comrades. It is true he fell a victim to the charms of Theresa Gröbe, a beautiful soprano, who afterward became the spouse of a master-baker. But the only genuine lovesickness of Schubert was of a far different type, and left indelible traces on his nature, as its very direction made it of necessity unfortunate. This was his attachment to Countess Caroline Esterhazy.

The Count Esterhazy, one of those great feudal princes still extant among the Austrian nobility, took a traditional pride in encouraging genius, and found in Franz Schubert a noble object for the exercise of his generous patronage. He was almost a boy (only nineteen), except in the prodigious development of his genius, when he entered the Esterhazy family as teacher of music, though always treated as a dear and familiar friend. During the summer months, Schubert went with the Esterhazys to their country-seat at Zelész, in Hungary. Here, amid beautiful scenery, and the sweetness of a social life perfect of its kind, our poet's life flew on rapid wings, the one bright, green spot of unalloyed happiness, for the dream was delicious while it lasted. Here, too, his musical life gathered a fresh inspiration, since he became acquainted with the treasures of the national Hungarian music, with its weird, wild rhythms, and striking melodies. He borrowed the motives of many of his most characteristic songs from these reminiscences of hut and hall, for the Esterhazys were royal in their hospitality, and exercised a wide patriarchal sway.

The beautiful Countess Caroline, an enthusiastic girl of great beauty, became the object of a romantic passion. A young, inexperienced maiden, full of naïve sweetness, the finest flower of the haughty Austrian caste, she stood at an infinite distance from Schubert, while she treated him with childlike confidence and fondness, laughing at his eccentricities, and worshipping his genius. He bowed before this idol, and poured out all the incense of his heart. Schubert's exterior was anything but that of the ideal lover. Rude, unshapely features, thick nose, coarse, protruding mouth, and a shambling, awkward figure, were redeemed only by eyes of uncommon splendor and depth, aflame with the unmistakable light of the soul.

The inexperienced maiden hardly understood the devotion of the artist, which found expression in a thousand ways peculiar to himself. Only once he was on the verge of a full revelation. She asked him why he had dedicated nothing to her. With abrupt, passionate intensity of tone Schubert an-

swered, "What's the use of that? Everything belongs to you!" This brink of confession seems to have frightened him, for it is said that after this he threw much more reserve about his intercourse with the family, till it was broken off. Hints in his letters, and the deep despondency which increased after this, indicate, however, that the humbly-born genius never forgot his beautiful dream.

He continued to pour out in careless profusion songs, symphonies, quartets, and operas, many of which knew no existence but in the score till after his death, hardly knowing of himself whether the productions had value or not. He created because it was the essential law of his being, and never paused to contemplate or admire the beauties of his own work. Schubert's body had been mouldering for several years, when his wonderful symphony in C-major, one of the *chefs-d'œuvre* of orchestral composition, was brought to the attention of the world by the critical admiration of Robert Schumann, who won the admiration of lovers of music, not less by his prompt vindication of neglected genius than by his own creative powers.

In the contest between Weber and Rossini which agitated Vienna, Schubert, though deeply imbued with the seriousness of art, and by nature closely allied in sympathies with the composer of "Der Freischütz," took no part. He was too easy-going to become a volunteer partisan, too shy and obscure to make his alliance a thing to be sought after. Besides, Weber had treated him with great brusqueness, and damned an opera for him, a slight which even good-natured Franz Schubert could not easily forgive. It is not the design of this paper to discuss its subject as an operatic composer, or in any way except as a superlatively-gifted song-creator. Yet one word in passing. The five or six operas of Schubert, unknown now except to musicians, contain a wealth of beautiful melody which could easily be spread over a score of ordinary operas. The purely lyric impulse so dominated him that dramatic arrangement was lost sight of, and the noblest melodies likely to be lavished on the most unworthy situations. Even under the operatic form he remained essentially the song-writer. So in the symphony his affluence of melodic inspiration seems actually to embarrass him, to the detriment of that breadth and symmetry of treatment so vital to this form of art. It is in the musical lyric that our composer stands matchless.

During his life as an independent musician at Vienna, Schubert lived fighting a stern battle with want and despondency, while the publishers were commencing to make fortunes by the sale of his exquisite *Lieder*. At that time a large source of income for the Viennese composers was the public performance of their works in concerts under their own direction. From recourse to this, Schubert's bashfulness and lack of skill as a *virtuoso* on any instrument helped to bar him, though he accompanied his own songs with exquisite effect. Once only his friends organized a concert for him, and the success was very brilliant. But he was prevented from

repeating the good fortune by that fatal illness which soon set in. So he lived out the last glimmers of his life, poverty-stricken, despondent, with few even of the amenities of friendship to soothe his declining days. Yet those who know the beautiful results of that life, and have even a faint glow of sympathy with the life of a man of genius, will exclaim with one of the most eloquent critics of Schubert:

"But shall we, therefore, pity a man who all the while reveled in the treasures of his creative ore, and from the very depths of whose despair sprang the sweetest flowers of song? Who would not battle with the iciest blast of the north if out of storm and snow he could bring back to his chamber the germs of the 'Winterreise?' Who would grudge the moisture of his eyes if he could render it immortal in the strains of Schubert's 'Lob der Thräne?'"

The genius of Schubert seems to have been directly formed for the expression of subjective emotion in music. That his life should have been simultaneous with the perfect literary unfolding of the old *Volkslied* in the superb lyrics of Goethe, Heine, and their school, is quite remarkable. Poetry and song clasped hands on the same lofty summits of genius. Liszt has given to our composer the title of *le musicien le plus poétique*, which very well expresses his place in art.

In the song as created by Schubert and transmitted to his successors, there are three forms, the first of which is that of the simple *Lied*, with one unchanged melody. A good example of this is the setting of Goethe's "Haideröslein," which is full of quaint grace and simplicity. A second and more elaborate method is what the Germans call "through-composed," in which all the different feelings are successively embodied in the changes of the melody, the sense of unity being preserved by the treatment of the accompaniment, or the recurrence of the principal motive at the close of the song. Two admirable models of this are found in the "Lindenbaum" and "Serenade."

The third and finest art-method, as applied by Schubert to lyric music, is the "declamatory." In this form we detect the consummate flower of the musical lyric. The vocal part is lifted into a species of passionate chant, full of dramatic fire and color, while the accompaniment, which is extremely elaborate, furnishes a most picturesque setting. The genius of the composer displays itself here fully as much as in the vocal treatment. When the lyric feeling rises to its climax it expresses itself in the crowning melody, this high tide of the music and poetry being always in unison. As masterpieces of this form may be cited "Die Stadt" and "Der Erlkönig," which stand far beyond any other works of the same nature in the literature of music.

Robert Schumann, the loving critic, admirer, and disciple of Schubert in the province of song, was in most respects a man of far different type. The son of a man of wealth and position, his mind and tastes were cultivated from early youth with the utmost care. Schumann is known in Germany no less as a philosophical thinker and critic than as a composer.

As the editor of the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, he exercised a powerful influence over contemporary thought in art-matters, and established himself both as a keen and incisive thinker and as a master of literary style. Schumann was at first intended for the law, but his unconquerable taste for music asserted itself in spite of family opposition. His acquaintance with the celebrated teacher Wieck, whose gifted daughter Clara afterward became his wife, finally established his career; for it was through Wieck's advice that the Schumann family yielded their opposition to the young man's bent.

Once settled in his new career, Schumann gave himself up to work with the most indefatigable ardor. The early part of the present century was a halcyon time for the *virtuosi*, and the fame and wealth that poured themselves on such players as Paganini and Liszt made such a pursuit tempting in the extreme. Fortunately, the young musician was saved from such a career. In his zeal of practice and desire to attain a perfectly independent action for each finger on the piano, Schumann devised some machinery, the result of which was to weaken the sinews of his third finger by undue distention. By this he lost the effective use of the whole right hand, and of course his career as a *virtuoso* practically closed.

Music gained in its higher walks what it lost in a lower. Schumann devoted himself to composition and aesthetic criticism, after he had passed through a thorough course of preparatory studies. Both as writer and as composer Schumann fought against Philistinism in music. Ardent, progressive, and imaginative, he soon became the leader of the romantic school, and inaugurated the crusade which had its parallel in France in that carried on by Victor Hugo in the domain of poetry. His early piano-forte compositions bear the strong impress of this fiery, revolutionary spirit. His great symphonic works belong to a later period, when his whole nature had mellowed and ripened without losing its imaginative sweep and brilliancy. Schumann's compositions for the piano and orchestra are those by which his name is most widely honored, but nowhere do we find a more characteristic exercise of his genius than in his songs, to which this article will call more special attention.

Such works as the "Etudes Symphoniques" and the "Kreisleriana" express much of the spirit of unrest and longing aspiration, the struggle to get away from prison-bars and limits, which seem to have sounded the key-note of Schumann's deepest nature. But these feelings could only find their fullest outlet in the musical form expressly suited to subjective emotion. Accordingly, the "Sturm und Drang" epoch of his life, when all his thoughts and conceptions were most unsettled and visionary, was most fruitful in lyric song. In Heinrich Heine he found a fitting poetical co-worker, in whose moods he seemed to see a perfect reflection of his own—Heine, in whom the bitterest irony was wedded to the deepest pathos, "the spoiled favorite of the Graces," "the knight with the laughing tear in his scutcheon"—Heine, whose songs are charged with

the brightest light and deepest gloom of the human heart.

Schumann's songs never impress us as being deliberate attempts at creative effort, consciously-selected forms through which to express thoughts struggling for speech. They are rather involuntary experiments to relieve one's self of some woful burden, medicine for the soul. Schumann is never distinctively the lyric composer; his imagination had too broad and majestic a wing. But in those moods, peculiar to genius, where the soul is flung back on itself with a sense of impotence, our composer instinctively bursts into song. He did not in the least advance or change its artistic form, as fixed by Schubert. This, indeed, would have been irreconcilable with his use of the song, as a simple medium of personal feeling, an outlet and safeguard.

The peculiar place of Schumann as a song-writer is indicated by his being called the musical exponent of Heine, who seems to be the other half of his soul. The composer enters into each shade and detail of the poet's meaning with an intensity and fidelity which one can never cease admiring. It is this phase which gives the Schumann songs their great artistic value. In their clean-cut, abrupt, epigrammatic force there is something different from the work of any other musical lyricist. So much has this impressed the students of the composer that more than one able critic have ventured to prophesy that Schumann's greatest claim to immortality would yet be found in such works as the settings of "Ich grolle nicht" and the "Dichterliebe" series—a perverted estimate, perhaps, but with a large substratum of truth. The duration of Schumann's song-time was short, the greater part of his *Lieder* having been written in 1840. After this he gave himself up to oratorio, symphony, and chamber-music.

Among the contemporary masters of the musical lyric, the two most shining names are those of Robert Franz and Franz Liszt, both of marked individuality, and, though indirectly moulded by the influence of Schubert and Schumann, creative minds of a striking type. The circumstances of the two composers have been in the most picturesque contrast. Franz has led a quiet, serene life, almost dull in its monotony, in a small German town; and Franz Liszt has been the idolized favorite of Europe, on whom sovereigns have showered diamonds and orders, fair women their most brilliant smiles, and the haughtiest circles lavish proffers of friendship.

The same art-impulse, however, has been strikingly characteristic of both men as song-composers, or, perhaps, to express it more accurately, the same art-limitation. Their musical inspiration is directly dependent on the poetic strength of the *Lied*. Either one of these composers would be utterly at a loss to treat a poem which lacked beauty and force. With but little command over absolute music, that flow of melody which pours from some natures like a perennial spring, the poetry of word is necessary to evoke poetry of tone. In other respects the two musicians differ as widely mentally as they do in external surroundings.

Robert Franz, like Schumann, was embarrassed in his youth by the bitter opposition of his family to his adoption of music, and, like the great apostle of romantic music, his steady perseverance wore it out. He made himself a severe student of the great masters, and rapidly acquired a deep knowledge of the mysteries of harmony and counterpoint. There are no songs with such intricate and difficult accompaniments, though always vital to the lyrical motive, as those of Robert Franz. For a long time, even after he felt himself fully equipped, Franz refrained from artistic production, waiting till the processes of fermenting and clarifying should end, in the mean while promising he would yet have a word to say for himself.

With him, as with many other men of genius, the blow which broke the seal of inspiration was an affair of the heart. He loved a beautiful and accomplished woman, but loved unfortunately. The catastrophe ripened him into artistic maturity, and the very first effort of his lyric power was marked by surprising symmetry and fullness of power. He wrote to give overflow to his deep feelings, and the song came from his heart of hearts. Robert Schumann, the generous critic, gave this first work an enthusiastic welcome, and the young composer leaped into reputation at a bound. Of the four hundred or more songs written by Robert Franz, there are perhaps fifty which rank as masterpieces. His life has passed devoid of incident, though rich in spiritual incident and passion, as his *Lieder* unmistakably show. Though the instrumental setting of this composer's songs is so elaborate and beautiful oftentimes, we frequently find him at his best in treating words full of the simplicity and *naïveté* of the old *Volkslied*. Many of his songs are set to the poems of Robert Burns, one of the few British poets who have been able to give their works the subtle singing quality which comes not merely of the rhythm but of the feeling of the verse. Heine also furnished him with the themes of many of his finest songs, for this poet has been an inexhaustible treasure-trove to the modern lyric composer. One of the most striking features of Franz as a composer is found in the delicate light and shade, introduced into the songs by the simplest means, which none but the man of genius would think of; for it is the great artist who attains his ends through the simplest effects.

While the same atmosphere of thought and feeling is felt in the spiritual life of Robert Franz which colored the artistic being of Schubert and Schumann, there is a certain repose and balance all his own. We get the idea of one never carried away by his genius, or delivering passionate utterances from the Delphic tripod, but the master of all his powers, the conscious and skillful ruler of his own inspirations. If the sense of spontaneous freshness is sometimes lost, perhaps there is a gain in breadth and finish. If Schubert has unequaled melody and dramatic force, Schumann drastic and pointed intensity, Robert Franz deserves the palm for the finish and symmetry of his work.

Among the finest of his *Lieder* are those set to

poems by Nikolaus Lenau, who falls little short of Heinrich Heine. One of the best descriptions of our composer's music is suggested in the following lines of Lenau, to which one of Franz's sweetest melodies has been wedded :

" Rest on me, thou eye of darkness ;
Wield thy undivided might ;
Mildly earnest, tender, dreamy,
Fathomlessly darkest night.

" With thy dark, thy magic shadow,
Hide away this world from me ;
Only thou above my being,
Biding everlastingly."

With the name of Liszt, a life full of dazzling brightness and spectacle is inseparably linked. The richest gifts were showered on him, and good-fortune has smiled on every step of his erratic career. From his first appearance in public as a pianist, existence has been sweetened for him by continually-growing admiration. The history of music has not known such applause as greeted Liszt. When a mere youth he conquered the European world by his exploits on the piano, and the blind goddess has never tired in her generosity—a notable exception to the fate of most of his gifted brethren.

Liszt is most famous as a pianist and as an orchestral composer, but his songs are even more characteristic of the complex nature of the man than the symphonic poems with which the public are now so familiar.

In the previous masters of song of whom this article has treated, a deep respect for the sacredness of musical form is never violated even in the most dramatic renderings. The word, indeed, gives the impulse, even direction, to the flow of musical thought, but is never permitted to violate the fundamental laws of musical art. Franz Liszt, on the other hand, breaks entirely loose from such limitations, and subordinates the music to the poetry. An extreme and radical adherent of what is known as the "music of the future," he carries it even into the domain of the lyric, where, if ever, melody should be the guiding law of the composer, however tune may be moulded to fit the varying phases of the poetic motive. Liszt's music has no eloquence or meaning heard apart from the words of the song. In other words, it is simply a sequence of incoherent but melodious fragments, a mosaic of short phrases set in a background of declamation. He violates the laws of tone by the use of the most divergent keys, and oftentimes takes extraordinary liberties with the metre of the poem itself in his vivacious search after effects. All sense of lyric unity is thus sacrificed to secure picturesque and striking contrasts, and the song becomes a chaos of bewildering color, without much form, except as imposed by the poetic purpose of the words.

It is true that in many of the Liszt songs there are short melodies of great beauty, but these are never made sufficiently dominant to give character to the work. It is for this reason that his treatment of the German *Lieder*, with their deep and simple seriousness, their appeal to the heart and imagina-

tion, is too elaborate, eccentric, and florid. Unless interpreted by a singer of the most artistic skill, who himself supplies a lacking element, the effect is sometimes of the most disappointing kind. With such interpretation, they are often dramatic and telling in the extreme.

Though Liszt has set many of the poems of Goethe, Heine, and Rückert, he has never done so well as in treating the songs of Victor Hugo, in which grace and sparkle cover up the depths of lyrical feeling.

As an example of the art of Liszt, let us take his setting of Heine's "Im Rhein," which has also been treated by Robert Franz. With the latter, the song is kept within the spirit of a quaint old legend, pensive and dreamy, without a vestige of passion. Liszt, on the contrary, aims to paint a tone-picture. The opening melody suggests the ringing of a chime of bells, while the accompaniment seeks to portray the splashing of the waves of the river. The emotional key of the lyric is supposed to be the feeling of a lover who walks in a grand old cathedral, and fancies the smile of his beloved on the face of every carved angel. Before this climax is reached, Liszt strives to picture the holy city of Cologne, the effects of sunlight streaming through the painted glass of the illumined windows, the solemn beauty of the cathedral interior, and the first loneliness of the lover lost in the temple. At least we have his own word for his intention. It is only when the adoration of the lover rises to a motive force that anything like beauty of melody is reached. All the rest is a chaos of chords, modulations, and changes of key. After the one brief snatch of sweet tune, our composer again introduces the sounds of the chiming bells and the rushing river, until the diminishing *pianissimo* causes the whole picture to wane in twilight.

That Liszt succeeds frequently in producing the most poetic and suggestive results is true ; but he is apt to overlay his work with the elaborate machinery of his labor to such an extent as to destroy the charm of the lyric. In attempting too much, he frequently loses all, for every form of art has its rigid limitation.

Of the great lyric composers, Franz Schubert is the unquestioned master. To him the modern artistic song owes its birth, and, as in the myth of Pallas, we find birth and maturity simultaneous. It bloomed at once into perfect flower, and the world will probably never see any essential advances in it. It is this form of music which appeals most widely to the human heart, to old and young, high and low, learned and ignorant. It has "the one touch of Nature which makes the whole world akin." Even the mind not attuned to sympathy with the more elaborate forms of music is soothed and delighted by it ; for—

" It is old and plain ;

The spinsters and knitters in the sun,
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones,
Do use to chant it ; it is silly sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love
Like the old age."

A TROUBLESOME PICTURE.

I.

AT the age of twenty-two Irving, like Thackeray, was more than half an artist, and both had in their younger days fixed ideas of making art their vocation. Such notices, then, of pictures as may be found in Washington Irving's books show a thorough appreciation of that most difficult school of art, the Spanish one; nor are his criticisms of a vague or general character, but evince both a special and a technical acquaintance with the subject.

Now, Washington Irving's numerous friends in New York were in the habit of sending to him, when he was in Spain, commissions to purchase the works of the old masters. As the illustrious man of letters was nothing of a *brocanteur*, such requests were inexpressibly annoying to him, because they took a great deal of his time to execute. Whole wildernesses of old masters are to be found in all the capitals of Europe, some original, others of the choicest manufacture, and Madrid possibly abounded with them in 1828 as it does to-day. It must be confessed that very often the selections made by Mr. Irving for his friends at home were not judicious. Very generally when these old masters' pictures, transplanted from monasteries, cloisters, and refectories, were suspended from the walls of cheerful American houses, they did not suit the taste of the day. The majority of the old masters exposed for sale in Spain are generally of a sombre and ascetic character. Martyrs flayed, flagellated, gridironed, roasted, or tortured, make up the stock in trade. Pleasing subjects are exceptional. Gothic taste, having run so entirely into exaggerated horrors, rarely felt the want of what was expressive of quiet or repose. Ecstatic pictures portraying religious beatitude are not exactly rare in Spain. When you do come across them, however, they rather convey the idea of that forced exhaustion which invariably succeeds physical or mental torture. It was the active impression the old Spanish masters sought, and they cared nothing for passive emotion. If their saints writhe in the throes of animal death, it is only the Saviour of man who, indifferent to torture, bears his sufferings with that sweetness and patience due to his divine nature. If female martyrs agonize the mind to-day, as they bare their white bosoms to the pincers of the knackers, it is the mother of Christ, soaring amid the angels, whom the great Murillo alone clothes with the tenderest attributes.

Among the Irving purchases sent to this country there was a picture bought for a gentleman who resided, about the year 1829, on Staten Island. The picture bore no signature, but was called after the school of Juan de las Roelas. According to the judgment of the critics to be found forty years ago in the United States, the picture was declared to be a work of the close of the sixteenth century, and to have been painted long after the time of De las Roelas. Whoever had been the artist, he had depicted

a fine-looking man, of rather stern mien, of a middle age, who, seated on a rough bench in a cave, was in the act of handling his beads, the left hand holding a rosary. The head, which was quite powerfully painted, did not, however, express placid meditation, but rather gave the idea of some mental struggle. The face was partially in shadow from a cowl, and whether the head had been tonsured or not it was difficult to determine. The cassock was half open, showing a bit of the breast of the figure, but a thong was coiled up there, and, to make it more apparent that flagellation had been inflicted, the chest bore the marks of stripes, and drops of blood tinged the knots of the scourge. The accessories were a black book with iron clasps placed on the bench, and under the bench was a blue water-jar, a crust of bread, and some strands of green rushes. The interior of the grotto (for perhaps the figure represented some hermit) was roughly blocked in. The play of light was strong and masterly, a torrent of sun-glare streaming in an inclined plane from the left of the picture downward.

Now, men in a fervor of religious ecstasy may look heavenward, but, under most circumstances, are unable to withstand the blinding sun-glare. But certainly in this picture the saint or sinner was looking directly up in the broad beam of light. One of your matter-of-fact critics would have asserted at once, when examining the Irving picture: "The effect of light is as good now as ever, even perhaps improved, because time, or the dust, or the sulphurets in the air, have toned it down; but it was absurd to make a man looking right straight at a sun-ray without winking." Such a statement might have been traversed by the early admirers of the picture by the supposition that the man was blind; but their arguments would have been routed by the fact of the presence of the book. One thing noticeable was a single finger of the right hand, which pointed to a spot just on one side of the light-tumult. That might be what the eyes were looking at. There was a patch of something white there, like a scroll of paper affixed to the side of the cave, and a careful inspection showed four black points, indicating nails, perhaps intending to show how the bit of paper had been attached to the wall. This was not an uncommon accessory in a picture of this character. Here might have been painted such rules or divine precepts as the man was to follow remorselessly forever and ever in order to reach the realms of heavenly bliss.

Occasionally "the Irving picture," as it was called in its better days, was exhibited among collections of thirty-five years ago, and exactly such comments were made on it then as would be published to-day, as: "Very fine;" or, "'The Monk telling his Beads.' Old Spanish style in all its painstaking and sombre magnificence;" or, "'The Anchorite,' the property of A—B—, Esq., one of our most ardent art-lovers, and purchased for him at the price of twelve hundred dollars by Washington Ir-

ing, Esq.;" or, "'The Praying Monk,' a superb masterpiece, which recalls Salvator Rosa, Rubens, Titian, with something of the power of Michael Angelo and the grace of Sully."

A good many vicissitudes followed the picture, but scarcely more unusual than those which fall to the lot of a bedstead or any other piece of furniture. In 1848, when the first American owner of the picture died, it became the property of the deceased gentleman's daughter. In time the family moved from Staten Island to New York City, and the picture was given to a friend, who valued it simply as associated with Washington Irving. This person, without the least artistic pretensions, had a wife who prattled pictures, knowing nothing about them, and, what was worse, was utterly unconscious of her own idiocy in regard to form or color. The husband called the picture "Irving's Old Saint," the wife dubbed it "Irving's Old Fright."

Want of care, and principally because the picture was hung in a gloomy hall, right over the belching heat of a furnace, predisposed the old master to star and crackle, so that in time the cavern was riven with great seams, as if occasioned by an earthquake. Little bits of paint would peel off and fly away, until the man's face seemed as if attacked with erythema. As the hall was dark, and the picture only visible when the gas was lit, its entire destruction was simply a question of time. As it interfered with the position of a very grand architectural hat-rack of lofty proportions, one day the lady of the house consigned the picture to the garret, where, face to the wall, it passed a good many years in profound repose, in company with old trunks, dilapidated fenders, ramshackle chairs, and other *disjecta membra* of household articles. The husband had never missed it. About two years ago, a Mansard roof having to be superposed upon the house, the contents of the garret were sent adrift, and at last were swamped in an auction. I have now a catalogue of a sale which reads as follows:

"Property of a private gentleman declining house-keeping.

No. 102. An ice-pitcher.

" 103. Lot of second-hand bathing-tubs.

" 104. Lot of stoves and fenders.

" 105. 'The Old Monk.' A work of the Spanish masters. Very fine."

This closed the first period of the representative of the old Spanish school.

II.

My good friend Rudolph Lederhos, who keeps the musical lager-beer saloon, bought the old Irving picture for precisely eight dollars and a quarter. When I recognized, with something of a start, this picture of my youth, gracing Lederhos's walls, he said to me: "There, now, you are looking at my old man! It was a foolish purchase, and you will laugh at me. But you see," he continued, confidentially, "a stupid waiter let a bottle of weiss-beer burst just over against the wall there, and it made a dirty streak on my new paper. The paper-hanging man, he says

that it would cost me fifteen dollars to have a new panel put in, and he wasn't quite sure he could match the color. I goes through William Street, and I just pass an auction. I see that old picture. I measure it, and find the size suit me to an inch or so. Then I have an idea of my own about the picture, which I tell you. So I buy it, and have him hung up here. There comes to me that man Mollerus, a Hollander, who drinks a good deal of my wine and don't pay quick. He is a painter, and has got some work making scenes for theatres. I speak to him this very day about a job I want done with that picture. I get him to paint me a wine-flask in the old fellow's hand, with a tumbler in the other, with a piece of cheese near a loaf of bread, and an onion—with a bit of ham with a bone in it—and a pack of cards on the bench, and then I has a cheap, first-class picture, as is suited to the business. What you think?"

I was horror-stricken! I hastened to assure Lederhos that the picture was better as it was. I advised delay, hoping to prevent something which seemed to me almost akin to sacrilege.

"Well, I ain't in no such dreadful hurry," replied Lederhos, who had apparently some vague ideas of the unity of art, "but a praying man with blisters all over his face, where the paint has rub off, ain't no use in a place where they drinks beer, plays billiards, and listens to the music."

With Mollerus, under whose hands at some future day the poor picture was to be desecrated, I had little acquaintance. All I knew about the man was that he was an habitual drinker. Rather tall and bulky, he resembled in heaviness of pose and lethargic action the Netherlander, but his face was not of the Frisian type. As some peculiar fish, predisposed to fat, increase only in their bodies, while the bone-case of the head remains rigidly fixed within absolute limits, and refuses to collect an atom of adipose matter, so Mollerus, the Hollander, was huge and flabby everywhere else but as to his head, over which the skin seemed pulled as if in tension. But here all ichthyological resemblances ceased. Mollerus's eyes were not the least fish-like, but were piercing black, the dark pigment running into the pupils and clouding them, while his hair was coal-black and crisp. Possibly when Spanish rule was rife in the Netherlands centuries ago, some swarthy Asturian halberdier had crossed his blood with a Gelderland woman, and the flashing Guadiana and the torpid Maas had united and flowed down to the Zuyder Zee. Two types of quite opposite races, I thought, were discoverable in Mollerus, which had, I fancied, never exactly commingled.

Mollerus's English and Dutch were by no means fluent. When he did talk, however—which was but rarely—he usually spoke in monosyllables. The man was apparently a gloomy, misanthropic fellow, caring for no other companion save his bottle. His dress was dirty and shabby, and he mostly wore a heavy, slouched hat, sombrero-like, over his eyes.

I suppose the picture remained in its position for fully six months. Lederhos, who never forgot any-

thing, time and time again urged on Mollerus the adaptation of the picture to his wants. The flies, during a long summer, had hived on the ray of golden light, and on one unhappy occasion, when an irascible Brandenburger tailor had thrown a pot of mustard at an aggressive Hessian boot-maker, that biting condiment had left ugly splashes on the face of the figure. Standing, as it did, in dangerous proximity to a billiard-rack, it got no few bumps from the butts and tips of the cues. The poor old thing, in its sad plight, would not have stood a week's chance of existence during the winter, near a red-hot stove, had I not urged the removal of the warming-apparatus.

"That Mollerus is a trifling rascal," said Lederhos to me, one day. "He put me off every week. Now he shall do my work with my picture, or I stop his beer, with etceteras." At last, in the early spring of the next year, I missed the picture. Had it been finally handed over to the tender mercies of a Mollerus, for a disgraceful martyrdom?

I am not generally impressionable about such matters, and have no æsthetic tears to shed even over the tomb of the Capulets converted into a horse-trough; yet I dreaded the change.

"That old man gone," said Lederhos to me, one day, as he noticed me looking somewhat aghast at the blank space on the wall. "First I make Mollerus draw me something just like what I want." Here the host showed me the back of a greasy bill of fare. I could only make out some indistinct marks of a rough sketch indicating, I supposed, the intended metamorphosis. "You see," went on Lederhos, "I wanted to have a good Hamburg sausage put in right here, but Mollerus say to me that in Spain the right sausage was not from Hamburg, but from Leon; and I wanted a long flask of Rüdesheimer with my name on the label, 'Imported by R. Lederhos;' but the Hollander—such a thick-headed and obstinate fellow I never came across—he object. He was in Spain once, so he say to me, and that it would not be true to paint a Spanish man drinking Rhine-wine. He ask me what Rudolph Lederhos look like with a Spanish cloak slung round him. Well—would you believe it?—that Mollerus get excited, wild-like, until he make me confused and crazy. Anyhow, Mollerus and the waiter take the picture away, and he promise to fix it and bring it back in a week, and when it is done and hung up there, I wipes out my score with Mollerus. By-and-by I makes a picture-gallery—when my walls get shabby."

Months passed away, and the blank space on Lederhos's wall remained. Mollerus came now and then, was even more moody than formerly, and offered no excuse for not concluding his task. Lederhos became impatient in time, and at last peremptorily demanded of Mollerus the return of the picture, threatening legal pursuit. Mollerus pleaded business, illness, that he had changed his lodgings, that the job of restoring the picture or painting in the new subjects took a great deal more time than he expected. At last one winter's evening Mollerus

came in with the picture, which was placed in its old position. I was called to examine it, and was prepared to be horrified.

Almost all artists, good, bad, or indifferent, feel the natural delight of possessing the creative power; and, whether with their brush they have executed the graining on a front-door, or tinged with iridescent colors the tips of an angel's wings, they look for plaudits. Somewhat to my surprise, Mollerus sat gloomily indifferent before a bottle of wine, with his back toward the picture.

I had looked to have my blood run cold with either the garishness of sign-painting or the crude, stagey, and clap-trap effects of scenic decoration. Mollerus looked so coarse that it was not unnatural for me to expect a brutality. I cast my eyes regretfully over the picture, and was aware that it had been altered; but it was rather a modification than an entire subversion of the original traits of expression. It jarred, of course, to see the fingers which once held the beads now bent round a wineglass; but the glass was empty, and the hand hung listlessly downward. My eyes first sought with an effort those radical interpolations which would change the artistic text. We all of us somehow very stupidly assort mental expressions with dumb accessories. There was no vulgar pack of cards nor greasy scrap of meat. The book still was held tight closed by the iron clasps, and kept its secrets, and the water-jar stood under the bench. The picture, then, was neither swinish nor coarse. Had I not been acquainted with its prior history, and had no remembrance of its former guise haunted me, I should not have experienced the slightest feeling of disgust. Still I dreaded that a leer, a smirk, some lewd Rabelaisian grin, might disfigure the face. I ventured to look more carefully at the head. Yes, it had been slightly qualified, but with an apparent conservatism. The eyes, by a thin application of color to the lids, had been veiled, giving them a vague and dreamy expression. The corners of the mouth had been slightly relaxed. What was brand new about the picture, the bottle and the glass, had been put in in undertones, almost evasively. Of course, there they stood, undoubtedly something to hold the wine in and to drink it from, anybody could see them; but it was an antiquated flask, half full of a liquid which had lost its flush of color, and it was an old-fashioned goblet the man's fingers clung to, and being, therefore, objects not exactly familiar to the frequenters of a musical beer-saloon, would perhaps have never been very prominent in public attention. The most rigid of the abstinent could hardly have pointed to the picture as furnishing the text for a temperance-sermon. I had been prepared for something so different that I commenced to feel not only gratitude toward Mollerus, but thought that, with better opportunity, the man might have made a good artist. At least I felt satisfied that Mollerus possessed something beyond a crude knowledge of art, and I was even inclined to think that as a restorer of old pictures he had more than ordinary mechanical ability.

I most heartily expressed my approval of Mollerus's work, but the man seemed to utterly ignore my laudatory speech, and drank his wine in a stolid way. As for Lederhos, I regret to say, he was not satisfied, for he grumbled about the absence of the sausage and cheese.

"That Mollerus, he did not fill his contract," said the host. "When a man comes to me and he say, 'How much for your dinner?' and I say to that man, 'I give you soup, meat, two kinds of vegetable, pie, cheese, with a half-bottle of good wine, for seventy-five cents,' I fill the bill, and stick by my contract."

After quite a long time I succeeded in pacifying Lederhos, assuring him that Mollerus's work was excellent. Overruled by me, Lederhos was apparently satisfied, for he said:

"Somebody come to me now and offer me fifty dollar down for that old drinking man with the bottle, and I would say, 'No; what you take me for?' By-and-by I have a picture-gallery to suit me."

Next day, when the sun shone brightly, I accidentally sat facing the picture, and was curious to see how the crack-filling had been accomplished. In the full light I was surprised to find how much real work had been bestowed on the representative of the Lederhos gallery. It had been, in fact, touched up all over with an accurate assimilation of the old toning. The eyes, as I had before noticed, no longer gazed painfully at the sunlight. But what had become of the focal point—the scroll of paper affixed to the rock? It had disappeared. There was nothing there now but a bit of jutting stone. I fancied I saw something like a seam running down irregularly about one-third of the picture, almost from top to bottom. The shining sun streaming through a window of the room made a crease of light like a line of fire on the picture, evidently due to some slight protruding irregularity on the face of the canvas. I jumped on a table, and was tangibly assured that this was the fact. I made, too, another discovery. Something had been cut out, and a new piece of canvas had been joined to the old. Lederhos's picture, then, was two-thirds three hundred years old, and one-third belonged to to-day. This substitution could hardly have resulted from a simple tear, because the new part was all freshly painted. Lederhos was busy; I could do no harm. I took out my knife, scraped off some of the pigment, found it new and green, and underneath there came out that familiar ground one sees on all new stretchers and the more evenly-twilled canvas as it is manufactured to-day. Here was a find! But what did it mean? I could not charge Mollerus with dishonesty. Had I wanted to explain the circumstances to Lederhos, he would never have understood me. I thought it better to hold my peace, because for all practical purposes Lederhos's picture was quite as good for him as it had been before, and even better. As a piece of merchandise, it was just as sound, and of as approved quality, as his staring lithographs of "The French at Sedan," or its pendant, "The Triumphant Entry of Kaiser Wilhelm into Berlin." As

I sat, somewhat absorbed, before the picture, endeavoring to probe the mystery that there might be in it, Lederhos approached me.

"You shall taste my new Deidesheimer, and tell me what you think of it. What! looking at my old man? Some day I have, though, my own way. That old fellow wants more red on his nose. He is a faint-hearted drinker. If Mollerus won't do it, there is a fellow as takes first-rate pictures opposite, Mr. Peeks, the photograph-man, who will undertake the contract. He says he is a tip-top artist, and colors his own pictures. See here! that Mollerus stay here last night, and behave so bad that I most have to put him out. You know those old fellows in our orchestra—Poocker, our violin, and Aeselstein, our violoncello—they complain that they could not play good, and was so nervous because that old picture have changed its looks. Poocker swear to me he see that old man in the picture raise his eye up to the corner. The violoncello, another crazy fellow, he say he see it, too, when Aeselstein show it to him. Then Mollerus, who had taken too much wine, hear them, and get into a red-hot rage, and quarrel with them, as I never see him do before. I will have that picture fixed as I want it, and Mr. Peeks shall paint me that man's nose purple, if I want it so—with a pack of cards in his sleeve—and a round of Hamburg beef and a pot of pickles on the bench. I know best the kind of picture that runs with the beer-business."

III.

LATE in the evening I was seated in the Lederhos hall, listening to the music of the orchestra, which consisted of the four instruments, a violin, a violoncello, a flute, and a piano. I could not help but notice certain peculiarities on the part of Aeselstein, the violoncellist. Whereas his place for the last two years had been invariably on the left of the little music-stand, in which position he faced the picture, he had to-night changed situations with the piano, so that his back was toward it. Poocker the violinist, as leader, was, of course, still to the front. Every now and then old Aeselstein, no matter how deep down his hand was plunging into the finger-board of his instrument, would cast a furtive glance upward behind his back at the picture, as if fascinated. As to Poocker, he seemed at times to have quite lost his administrative powers. In fact, if it had not been for the piano, which acted as a kind of musical cement, binding together the shifting, melodic material, an entire want of harmonic cohesion would have been manifest. The flute, who was a surly fellow, seemed rather to revel in the want of unison, lifting up his eyebrows in a saturnine way, entirely independent of those facial contortions which usually follow flute performances. If Lederhos was unappreciative of decorative art, his musical acquirements, if not refined, were at least solid, and I expected that he would find fault with his orchestra; but, as the room was thronged, and orders for refreshment were incessant, the proprietor probably was not listening.

Poocker was a quondam friend of mine, and I

had more than once listened to some rather wild acoustic theories of his having something to do with the regeneration of violin-making. The violin-player, with Aeselstein, the violoncellist, thought they had discovered some marvelous principles of transmitting, by means of positive inoculation, the spirit of a Stradivarius, or of an Amati, into the baser fiddles of to-day. Both these old musicians liked me. I had never opposed their curious crotchets, nor had ridiculed them, while many of the *habitués* of the saloon had made them the butts of their coarse jests. Poocker held Aeselstein in the greatest veneration. There was something inexpressibly tender in the manner Poocker watched over Aeselstein and cared for him, for the old violoncellist was in feeble health. I knew Poocker had something to impart to me, for, after he had swabbed off the neck of his violin and his own forehead, he waved his colored handkerchief to me.

"You are going to say to me," he said, "that the music was bad. It is true, we never played worse. Would you believe it, I missed three whole bars of the *allegro*, and brought the bass solo in wrong? Aeselstein has assured me that it was his own fault, and not mine. But that dear old Aeselstein would sacrifice even his professional reputation to his friendship for me. He has such a noble character! But"—here the violin-player lowered his voice to a whisper—"something really is the matter. I know you are sympathetic, and can appreciate our feelings; coarser organisms, like our flute, cannot. The piano is too happy; he is a young fellow, going to be married, and his playing, though not exactly mechanical, is slightly business-like. The fact is—ahem!—neither Aeselstein nor I can stand any sudden changes. We have been playing for most a year under the shadow of a revered saint, as was embodied in that picture. Looking at it was a kind of relief to us. It inspired us with a calm and holy feeling. It was a consolation. It was pleasant in an *andante* to look at the picture, and to draw an inspiration from it. Sometimes we thought that, amid the din of rattling plates and the clatter of beer-jugs, we were not the only martyrs. In fact, we forgot our coarser surroundings."

Here Poocker heaved a sigh, then looked at me in a most scrutinizing way. "You do not laugh at me? May I continue? Now they have rudely, brutally, aggressively travestied our dear picture. Our pure, saving spirit has been converted into a coarse, brawling sot. Our bright gold has been metamorphosed into tarnished pewter. Worse than that"—here Poocker's voice trembled with emotion—"they have done such a dreadful thing that the spiritual essence of the picture, overcoming the material portions of it, have brought it into revolt." The old fellow was getting more and more excited, and great drops of perspiration stood out on his forehead. "Listen to me. That picture—all pictures having any positive merit, more especially those devoted to religious subjects, get imbued in time with a positive personality. Impressions made by even the humble hand of man are not absolutely fugitive.

Had you scraped every atom of paint from off that picture, and smeared it over with the figure of the lewdest Bacchanal in a lascivious orgy, to me and to Aeselstein the first pure image would alone have been permanent. A sacrilege has been done; worse than that, there has been a subversion of a religious thought." Here the violin-player shuddered. "For such things in olden times a man has been tortured, and a whole city on its knees has done penance for his crime. But, sir, the—the absolute fixity of the idea stamped on that picture three hundred years or more ago has—has remained. Last night Aeselstein and I saw that figure distinctly move his eyes. We both noticed it. It threw a pitying, imploring, supplicating glance toward the left-hand corner of the picture—clear heavenward—as if something was wanting to make it happy. It was such a sad, longing look! Neither Aeselstein nor I has slept a wink all night on account of it, for we live together now. It frightened us. It was enough to scare two old men. I do not tire you? You bid me kindly go on? You do not laugh at me—at us? Have you seen it yourself? We have often noticed that you seemed attached to the picture. It was because of the terrible impression it made on my dear friend Aeselstein that I induced him to change his position in the orchestra, so that he should not face the picture. To-night, as I live, that painted man all of a sudden dropped his glass and bottle! I heard them ring on the stone floor of his cavern. No, it was not a beer-tumbler that fell from a table. One hand swept the holy beads, while the other hand, with the outstretched finger, pointed upward. Whether Aeselstein saw it or not I do not know. My dear old comrade is not so strong as he was once, and I am afraid it would shock him if I told him all that I saw. Did you notice how shaky he was to-night? and, though his back was to the picture, he must needs from time to time turn round and look at it? Was it Mollerus, the Hollander, who did it? We both liked Mollerus once, not so much because he seemed poor and shabby, but because he appeared as if a man with a secret grief, or as one having lofty aspirations which never could be fulfilled. Last night Mollerus must have been drunk. Aeselstein, who is the embodiment of courtesy, was quietly discussing the picture, and mildly stating that the change made him unhappy. I think he said that the sensual joy derived from a glass and a bottle was the mockery of that holy inspiration emanating from the divine writ which was inscribed on the scroll that once hung up in the corner of the picture. When he said that, Mollerus foamed over with rage, and denied that such a thing had ever existed in the picture, and called us a couple of crazy old fools. It is a bad business, and the picture will do us harm. Ah! I must stop now. Not a word to Lederhos about it. He is a good man, and pays us punctually what our services are worth. Should he ever turn us out, we should be likely to perish of starvation. But such an honest lump of clay could never understand us. Perhaps after a while the picture will remain fixed in our eyes, and no longer disturb

us. Pray tell me, did you know the picture in your younger days—when it was not associated with beer and bad music—when well-mannered people looked at it with reverence, and cracked no ribald jokes before it? Ah! I have been talking a long time. Lederhos is looking at me. It is time for more music. Adieu."

Slowly resuming his place on the modest platform, Poocker took his violin, accorded it noiselessly, smiled kindly at Aeselstein, who was apparently absorbed in thought, shook his violin-bow at the ugly flutist—the piano required no reminder—and then off rattled the overture of "Martha" for perhaps the thousandth time.

Lederhos came presently to my table. "What a long talk you've had with Poocker! My music is getting to be too old-fashioned, and it draws and totters along in a most sluggish way. That leader of my orchestra has such strange notions! The old man wanted to play some mass-music, and he almost cried when I say, 'I will have none of it.' I know I have a queer old band, which wants watching. Sometimes I think I will ship the whole concern, and get something more sprightly in the way of musicians for our fast times. I want the 'Thunder' galop and the 'Spring-Shower' waltzes, and I never could get that old dolt of a Poocker to play them.—Ah! here comes Mr. Peeks; I must have a talk with him about fixing over my old parson. That book in the picture might easily be turned into a box of regalia cigars. Mr. Peeks will at least follow my orders."

IV.

MOLLERUS, who had heretofore been a rather constant frequenter of the saloon, now visited it but rarely. I noticed most positively that he had an aversion to being even in the proximity of the picture. He would come in occasionally of an evening, look neither to the right nor to the left of him, stride rapidly through the place, and seek an ill-lighted room at the extreme back of the hall. What was quite appreciable about the man was a wan and scared look, as if of intense anxiety. Mollerus's self-indulgence might perhaps have accounted for it, as he drank copiously, eschewing beer and wine, and taking now to schnapps. Occasional altercations with the waiters showed that his temper had changed for the worst. Lederhos, whom nothing escaped, said to me:

"I forbid soon Mollerus the place. He has no civil word for anybody. Sometimes I see him, for I watch him close, look at his knife and fork when he eat his supper, and his eyes glare just like a murderer. I speak to him just once about my picture, and he jump up and swear such a long Dutch oath! It had rumbling in it like thunder, and spurts of fire like lightning! He say he wish his soul might be accursed if he ever touched the picture again, and that it was an evil day for him when he ever worked on it. You will see I must get rid of him. He is eating and drinking now most on credit; and a man tell me that the theatre where he paint scenes discharge him, because he threaten to pitch a stage-

carpenter off of his scaffold. Anyhow, Mr. Peeks shall paint my picture. Mollerus is not the only artist as gives me his custom. Mr. Peeks comes entirely into my notions about my old picture. He know just what I want. He talk to me about having a goat with a long beard and big horns, rearing on his hind-legs, put into the picture, and I think that just suit me. That picture goes away to-morrow, for sure. Mr. Peeks always pay for what he drinks here, and he say he will charge me ten dollars for what he put in the picture, goat, cigars, cards, and all. Half of the money he is to take out at the bar, so at last I think I will have a picture as will answer my purposes."

Of course, I could say nothing. I had skirmished so long before in defense of the picture, with such indifferent success, that I now thought it was useless to fight against the inevitable.

Mr. Peeks I did not know, nor had I been anxious to make his acquaintance. I was only aware that he had on exhibition a show-case, filled with very wretched photographs, which stood before the front-door of a shabby house opposite; and that a dentist, with a similar show-case full of snapping teeth, disputed for public notoriety and approbation at the same dingy passage. Sometimes the two show-cases were flanked by the fac-simile of a vulgar woman's face, done in crayon by a coarse hand, showing a female head with sausage-curls and swollen cheeks. As a portraiture of "a lady with a toothache" it was quite a success; but whether intended to advertise the photographer or the dentist I never had exactly made out.

Next day the picture was gone. For the first time Lederhos did not say a word to me about it. I suppose my host had seen, by my manner, that all art-subjects in connection with his establishment were distasteful to me. But Poocker was very communicative. The old violin took the first opportunity to talk to me.

"I do not know whether the removal of that picture will be a relief or not to us. Aeselstein thinks it will. We do not know what has become of the picture, nor will we ask. To-night when Aeselstein came in with me—we always get here early in winter, because it saves light and fire at home—long before we commenced our night's work, I saw that blessed old companion of mine gaze at the blank space on the wall for fully ten minutes. I knew—I felt his mind was conjuring up every trait that was once in the picture, as it was when we first saw it. There was no void there for him. Then Aeselstein got up and went to the place where it used to hang, and made the sign of the cross on the blank wall; and I—I said, 'Amen!' Next Aeselstein carefully tuned up his 'cello, and I heard him play Bach's most solemn requiem, so quietly and devoutly, with such depth and feeling, with such holy and tender unction, and yet it was all so still and subdued, that tears came into my eyes. Good, good old Aeselstein, the blessed man! He has thoughts and inspirations which I have not. The picture is now, I solemnly believe,

in peace—at rest ; at least I hope so.—Ah ! here comes Mollerus. Poor man, how wretchedly he looks ! We bear him no enmity. Maybe he was starving, and owed Lederhos money, and so had to turn a saint into a buffoon.—Now, gentlemen of the orchestra, we will try something from the ‘Zauberflöte.’” And so, with quite a contented face, Poocker started the music.

Mollerus came in, head down, and strode along the room. Suddenly, though his eyes had apparently been fixed on the floor, he seemed aware that the picture was no longer in the room. The man stood motionless for an instant, then went toward the wall, gazed at the blank space, next felt with his hands, as if to assure himself that even the frame was no longer tangible. Mollerus's face now lost its usual wan and listless expression. Endowed apparently with the consciousness that I was looking at him, he turned suddenly on me, and said : “Is it gone—gone ? What has become of it ? I did the least harm I could with it. You have been watching me and the picture ? What business is it of yours ? How dare you interfere with me ? Are you, too, in league with those driveling, fiddling scarecrows who make a fuss over an old daub and a dried-up crust of paint ?”

Decidedly, Mollerus was treating the subject in a tragical manner. As I had no desire to make a scene, believing that Mollerus was tipsy, I thought it better to advance nothing about my suspicions in regard to the purloined portion of the picture. “Nonsense, Mr. Mollerus !” I said ; “go and drink your schnapps. Mr. Peeks, the photographer, has the picture, and will put into it every brutality which you excluded.” And I turned away from him.

“Stop !” he cried, barring my way. “Did you know the picture ? Excuse my hastiness. A good deal of misery, self-inflicted, I am afraid, has upset me. But the picture—it is a Spanish one. Where did it come from ?”

I briefly told him its origin, but evidently Washington Irving, whom I mentioned as its early purchaser, was an unknown person to him. When I had concluded, he said :

“Peeks ? That villainous Yankee ! He an artist ! He dare to touch it ! I pray God it may do him harm, and that it may curse him !” Then looking fixedly at me for a few moments, as if he wanted to tell me something, he suddenly left, and hurried out.

That very night there was an alarm of fire on the other side of the street opposite to the Lederhos establishment, and two houses were burnt. Next day I read in the morning-paper about a fire in the Bowery, No. — ; lower story, a small dry-goods and trimming store ; second floor, a dentist ; third story, a milliner ; fourth story, a photographer. At the conclusion of the paragraph, the statement was made that certain suspicious actions on the part of the photographer, Orlando Peeks, had inclined the fire-marshal to have him arrested on the charge of incendiarism.

“That was a very bad business, that fire,” said

Lederhos to me that day. “Them houses burnt all through. It is burnt, too, my good old man—my prize picture ! I think ever so much of that picture, what cost me eight dollars and a quarter, with the fifteen dollars Mollerus put on it. But, see here. I just kind of think that picture bring me bad luck. Just after Mollerus fix it, I get news that a cousin of mine in Milwaukee get ruined, dead broke, and he swindle me, and runned away with seven hundred and fifty dollars he owed me ; and my spitz-dog, Fritz, got fits and die ; and I crack two decanters myself, a thing I never do ; and eight dozen of my best Rüdesheimer, what I bottle and cork myself, get so sour and bitter, that it's no good even for vinegar. I tell you what, a man in my business ain't got no right to go out of it and hang up praying people ! That's so ! Well, that Mr. Peeks is a downright rascal. He set the house on fire himself. They can prove it on him. Never used kerosene, and was found out to have bought six gallons of it yesterday. It turns out that two, three houses he has been in before burn just the same way, after he make a good insurance on his photograph-stock. Oh ! he is ketched now ! So my picture is gone ! Well ! well ! I goes to-day straight and buys two, three hunting-pictures—men shooting roe-bucks and wild-boars, and chamois in the Tyrol, and ducks, and that kind of thing—in place of that old man what kept praying all the time, though we did put a bottle in his hand, as wasn't his business. Let everybody stick to his business, I say !”

The subject of the picture was dropped, and was in time, perhaps, almost forgotten by all of us. Orlando Peeks's guilt was proved beyond the shadow of a doubt ; he was sent to the penitentiary for a long term of years.

Months passed and I lost sight of Mollerus, when one stormy night, as I was seated at my table in the Lederhos saloon, the host beckoned to me. “Here is a note a little girl brought me. Mollerus, it seems, is ill, and wants to see you or me. Will you go ? It is something about a picture.”

Was I about to solve the mystery of the picture ? I hurried to a squalid tenement-house in Hester Street, and found my way into a dreary room, where, apparently in the last stage of consumption, I found Mollerus stretched on a wretched bed. He made a motion with his thin hand to me to approach his side.

The very plausible narratives told of physically impossible scenes at the death-beds of pulmonics, reaching over several chapters, did not occur, as far as Mollerus was concerned.

“I hoped you would come—rather you than Lederhos,” he said. “You told me you knew all about the picture. You said some great man, whose name I never heard of before, first brought the picture from Spain to this country. I stole a part of that picture ! Take that old coat from off the wall there. I have no easel now. I burnt my easel up for firewood a week ago. Do you see what is there ?”

I plucked away a tattered coat, and saw, tacked

against the rough laths of the wall, a narrow slip of canvas, some five feet long by about two in breadth. In the dim light of the room, it seemed to bear the outline of a woman's form, with shoulders and bosom exposed. I could make out something like a jeweled gorget encircling the neck. Whatever it might have been, it had so entirely lost its coloring as to be but faintly distinguishable.

"I do not know how much you know about pictures," added Mollerus, "but, as I am a dying man, that is the best third of Lederhos's picture. That figure, when it first came into life again, after its new birth, was full of that gorgeous beauty which Carlo Dolci alone could paint. I shall always think it was his work. That picture—I mean the whole picture, as Lederhos bought it—was like some other old works which have occasionally passed through my hands. I worked for years in the Hague Gallery, simply restoring pictures. There was a good picture in print, which had been painted over a superb work behind it. No man can tell how such things happen. I have seen a boors' drinking-bout, painted by a famous countryman of mine of the seventeenth century, put directly over a meritorious religious subject, due to an Italian master of a former period. Believe me, I am learned in such things. At Leyden there is a picture, the *chef-d'œuvre* of the restorer's art, where, on the same surface of the canvas, two pictures may be seen side by side. One was painted by a great master, who was a pious man, and the other by the master's own son, who was equally excellent as an artist, but who was not given to painting saints. Perhaps he was sacrilegious, and, in defiance of his father, or prompted by the evil-one, clapped right on top of his father's divine subject all that was gross, sensual, and carnal. It took the man who restored it, who lived one hundred years ago, ten years to work it out, and he went mad over his labor. I suppose the Lederhos picture once represented quite a different subject. Some one, not the same hand which painted it first, perhaps a few years after it was completed, painted out the woman, and left only the man. It had been skillfully done, but the picture was again changed, by a coarser hand, probably within this century. Originally, it was the portrait of some grand Spanish gentleman, associated with that of the woman he loved. It bears every trace of having been the work of a master of the Italian school, only afterward some grim Spaniard made it hard and sombre. She (the woman) may have been false to him, and in his (the man's) despair he may have hidden his wretchedness in some religious order; or perhaps the woman died, and, changing his life, he may have sought consolation in prayers and penance. She might have been a wanton, and her picture and his united in the same canvas might have been a reproach to him. You must not think my fever has made me fanciful. He must have had her painted out; but he never could have erased her from his memory—or he would not have had his eyes directed toward a face which the thin scroll of paper scarcely covered. That was my discovery. The first time I put my eyes on the picture I thought I saw it.

No. She was no saint, but the personification of human loveliness, as physical a woman as is the Venus of Milo, and was supremely indifferent as to the exposure of her charms. Oh, the long days of laborious toil I bestowed on the picture, simply taking away the hard scale of rock which incrustated my growing beauty! It was an agony to me sometimes to think that the biting solvents I had to imbue the picture with might make a blemish on her soft white skin. Working with that most delicate of all tools, the hand alone, I was sometimes weeks laying bare but an inch or so of her rounded form. I was giving back to the world some grand work of art which had been lost! I was exhuming some forgotten temple! When first she stood before me I wept for joy. Then came a strange, jealous fear, because she was not mine. Then I thought it would make no difference to Lederhos, whose very orders were to change the picture. The idea of possession overcame me. To make the bargain a fair one, I devoted no end of time to replacing this bit of canvas by another, and in restoring entirely what was left. Perhaps I did it skillfully; at least in Holland, the late king, who was an artist of accorded merit, intrusted his pictures to me. But I was unlucky in that dull country where I was born. Just such a woman as was that one you are now looking at loved me, was false to me, and ruined me. At first my picture glowed with warm colors, but, exposed to the air, do what I could—and I exhausted my skill—she would fade away. It was an agony to me. Now she must be almost unrecognizable, still you may perhaps appreciate the magnificent curves of those sweeping lines, though the color has flown. The man and the woman evidently could not be parted! I could see that when, with a trembling hand, I cut her from the semblance of the man she once loved. What tragedy the picture perpetuated I do not presume to tell. No one will ever know it. That the man had something to accuse himself of was, I think, evident, from the scourge thrust in his bosom, and the self-inflicted stripes which came out horribly when I cleaned the picture, which I painted over. There, that is all about the picture. Notwithstanding all my sins, and they are many, as I hope for life hereafter, you will promise to restore this bit of canvas to Lederhos when I am dead. That is all. The dispensary-doctor gives me a day or so to live. I am tired now. Roll the picture up—gently—and carry it away."

I did as I was directed, shook hands with Mollerus, and hurried straight to Lederhos. I told him how ill Mollerus was, and the good German's heart was instantly touched. The woman-servant of the house was instantly dispatched to Hester Street with a basket filled with wine and such delicacies as the Hollander, when in sound health, was accustomed to indulge in.

Next day Mollerus was dead. All of us, even Poocker and Aesselstein, contributed our mite to give the man Christian burial.

That evening, after the funeral, I asked Lederhos to go with me into the back-room. I had the remnant of his picture under my arm.

"Here, Mr. Lederhos," I said, "is what that poor Mollerus took from your picture, and which he returns to you." I unrolled the old canvas with the utmost precaution, and exhibited something which bore no possible trace of human hand-work. There was nothing there save the dark-brown threads of the canvas-woof, and as I held it one side in order to catch the light, quite a handful of minute paint-scales flickered in space for a moment, and then fell in a shower on the floor. The last trace of the Irving picture was gone now.

"Ah!" said Lederhos, "what good is that piece of canvas to me? My picture! And is that some of the stuff of my old man what cost me eight dollars and a quarter? I do not understand. If there was any paint left on it, I might tack it under the beer-barrels, so that they should not slop the floor,

or I might have cut it into round pieces to put under the beer-glasses, but it ain't worth nothing. I want no more fuss about that picture. Mollerus is dead and buried, ain't he? You and I went to his funeral, didn't we? That ends Mollerus, unless he was the 'flying Dutchman.' Aeselstein and Poocker, they has been playing dirges for Mollerus, as if they was chapel-masters, and Lederhos's beer-room a cathedral. Listen, now: was there ever such dismal music heard? Now, see here: you and I have been good friends for years, but I do not wish you ever to talk to me about that picture again. Even my wife and my daughter, who are solid, get all kinds of ideas in their heads about that picture. Now, I tell you, you buy a good chromo for a dollar, and you frame it for a dollar more, and there ain't no ghosts or foolishness about that."

PARISIAN NEWSPAPER-MEN.

BY WIRT SIKES.

THE life of a newspaper-writer in the French capital is full of charm. The most conspicuous feature therein is the extreme consideration he experiences by virtue of his profession. Whatever his grade, he has consideration. It is not necessary that he should be an editor-in-chief in order to have importance in the eyes of the Paris world, and (what is better, and rarer, to a pen-worker) to have it tangibly—where he can see it and feel it. He may be merely a reporter or a dramatic critic; his work is honored and commented on, as it would be if he were political leader-writer, and he is considered accordingly. In this country such consideration for the humbler writers on the press is exceptional; those who enjoy it have usually done other work, which has given them reputation; they are poets, or essayists, whose work has found place in the leading literary magazines, or in books. But in Paris the work done upon the newspaper brings the worker at once into esteem, and often limits his literary ambition.

Nowhere in the world has a young man with "the pen of the ready writer" so easy and pleasant a road before him. Whether coming to Paris from a provincial community, or springing up in the capital, one of its own people, he has but to begin writing, and at once the path of his career opens before him, in which he may tread steadily toward success, if he be industrious, observing, and fairly gifted. With us he would have to serve a long apprenticeship before he could fairly feel his feet under him; and, even when he has won recognition, it is usually only from editors and publishers, not from the reading public. Indeed, it is more than probable that his whole life will pass in the harness, and his name still be quite unknown to the world, even his local world. There are hundreds of able writers on the New York and Boston press, and even on the press of Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati, and the other large towns which we assume to

call "provincial," whose heads have grown bald, or gray, or both, bending over the editorial desk, under the flaring gaslight, whose names are quite unknown to any but people who are brought into personal contact with them. Our world knows of Watterson in connection with the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, and of Story with the *Chicago Times* (to mention two journals quite at random); but what does it know of Hatcher, or of Matteson? Nothing, or next to nothing.

But, in Paris, from the word "go" the newspaper-man begins to accumulate capital—that is to say, reputation. His name, or his *nom de plume*, if he prefer to adopt a pen-name, is printed with his work from the first, and it speedily becomes the habit of newspaper-readers to look to see, not what the *Figaro* or the *Paris Journal* says, but what M. Crapaud or "L'Homme à la Fourchette" says. Such talent as he may possess instantly makes its mark—broad or narrow, according to his deserts—and with each successive paragraph or column he prints, the mark widens and blackens. He is speedily adjudged his place in the general world of journalism, and is welcomed to the acquaintance of his fellows. Thus his self-esteem is flattered, and his ambition to excel aroused. He finds himself one of a brilliant circle of wits, men of the world, and politicians, among whom he may dare lift his voice, sure of his *not* being heeded by virtue of the name he owns.

And in estimating the value to him of the appreciation in which he is held it must be borne in mind that to the young Frenchman Paris is the world. The literary arena of France is not multiplied by a hundred, as with us, and belittled accordingly. There is no Boston to elevate its critical nose above New York; no Philadelphia to sniff at Pittsburg; no Chicago to sneer at St. Louis; no San Francisco away at one corner of the earth to raise doubts in the young journalist's mind whether that

might not be his better field ; no New Orleans away at the other corner to bid him query if he might not find there a more cordial appreciation. Paris is the world ; to please Paris is to please all his ambition has cognizance of. There is even no London to lure him, as it has lured many a bright young intellect of our own, to try English favor, in the hope of larger success there. The proverb that a prophet is not without honor save in his own country cannot be made to apply to the French journalist and Paris. He lives only to succeed in Paris ; succeeding there, all's won ; failing there, all's lost. There would undoubtedly be some suicides fewer in the French capital if the wretch for whom life has lost its savor could be made to believe there was any civilized community in the world outside Paris.

The career which opens before the young Parisian journalist is full of the most brilliant possibilities. The highest social consideration is vouchsafed him, the loftiest political honors are open to him. From the ranks of Parisian journalism France has drawn in the past, and still more is drawing in the present, and yet again more will draw in the near future, her statesmen, her most important officers, the recipients of her most distinguished emoluments. The young man does not merely see before him the prospect of a good position on a leading journal, even a proprietorship and the incumbency of a chief's chair, though he sees these too ; but he sees a minister's portfolio, an election to that holy of holies, the Academy, a prominence in the affairs of the nation, of which a like young man in this country hardly dreams, in the beginning. French journalism leads directly to these, by the straightest known road. It is true that in the United States also many of the brilliant prizes of political life have fallen into the hands of men who were once editors ; but it is hardly because of their eminence in that profession. It is not our Bennetts and Raymonds who get into the cabinet and the Congress ; still less is it our Hatchers and Mattesons—men, I mean, who are able journalists but unknown to fame. Colfax edited a little country paper in Indiana ; Senator Christiancy one in Michigan ; and there are abundant such illustrations of the kind of journalists who issue as statesmen with us. It is not because of the talent they showed as journalists, but because they have passed out of journalism into politics, that they are at Washington. The American editor who has thus passed into politics is seldom a metropolitan editor, and very rarely a man of marked talent in his profession ; he has generally been the proprietor of a local journal in a district where all men knew him personally, and ten to one was not even the writer of his own editorials. In Paris the man who achieves political honor is inevitably and always a writer of high abilities. Paris has known all about him for years ; has traced his progress by his writings, year after year, accurately, intelligently, understandingly ; and, when he achieves a post of trust and responsibility, it is known what his capacity therefor may be. All this the new-fledged journalist sees when he enters on his profession, and it

stimulates his ardor, fires his pen, and makes his career a delight. He expects to be decorated, all in due time, with the cross of the Legion of Honor ; to be sent, perhaps, to Versailles ; and possibly, for all things are possible in this noblest of professions, even the grand *summum bonum* of glory's possibility, to be elected a member of that great Academy at whose doors the last emperor knocked in vain with his "Life of Cæsar" under his arm.

The Students' Quarter in Paris is well known to Americans ; the Cluny is its accepted centre, though not its literal one. In like manner the Journalists' Quarter—which Americans know very little about—has for its centre the Théâtre des Variétés, the elegant little theatre whose status may be inferred by the American reader from the fact that on its boards were first produced Offenbach's most celebrated *opéras bouffes*, "La Belle Hélène," "Barbe Bleue," "La Grand Duchesse," "La Perichole," and "Les Brigands." It stands on the Boulevard Montmartre, that section of the line of fashionable boulevards which the American promenade on the Boulevard des Italiens sees just above him, and recognizes by its rising ground and by the sharp bend the long highway there makes. This boulevard is the favorite promenade of the journalists, and here may be seen, toward the close of the afternoon, almost the whole race of newspaper men in the French capital. Nearly all the principal editorial rooms and printing-offices are in the neighborhood, in the Rues Montmartre, Drout, Richelieu, etc. The Bourse is a block or two off ; and the old home of the grand French opera is close by. On either side of the Théâtre des Variétés are two *cafés*—one called the Café de Suede, the other the Café des Variétés. The latter is the favorite haunt of the actors ; the former that of the newspaper-men. The Café de Suede does not differ materially from other boulevard *cafés* in aspect : it is, perhaps, a little less garish than many, and the tone is mellow ; the mirrors are somewhat less gaudily framed, the chandeliers less blinding, the waiters less eager for the stranger's order, and having altogether an air of not being quite as ordinary waiters are. Yet you will be entirely welcome if you choose to enter there, or to sit outside on one of the iron chairs to consume some mild and innoxious beverage or smoke a cigar. You may safely assume, while seated there, that you are surrounded by the celebrities of Paris journalism, and, if you are in the company of one who is acquainted with their faces, you will be deeply interested in observing them as they are pointed out. If your ideas of the personal aspect of newspaper men are formed on the traditional model, you will probably find yourself staring with interest at certain haggard specimens of manhood, with unkempt hair and beard, who dreamily smoke or read or gaze, with goblets of a greenish liquor before them on the marble tables. But do not deceive yourself : these are simply the creatures known in Paris slang as *absintheurs*, or drinkers of absinthe, the seductive beverage which so quickly and fatally undermines the health by its assaults on the nervous system. They come to the

Café de Suede as to various other well-reputed *cafés*, because the absinthe is sure to be of the best possible quality; but they are seldom of the newspaper guild. The journalist who dallies with the green serpent of absinthe is almost certain to be a man of no mark, for the drug is death to the activity and readiness which are the prime requisites of successful journalism.

If you would see a striking type of the prosperous Paris journalist, observe this exquisite dandy with the handsome, brave-looking head, pale visage, and listless manner, who saunters idly in, with the air of a man who has nothing on earth to do with his time, and humming, perhaps, an air from "Madame l'Archiduc" in an almost imperceptible tone. This is M. Henri de Pène, one of the most "terrific workers" on the Paris press. The labor he accomplishes is something prodigious—a fact which it is almost impossible to realize, as you look at him with his glass screwed in his eye, his gold-headed stick in his lavender-gloved hands, and his bored manner. He seats himself at a table, and is waited upon by the most irreproachable of the *garçons*, who does not need to receive his order, for M. de Pène is an *habitué* whose ways are well known, and the *garçon* brings him a choice cigar, holds the match till the weed is lit, and retires decorously, while M. de Pène leans back on the red-velvet sofa, and breathes the smoke of his Havana with sensuous enjoyment. This man is the chief editor of the Paris *Journal*, for which he writes profusely, not only over his own signature, but over his well-known pseudonyms of "Lonstalot" and "Ch. Demailly." He also writes incessantly for the *Indépendance Belge* and the Russian journal *La Voix*; and scarcely a day passes in which he does not contribute to one or more of the other journals of the capital, where his admirers claim he is readily recognized by his style, his mode of treatment, and even by his pen-names, in the choice or invention of which he is held to have a peculiar happiness. One of his guerrilla pseudonyms was "Gracchus Turlututu," which the enthusiastic Parisians warmly declared was in itself a little *chef-d'œuvre*. The humor of this pseudonym is seen in the contrast it involves—"Gracchus" suggesting at once all that is heroic, high-toned, and severe, while "Turlututu" is the nursery hero, whose "*chapeau pointu*" is a classic subject of amusing discourse to the littlest of French folk. When the comic singer of the American music-hall discourses of his cat—his "Thomas Jefferson cat"—the tickling the hearers' risibles get is similar to that which the Parisians felt at the cognomen "Gracchus Turlututu."

It is claimed for De Pène as a peculiar virtue—and a striking one it assuredly is in a Paris journalist—that he has never changed his politics. This virtue is so faithfully and industriously observed in the breach by the vast majority of French newspaper men that it sets M. de Pène on quite a pinnacle. He began as a cordial hater of republicanism, and such he still is. It is conceded that, during the reign of Napoleon III., while he remained a Legitimist, he was wise enough, like many others of the

same faith, to live in harmony with the existing administration; but he never will be entirely happy until Henry V. comes to the French throne.

Like most of the successful journalists of his day, De Pène has had his duel or two. The necessity for this experience grows less positive each year, and it is quite possible that a journalist may achieve a high position hereafter without having pinked or pistoled his man. The excitement, too, attending duels nowadays, is chiefly confined to the public of the Café de Suede, instead of convulsing the entire community as in other days. De Pène's duel—the one which gave him sudden celebrity—came to him while he was a writer on the *Figaro*, over the pseudonym of "Nemo." He stirred the fury of a certain regiment's officers, by characterizing in most uncomplimentary terms their hungry charge on the supper-room at one of the Tuileries balls. They vowed to exterminate the insolent journalist, by fighting with him, one after another, till he should be as completely incapacitated for further newspaper work as most dead men are presumed to be. The second officer to meet him in the field wounded him so gravely that he was put to bed for many weeks, and it really seemed most improbable that number three would ever get a chance at him; and in the mean time the officers' anger was appeased. But the quarrel had an immense notoriety, and almost took the proportions of a political event. Enthusiastic young Paris called *en masse* to leave its cards on the wounded man, and to protest against what was called the "gayeties of the sword." M. de Pène jokingly says that he became so widely known for his wound, that years after people would enter his presence on tiptoe and speak in whispers as in a sick man's room. The most gratifying result of the sensation he thus created in Paris life, to M. de Pène, was that from that moment every emanation of his prolific pen had a special value from the point of view of publishers. He was solicited on every hand for work, and when the Paris *Journal* started he was given the directorship, with a rousing salary.

Newspaper-life in Paris has this among its other advantages; the pay for pen-work is liberal. None of the newspapers spend so much money on expensive edifices, as in this country; from which it might be inferred that they do not make so much money for their publishers as our journals do. The inference may not be altogether correct; the profits are distributed more generally, perhaps. The *Figaro* is the only journal in Paris, so far as I know, which has erected a fine building. It is not so large as many in this country—such as the *Herald* and *Tribune* offices in New York, the *Ledger* office in Philadelphia, the *American* office in Baltimore, or the *Tribune* and *Times* offices in Chicago—but it is one of the showiest structures in Paris. Smaller than the *Sun* building in New York, it is constructed of a brilliant variety of colored stones from different parts of Europe, and bristles inside and out with statues and works of art. But the practical recognition of the fact that it is journalistic talent, rather

than business management, which makes a successful Parisian newspaper, renders the newspaper writer's money-rewards liberal in every grade. An editor-in-chief will often receive a salary of ten thousand or twelve thousand dollars in gold—figures very rarely reached on American journals; and, not to name the fact that greenbacks are not gold, it is to be borne in mind that the cost of living in Paris is much smaller than in any of the large cities of this country. Nor is this liberality of payment confined to the chief editors, but reaches every grade of newspaper-work with its fair proportions. Moreover, an editor there—even a managing editor—is not confined to his own special journal, but writes for as many others as he chooses, receiving payment by the column, at from ten to one hundred dollars in gold, and even more, according to his celebrity and his ability.

The editor of the *Figaro* is M. Hippolyte de Villemessant, and his name is perhaps better known in Paris than that of any other editor there. It is not his real name, by-the-way; he came into the world with the humble patronymic of Cartier, and, besides being born poor and obscure, he is said to have been an illegitimate son. He came to Paris from one of the provinces, with empty pockets, but a brilliant store of wit and readiness. After various ups and downs in the journalistic way, he at last struck the rich-paying mine of the *Figaro*, and is now extremely wealthy. He owns a winter palace on the aristocratic Promenade des Anglais, in Nice—a delightful abode, almost as fairy-like as the mythical palace pictured by *Claude Melnotte* to *Pauline* in Bulwer's play. Regal marble staircases lead from his broad grounds down to the blue waters of the Mediterranean; architectural art has lavished its splendors on the wide-reaching halls and climbing roofs of the enchanted palace; and the air is heavy with the odors of an orange-grove in bloom. He has also a villa at Etretat, one of the most famous seaside resorts of the French coast, and a town-house in Paris. But the most convincing illustration of M. Villemessant's prodigious wealth (according to those best acquainted with his earlier life in the capital) is found in the fact that he has recently advertised far and wide for all persons to whom he may have become indebted in his days of poverty, to present their claims and get them liquidated.

See him as he enters the *café* where we are sitting, to drink his before-dinner appetizer, and talk with his fellows about the news in the evening editions, which are on the streets about five o'clock in the afternoon. He becomes at once the centre of an obsequious circle of admirers of his class, for he is a most important man among them. His aspect is less aristocratic than that of M. de Pène, though he is also at heart a Legitimist, in spite of his own humble origin—or perhaps because of it. He is a thick-set, bullet-headed man, with a ferocious black mustache and strong but well-kept hands, and he dresses with care and neatness. His paper is the New York *Sun* of Paris—if one may compare a French journal at all with an American; and few

things could be more dissimilar. But the *Figaro* is like the *Sun* in many respects which make it as peculiar among its contemporaries as the New York journal is among its. It does not trouble itself much with its dignity; it is bitter in its personalities; saucy in its comments; spicy and readable from the first line to the last; and has the largest local circulation of any newspaper in the city—namely, about sixty thousand daily. Everybody reads it, admires it, laughs at it, flings it aside—after reading it through—and takes pains to avoid treading on its mercurial editor's toes. It ranks among its contributors the sharpest, wittiest, and ablest men in the capital: for it bids high for contributions, and does not restrict its contributors too curiously. The prime virtue it demands in its writers is readableness. It is not afraid—as almost all American newspapers are, with the conspicuous exception of the *Sun*—that an advertisement will be smuggled into its reading-matter under the disguise of a "good thing." It wants the "good thing," no matter who profits by the advertisement. Many of the leading minds of France contribute surreptitiously to the *Figaro*—among them Alexandre Dumas, *fils* —a circumstance not generally known, even among Frenchmen, but which chance brought to my knowledge while residing in Paris. An experience which could not possibly have been known to any persons but Dumas and myself, occurring late one evening at my house, was detailed at length in next morning's *Figaro*; Dumas must have driven from my presence straight to the *Figaro* office with the news.

Here comes a man whose name is familiar to American readers—not because he is a journalist, however, but because he is a novelist. A well-kept Parisian man of the world, close upon fifty years of age, but looking like a person of forty, with a piquant smile, expressive gray eyes, and a full, blond beard, Edmond About would attract attention anywhere as a man of mark. He has been editor of numerous newspapers in Paris—among them that journal which all who have been to the Paris theatres have heard noisily hawked by mature newsboys between the acts, *Le Soir*. As its name implies, *Le Soir* is an evening newspaper, and it is a prosperous one; a fact perhaps partly due to the tripping way in which its name drops from a Frenchman's tongue. It is no light point in the make-up of an evening newspaper that its name should be a good one for the newsboys to hawk. The journal of which M. About is now the editor—the *XIXième Siècle*—has not this merit, certainly. It is not a difficult name to pronounce, if one has leisure and calmness for it; but for an excited newsboy it is an awkward mouthful. As editor of *Le Soir*, About received a salary of twelve thousand dollars gold, and, as his removal to the editorial chair of the *XIXième Siècle* must be looked upon in the light of a promotion, it is probable his present salary is still larger. In addition, he draws a large salary from the London *Athenæum* as its Paris correspondent, and writes for other journals in France, besides turning off a novel from time

to time, and a play now and then. So that it will be seen that M. About is another of the very industrious penmen—a fact all the more creditable to him when it is known that for years past he has scarcely needed to work at all, being independently wealthy. Part of his wealth he earned; part he married; and part was a legacy left him by an enthusiastic admirer of his genius, one M. Didier. A man and a fellow-journalist thus signally favored by fortune naturally exposes himself to the hatred of the less lucky among his associates, and M. About is not popular with the newspaper-men. His unpopularity is generally laid to the circumstance that he is somewhat cynical in his social life, and given to caustic comment on his fellow-creatures at the dinner-table and in the *salon*; added to the fact that his abilities as a journalist are not considered of the first order, and his prominence really due to the fame he enjoys as a novelist. These are reasons, to be sure; but a better reason is, that he is too lucky! Human nature is so severe on good luck—when it is number two, and not number one, who is lucky.

Like Villemessant, About came up to Paris from "the provinces." But he came already covered with young man's honors, having had great scholastic triumphs at the College of Charlemagne, whose first prize for philosophy he bore off at the age of twenty. He had published two or three books before he came to Paris to live, so that the doors of the journals stood open to him from the first. To publish a book in France is not like publishing a book here. It is issued by a boulevard publisher; the placards adorn the windows of the one street where "all the world" walks; it is impossible to remain in utter ignorance of its author's existence. So About was already known when he arrived in Paris, and he enjoyed at once the intoxication of Parisian flattery and consideration. But he made many enemies; his talent for this was almost as remarkable as his literary abilities. Stung by adverse criticism, he began to wield, through the columns of the *Figaro*, the caustic weapons of his adversaries. The air reeked with the smoke of battle and the cries of the wounded, wherever he turned; and presently he passed to the nobler game of shooting at men of power and standing in the government. This course brought him at last, naturally enough, to the emperor himself; and one day, after an attack had been made on the life of Napoleon III., About wrote that "there was but one weapon which was unfailing—the knife." This phrase made quite a little revolution of its own; the *Figaro* was threatened with suppression; About was discharged from its columns, made a private apology to the emperor for the disagreeable phrase, and, escorted by his lucky genius, marched straight into the emperor's good graces, and had the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor stuck in the button-hole of his left lappel. The emperor sent him to Rome, ostensibly for art-studies, but really that he might write a book of grotesque sketches of men and things about the pope. He rather overdid this work, however—or the emperor's papal policy

changed; at any rate, the result of his fiery and ferocious arraignment of everything Roman was, that, on his return to Paris, About was looked upon as a person to be kept still at any cost. He was snubbed at the palace, and his hopes of political preferment were quietly sat upon and flattened. He was famous, however, as an anti-Catholic—not as a Protestant, unfortunately, but as a sort of polite pagan—and, when he presently produced a play at the Odeon theatre, the occasion was seized upon for a pro-Catholic demonstration against him. On the first night of the piece, which was entitled "Gaëtana," an army of students combined to hiss the play off the boards; and, after having thus arranged its funeral, they marched out of the theatre, singing, to the tune of "Marlborough," this burlesque refrain:

"'Gaëtana' is dead!
Miron-ton, tonton, miron-taine!
'Gaëtana' is dead—
Dead and buried!"

The students crossed the Pont Neuf, turned the Louvre corner at the church of St.-Germain L'Auxerrois, and in the Rue de Valois paused before the office of the *Constitutionnel*, where M. About had published his last article. A triple salvo of hisses, uttered with the ferocious *abandon* possible only to a lot of French students, startled the ears of the editors at their work; and then the boys tramped on, shouting "*Pas d'About! Pas d'About!*" to the residence of the obnoxious author. Here they indulged in hisses, groans, the air of "Marlborough," and a most infernal *charivari*, after which they went home.

Of course, About has had his duels; his last was with a fellow-journalist named Edouard Hervé, and resulted in a fine of forty dollars for the author of the "Nose of a Notary." Hervé is the editor of the *Journal de Paris*, formerly conducted by J. J. Weiss. Both the last-named gentlemen may be seen in the throng which gathers in and about the Café de Suede in the afternoon. Hervé is a tidy, scholarly-looking man—not the Herve who composed "Le Petit Faust," by-the-way. Weiss is somewhat rough looking for a Frenchman of indubitable polish—does not wear gloves, and is not attired with strict reference to the latest fashion. However, M. Weiss has no ambition to be considered a *boulevardier*, has a great deal of self-esteem, writes little, but carefully and with dignity, holds himself at a high price, and altogether lacks those arts which assist most Frenchmen so admirably in trimming their sails to catch the wind of favor. He has been connected at different times with the *Paris Journal*, the *Journal de Paris*, and the *Journal des Débats*, but he sunders his connections easily, and it is difficult to keep track of him.

This round-faced, spectacled, good-natured gentleman who sits near us, in conversation with About, is an example of the kind of man who has consideration in Paris purely on the score of his dramatic criticisms. He furnishes for *Le Temps* a weekly *critique*—it appears on Sunday, I think, though Monday is the regulation day for the dramatic writers—which is eagerly read by all Paris, and is

marked by a culture, an erudition, and a high moral tone, the most admirable in a writer of this class. He contributes also to the *XIXième Siècle*, but, so far as I know, has no topic but the drama, and has done no other work in literature or journalism. His name is Francisque Sarcey, and he is an intimate friend of such men as Taine, Renan, etc., and one of the very few masculine associates of About. When Dumas was elected to the Academy, Sarcey was loud in his indignation that such a man as Taine should be passed by for a writer of Dumas's rank.

If the French system of personal journalism were to be introduced in this country, I think it would not only work some useful reforms in our press, but would be of incalculable value to the men who really make our newspapers. They would acquire reputation by virtue of their work. They would be less completely the vassals of the men whom Fortune has placed at the helm of many leading newspapers. Reputation is a pen-worker's capital. Its possession means independence, honors, and the just reward of conscientious endeavor.

ISOTTA CONTARINI.

BY JUNIUS HENRI BROWNE.

CLIFFORD ASHLEY is the only son of a rich lawyer who formerly lived and practised his profession in Charleston, South Carolina. Clifford was born in Columbia, the capital of the State, and from his earliest years was accustomed to the best that large fortune and cultured taste could furnish. Although his father was dotingly fond of him, and indulgent in everything, the boy was not spoiled. He had no bad habits; being kept, it was thought, out of a great deal of mischief by his love of books, and by a strong aversion to whatever savored of coarseness. He had few associations, and seemed to care little for any society except that of his father and mother, his private tutor, and an only and younger sister. Consequently, he gained but very slender knowledge of the world, though in place of this he had a great fund of romance, which he fostered by reading all the extravagant works of fiction he could lay hand upon.

Having reached his sixteenth birthday, he was ready to enter college. His father was then (1860) very anxious to send him North, because he clearly foresaw the civil strife in which the nation was destined to be plunged. He was so sure of it, indeed, that he had already disposed of a large part of his property, with a view to going abroad; being unwilling, in the expected crisis, either to side with or against his native State. Therefore, in the spring of the year preceding the war, Clifford came North to enter Brown University, and the elder Ashley, a few months later, went with his wife and daughter to England, and took up his residence in London.

Clifford, having graduated soon after the close of the war, joined his parents in England, where he staid for several months, and then laid out a Continental tour. His father wished him to have a traveling-companion, older and more experienced than himself; but to this the young man earnestly objected, declaring that if he could not look after his own affairs when so near his majority he should never be able to.

The latter part of autumn of the same year saw Clifford in Paris, which he soon quitted for Italy, the country he most desired to see. Naturally, he pushed on to Venice, the most romantic of cities, where his mind and heart had long preceded him.

Shakespeare, Otway, Radcliffe, Lewis, Byron, Rogers, and poets and romancers of lesser note, he had read and reread until his imagination teemed with visions of the sea Cybele. He had thought he should be happy if he could once stand on the Rialto or the Bridge of Sighs, or glide in a gondola dreamily down the Grand Canal, listening to the rowers singing the songs of Tasso. As he was whirling along from Padua he found himself quoting stanza after stanza in honor of the ancient home of the doges, and in such a state of exaltation that he did not believe he could ever sleep in the marvelous capital. He was exceedingly disappointed when he discovered that, after leaving the mainland, he was still carried forward on the train. With his head out of the car-window, he could distinguish the Campanile and the dome of San Marco, and he inwardly chafed that he could not be introduced to the glorious city in a gondola. "The idea of going into Venice by railway!" he exclaimed, with indignation. "That's entirely prosaic. I had no notion of such an absurdity. It's an outrage on poetic travelers!"

To add to his dissatisfaction, the clouds which had hung low all the afternoon condensed into rain. And as he stepped into a gondola at the station, and finally got off with his luggage to the Hôtel Barbesi, the ducal capital looked dull and gloomy enough. He felt that he had been shamefully deceived when, after securing apartments at the inn, and ordering the gondolier to row him through the Grand Canal, he was unable to detect, with all his eager gazing, any of the splendid palaces he had read so much of. He experienced the supreme balking of his expectations which is so common to most tourists who see Venice for the first time under a cloudy sky. At its very best, the city is never beautiful—perpetually as this adjective is applied to it—and at its worst, which is in a rain-storm, it is extremely ugly, and in no manner attractive. Venice is unique, pictorial, deeply interesting, altogether romantic, full of history and associations to any one who looks at it with an artistic eye or a cultured mind. But, regarded materially and externally alone, it is little else than a decayed, wretched, forlorn old town, and it repels many more persons than it allures, though the repelled are morally afraid, on account of its

reputation and idealization, to say candidly what they think of it.

Clifford Ashley went to bed that night wellnigh disgusted, so very different had Venice proved from his fond anticipations. He breakfasted moodily, and then set out to explore the city on foot, having formed so poor an opinion of it from the water. The rain had ceased; the clouds had gone. The sky was without a fleck, and the land, the lagoons, the domes, the towers, the Riva, and the Piazza, were drenched with sunshine. Venice had been metamorphosed from the previous day. There was no more dreariness, no more wretchedness, at least to his eye. The decay had grown picturesque; the deserted palaces were peopled with his fancies, and Venice was really Venice, after all. He strolled through the Piazzetta and Piazza, stopping to feed the pigeons which gathered and fluttered about him as he distributed the corn he had purchased of one of the ragged urchins always keeping watch for strangers in the square. He wandered down the Merceria, lounging in the Campi as far as the Rialto (he had to confess his disappointment at the historic bridge), and returned, after threading innumerable *calli*, to the front of San Marco. All day he walked hither and yon without any special purpose, incited by the strangeness of everything, and reveling in the warmth and softness of the November sun. He questioned the good-natured natives on many subjects—for he could speak very tolerable Italian for one who had learned it from books—and felt when he sat down to dine at the Quadri as if he had been a whole month in the place.

The evening he spent in the Piazza, of course—the Piazza is the social soul of the city—drinking wine, and smoking at one of the small tables before Florian's with the unmistakable air, as he thought, of a Venetian to the manor born. He was wrapped in an atmosphere of dreams; he was dazed with quiet delight. He was all-sufficient to himself, sitting there and watching the faces and manners of those who came and went, and speculating on their character, their antecedents, and their destiny.

About ten o'clock he particularly observed a young woman with a well-dressed man at a table nearly opposite his, and they, at least she, appeared to be noticing him. He was struck by her face. It was rather heavy in feature, but very expressive, and distinctively Italian. Her eyes were dark, large, luminous, and when he met them for a moment, as he did several times during the evening, he was conscious of a tremor and a blush. He had never felt so before; he could not understand the effect produced on him by this stranger. He let his cigar go out; he left his wine untasted; he sat there in a charming state of confusion, looking toward though not at her, and every once in a while encountering the glance of those wonderful eyes.

Not many minutes after the bronze Vulcans had struck eleven strokes on the bell of the Torre dell' Orologio, the young woman and her escort rose to go. She had taken his arm, and they had walked a few steps when she returned alone, as if to look for

something she had left. She bent her head for a moment, and, lifting it up, she met his full gaze with a world of meaning. Her glance went through and through him. He felt as if he had taken an electric shock; he trembled; his heart swelled to his throat. A mist was before his eyes; but he saw her as in a dream rejoin her companion, and the two make their way through the crowd of loungers toward the Piazzetta. He followed her instinctively, but at a distance. It seemed as if she drew him. He observed them stepping into a gondola, and, as it disappeared in the star-lighted darkness (the young moon had already set) down the Grand Canal, he stood staring in that direction until the hour of midnight sounding from the Clock-Tower roused him from his reverie.

The latest of the festal idlers were quitting the Piazza as he wandered back there mechanically, and all the *cafés* had either closed or were closing for the night. How desolate everything appeared! His bosom throbbed with new sensations. Without those eyes Venice was a desert. When should he see them again? There was, he verily believed, a light in them that never before had been on sea or land. Where were they now? Were they open, and their owner thinking of him; or were they shut, and their possessor dreaming of the foreigner they had shone on in the square? He had ordered a gondola to take him to the hotel very near by, but, conscious that he could not sleep in his then excited state, he told the gondolier to go down the canal, and then anywhere he chose for two or three hours.

As the boat glided on in the silence, broken solely by the dip of the oar, the sense of dream was complete. Ashley watched the tall palaces bordering each side of the canal, foolishly hoping that he might catch a glimpse of the charming unknown. He thought he should certainly feel, if he did not see, the radiance of her eyes. But the palaces were only black shadows above the water, and relieved against the sky. They seemed as dead as the proud families who had built them; they were inhuman, ghostly in their voiceless mystery. The gondolier slowly rowed his solitary patron as far as the railway-station; then back to the Piazzetta, through the Giudecca Canal, around the island, by San Giorgio, by the Public Gardens, San Pietro, the Arsenal, and returning by the small canals to the Piazzetta, where, as it was now eight o'clock, Clifford decided to go to the hotel. He threw himself on his bed; but, weary and worn though he was, he could not sleep. He would doze for a few minutes, when the haunting eyes would come and awaken him with a start. Rising, he bathed; ordered coffee, and once more got into a gondola, taking it for the day. He hungered for the night, and the reappearance of the one being into whom the entire population of the city was now compressed.

Ashley dined again at the Quadri, looking from the front-window over at Florian's, lest she might come and go while he was absent. Soon after seven he was in nearly the same place he had occupied the previous evening, with his bottle of Cyprus wine and his consolatory cigar. Every minute seemed an

hour. The Vulcans had done their ninth stroke, and still she was not there. He feared he had lost her forever. In his anxiety and nervousness he had finished two bottles of wine and seven or eight cigars. He had become too restless to sit still much longer; he was about to walk through the arcades, thinking she might be in some of the shops, when he espied her coming toward him on the arm of the same man who had been with her before. She and her companion sat down at a small table but a few yards away. She recognized Ashley with a glance, and, as he imagined, with a slight flush. After drinking a glass of liqueur and a cup of coffee, they went away. They had not been gone more than three minutes before he noticed something lying on the pavement under the chair she had occupied. He stepped over, and picked up a small volume, elegantly bound, of Petrarch's sonnets. He knew it must be hers, for its touch thrilled him; and, as he secretly pressed it to his lips, it emitted a certain indescribable aroma of sweetness and elegance which is often a property of the thoroughly fine woman. Of that particular woman, he believed; for in his mood there was but one queen-rose in the fragrant garden of femininity. Carrying it to the shop-window, and opening it at the fly-leaf, he read, in a delicate autograph, "*Isotta Contarini*."

"Yes, it is hers," he mentally exclaimed. "That must be her name. She looks and bears herself like a Contarini." And he remembered the noble family that had been so conspicuous in the history of Venice; that had been senators and doges for more than six centuries, and given to the republic so much of its honor and renown. Then he thought of returning the volume, and he hurried to the boat-landings in hope of finding the owner. He searched there and everywhere in the Piazza, but the beautiful Contarini, as he named her in his heart, had melted away. It was something to have a book she had read, and, going to his apartments, he went over the sonnets by the dim light of his two *bougies* supported by tall candlesticks, and discovered in them fresh and rich significance. Naturally, he was Petrarch, and Isotta was Laura, and the poems, therefore, were like the language of his soul. When he went to bed at a late hour it was to dream of her. At one moment she had confessed her love, and was in his arms; at another they had been in a gondola; she had fallen into the water, was sinking, and he could not stir to save her. Then they stood at the altar in San Marco, and the priest had blessed them; when the scene changed, and they were in the chamber of the Council of Ten, and she was sentenced to death for treason to the state.

These feverish dreams, together with the vigils of the preceding night, exhausted nature after a while, and Ashley fell into a heavy, dreamless sleep, from which he did not awake until nearly eight o'clock. When he looked in the mirror he was struck by the haggard expression of his face. He seemed ten years older than he had been forty-eight hours before. His being had been revolutionized. What ailed him? What was the cause of all this

tumult and unrest and alteration? And then, for the first time, it was clearly revealed to him that he was incurably in love. So inexperienced, so unsophisticated was he, that he had never known what passion is. Although twenty-one, he had led the life of a recluse. He had had no boyish attachments; he had never kissed a woman except his mother and some of his relatives; and now the erotic demon, who usually comes to us early and deserts us late, had possessed him utterly.

As soon as he had eaten a slight breakfast he was drawn to the Piazza, the Isotta-haunted place, bent, as ever, upon meeting her. Now he could speak to her, for he could return her lost book, and enjoy the happiness of listening to her voice, which he had heard hitherto only as a faint but delicious murmur. He had reached the Zecca when he saw crossing the Molo a figure which he knew must be the Contarini's. He quickened his pace with wildly-beating heart, and then it occurred to him that she might be married. The thought gave him a sharp pang; for he was too ignorant of Italy to know that there marriage does not of necessity preclude the lover. But youth is confident as well as hopeful, and in his heart he had no doubt that his passion would be reciprocated. He augured favorably of the future by the fact that he had always found her when he sought her, unmindful that always was but twice, and that all Venice, at least once a day, goes to the same place. By this time he was only a few feet behind her. At her side was another woman, who by her inelastic movement suggested age. They were both walking fast—unusually fast for Italians—as if on some special mission of business or pleasure; so there was no time to be lost. A little in advance of her he turned and recognized the dark, luminous eyes, and, lifting his hat, said, "Signorina, I have had the happiness to find a volume of poems which I think belongs to you;" and he offered the book.

"Oh, thank you; thank you a thousand times!" she replied. "I have missed it so much! I could not tell what had become of it, and I prize it highly."

"It is my rare good fortune, then, to be of some slight service to you, signorina. It cannot be one-tenth the pleasure to you to recover the book which it is to me to return it, signorina. I say signorina, for I presume you are too young to be married?"

"Not too young, perhaps, signore; but still I am unmarried."

"If not too young, you are certainly too lovely to be unmarried," was the response of Ashley, who in the ardor of his feeling let his thought escape into speech.

"Signore is inclined to flatter. You are so good as to—"

Here the elderly woman, who had been standing apart, interposed. Ashley could not catch all she said, but enough to gather that they must not delay any longer.

The young woman, then turning to him, remarked:

"We are going to Chioggia. Libittina has just

reminded me that the steamboat is ready to start, and that we have not a moment to spare."

As she spoke, Libittina pointed to the boat just about to leave the landing at the Molo, crying in the Venetian dialect:

"Oh, we are undone, we are undone! They go without us. What shall we do? What shall we do?" in the exaggerated and melodramatic manner characteristic of her race.

Clifford saw that they were pulling in the plank, and, unwilling that the women should be left, told them to hurry.

"May I aid you?" he asked the Contarini, and extended his arm, which she took, and they hastened forward. They had not, indeed, a moment to spare; for Libittina, who had been unable to keep up with them, was dragged aboard by two of the crew.

"I am very sorry," observed Isotta, as soon as they could draw breath, "to have carried you off, signore. Your kindness deserved a better return."

"Surely it could not have been better, signorina. I shall now have the happiness of being with you for two or three hours. Besides, I had thought of going to Chioggia."

He really believed this, though he would have equally believed that he had contemplated visiting Nova Zembla or the north-pole, had she suggested the possibility of her making such a journey.

"Heaven itself is on the side of love," he said to himself, as he looked at the bright sky, the smooth water, and the woman he adored. He had never felt so happy as at that moment. His soul was so light and joyous that it seemed as if he might fly. His head and feet appeared unsteady. Was he not dreaming again? Was he really on the same boat, at the side of the glorious Contarini, privileged to talk to her, to gaze into her face, to hear her speak? He burned to declare his passion. He might do so, for they were not near the other passengers, and Libittina, like the true *capperone* that she was, kept carefully beyond ear-shot.

Clifford had fully intended to pour out his heart, knowing he could not have a fairer opportunity. But, when he opened his lips, the words that issued were:

"Have you friends in Chioggia, signorina?"

"Oh, no; I go there only for an excursion, since the day is so beautiful. I shall return with the boat. We Venetians love to go to Chioggia when the weather is pleasant. You know we live for enjoyment."

"I see by the writing in your little book, signorina," said the lover, forgetting about Chioggia, "that you are Isotta Contarini—a beautiful name. You are related, doubtless, to the illustrious family?"

"Yes, signore; but, alas! neither Venice nor the Contarinis are what they were. We are no longer rich or powerful; but now we have a right to be proud, I suppose, as all have who have suffered misfortune." And she cast down her eyes, looking melancholy and more bewitching than ever.

"Beauty is never so fascinating as when overtaken by adversity," exclaimed Ashley, with fervor. "Certainly a woman like you never can be unhappy; for you have everything to make life sweet."

"Ah, signore, you are an American, I presume, though you speak Italian like a Tuscan. Being an American, and a republican, you cannot understand what it is to lose your place in history, your proud position, your great influence, to be humiliated by circumstance, and by the memory of what you have been."

"What could humiliate such a glorious creature as yourself?" cried the youth, vehemently, touching her hand, which she immediately withdrew with a mildly-rebuking glance and a deep-drawn sigh.

"Pardon me, signorina, if I have offended. I meant it not. I—I—so—so—"

"See how blue the water is!" interrupted Isotta. "And have you noticed how soft the air is? This is more like May than November. Is it long since you left home?"

"But a few months; and yet it seems a great while. I am delighted with Italy. While I have been here less than three days, my heart is years older than when I came."

"Are not your countrymen apt to be a little sentimental? I like it. I like America, too; at least I think I should; for I have heard much of it."

"Have you met many Americans?"

"I have never met but one, signore."

"And what is your opinion of him?"

"Perhaps I can tell better after a while."

"Should you like to visit America, signorina?"

"Nothing would give me greater pleasure. Tell me about it. The subject is very interesting to me—it is to all Italians; for, you know, it was an Italian, Christopher Columbus, who discovered your country."

Ashley was too polite to correct her, though, had he been better acquainted with the people he was among, he would have found her error a very common one. The most intelligent Italians imagine that San Salvador and the coast of Massachusetts are substantially the same thing. He did not need a second invitation to describe America, the larger and best portion of which, to his mind, was included in his native State. Consequently, he gave a glowing account of South Carolina, of his family, his father's wealth, and his own life, and, when he had finished, he was confident he had exhausted the republic.

The excursion to Chioggia and back, which occupied all day, was delightful to him, and Isotta declared it was to her. If she failed to learn that he was desperately in love with her, she was the dullest woman alive, and a wholly exceptional Italian; for Italian women can feel a disposition toward gallantry before gallantry is well aware of itself.

On arriving at the Riva, he asked when he might see her again, and she answered very femininely that she could not tell. He begged her to accompany him on a gondola-excursion by moonlight the next evening, saying that she could take Libittina along, for she had already instructed him in the conventional requirements of the *capperone*. She finally consented, but admonished him against coming to the residence of her parents—the Palazzo Contarini delle Figure, on the Grand Canal—for they were

very watchful of her, and would not, if they knew it, permit her to speak to a foreigner. She agreed to pass the Molo at eight o'clock the next evening. He should be there, and the gondolier would land and take him on board.

The hour came at last. Ashley had been on the spot since half-past six. A few minutes after the time appointed, he saw the boat with its precious freight coming toward him, the gondolier in the stern, and Libittina near Isotta. A fourth figure was added. The *capperone* took her place near the bow, and he occupied the one she had quitted.

The night was all that could be desired; cool enough for wraps, but a perfect poem of Nature. It was one of the most delicious of all the delicious nights of Venice. The moon was up; its silvery spell was upon the City of the Sea, which lay hushed, enchanting not less than enchanted, under the magic of its rays. The moon is nowhere such a sorceress as in Venice. She turns the watery capital into a dreamy picture, setting its domes and bell-towers in luminous beauty, and softly mirroring the glorious heavens in its green lagoons. No one can say he has seen Venice who has not seen it under the moonlight, which idealizes its crumbling architecture, and renders poetic its every shred of prose.

As the gondola slipped off toward the Lido, swaying gently to the movement of the rower; as the silence, pensiveness, and beauty of the scene stirred the blood of the young couple with deliciously-mysterious influence, they looked into one another's eyes, and gravitated together. His hand went to hers; her head drooped on his shoulder and crept to his bosom. Nature had asserted herself, and conventionality had retired. Not a word had been said. They were happy, and happiness has no need of speech. Libittina dozed; the gondolier mechanically and drowsily impelled the boat, and Isotta and Clifford, drinking each the wine of the other's spirit, were blessed with love's intoxication.

At last he whispered: "Darling Isotta, I love you very much. Will you be my wife?" The ripe, warm mouth gave answer in a kiss, and the sky and the sea were the witnesses of the handsel of their hearts. That broke the sentimental stillness, and their unloosed tongues ran the round of delightful platitudes which every passion inspires afresh.

They were then far beyond the Lido, fairly out upon the Adriatic. Ashley signed to the gondolier to return, and fell back into the new world which love had created from his divine imagining. While they retraced their course, their future plans were discussed and determined. They must elope, Isotta said. Her family would never consent to her marriage with a foreigner, and a plain citizen; nor could a priest be found in all Venice who would unite a Catholic to a Protestant. She knew a friar in Milan on whom she felt sure she could prevail to perform the sacred office, and to Milan they would fly the next morning; and, ere the evening came, they would be fast wedded. Then they would journey to London; Ashley would present his Italian

bride to his parents, and all the rest would be a realized romance.

The next morning, half an hour before the train started, Ashley and Isotta met at the station. She had only a little luggage, such as she could take from her home without suspicion. Libittina was with her, and her cousin, the young man who had accompanied Isotta to the Piazza, and of whom Clifford had been very jealous until he had been informed of his kinship to the Contarini. The cousin sympathized with the lovers, and was willing to promote their happiness; and Isotta declared she owed him much for his assistance; that but for him she might not have been able to elude the watchfulness and escape the suspicion of her family. The train was ready; the railway official had already thrice announced in stentorian tones the immediate departure for Milan. Libittina was in a tumult of tears, and wrung her stout, brown hands as if she were relinquishing her unshrived soul forever; Giuseppe Alosso, the cousin, kissed Isotta on both cheeks, and commended her to the care of the Virgin, and the train moved quietly out of the station, the lovers seated very close together, and holding one another's hands.

"Do not weep," said Clifford to Isotta. "From this moment our new life, our long day of happiness begins."

"My tears, dearest, are tears of joy; and yet some of them may fall at the thought that, for the first time, I am leaving my home and country, perhaps never to return. You who have traveled so much cannot understand what it is for a Venetian maiden to look her last on Venice."

"But if you give up Venice, Isotta, you gain love."

"Yes, yes," she answered, smiling through her tears; "and love is worth the world."

Arrived at Milan, they drove to the Hôtel Cavour. Then Isotta proposed to go alone in search of the friar she had formerly known in Venice, that they might be certain of his compliance ere they should appear before him with their request. "He is a worldly priest," she said. "He loves money, and a bribe may be necessary."

"Take my pocket-book," remarked Ashley. "It will be cheap to buy our happiness at any price."

"That is not necessary. If he should want money, it will be time to pay him when he has performed the ceremony."

Clifford insisted; ordered a *vettura*, and Isotta stepped in, with the assurance that she would be back within an hour.

The hour passed, another and another. It was long after dark, and Ashley was half crazed with anxiety and fear. Something direful must have happened. Any knowledge were better than that dreadful suspense. He knew not what to do; he was not acquainted with anybody in the city; he was afraid to quit the hotel to search for her, lest some tidings should come in his absence. He passed the night in torment; he did not close his eyes, but resolved the next morning to apply to the police, and leave no stone unturned to solve the mystery of his betrothed's disappearance.

Going down to breakfast, he found a hurried note (who had brought it he could not learn) scrawled on a bit of soiled paper, of which this is a translation :

"We have been betrayed. I am forced to suspect either Libittina or my cousin. My parents discovered my flight. One of their secret agents must have come on the same train with us. I was arrested fifteen minutes after I had parted with you. I cannot tell you more now. I send this by stealth, hoping it may reach you. Everything is uncertain at this moment. Do not seek to find me ; it is useless. Pray for my deliverance, and may the Virgin keep you !
ISOTTA."

The note, which bore no date, rather darkened than cleared the mystery. He applied to the police. They knew nothing of the affair ; they supposed the girl had been carried back to Venice, or, still more probably, had been shut up in a convent. Some of the old Venetian families were so very proud that they would kill their daughters before they would permit them to make a misalliance. The police evidently did not quite believe his story, particularly the part referring to the intended marriage. But he was obliged to content himself with their absence of information, and, though he staid a month in Milan, he could learn nothing more.

At the end of that time he went back to Venice, believing that there he must gain some intelligence of the Contarini. He deemed silence his wisest course, fearing if he instituted inquiry that her parents might take new alarm, and secure her still more firmly. "I will stay in Venice until I learn something about her," he said, "if I have to wait all my life."

At the Barbese he met two of his classmates who spoke to one another of his pallid and emaciated ap-

pearance, and asked him after his health. He remarked that he had been traveling a good deal ; that he felt tired and worn, and needed rest. This time he found a number of his countrymen and many Englishmen in Venice, most of whom he was introduced to, and got well acquainted with. They spent their evenings in the Piazza, of course ; and one night a bluff New-Yorker, a middle-aged man of the world, who had passed half his life abroad, and who knew Paris, Rome, Vienna, Berlin, and the other capitals intimately, was talking very egotistically but intelligently about Venice. He ventured the remark that he knew something of all its prominent families, and of the tricks and devices which its people put off upon strangers. "One of these," he continued, "is to pretend to be what they are not, and by their pretense to dupe greenhorns. Adventurers frequently play this game. I remember a devilish shrewd, accomplished, and pretty woman, who has been in this business for ten years. She looks very young, though she must be over thirty. She is a Venetian by birth ; but she has lived all over Europe. She has duped dozens of men, and, in the end, has robbed every one of them. She is sharper than lightning. She has several *aliases* ; but one of her favorite names is Isotta Contarini."

"You are a liar and a scoundrel !" exclaimed Ashley, leaping from his seat.

The New-Yorker looked at him in amazement for a moment, and was on the point of resenting the insult, when he remarked, quietly :

"Oh, yes, I see : you're drunk, my dear boy."

He had reason to think so. No sooner had Ashley spoken than he turned deadly pale, and sank back into his chair, dazed, bewildered, helpless.

Clifford Ashley had learned the first worldly lesson of his life, and it was a bitter one.

AN OLD STORY.

BY MARY E. BRADLEY.

I NEVER meant to wrong you—this is true,
Although you wear a look of unbelief ;
No wonder, either, knowing all you do,
But you may trust me, for my time is brief.
These are the last words I shall speak with you,
And then the evil tale of shame and grief
Comes to an ending. It will all be done
Before the shining of another sun.

There was a time you loved me, certainly—
How long ago it seems, and far away !
I wonder sometimes was it really me
You married, and brought home that summer-day,
That June day, sweet with song of bird and bee,
To the old house that fronted on the bay !
Ah ! dear old house ! I see the roses still
That used to clamber round the window-sill.

I smell the salt sea-wind that used to blow
Across the marshes ; and I hear again
The lapping of the water to and fro,
The screaming of the gulls before the rain—

Those little things that happened long ago ;
To-night they all come back to me so plain—
I see the very boats that used to ride
Backward and forward on the shifting tide.

If this were all a dream, and I could wake
And find myself in that old house once more,
And smell the sea, and hear the plash and break
Of lapping waves along the level shore,
I should be glad—so glad ! Nor would I make
The misery for you I made before.
Would I had dreamed it all, and could undo
The sorrow and the wrong I wrought for you !

I never meant it, though—you must believe
My dying words. I had no thought of sin,
No thought of anything but to retrieve
Some empty hours, some diversion win—
For time hung heavy, and I used to grieve
More than you knew, for my own home and kin ;
I missed, in that old house beside the sea,
So much, you know, that had been dear to me.

You were absorbed with many a weighty care,
And could not take the time, perhaps, to heed;
It seemed to tax your patience but to spare
An hour or so at evening for my need;
And so I thought I hardly had my share
Of wifely honor, and was sore indeed,
And bitter often with a sense of wrong
That made the days more desolate and long.

If I had had a child—but there, again,
That boon so universal and so free
I of all others must desire in vain—
The joy of motherhood was not for me.
I would have borne its utmost care and strain—
No woman on God's earth more willingly—
Could I have ever rocked to happy rest
A baby of my own upon my breast.

You never thought I cared? Ah! well, I did,
And there were other things I cared for, too,
But shyly half, and half in pride kept hid
By reason of my bitter thoughts of you;
Why should I tell you, only to be chid
For discontent? And so you never knew
How dull my days were, and how sore the smart
Of disappointment in my empty heart.

He knew without the telling—all the rest
Grew out of this with such a gradual growth
I never saw the danger—never guessed
That I was false at heart to wedded troth—
Till sudden passion leaped up unrepressed,
And sudden ruin overwhelmed us both.
No need to tell you more, you know the worst;
But truly I was innocent at first.

Sometimes I feel—and you will smile, no doubt,
A bitter smile, and scornful, when I've said
The wicked thing you'll think it, boldly out—
I feel as if I shall not wholly dread
To stand before Him who dispersed the rout
That would have stoned a sinful woman dead—
He knows my sin, and my temptation too;
He will not be so stern a judge as you.

So I go forth to meet Him, glad to go—
For in this world is no more room for me.
There is another life somewhere, I know,
And, Christ being in it, it may also be
That I shall find my place there, and may grow
To something worth redeeming finally.
I see your pitying look—I hear your sigh;
No matter! Kiss me once before I die.

AVICE GRAY:

A STORY IN THIRTEEN CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER V.

THE WATERS OF MARAH.

AND into the peaceful scene I have described dropped presently the thunderbolt. It came in the shape of old Dr. Wells.

If Avice had a friend whose kindness to her at all equaled that of Mrs. Harmer, that friend was Dr. Wells. He had watched her in infancy; he had rendered gratuitously to her mother those attentions through her failing health for which she could have afforded no remuneration; he had assisted to procure for Avice, by his recommendation of her, her place at Mrs. Vanvannick's; and on her dismissal from that place, he raised his voice in defense of her and in blame to her mistress, and, had he been a free agent, would have offered the helpless girl the protection of his roof. But the doctor's household was ruled by his sister, an ancient maiden lady, whose ideas of propriety were as rigid as those of ancient maiden ladies are apt to be. With her, to be suspected and to be guilty were alike sinful; to her the pretty face and the smirched name were alike distasteful; it was, therefore, out of the question to suggest to her to be a friend to the friendless; and, indeed, she had more than once signified her disapproval of the doctor's entering the list as Avice's champion. He had, however, remained true to his belief in her innocence, and that belief he never hesitated to express, in action as well as in word.

He entered the room hurriedly, and cast his eye rapidly round. As it fell on Avice, he smiled, and was evidently relieved.

"Very hot, ain't it?" said Mrs. Harmer, as she set a chair. "I'll go and put your horse in, doctor; the boys are away."

"Never mind him, please; I have not long to stay, and he will do very well where he is; I tied him in the shade. Hot? I should think so. Those who are out in the sun know that better than you do. Where are all your folks?"

"Ephe and Ben are in the hay-field, and Fred and Dorade are gone to Whitechester. You see all that's left, for we've had no visitors to-day."

"And neither of you has left the house, I suppose?"

"I've been nowhere, but Avice was out all the morning."

"Where?" asked the doctor, with a visible change of countenance.

"She went over the ridge to pick berries, and—that reminds me.—Avice, show the doctor your arm.—She hurt herself, and I'm afraid, from the way it's bled, it's worse than she thinks."

The doctor made no answer, except such as might be expressed in his anxious face. He looked at Avice, and she blushed, and did not meet his eye; and he, though but for a moment, felt his faith fail. When the question of the girl's criminality had been discussed under the roof where the victim of the crime was lying, he had expressed such utter disbelief in the justice of the suspicion; he had been so confident that he had but to ask to be assured of the impossibility of her implication in it; he had come to Mrs. Harmer's so certain that she would be able to prove for her *protégée* a convincing *alibi*, that the shock of the disappointment was very great.

"What's the matter, doctor?" said Mrs. Harmer, observing his changed looks.

"Avice, come here," he said, suddenly, by way of answer.

She came and stood before him, wondering what was to come, but not afraid.

"Avice, did you never do anything you did not want to have known?"

"I'll not quite say that, sir; we all do such things sometimes."

"You have done nothing to-day that you would wish to hide?"

This speech, to Mrs. Harmer, could have but one meaning. "It won't be hid for long anyway, Dr. Wells." The doctor looked at her, and was amazed to see that she bridled and smiled.

"There is some strange mistake," he stammered. "Have you heard anything?"

"I've heard what Avice told me. Have you heard it already, too?"

What did she mean? What should he do? If these two women knew the truth, would one smile and the other blush as they did now? If they did not—if neither of them was acquainted with the tragedy of the morning, must his be the tongue to make it known? Out of the confusion of his thoughts one conviction was born—that more depended on him than he had either expected or desired. But he had gone too far to recede; interest and curiosity were already aroused, and he must pursue his course, though now uncertain whither it might lead him.

"Avice, did you see Stephen Vanvannick to-day?"

"Let Mrs. Harmer tell you all about it," said the girl, with a nervous laugh, trying to disengage the hand he had taken; but he held her firmly.

"Answer me, Avice. You will be asked the question by sterner lips than mine. Have you seen Stephen Vanvannick to-day?"

"Yes; what was the harm?" She was frightened now at his look and tone.

"What did he say to you? Where did you leave him? Was he as usual? Was there no one else with him?"

"I left him on the ridge; he was alone and he was quite well, and he said—I—oh, what is the matter? Has anything happened?"

"Something is wrong," said Mrs. Harmer. "Please, doctor, speak out." Her fears were all thoroughly aroused now, though as yet she knew not what to fear.

"Did you and Stephen quarrel? Would you do him any harm?"

"Quarrel!—harm!—We are going to be married next week."

Dr. Wells was as much confounded as Mrs. Harmer had been, but with his darker knowledge he had no ability to reflect on the inconsistencies her statement must involve. And there was no time to be lost; he knew the impression that was abroad as to the author of Stephen's death; he knew that where he had come others less gentle would soon

follow; and he knew that he, having assumed his present duty, must fulfill it to the end.

He took the girl by the arms and looked her full in the face. "You believe that Stephen Vanvannick is going to marry you next week?" he said.

The girl gave him back look for look. "He has promised me," she replied, "and this time I know he will keep his word."

There is no mistaking the light of truth. It beamed out of Avice's blue eyes in all the glory of the trusting faith that is evoked by the doubt of another. After that scrutiny Dr. Wells never wavered again in his belief; accusation was as the sighing of the summer wind, legal proof was no proof at all, to the man who had looked for that instant into the depths of the woman's soul.

But it made his present task none the easier. What the fairy fabric was that he was to level to the earth with a breath he did not yet know; but he did know that such existed, and that the fears of the inhabitant of the airy palace were already aroused for its stability. He paused a moment, if the change in the flash of his thought could be called a pause. He knew, as others of the profession know, that while wounds of lesser consequence will cause agonies that wring the human frame, a mortal injury may sometimes be scarcely felt. May it not be thus also with the mind? May it not be possible so to stun sensation that, while the intellect receives intelligence, the heart may not yet perceive the pain? May there not be cases where carefulness is cruelty, and where the truer mercy is to deal the blow with steady and unsparing hand?

Perhaps Dr. Wells did not reason all this out, but he acted on the thought. For what he had to tell no preparation could prepare his hearers, and he rushed into the middle of the subject without waiting for reflection, and told the whole in a breath.

"My poor child, Stephen Vanvannick will never marry you nor any one else. He was killed on the ridge this morning, and people say your hand did it."

He had calculated correctly if he had calculated at all. The girl did not in the least take in the meaning or feel the weight of his words. While the elder woman gasped and shrank, the younger only started, and then—laughed aloud.

"I kill Stephen!" she said. "That's amusing; why, I love him better than my life." Then she looked again at the doctor, and saw new meaning in his face. "Tell me what you mean!" she cried, in a voice of sharp suspense and dread.

"You know what I mean, poor girl. Stephen is dead."

The too common words found their significance in her mind, but she did not yet grasp the whole deadly truth. "It is not true. I left him well and strong. What can have happened to him since?"

"He has been murdered, Avice; it was not you—"

But he never finished the sentence; the mortal blow had descended, and sensation was stunned. Avice Gray fell as though Heaven's bolt had struck

her instead of a man's words, and for a time her physical condition gave occupation enough to the two who were witnesses of it. When, however, they had done all that could be done, and awaited the return of sensibility to the senseless frame, they exchanged confidences, each told the other all that either knew. As they made out the case, it looked very black, indeed; and, though both were firmly convinced of the innocence of the unhappy child before them, both felt how difficult the task of proving that innocence would probably be.

It was long before Avice came back to the consciousness of her life, her weight of misery, and her agony of dread; and longer still before the first tempest of her anguish was succeeded by the calm of exhaustion. It would not be true to say that it comforted her to find that these two believed in her; comfort there could be none; but she did feel that there was some prop left to save her from falling headlong into the black gulf of despair; that she was not utterly alone, but still possessed some stay to cling to. Even this was something, and they strove to impress this idea firmly in her shaken and wandering mind.

"Listen to me," said Dr. Wells, when all the various aspects of the affair and what to do and leave undone had been discussed between him and the elder woman, she who could speak and whose tears could flow—"listen to me, Avice; and, if I do wrong for your sake, I hope I may be forgiven. I won't ask if you are innocent; I believe it, as I believe you live; but others will not believe it, and you should know what you have to expect. Suspicion is strong against you, and I am afraid facts will be stronger still. You will be arrested, accused, tried, perhaps convicted—"he paused. "Now, one of two things must be done: If you stay here, just what I have said will happen; but if you say the word you shall go away and be safe."

"But, if she goes," said Mrs. Harmer, "it will be saying she did the deed."

"Something like it," said the doctor. "To fly is to imply guilt, if not to confess it.—I am wrong, Avice, to make you the offer; I risk punishment as well as blame in doing so; but I am so convinced of your innocence, and so convinced of the difficulty of proving it if you are once accused, that I will favor your escape if you choose to make it. There is my horse; the road that way is safe for you still; and if you like to leave the house I will not look which way you go. From Whitechester you may go anywhere you please."

It was a wild proposal, and the good doctor's judgment must have been bewildered, as well as his principles clouded, when he made it. The girl's instincts were truer. Intuitions may exist quite independent of culture, and they served Avice Gray now.

"What should I do anywhere but here, even if I went free and happy?" she said. "I have but one life, and the sooner that comes to an end now the better for me. This is the way, isn't it? If I go away, as you say, every one will believe that I killed

Stephen because he said while he lived I never should marry Fred?"

The old man would have wondered at the unnatural calmness with which she spoke, had he not many times proved in his long experience that among the strange anomalies of our nature one of the strangest is often the difference between our feelings and their expression.

"Yes," he answered; "but you will be tried if you stay, and perhaps found—"

"Found guilty, and—" She could not say the other word. "But if I stay I can say I never did it, and that I loved him and he loved me, if it is the last word I ever speak!"

"Yes, surely; but that will do you no good, my poor child."

"No matter; I will not run away like a wicked coward when I can stay to tell the truth."

"That's a brave girl, Avice," said Mrs. Harmer. "And we'll all stand by you. If we all uphold you that know you best, they can't accuse you of such a crime."

Dr. Wells shook his head. He saw that the women lost sight of the danger in the grief, while he appreciated to the full the peril in which the girl stood. He did not, however, make any more proposals for her escape; perhaps he was glad he had not been already taken at his word. He remained some time longer, endeavoring, if in vain, to administer some consolation to the poor child on whom the full sense of her desolation was now pouring, and who sorrowed for the beloved of her life to the total exclusion of all thought but that of despair for his loss; but he feared to wait to see what was to come, and departed, leaving to Mrs. Harmer the hopeless task of offering comfort where comfort could be none. Over the brilliant gleam that had shone for a moment for Avice Gray had come a sudden darkness, black as a midnight cloud; the waters of affliction had overflowed, and Avice was lip-deep in the bitter flood.

CHAPTER VI.

DORADE.

It soon appeared how different was the opinion generally entertained of the guilt or innocence of Avice Gray from that which was shared by the two who thought they knew her best. At the inquest proof was so strong against her that to express any doubt of her criminality was considered as almost evincing a desire to screen the criminal; and as strong as the proof was the feeling. It would be easy, but useless, to dwell on this part of the story; the positive evidence may be very shortly summed up. The last words of the dying man, sworn to by those who had heard them; the absolute certainty of Philip Mason that he had seen a woman's dress and figure in attempted concealment at the very time and on the spot where the murder must have been committed; the reluctant testimony of Mrs. Harmer that Avice had been absent the whole

morning ; the fatal evidence of the corresponding flowers in the wood-path and in the girl's hair ; the blood-stained dress, for which the scratched arm seemed insufficient to account—all together built up a fabric of accusation that such defense as could be made was far too feeble to overthrow. All defense was feeble at the best. What every one considered as the unlikely story of the reconciliation and the intended marriage was told in vain ; it fell unheeded on the ears of those who believed it invented to screen a crime of the blackest dye. It was in vain that Dr. Wells confessed his willingness to have favored the girl's escape, and dwelt on her refusal to take advantage of his offer as a strong point in her favor ; in vain that Mrs. Harmer expatiated on her gentle disposition and blameless life ; Dr. Wells was severely blamed, but his statement had no effect in exculpating Avice ; and, though what Mrs. Harmer bore witness to might show that Avice was amiable in her domestic life, that had nothing to do with what she might be when temptation came and when her evil passions were aroused. Her own protestations, of course, went for nothing. According to her own account, she had parted with Stephen on the most affectionate terms ; she had left him well and gay, and was four miles off at the moment when the fatal blow must have been given—but of what avail to say so herself ? Far be it from me to find fault with what law and custom consecrate, but surely in this matter of evidence some reform is needed. Avice's confession that she had been on the ridge was accepted at once as truth—her assertion that she had left it an hour before noon received not the slightest credit. Is it just that our own testimony should be always taken against ourselves and never admitted in our favor ? Had Avice been able to produce one witness, however unworthy, the evidence of that witness would have been admitted without doubt ; her own word was valueless, though those most intimately acquainted with her had testified for their salvation that she had never been known to tell a lie.

The poor child herself understood but little of what went on. She lost sight of herself and her own share in the proceedings in the torpid sorrow that accompanied the knowledge now fully borne in upon her mind that she should see Stephen no more ; that the hand which so little time before had twined the flowers in her hair was stiff and cold ; that the lips which had renewed their early vows and left their sweetness on her own were still and silent forever. In her anguish she could almost have said, and believed that she meant it, that she would be glad to suffer as the cause of his death, and trust to a higher mercy than that of man for meeting him in the other world ; but perhaps her thoughts were scarcely clear enough even for this. You must not judge of her state of mind by what your own might have been in her place. Instincts of affection and dread are shared by all living beings, and Avice possessed them ; but a certain amount of cultivation is needful even to feel with keenness of perception, and Avice's mind had received no cultivation at all. She

knew, in a dull stupor of grief, that the light of her life had gone out ; she dimly felt that she was an object of curiosity and aversion ; she heard words of accusation addressed to her of which she hardly understood, and certainly did not heed, the meaning ; but she had not yet realized the charge brought against her and its probable consequences. She clung, however, to Mrs. Harmer with a tenacity that seemed to show that in her she recognized her only friend, and it was not until the time came for parting from her, and her friend, with tears that would not be restrained, owned that she could shield her no longer, but must give her up to the dreadful power of the law, that the scream of despair which she uttered showed that she at last felt the whole horror and peril of the position in which she stood.

"You will not forsake me ?" she said, imploringly, looking up into the kind, hard-featured face which alone in all the crowd showed pity or sympathy. "You will come to me—if they will let you ? O Mrs. Harmer, how cruel they are !"

And the woman who had been mother to the motherless, and could no longer protect, made all the answer, and gave all the comfort possible, with kisses and tears ; and the unbelieving scoffed at her delusion and credulity, and the more good-natured hoped she might yet be proved in the right in her faith ; and so the sad scene ended. Avice Gray went alone and unfriended with her new keepers to her strange abode, and Mrs. Harmer returned mournfully home.

Her testimony as to the absence of her son and daughter had rendered their attendance and evidence needless : she had, indeed, not expected Dorade's return until later in the night ; but, on entering the kitchen (how desolate it seemed to find no Avice there !), she found her there before her. The first glance told her mother that she had heard the news, but Mrs. Harmer was amazed at the effect it appeared to have produced. Stephen was but an ordinary acquaintance—of Avice she had never been fond—why should the girl look as she looked now ?

Dorade was a pale girl, with large black eyes, in whose depths slumbered a passion which the wise would be careful to leave slumbering. Excitement of a pleasant nature sometimes brought a flush of color to her cheeks, and on such occasions her face would brighten into beauty ; but, generally speaking, the fierce energy of her dark eyes was negated by an expression of languor and dejection in the other features. This evening her face was as bloodless as that of the dead man on whom her thoughts were fixed, and her eyes were encircled by dark rings such as might have been caused by hours of weeping, but which were contradicted by the fire that burned within them unquenched by a single tear. The mouth, which was richly curved and red, and, smiling, might have been beautiful, was contracted, set as if with physical pain, and the forehead showed a deep line where the brows were drawn together. The girl believed herself alone, and her whole attitude—the weary figure, the listless, drooping hands, the bent head—was expressive of hopeless dejection. She

started violently as her mother opened the door, and, on seeing who entered, gave a sigh, half of disappointment, half of relief.

"You've heard the news, I see, child," said Mrs. Harmer, as she removed her bonnet and shawl, and snuffed the candle which Dorade had forgotten and left flaring in the night-breeze that came cool through the window.

Dorade gave a shiver, which might mean anything, but did not reply in words.

"You take it to heart more'n I expected, by the look of you! Poor Avice! It came very hard on me to leave her behind in such hands."

"Poor Avice!" repeated Dorade, in a tone of scathing scorn. "Do you mean to say you pity *her*? Is *she* the one to be felt for? The vile wretch!"

"Do *you* mean to say, Dorade, that you do *not* pity her? Do you mean to say that you believe anything against her?"

"Anything! Is there anything I could *not* believe? Is there anything I would not do—? Mother, I could have told you long ago what that girl was, and would if you would have believed me; but you were so blinded by her— Oh, I hope and pray she may be hanged!"

"Dorade!" said her mother, terrified as well as amazed at this outbreak, "what, in God's name, do you mean? Avice has been like a daughter to me, and a sister almost to you; and when she comes back to us again—"

"Comes back!" echoed Dorade, with a laugh that was more terrible to hear than the scorn or the anger. "She's safe to come back, isn't she? I have heard everything, mother, and I know just how much chance Avice Gray has of ever coming back. You will feel well, won't you, when you think you have brought a daughter up to be hanged? It's too good for her—it's a pity she could not be burned alive, or whipped to strips!"

"You are crazy, Dorade," said her mother, quietly. Indeed, looking at the now flaming cheeks and flashing eyes, it did seem as if she might not be responsible for what she said in her excitement, and Mrs. Harmer thought it best to try to soothe her, and to divert her thoughts by changing the subject of conversation. "Are you very tired? Where have you been all day? Were you in time for the train?"

"Tired? Tired's no name for it! Yes, I saw Fred off by the noon train, and I've been visiting ever since, and talking till my tongue and my brains are weary, and my head fit to split. Oh, how it does ache! Tired! After driving that mare of Vanvan-nick's? I tell you they must feed her gas or chain-lightning in her oats. I've got a pretty firm hand, and it gave me all I wanted to do to hold her in. How she does go!" Dorade laughed again, so harshly and unnaturally that her mother became really alarmed.

"Go to bed, dear; you want rest, and a good sleep."

"Yes, I'll go just now. But about the black mare: Ben wants her badly, and so do I now. He was going to make a trade with Steve, but I guess

the old man will have to do the trading now. He'll see about it when he takes her home to-morrow. I forgot, though—won't the funeral be to-morrow? Where is my memory? I believe I had better take your advice, mother, and go to bed. I'm very tired.—Good-night."

Her mother looked after her as she left the room, longing to give the care and sympathy which she saw were sorely needed; but Dorade's "tempers" were too well known in the household for her to venture to offer them. That something was wrong she could see plainly enough. She thought it even stranger than Dorade's usual strangeness that on this eventful night her thoughts should be fixed on such a trifle as the black mare instead of the momentous and unhappy circumstances that had occurred; but her simple, straightforward mind never perceived that the girl was acting a part, and, in the painful effort to sustain it, overacting it altogether. What is easiest to see is not always what we do see; and Mrs. Harmer's eyes were closed on this occasion. She sighed, but she remained; and Dorade went upstairs alone.

She locked the door when she had entered her own room. She set down the candle, and, after a moment's hesitation, went to the glass.

"What do I look like?" she whispered. "What does any one look like after going through what I have gone through to-day? One would think the traces of such experience would be plain enough, marked in the devil's own handwriting, but I suppose it's not visible in my face yet. Crazy? Not yet. I wish there was any chance of it; but, as I've kept my senses till now, I'm not likely to lose them over anything that's yet to come; and I should like to know it when—"

"I wonder if I did it well? I wonder if I showed enough horror of her, and enough indifference for him? Shall I be able to go on acting, and shall I be able to deceive them all if I do? I must, if that is to happen that I want. Do I want it? Can I stand by and see it if it comes? Is it Heaven or Satan that has put this temptation in my way? Am I going mad, I wonder? I must not, for I might let it all out if I did—"

"What will they do to her? If the worst comes—if he does not come back, and I cannot speak—what can I do? Oh, if I did but know! If I could but have staid there or gone back sooner! I cannot go now till the house is quiet—and it is too light still."

She put out the candle, and went to the window, kneeling down with her arms upon the ledge, and turning up her face to the sky. It was a brilliant moonlight night, but the moon was not yet full, and hung low in the south, casting long shadows and showing every object on which shone her silver light distinct and clear. The rays touched the girl's pale face as she knelt with her eyes fixed on the stars she evidently did not see. Her gaze was turned inward, and her expression told that the sight beheld by her mental vision was far different from the peaceful scene on which the moonbeams shone. What did

she see with the eyes of memory? What were her thoughts? Could this girl, whom no one supposed to be in the remotest manner connected with the morning's mystery, have rendered it, had she spoken, a mystery no longer?

"I wish I could say a prayer," she murmured, laying her head wearily down upon her arms. "If he is above and beyond those stars now, and knows my heart—but I dare not. Am I most wicked or most miserable? There is no help—the wrong is begun, and must go on." She looked up again, and whispered, wildly: "Come to me—tell me what you would have me do—only for one moment—you cannot yet be very far away—listen while I tell you what you never knew—I—" Her voice died away, her rapt look changed to one of blank despair, and she again buried her face in her hands.

Is such grief contemptible because it comes in homely guise? Are the elements of tragedy less tragic because in our daily life they jostle the commonplace? or does passion become grotesque because it finds but incoherent and ungrammatical expression? I doubt that the velvet and soft speech of this world do not yet monopolize, any more than they defy, its temptations, its dangers, and its agonies.

"I must sleep," she said at last. "I shall break down if I do not rest. I *will* sleep." She rose, crossed the room, and threw herself upon the bed. Of course, she might as well have tried to fly; who ever yet took repose by force? She lay still, however, listening with painful intentness to the various sounds below, and longing for them to cease. To her eager waiting every one seemed to delay, and she thought that the night must be almost over when she heard the preparations for retiring begin. How securely her mother fastened and bolted the door! How should she ever uncloset it as silently as she must? How tardy were her brothers, and how slow their steps as they passed her door! But at last all was still; and, when her careful ears could detect no sound in all the silent house, she rose, crossed the room again, and again looked out from the window.

The moon had sunk lower, the shadows were longer, the silence more ghost-like. She moved very cautiously as she changed her dress for the oldest and worst she possessed, muffled herself in a gray shawl, and put a veil over her face. Then she opened her door and listened. From the room opposite came the sound of the steady, regular breathing that denoted sleep; it was her mother's room, and she drew a sigh of relief. Her brothers were in the chambers above; Avice—ah!—Avice Gray slept elsewhere that night. As the thought crossed her mind, her forehead contracted in a heavy frown and her lips set in firm determination; she shut the door behind her, and went with silent tread down the staircase, her shoes in her hand. As she softly unclosed the lower window, and got out over the low sill into the moonlight, she heard the kitchen clock strike eleven. It struck three as she reëntered, as quietly as she had issued forth. The moonlight was gone, but in the east was the first indication of the morn-

ing that was soon to break, and in its pale, cold reflection the girl looked wan and rigid as a ghost. Whatever had been the object of her secret expedition, it had failed, if failure were denoted by heavy step, languid movement, and a look that would have been despair but for the shade of that which is even sadder than despair—suspense. In the startled glance, in the nervous turn of the head, in the hesitation of eye and hand, might be read the signs that, though the past was in no degree remedied, there was dread of danger yet to come.

Dorade gained her chamber in safety, for the household were still wrapped in the slumber in which she had left them. She took off and locked up her stained garments, drenched with dew, to which the dust had clung (was it only dust that had so defiled them, and whence came the weeds and the slime?), attired herself in the dress in which she must resume her every-day work in the morning—she did not even court sleep this time—and then, having bathed her face, knelt down again by the window. The night was over—the eastern sky was red, bright with fair promise of the summer sunrise that would soon flood the world with life and light. To thousands of human hearts the morning brought rejoicing—to thousands more it was the herald and har-binger of sorrow and of shame; but, of all who gazed upon its dawning beams, perhaps none dreaded more than Dorade did the birth of the new day.

CHAPTER VII.

THE SLENDER THREAD.

If there be anything more evanescent than the fame of one, it is perhaps the excitement of the many. Humanity, easily moved to mirth or madness, cannot bear continued strain; and so it happens that, of what moment soever may be the event that breaks the monotony of the life of any community, the attention it excites in all but those most immediately concerned is but of brief duration. Astonishment, horror, and delight, are short-lived emotions, when the joys and griefs of others are their moving cause; and after the first exclamations have subsided, and first feelings cooled, each goes his way, one to his farm and another to his merchandise, and the momentary interest is soon forgotten.

So it came to pass that what had occurred on the 14th of July, terrible and long to be remembered as at the time it appeared, had, by the 22d of August, been numbered with the events of the past. The hurry of the harvest-labors, the pleasures of the young, and the cares of the old, went on none the less that Stephen Vanvannick slept in the quiet country graveyard: labors done and pleasures ended, and never in this life to know care again! The qualities that had made him a favorite were still remembered; mention of his lamentable end still elicited an expression of horror and compassion; but to most of those to whom he had been acquaint-

ance, friend, and neighbor, Stephen Vanvannick was now only a name.

But, be it remembered, I limited my observations on the mutability of human interest to those not immediately concerned; with those whose life's happiness or welfare is bound up in the cause, of excitement, the case is far different. Vain suspense and fear are faithful and abiding companions, and not lightly to be shaken off when once they have taken up their abode in our hearts. To Avice Gray, bearing her burden of sorrow and dread as best she might in uncheered solitude; to the bereaved parents, longing (little as they would have admitted it, and Christians as they professed to be) for vengeance on the author of their loss and their grief; to Dorade, for reasons known to herself alone; and in a less degree to her mother and Dr. Wells—the time, both past and to come, had lost none of its tragic interest. With them, to recall what had gone by still jarred every nerve; with them it still stirred every pulse to think of what the future had yet to bring.

On this August afternoon, Dr. Wells was slowly jogging along the dusty road, in company with the well-known chestnut pony, who, like his master, was not so young as he once had been. The doctor's face was grave, for it expressed the tone of his thoughts, which were very grave indeed. He was thinking of the interview he had had in the morning with Avice Gray.

For the doctor was allowed to see her; indeed, he had constituted himself her guardian and adviser. He instructed and bore the charges of the lawyer who must give her the assistance it lay not in his power to bestow, and he gave her what consolation and what hope he could without deviating from the truth. But the comfort was but little and the hope of the slenderest. What a fragile chance was that of the appearance of a person who had come no one knew whence and gone no one knew whither, whose very name was unknown, and whose existence even was regarded by some as a fabrication of Avice Gray's fertile brain!—for, in public opinion, the girl who had committed such a crime must be capable of any cleverness of invention, any device to conceal the truth. Public opinion might see reason to change, if it would consider that cleverness and criminality do not always, or often, go together, and that those whose actions are the worst generally blunder the most, both in planning them beforehand and concealing them when performed.

Avice herself knew so little what was needed for her exculpation, she attached so little consequence to the chance meeting with the stranger in the wood, that it was not until the second time Dr. Wells saw her in the prison that he discovered what important evidence, could it only be obtained, might be adduced in her behalf. But the doctor saw at once the paramount necessity of securing such a witness in her favor if it lay within the bounds of possibility to do so; indeed, to obtain some actual proof of her absence from the scene of the tragedy seemed the only chance for Avice now; and here was one who, if her story were true, would give positive testimony

that when Stephen Vanvannick died Avice Gray was four miles from the place of his death. Comparison of times and seasons left no doubt of this; the two young men who had discovered the murder were certain that it was but a few minutes after noon when they reached the spot; the doctor was equally sure that that could have been but a few minutes after the fatal blow must have been given; and, when Avice spoke of having heard the whistle of the railway as she talked to the stranger, he took care to ascertain the exact time of the arrival of that particular train, found it had been but ten minutes behind time, and, therefore, came in at five minutes before noon. Clearer proof, therefore, of the absence of Avice from the one place than was afforded by her presence in the other, and a more complete refutation of the charge against her, could not be desired; but how was that testimony which would clear her to be obtained? There lay the difficulty. To that the poor girl, think as she might, could give no clew.

Dr. Wells had done all that it was in his power to do. He had made inquiries at Bleekman's whether any stranger had been there on the eventful morning; unfortunately, there had been several, and among them the one indicated by Avice could not be identified, so that, though her statement was not contradicted, it was in no degree verified. He had instituted a search among the hotels and houses of entertainment in Whitechester, a hopeless task which, as may be supposed, ended in no result; he had posted notices through the town in hopes the man might still be lingering there, and would see them, stating the urgent necessity of his coming forward with the truth; he had advertised to the same purpose in all the newspapers of the principal cities and towns. But as yet no result had come from all his efforts; in the five weeks that had elapsed since he had commenced them he had found no signs; some people laughed openly at his credulity; others, while giving him credit for the benevolence of his motives, blamed him for spending time and money in so unworthy a cause; while all wondered at the delusion under which he labored in company with the few others who believed in the innocence of Avice Gray. He cared little for that; but it cut him to the heart every time he went to the prison to see the poor child look up at him with heavy, wistful eyes, that contained the question she no longer dared to put into words, to witness the expression of fresh disappointment that came over her face as she read again in his that he brought her no good news, to hear the sigh with which she answered when he said as cheerfully as he could, "No news yet, my child, but better fortune to-morrow; we must hope for the best." The future was beginning to press with the weight of a great dread on Avice Gray. Life and the enjoyment of life are sweet, no matter how great may be our sorrows; and, passionate as were Avice Gray's regrets at the tragic fate of the man she loved, she was by no means prepared or willing to be hurried out of this world before her part in it had fairly begun. There was no

disloyalty to Stephen's memory in this ; it was merely the instinct of shrinking from danger, the clinging to life which lasts as long as life itself.

She was no longer the Avicé of six weeks before, the bright vision who had attracted the admiring attention of the stranger in the wood, the girl who had flushed into new beauty under Stephen's caresses as he twined the lime-blossoms in her hair. The color had faded out of her cheeks, and the blue eyes had the dark rings round them caused by constant weeping ; the tender mouth could still quiver with a sob, but had forgotten how to smile. Her settled dejection told how her thoughts dwelt upon the miserable past ; her nervous and convulsive start on the opening of the door showed how quick was her fear for the future ; but no change told of hope. Sometimes, when Dr. Wells was with her, she would bury her face in her hands and keep long silence.

"I am thinking," she said once, in answer to his inquiry.

"Of what?" he asked.

"I am trying to think what the court-room will look like," she answered ; "I wonder how it will feel to have so many people's eyes upon me. Will you be with me? I think the eyes will scorch me if I have not one friend to fix my own on." She

often reverted to this afterward ; but she never said whether her imagination or her thoughts ever went beyond.

Mrs. Harmer was her only other visitor. The kindly woman still stoutly maintained her firm belief in the falsehood of the accusation, and evinced it by as constant attention to Avicé as she could show ; but she had her own troubles at home, and her visits to the prison could not be very frequent. Her son's absence had been much longer than had been anticipated, necessitating the engagement of another man upon the farm, while her daughter had broken down under the extra work entailed by the loss of the services of Avicé Gray ; so, under the circumstances, Mrs. Harmer had her hands full, and she heard of Avicé from the doctor, and sent her cheering messages through the same medium, more often than she could hold personal communication with her. Perhaps it was as well. No real hope could be felt, no real consolation could be given, until the stranger who held in his hand the destiny of Avicé Gray should appear ; but day by day the hope lessened, consolation grew more faint, and dread more strong. The summer-days went by, visibly shortening as each one passed ; days changed to weeks—and still he did not come.

POETICAL ZOÖLOGY.

BY GEORGE L. AUSTIN.

THE poetry of modern times enshrines many popular superstitions respecting members of the animal kingdom. It would not be desirable to remove them from the pages, for they supply illustrations of value and interest as to the intellectual condition of by-gone society, and are chapters essential to a complete history of knowledge. It is curious, however, to trace, when able to do so, such wild imaginations to their origin ; and we purpose, in the present writing, to account for certain of these singular fallacies, fully believing that nearly all are referable to simply coincident circumstances.

We think that it has doubtless happened in many a sick-chamber, and immediately, too, before the dissolution of the patient, that the noise of the puny insect, vulgarly called the death-watch, has been heard. It was a very easy thing for the fancy of premonition to arise from this, which has so often disturbed the habitations of rural tranquillity, and from which they are not yet wholly free.

"The solemn death-watch clicked the hour she died ;"

but it was not the *voice* of the insect ; the noise was owing to its beating on some hard substance with the shield or fore-part of the head. It is intended merely to summon a companion, and answers exactly to the call-note of a bird.

Everybody knows of the kingfisher, or, as the bird was called in the days of Aristotle, the halcyon. Dryden says :

"Amid our arms as quiet you shall be
As halcyons brooding on a winter sea."

And Browne :

"Blow, but gently blow, faire winde,
From the forsaken shore,
And be as to the halcyon kinde,
Till we are ferried o'er."

And the author of "The Storm" writes :

"All Nature seemed
Fond of tranquillity ; the glassy sea
Scarce rippled ; the halcyon slept upon the wave,
The winds were all at rest."

The idea that the halcyon possessed the marvelous faculty of pacifying the wind and wave by its presence seems to have sprung solely from the well-known habits of the bird. It fishes only by sight, and takes only small prey. Hence all those circumstances require to be avoided which would interfere with distinct vision, in order to the success of its operations. It, therefore, frequents particular spots, and is out in certain states of the weather ; brawling and turbulent streams are avoided ; and the days when the atmosphere is the most transparent and still, the waters most calm and clear, are precisely those which the kingfisher loves, and in which he is most commonly seen.

Sir Walter Scott thus misrepresents the natural history of the field-fare, belonging to the thrush tribe, in the following picture, referring to Scottish ground :

"Within a dreary glen,
Where scattered lay the bones of men
In some forgotten battle slain,
And bleached by drifting snow and rain ;
The knot-grass fettered there the hand
Which once could burst an iron band ;

Beneath the broad and ample bone,
That bucklered heart to fear unknown,
A feeble and a timorous guest—
The field-fare—*framed her lowly nest.*"

Sir Walter was a keen sportsman; but he seems not to have known that the field-fare neither breeds in the British Isles, nor even builds on the ground in its native quarters. It is a bird of Norway, where it frames its nest in the firs and larches at the height of from ten to forty feet above-ground. In the winter-season it visits England and Scotland in great numbers.

Lord Byron likewise errs when he says:

"Even as an eagle overlooks his prey,
And, for a moment poised in middle air,
Suspends the motion of his mighty wings,
Then swoops with his unerring beak."

The king of birds invariably seizes its prey with the talons, carries it off to the nest, or some other place of security, and there at leisure uses the beak for tearing it in pieces.

Many years ago it was believed that insects had not the sense of hearing, a notion countenanced by Bonnet and Linnæus. Shakespeare, however, expresses the correct opinion in the words:

"I will tell it softly;
Yon crickets shall not hear me."

The observations of Brunelli, an Italian naturalist, are interesting on this point. He kept several field-crickets in a chamber, which continued their cricking-song through the whole day, but the moment they heard a knock at the door they were silent. Subsequently he invented a method of imitating their sounds, and, when he did so outside the door, at first a few would venture on a soft whisper, and by-and-by the whole party burst out in a chorus to answer him; but, upon repeating the rap at the door, they instantly stopped again, as if alarmed. He then confined a male cricket in one side of his garden, while he put a female in the other at liberty. The latter began to leap as soon as she heard the crick of the male, and immediately came to him. This experiment was frequently repeated, with the same result.

A poet may be pardoned for following the errors of the naturalists of his time, but for a poet of the present day to adopt an old mistake of natural history, and to give to it circulation as an undoubted fact, it is altogether different and wholly unjustifiable. We should not blame the old dramatist for saying—

"I will play the swan,
And die in music."

"He makes a swan-like end,
Fading in music."

But surely Doane is culpable in the following iteration of a completely unfounded fancy:

"What is that, mother?
'The swan, my love.

He is floating down from his native grove,
No loved one now, no nestling nigh;
He is floating down by himself to die;
Death darkens his eyes, and unplumes his wings,
Yet the sweetest song is the last he sings."

Many if not most animals retire from the companionship of their kind to die in solitude. The

swan may do this; but certainly there is no musical accompaniment in the case, for the bird is utterly incapable of it. The domesticated swan has no note but a hiss, and the tone of the wild or whistling swan is equally harsh and dissonant. Here, by-the-way, it may be stated that there is no foundation for the common representation of the nightingale's song as of the mournful cast:

"Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,
And to the nightingale's complaining notes
Tune my distresses, and record my woes,"

writes Shakespeare; and Milton is also in error, in saying:

"Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy."

The only possible way for accounting for the nightingale's "most melancholy" notes is to suppose the listener in a pensive mood, promoted by the seclusion in which they are ordinarily heard, and the night's sombre shadows. The song is the outpouring of joy, not of sadness; and it is the song, too, of the male bird cheering the maternal labors of his spouse.

In the "Midsummer-Night's Dream," the fairies are said to light their tapers

"At the fiery glow-worm's eyes."

But it so happens that the luminosity proceeds, not from the eyes, but from the tail of the insect. Says Thomson:

"Along the crooked lane, on every hedge,
The glow-worm lights his gem."

But it happens, further, that the male glow-worm is very rarely seen, is much smaller than the female, and gives out no light. Thomson thus writes of another insect:

"Light fly his slumbers, if perchance a flight
Of angry gadflies fasten on the herd."

To make known the truth is to spoil the poetic beauty of this whole passage. But, though a small matter, to be sure, the error is sufficiently important to bear correction. The gadfly is not a social insect, and it pursues its way singly, not in a flight or swarm. Furthermore, it is not anger, but instinct, that induces him to "fasten on the herd."

It used to be supposed that gossamer, the web of the field-spider, was formed of dew evaporated by the sun's heat into threads; and it is to this that Quarles thus refers:

"And now autumnal dews were seen
To cobweb every green."

Milton goes astray in the following:

"Swarming next,
The female bee, that feeds her husband drone
Deliciously, and builds her waxen cells
With honey stored."

The working-bees, which form the mass of the population, are neuters; the drones are males; and of the queens, or females, there is usually but one in a hive.

The natives of New Guinea, and of the adjoining Papuan archipelago, in preparing and drying the skins of the gorgeous birds-of-paradise, are in the habit of removing the feet. In this state they are sold to the Malays, conveyed to India, and thence to European countries. This custom led Linnæus, erroneously, to name one of the best-known species

"footless" (*Paradisea apoda*); and also misguided Southey in the following lines from his "Curse of Kehama:"

"The footless fowl of heaven, that never
Rest upon the earth, but on the wing forever,
Hovering o'er flowers, their fragrant food inhale,
Drink the descending dew upon its way,
And sleep aloft while floating on the gale."

A beautiful passage in the Book of Proverbs has been made the foundation for many wrong views of the habits of the ant both in poetry and prose: "Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise; which, having no guide, overseer, or ruler, provideth her meat in the summer, and gathereth her food in the harvest."

In these words, Solomon probably alluded to a species with which we are not familiar; but, waiving any dispute on this score, it will be observed that he makes no mention of any particular kind of food, and, if the idea of storing provision is suggested, imparts no hint of its being intended for winter use. A recent Oriental traveler speaks of a species of ant in India which hoards up in its cell the seeds of grass, and takes the precaution of bringing them to the surface to dry, when wetted by the heavy seasonal rains of the country.

Now, nothing is more common among men than to furnish their larders with more than is requisite for immediate wants, when abundance can be commanded, simply to save trouble. The general sentiment of the words of Solomon, then, relative to the ant, is that, in the appropriate natural seasons of summer and harvest, when food of all kinds is most readily obtained, the insect is industrious in profiting by favorable opportunities, having both present and prospective wants in view. But let us glance at the poetical representations—or, rather, misrepresentations—of the ant. Says Milton:

"First crept

The parsimonious emmet, provident of future."

And Prior:

"Tell me why the ant
In summer's plenty thinks of winter's want?
By constant journey careful to prepare
Her stores, and bringing home the corny ear,
By what instruction does she bite the grain?"

Smart writes:

"The sage, industrious ant, the wisest insect,
Then to the field she hies, and on her back,
Burden immense! brings home the cumbrous corn,
Then, many a weary step, and many a strain,
And many a grievous groan subdued, at length
Up the huge hill she hardly heaves it home:
Nor rests she here her providence, but nips
With subtle tooth the grain."

Dr. Watts, also, yields his modicum of blunders:

"They don't wear their time out in sleeping or play,
But gather up corn in a sunny day,
And for winter they lay up their stores;
They manage their work in such regular forms,
One would think they foresaw all the frosts and the storms,
And so brought their food within-doors."

The poets, we imagine, would not thank us for meddling with their philosophy except *causa veritatis*. In the first place, the ant does not subsist on

grain; but, being of a carnivorous habit, would prefer the carcass of a worm to all the wheat and corn in the world. In the second place, inasmuch as the greater part of the winter season is passed in a torpid state, the ant has no occasion to lay up a future store. The whole truth of the matter is this: Ants carry about their young in the state of *pupa*, or as things wrapped up and swaddled, which both in size and shape have certainly some resemblance to grains of corn. They are also seen occasionally gnawing at the end of one of these bandaged babies, for the purpose of liberating it from confinement. These operations, cursorily judged of according to the mere appearance, gave rise to the corn-bearing imagination for winter use, which Solomon's reference to summer and harvest seemed to sanction; and likewise to the idea of biting the grain to destroy the power of germination.

Nevertheless, the ant is an industrious insect; also, most pugnacious. Whole legions will war furiously for the possession of a small heap of earth—an object of not less importance to them than a mountain or a river to an emperor. Lord Bacon might have added marauding to the other employments mentioned in his apostrophe: "Alas! the earth, with men upon it, will not seem much other than an ant-hill, where some ants carry food, and some carry their young, and some go empty, and all to and fro around a little heap of dust."

While writing of the ant, we are led to say a word or two with regard to the mole, which Aristotle, and a host of other writers since his day, pronounce blind:

"Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole may not
Hear a footfall; we now are near his cell,"

are the words of Shakespeare. Dryden says:

"Like a mole, busy and blind,
Works all his folly up, and casts it onward
To the world's open ear."

And Pope, also:

"What modes of sight betwixt the wide extreme!
The mole's dim curtain and the lynx's beam."

We will admit that there is a species of mole, indigenous to the south of Europe, which is totally blind; but the English species, to which Shakespeare, Dryden, and Pope, thus refer, has all the organs of vision perfect, and is not even dim-sighted. The eyes are very small, however. The sense of hearing is remarkably fine, and the sense of smelling is most exquisite.

And now comes the poor, harmless, and maligned toad, which has suffered great injustice at the hands of mankind. It was once believed that the head of an aged toad contained a stone or pearl possessing great virtues, and we all remember Shakespeare's lines:

"Sweet are the uses of adversity;
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in its head."

Unfortunately, there is no foundation in fact for this poetical simile.

Pennant, the naturalist, says of the toad that it is "the most deformed and hideous of all animals,"

which it is not; and the epithet of "venomous," which Milton applies to it in his picture of Satan, is singularly inaccurate. In reality, the toad is one of the most harmless and inoffensive creatures in existence. Let it alone, and it will hop out of your way; the fluid which exudes from some parts of its body is innocuous; and its bite produces nothing but a very slight inflammation. On the other hand, it is extremely useful in devouring grubs and vermin injurious to plants, and hence enjoys the special protection of the gardener.

What citadel apparently more impregnable could be imagined than the hard and firmly-closed shell of the oyster to a sprawling, flexible starfish? Nevertheless, it is forced and captured; but not in the manner popularly supposed. The impression has prevailed that the oyster, being on the alert, and suspecting the design of the radiate enemy, closes upon him, and holds him fast by the intruding limb. Upon this, the assailant, finding captivity and death inevitable unless something is done, submits to amputation in order to preserve life and freedom. But the starfish has no occasion thus to thrust its paws into the mouth of danger; on the contrary, its mode of procedure is most unique. Having seized upon the prey with its arms, it proceeds coolly to turn its own stomach inside out. It then instills between the shelly valves some torpifying fluid, which deprives the inmate of strength, and soon compels it to open the doors of its dwelling. This done, the starfish pushes in its stomach, which enwraps the oyster, and uncourtously digests it in its own shell.

In Ireland, and elsewhere, there exists a common species of starfish known as the "devil's hands," or the "devil's fingers," and children have a superstitious dread of touching them. One singular fact with regard to them is worthy of mention. On being captured, they proceed unceremoniously to dissolve themselves and fall in pieces, to the disappointment of the exulting naturalist who has dredged them up, as if under the influence of intense alarm, or highly indignant at being taken. Brittle stars, indeed! It would be a somewhat parallel case if an individual, when arrested in the streets, were to throw his arms and legs upon the pavement, and jerk off his head for the astonished policeman to catch.

It has frequently been said that the first example of the art of navigation was given to mankind by a mollusk common in the Mediterranean, the name of this mollusk being the nautilus, or argonaut. It is usually represented with six arms, extending over the sides of the shell, as if to act as oars; and two arms, which have broad disks upraised, as if to act as sails. Much beautiful poetry has been devoted to the celebration of this zoological error:

"Learn of the little nautilus to sail,
Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale,"

says Pope. Montgomery, in his picture of the nautilus, writes:

"The native pilot of this little *bark*
Put out a *tier of oars* on either side,
Spread to the wafting breeze a *twofold sail*,
And mounted up and glided down the billow
In happy freedom."

And Byron this:

"The tender nautilus who *steers his prow*,
The sea-born *sailor* of his shell *canoe*,
The ocean *Mab*, the fairy of the sea,
Seems far less fragile, and, alas! more free."

Unhappily for the poets, the nautilus never moves in the manner here described. It can creep along the bottom of the deep; it can rise to the surface and float, moving backward through the water like other cuttle-fish. But the arms are not used as oars, and those which have the expanded membranous disk are never hoisted as sails. The sole purpose of these limbs is the secretion of the substance of the shell, both for its repair when injured and for the enlargement which the growth of the animal may require.

In the fossiliferous rocks the nautilus occurs among the earliest traces of the world's animal life. It continued through the long ages during which the family of its conqueror, the ammonite, was created, flourished, and became extinct. Mrs. Howitt has made this fact the subject of some graceful lines, which are not accurate, however, as to the formation of the stratified rocks, the habits of the mollusk, or the disappearance of its cousin-german:

"Thou didst laugh at sun and breeze,
In the new-created seas;
Thou wast with the reptile broods
In the old sea solitudes,
Sailing in the new-made light,
With the curled-up ammonite.
Thou surviv'dst the awful shock,
Which turned the ocean-bed to rock,
And changed its myriad living swarms
To the marble's veined forms.

"Thou wast there; thy little boat,
Airy voyager! kept afloat,
O'er the waters wild and dismal,
O'er the yawning gulfs abysmal;
Amid wreck and overturning,
Rock imbedding, heaving, burning,
'Mid the tumult and the stir;
Thou, most ancient mariner,
In that pearly boat of thine,
Sail'dst upon the troubled brine."

It remains to be said that the stratified rocks were formed by slow deposition, often in tranquil waters, and not by sudden catastrophes; that the ammonites did not perish from convulsive movements of land and sea; but that the family runs through all the formations from the silurian to the chalk, had its greatest development in the Oolitic period, and gradually died out.

THE GRAVES OF THE BRONTË SISTERS.

AMERICAN readers of twenty years ago can readily recall the eager avidity with which the novels of Charlotte Brontë were then bought and read. Like others, I had lingered over and admired the fascinating pages, replete as they are in powerful word-pictures and unique character-delineations; and, when I became acquainted with the strange, sad history of Charlotte Brontë and her two gifted sisters, a longing possessed me to see the scenes sanctified by their living presence and by the graves where, "after life's fitful fever," they sleep together. Circumstances did not for years prove favorable to this wish. My lot was cast in the Western Hemisphere, and it was not until the occasion of a recent visit to Europe that I had the opportunity of becoming a pilgrim to the graves of the Brontës—Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell.

Haworth is not a particularly accessible place. Situated among the wild, windy moors of the Yorkshire side of the Pennine Chain, it is some five miles from Keighley and the nearest railroad-station. By this route, from the northeast, Mrs. Gaskell, the biographer of Charlotte Brontë, approached the village; but, as I chanced to be on the adjoining Lancashire side of the mountains, I resolved to descend upon the ancient church and parsonage of Haworth from the high, bleak heather moors on the southwest of the village. As subsequent experience proved, this was a much more formidable undertaking than I had anticipated.

On a cold, chilling afternoon in April I crossed from Lancashire to Yorkshire through a defile of the mountains aptly called "Dulesgate," or "Devil's Gate," and late in the evening found myself in a comfortable hostelry in Hebdown Bridge. Next morning dawned dismally; but I was imbued with the spirit of my pilgrimage, and, contrary to the advice of my hostess, I determined to proceed across the howling heights and swirling hollows of the moors. In the early morning, as I left behind the quaint, picturesque little town, snugly nestled in a beautifully-wooded valley, and ascended to the sterile uplands which surround it as an amphitheatre, a fierce northeast wind straight ahead betokened an unpleasant accompaniment during the nine miles' walk to Haworth. Canon Kingsley's vigorous "Ode to the Northeast Wind" was called to mind, but even its lusty, concluding invocation—

"Come, and strong within us
Stir the Vikings' blood;
Bracing brain and sinew,
Blow, thou wind of God!"—

met but feeble response in the chilled heart of the present pilgrim, as ever and anon some violent, streaming gust nearly bowled him over. The sky and the wind were sympathetic with the wretchedness of the soil and the scene. All around was savage desolation. "People familiar with these moors often miss their road on stormy evenings," writes

one of the Brontë sisters, and I could well realize the fact. Guided by a pocket-compass, I tramped along among the hard, gnarled heather. For miles nothing was to be seen but a succession of bare, brown, billowy moors, sacred to grouse, with an occasional small farmhouse in some sheltered bottom, with its oasis of sodden-looking grass-land. Where a stone-wall was to be seen, it was lined on the sheltered side with a belt of snow, and the peat-banks were garnished with icicles like bunches of crystalized carrots. The grouse had commenced to breed, and only few were to be seen, although a stray cock now and then sprang up with his dog-like bark. Other birds there were none till I commenced to descend into the Oxenholme Valley, where there were plenty of larks, ring-ouzels, wheat-ears, and lap-wings, filling the air with song.

As Haworth was approached, the picture of the surrounding moors, as sketched by Emily Brontë ("Ellis Bell") in "Wuthering Heights," was involuntarily recalled: "The scenery of these hills," she writes, "is not grand—it is not romantic, it is scarcely striking. Long, low moors, dark with heath, shut in little valleys, where a stream waters, here and there, a fringe of stunted copse. Mills and scattered cottages chase romance from these valleys; it is only higher up, deep in among the ridges of the moors, that Imagination can find rest for the sole of her foot; and, even if she finds it there, she must be a solitude-loving raven—no gentle dove."

Great changes have taken place in the still bare landscape since this tender "nursling of the moors" wrote the above; but the bleak hills behind the village and church—the favorite haunt of the three sisters—still remain the same. As I turned the descending brow of the upland behind the parsonage, the wind had somewhat subsided, and I stood and gazed on the scene of the literary labors of the three gifted women. Its rear is toward me, and the gray-stone flags that constitute its roof descend close to its back-door. Across the churchyard, whose grave-stones closely hem in the parsonage on three sides, stands the plain, puritanical-looking little church, while farther to the left the many-gabled, gray-stone houses of the village are scattered down the hill in a sort of straggling street. I am deeply interested in the parsonage and its back-door, which I can plainly see. It recalls the father of these women of genius and his infirmities of temper. A man of unsociable habits and austere character, his family and himself form a curious illustration of the theory which declares that the genius and celestial fire of the human race come from the insane element. Even in this inhospitable clime, Mr. Brontë confined his six babies to a vegetable diet. He preferred that they should go poorly shod rather than permit them to wear shoes of fancy leather. He had an inextinguishable hatred to finery of all sorts, and tore his wife's colored silk dress into shreds. When the tem-

per of this model clergyman was roused, he worked off the anger-demon by "firing pistols in rapid succession out of the back-door;" or he would cram the hearth-rug into the grate, and remain locked in the room amid the smoke and the stench until the insentient thing smouldered to ashes. When neither of those expedients calmed his temporary lunacy, he would proceed to saw off the backs of the chairs with frantic energy, while his wife, lying on her death-bed above, hearing the pistol or the saw, would congratulate herself that he had never expressed himself angrily to her.

Distance neither improves nor impairs the appearance of the parsonage. It is a cold, dreary-looking house at the best, though a new wing has been added by the present incumbent. It fronts eastward, its nine windows overlooking the closely-packed graveyard, where the dust of many generations of villagers moulders. Some time since this ancient "God's acre" was enlarged, and all the interments seemingly take place in the new ground. This imparts a singular appearance to the solemn scene. On the one side it is closely packed with weather-worn, moss-covered stones—several dated as far back as A. D. 1625—while the fresher stones on the new section give a neglected appearance to the older place of sepulture. The surroundings of the parsonage are, therefore, far from being cheerful or inspiring; and to this circumstance, no doubt, may be traced that subdued melancholy which pervades the writings of the Brontë sisters. It was here, amid such a scene, that Charlotte wrote the piece entitled "Evening Solace:"

"But there are hours of lonely musing,
Such as in evening silence come;
When, soft as birds their pinions closing,
The heart's best feelings gather home.

"Then in our souls there seems to languish
A tender grief that is not woe;
And thoughts that once wrung groans of anguish,
Now cause but some wild tears to flow."

Farther a-field the prospect in the time of the sisters would scarcely be more alluring, especially in rainy weather and during winter. On every side were bare moors, with scattered homesteads; and, in the heart of the valley, manufactories with their smoke-belching chimneys. The prospect is now, however, something more cheerful. The genius of agriculture, ministering to the wants of an increasing population, has for years been waging war with the barren moorlands, and green fields are now to be seen where there were formerly only brown heath, lichen-covered crags, and boulders of the Drift period. The favorite walk of the sisters, northward from the rear of the parsonage, is still the same, and is, moreover, likely to remain so as long as it provides grouse-shooting for the lords of the soil.

The church-tower has recently been raised six or eight feet to accommodate a clock, and the fresh masonry imparts a piebald appearance to an edifice which has never been imposing. With the excep-

tion of the lower part of the tower, which is undoubtedly ancient, the whole structure was rebuilt about a century since in the debased church-wardian style peculiar to the period. The interior is in excellent keeping with the exterior. The pillars supporting the roof are nearly as rude as workmanship could make them; the pews are high-backed, old-fashioned, and musty; and the whole impression conveyed is one of cheerless austerity, suggesting a prison rather than a temple of praise. The pew near the altar formerly occupied by the sisters has been removed to make room for their graves, which are partly within the communion-rails. The father, mother, and the whole of the family, are interred beneath those gloomy flagstones—with the exception of Anne, who died at Scarborough and was buried there. It is here, in this cold nook of the sacred fane, and in the plain-looking parsonage a stone's-throw away, that the interest of the visitor centres. Here moulders Emily; there sleeps the tender Charlotte. A neat marble tablet on the south side of the altar-rail records the demise of the whole family. Mrs. Brontë died in 1821, aged thirty-nine; Maria, in 1825, aged twelve; Elizabeth, the same year, aged eleven; Patrick Barnwell (the gifted ne'er-do-weel of the family), in 1848, aged thirty; Emily, the same year, aged twenty-nine; Anne (buried at Scarborough), in 1849, aged twenty-seven. The last two inscriptions on a separate tablet are as follows: "Also of Charlotte, their daughter, wife of the Rev. A. B. Nicholls, B. A. She died March 31st, 1855, in the 39th year of her age. Also of the afore-named Rev. P. Brontë, A. B., who died 7th June, 1861, in the 85th year of his age, having been incumbent of Haworth for upwards of 41 years. 'The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.'—1 Cor. xv. 56, 57."

The lonely old man, it will be seen, survived his whole family, and wellnigh up to the day of his death he was accustomed to wear a loaded pistol about his clothes as regularly as his watch.

The sexton who shows the church informed me that there are many visitors in summer-time. Photographs are to be had from him of the church, the parsonage, the marble tablets, as also portraits of Charlotte, her husband, and her father. Charlotte had never been photographed, and the portrait is taken from the well-known engraving. The portrait of her husband, with whom she lived but one brief year, is said to be from the original. Apparently, he is a stolid, muscular, grave-looking, rather fat-brained man. The old lady in the village with whom I supped spoke somewhat disdainfully of him. It appears that the reverend gentleman, who is now in Ireland, has consoled himself with another wife, and that proceeding does not meet with the general approval of Haworth.

My route back lay through Crimsworth Dean, and, as I left the old church and parsonage behind, the sun was climbing above the western hills.

A STAGE-RIDE IN CALIFORNIA.

BY ALBERT F. WEBSTER.

IN the middle of May last the writer made the short journey from Los Angeles, California, to Caliente, the then terminus of the Central Pacific, which was pushing southward down the great San Joaquin Valley. The first portion of the trip was a car-ride from Los Angeles to San Fernando Pass, whence a stage was to be taken on the following morning at the heathenish hour of five o'clock.

The records of a pocket-book nearly always have a certain freshness that a deliberate story frequently lacks, and that may excuse one for copying a few entries when they cover the point.

"May 11, 10 P. M.—Am in a cock-loft in a railway-house at San Fernando Tunnel. Am writing on the blood-red blanket that covers the bed that I am expected to sleep upon. Directly over the bar. Six or seven men throwing dice for liquor, and wrangling like pirates. If they quarrel, they will shoot. If they do that, some sober person will knock up some villain's arm, and the bullet will pass through the ceiling. If this happens, I see no good reason why I should not be shot, for the room is small. Very cloudy. Upon looking out, can see nothing but a foggy glass lantern, upon whose sides is painted 'Hot Coffee.' Nothing else in the whole world is visible but that tawdry little communication, which, by-the-way, is a falsity; for, upon coming in from the cars, I asked for coffee, and was told that the fires had gone out at eight. The man said this with grief in his eye, much as if the fires belonged to some trades-union, and were in the habit of thus walking off at that unreasonable hour, leaving him in the lurch. Prospect of a ride of a hundred miles to-morrow; part of the way over a broad desert, where the sand blows fearfully. Shall arrive at Caliente late in the evening. Had better, as they say out here, 'crawl in.'"

To the astonishment of every man at the tunnel, the next morning was very nearly a rainy one. A fine drizzle came down, barely escaped turning into a shower. The Pass was commonly hot as an oven at that time. There were eight people inside the coach—among them a woman, who had spent six days and five nights in stages—a poor, worn-out creature from Arizona, who was going home, somewhere in New England, to pay a visit. Wonderful is the yearning of the heart for friendliness. Twenty days of enormous fatigue merely to embrace some one in particular that she loved!

Outside, there were three of us besides the driver, and a great number of trunks, parcels, and mail-bags. Altogether, there was a pretty heavy coach; a very desirable thing, by-the-way, for it was sure to ride easily. There were six fine horses, and there is no doubt whatever that, as they set off at a rattling pace, with their heads to the north, the whole establishment did in reality resemble those dashing pictures of flying stages that are to be seen on time-tables of mountain-

travel. It is not often that one is able to reach the ideal in these matters. The horses, instead of numbering six, number generally a lean, winded, and spavined four; and the Concord coach usually dwindles into a mud-wagon, with no springs worth speaking of.

The country was so rough that the railroad was forcing a tunnel through the mountains. The men employed as laborers were all Chinese, and their little villages lined the way. Most of the tent-coverings were of straw matting, though here and there was a patch of blackened canvas. A few of the chilled and benumbed inhabitants had awakened, and were standing with their hands under their blouses, stupidly gazing out of their deadened eyes. A few fires were smoking in the fog, and the cook-houses were astir.

The coach toiled through a gap cut in a neck of land as one would cut a slice from the middle of a loaf, and then ran down into a plain. The scenery is wild enough. Odd and arbitrary stratifications are to be seen everywhere. The land seems to be composed of the odds and ends of geological formations that had lapped over some way in the eternal workshop, and had been thrown down here—a sort of waste-heap; colors and composition all askew.

The fine live-oaks are plentiful, growing in their unusual, strange manner; that is, as if expressly planted and expressly cared for; their roots all underground, their tops vigorous, their color a splendid dark green, and the earth about them a gardener's lawn.

Innumerable flowers cover the sides of the hills in wide patches. Mingled with the green are drifts of yellow, blue, and scarlet, and now and then even away up upon the hillsides one sees the white stalk of the great Spanish-bayonet, looking to melancholy eyes like the lonely gravestones of some isolated farm.

First change of horses and breakfast. Capital food; steak, chops, ham-and-eggs, corn-bread, tea, coffee, and an actual pie, for fifty cents. Paid money at the bar. Of course, there is a bar. The bar-keeper said, "Boston?" "Yes." "Then hold on, I've got sumthin' to show ye." He abandoned a lucrative trade in spirits, and brought from an adjoining room a lozenge-box, full of small objects, done up in scraps of newspaper. Time was short, and he unrolled two or three in great haste. "Petrifications," said he. "Them is the leaves or spines of—of the pine, I expect. That is the tail of sumthin', I reckon. Ben layin' in lime-rock water until it's got all kivered up. What become of the rest of the critter, I don't—Hello, they're callin' fur ye! Here, take this leaf fur remembrance. I'm a queer feller taken all through. There's clamb-shells and eysters 'way up on the top of them hills. Queer, ain't it? Say, you'd better go. Good-by ter ye."

There's a Injun mortar out on the stoop there ; but some derned galoot kerried off the pestle, and—'Spouse ye'd better go now, anyway !' And he wrung my hand warmly. The specimen he gave me was a very pretty fossilized oak-leaf.

Then another plain. A long, white, hard road, with very deep ruts on either side, where the wagon-wheels had sunk in the softened earth in the winter before. Also bleached skeletons of cattle that had given out in the struggle in the same treacherous, sticky adobe. Occasionally you see a house—generally a squalid, murderous-appearing place, with an horizontal pole in the yard, from which is suspended, as you fancy, a prodigal quantity of red flannel—suggestive of a large family of infants. It is the jerked-beef of the country—fresh cut in very thin and very broad sheets—in the process of drying in the sun.

In certain localities buzzards gather on the trees, hardly stirring as the stage rumbles by, though now and then one loses his balance, and lazily spreads his wings to recover it. Small gray lizards shoot out across the roadway, and at long intervals a horned-toad crawls up out of the rut just in time to save himself, and rushes in among the sage-brush that lines the way. Upon most of the little knolls that you can see sit small brown owls, quietly surveying their limited prospect, and now and then a little rabbit, not much larger than a good-sized rat, bobs rapidly away into the thicket. The air is redolent of the odor of the sage ; the prospect is full of pleasing colors, the road is easy, and the horses are fast. You think to yourself that this is capital, and that you are enjoying life ; yet you cannot help asking yourself, "Where is the desert?"

Late in the morning the stage ascends a range of low hills. Seen between two of them is a vast expanse of deep and tranquil blue. It looks like a lake of great depth and breadth, and the sight delights you. You ask the driver what water it is, for you do not remember that it is set down upon your map.

"Water?" he will reply. "You mean over yonder? That's the desert!"

The discovery that the object is not the beautiful thing you fancied persuades you, by very revulsion, to think it worse than it really is. If it be not an entrancing sheet of water, then it must be a monstrosly hideous tract of land.

The stage descended upon it, and, after changing horses at an inexpressibly desolate stable, set out upon its journey.

The soil is part adobe and part a fine, white sand. At short intervals, say of four or five feet, small shrubs of sage lift themselves out of the heartless soil, and small specimens of cactus, with their strange pods surmounted with red blossoms, are scattered among them. The sky had cleared, or rather the stage had drawn out of the cloud-region, and the sun was hot. A strong wind began to rise, and at intervals a handful of dust would suddenly disperse itself in a cloud in the air. The desert is not wholly a plain. Several low and several lofty hills arise from the midst of it, but so level

are their surroundings that they seem like islands in the middle of a sea. Some of these hills are brown and wonderfully smooth ; others look as if they were composed of purple ashes ; others of yellow. Almost out of sight everywhere are the dim outlines of lofty mountains, rendered more dim by the torrid quivering of the air.

Far off to the right an immense white cloud hung over the plain, and from it there depended a drapery of something that resembled mist. It was a sand-shower. It did not move very rapidly, and was in sight fully two hours. Nothing could surpass the delicacy of the hues of the earth, qualified as they were by the dusty yellow light of the sun. Grays, browns, and purples, warmed in some strange way, developed everywhere, and, in one sense, the desert was beautiful to the last degree.

But the eye for color can easily be destroyed by discomfort at the nose. If one has to breathe browns and yellows, the scene alters materially and without notice.

The wind increased as the stage proceeded, and by noon it was blowing a hurricane. The dust arose in whirls, and every stray scarf, strap, and cloth stood out like a stick, while the horses' manes and tails cracked like whips—or very nearly did so. A prodigious howling in the ears began, and at times a sense of suffocation made one a little uneasy. The heat gave way to an insidious cold—a cold that penetrated the system before one could be warned of its presence. Contrary to reasonable expectation, the desert seemed infinitely more dreary under the influence of the chill than it had been under the influence of the heat. A long-drawn, mournful undertone came from the bare shrubs, and, when the dust cleared, one could see them bend in the wind, though as if they would not if they could help it. The small cactus-plants became cactus-trees twelve feet high as the road lengthened, and their uncouth shapes and their feeble green were parts of the common ugliness of all. There was a mirage of a lake ; not a strange one, in any sense, yet there was all of that brightness and coolness in it that might deceive one terribly.

There were more skeletons of cattle beside the road, more lizards darting everywhere, and more of the ugly horned-toads escaping from under the wheels. Beside a wind-torn pond of water in the hollow between two hills the horses were exchanged again. The shed from which the new relay emerged was a bare structure of boards surrounded by drifts of sand. The wind blew off the hostlers' hats, and the fresh beasts turned their backs and hung down their heads. The passengers pressed a fold of their neck-wraps over their mouths and nostrils, and the sun became obscured anew.

A mile distant there was a house, and a mile farther off there was another—both of adobe, both a part and parcel of the desert, in material, color, and ugliness, yet differing from any actual part of it in being burrows for some kind of human beings. How they came there, and what they lived there for, and what they lived on, the driver did not know,

neither could he guess. After this the wind grew hot again, and the whirling sand stung the face and hands most painfully. A short distance off a huge, pink-hued spur of a mountain sank suddenly down into the valley. At the foot of it we should dine at a house—at Willow Spring. Willow Spring? Could anything have been more charmingly pastoral and delicate than that? It seemed to be, allowing for the well-known deception that the desert atmosphere practises upon one, about six miles off.

"Six?" asked the driver. "It's sixteen."

At the end of the sixteen miles the horses were caked with a Jack-pudding, and every traveler was a pale pyramid, the dust having filled up all the folds in the garments and all the angles of the body. When one arose from his seat he created a yellow cloud that cast a shadow over the entire landscape. It is said to be imprudent to bathe the face and hands, for a certain roughness or chapping follows the application of water after a dusting by this particular earth.

Notwithstanding the disparagement of water, however, one looks about for the Willow Spring. What sarcasm is this! An adobe house, one story high, set under a burning sky, in the very midst of a shifting sand-heap, with an enclosure of cactus-trunks in the rear, to receive a name like that! If a melancholy sign, with blistered paint, and a thousand cracks, bearing upon its hottest side, in glaring letters of polished brass, the legend "The Unlucky Match-Box," hung before the door, the traveler would pass it unnoticed, so fitting and entirely appropriate would it be. Notwithstanding this misnomer, however, they give one a very good dinner at the Willow Spring; and, another good thing, they permit you to go away immediately afterward.

At half-past two it was hotter than ever, and it was yet three stages and four good hours to Greenwich at the mouth of Tehatche Pass.

The road is a sandy one, and the horses walked a greater part of the way. This was, indeed, the desert. Not a desert in all the senses of the word, for it was not entirely bare of vegetation; and one always remembered that it was a great bog in the winter-time. Yet it was a desert that was capable of filling one with all that peculiar awe that is sure to follow a study of anything vicious in Nature. That sage and cactus grow there is but the sinister stamp of the guinea. Had the desert shown itself incapable of bearing anything, had the sand and rocks alone constituted it, then the thought of greenery would never happen; but that the struggle of the plants for life should end in the sole production of these two ugly and profitless ones, and in the destruction of all that might have been beautiful and grateful, is alone sufficient to make one shrink with aversion. Besides this one matter, there are plenty of others to stimulate a sensation of distress. The blue of the sky loses the depth of its hue, and becomes pale, as if with the heat that burns through it; a sense of suffocation is always present in the throat; the objects in the distance seem to retire for

hours in the midst of a quivering gas; and besides that of the wind, if there be one, the only sound is the metallic grating of the shining wheel-tires in the sand.

It is not hard, with the help of such realities, to fancy the toil and pain that is the lot of the true traveler on the plains—the man with wagons, stock, and a family; and, recalling these, one feels half ashamed to speak of a desert from the top of a mail-coach running in the public road.

However, the journey was so full of discomfort, so wearisome, and so soiling, that, when the driver pointed out the three or four whitened houses that stood for Greenwich and supper, the passengers fell to laughing from sheer joy.

After Greenwich all was delightful. The sun went down with a blaze of yellow fire, and the cool of evening came on apace.

Once past the station, the road runs into the shaded valley that leads to the Pass, and close by the settlements of the Chinese laborers.

These are far more orderly than those at San Fernando Tunnel. Some of the tents are built upon little terraces neatly faced with stone, and nearly all the villages bear strong resemblance to well-ordered camps of infantry. Most of the people were sitting about in groups, smoking and talking. Some were bathing in the lower brooks, and some were washing their clothing. The cook-houses had put out their fires, and the day of work was drawing to an end. The oaks were quite thick amid the tents, and the dimly-seen groups of Chinamen looked very odd to Eastern eyes. It was something very picturesque and altogether un-American, and one could not help recalling the scenes at the quarries and other working-camps at home, where all had been so noisy and unclean. Even here one makes a discrimination instantly in favor of the Chinese and against the other foreigners in all matters of order and cleanliness, upon seeing the dwellings of the latter, and upon seeing their faces, and hearing the uproar they made in their cabins. For a superficial notion, the one that is to be had by comparing the sociality of one of these nationalities with that of another is very fair. With its side-lamps lighted, and with six white horses, the stage made a fine descent over five miles of a broad-grade road into the great valley on the other side of the hills. At the summit of the Pass the driver showed the outsiders a few needle-points of yellow light far below, seemingly in the very bowels of the earth, and said that there was Caliente. A pocket-book entry again becomes of use:

"Have arrived. Am sitting in a seat in the sleeper, in the same attitude that I had while upon the top of the stage. My muscles are probably sprung, for, upon unbending only the slightest possible degree, I sat down like lightning. I shall rest for years, no doubt, in the form of a Z. Am a vast sand-heap.—Ten minutes later: Train has started. Have been kindly keeled over by the porter and am about to fall asleep. Shall awaken at Merced."

LIVING AND DEAD CITIES OF THE ZUYDER ZEE.

I.

THE Zuyder Zee, or "South Sea," is a great indentation of the North Sea, setting southward into the coast of Holland. Its length from north to south is eighty miles; its greatest breadth from east to west is about forty miles; near the middle it contracts to about ten miles. The area is about twenty-five hundred square miles—a little less than one-third of that of Lake Erie. It is the only considerable body of water which has taken the place of dry land within the brief geological period covered by human history, and within a comparatively recent epoch within that period. The Zuyder Zee is a little less than six centuries old.

The Romans first pushed their arms into Northern Germany about half a century before the birth of our Saviour. The whole region which now con-

The waters of the lagoon thus augmented began slowly to rise, and a rise of a yard or two laid whole leagues of land under water. The shallow lagoon, in the course of generations, grew to a considerable lake, which was named by the Romans Lake Fleto, along the shores of which considerable towns grew up, for the great migration from the northeast, with the details of which we are still so imperfectly acquainted, was going on. For our present purpose it is sufficient to know that what is now Holland—"the Hollow Land"—was peopled by the Frisians—"Free People"—who, in their contests and alliances with the Romans, had come to be recognized as the bravest and most warlike of all the Germanic tribes.

While Lake Fleto was slowly eating its way into



AMSTERDAM.

stitutes the kingdom of Holland was a swampy forest almost on a level with the waters of the North Sea, from which it was separated by shifting mounds of sand heaped up by the waves, where a scattered population gained a scanty livelihood by hunting and fishing. Near the centre was a shallow lagoon which received the sluggish waters of the Yssel, the Amstel, and other small streams, discharging them into the North Sea by an outlet which the natives named the Vlie, which in Latin became the river Fletum. Just before the commencement of the Christian era, the Roman general Drusus, surnamed Germanicus, to further his military operations, dug a canal by which the waters of one of the arms of the Rhine were diverted into the Yssel.

the swampy forests of the Hollow Land from the south, the fierce northern ocean was chafing against the sand-banks which shut it out upon the north. Time and again it broke over or burst through them, causing fearful inundations. In 1285 a long and fierce northwest gale drove the waters against the barrier, which gave way far a space of forty miles, leaving only the four narrow islets which still exist. Thus the fresh-water Lake Fleto with its bordering swamps was permanently transformed into the salt Zuyder Zee. In this last great inundation, it is said that seventy-two considerable towns were swallowed up, and one hundred thousand persons were drowned. The shallow waters soon swarmed with herring and other fish, and the towns built upon spots elevated

enough to escape overflow reaped a rich harvest. The fisheries of the Zuyder Zee became the nursery of those hardy mariners whose sails in time whitened all oceans, who withstood the whole might of Spain, and disputed with England the supremacy of the seas. Upon its shores and adjacent lagoons were enacted the great scenes of the Dutch war for independence and the Protestant faith. League upon league of fertile soil, won by patient industry from the waters, has been, in the course of four centuries, transformed into the most densely-peopled, industrious, and wealthy grazing region of Europe.

Yet there is scarcely a portion of the civilized world of which so little is known as of the shores of the Zuyder Zee. The famous towns which once bordered it are emphatically dead cities. Monnikendam, Edam, Hoorn, Enkhuizen, and Stavoren, famous in the history of the middle ages and even down to their close, and still surrounded by a region more densely-peopled and prosperous than ever, are little more than geographical names on the map. Their once busy ports now send forth only a few fishing-vessels; and the advent of a stranger in their streets is a matter for nine days' wonder. It is said that there are not in all Holland ten persons who have ever sailed clear around this sea, and visited all the old towns upon its shores, almost in sight of each other. Among this half-score are Henri Havard and Heemskerck van Beest, who made this voyage not quite three years ago, and who have described by pen and pencil what they saw.¹

Contrary to what one might at first suppose, the Zuyder Zee, although there is not a rock in or near it, is a most dangerous sea to sail upon. There are within it four little islets which rise only a few feet above the water; but great shoals and sand-banks spread themselves in every direction, covered by only two or three feet of yellow water. Among these wind narrow channels ten or twenty feet deep, so tortuous that a vessel must often tack every few rods, and a sudden flaw of wind, or the slightest wrong movement of the tiller, would imbed her inextricably in the sandy ooze. The rotting skeletons of innumerable wrecks are standing records of the dangers of this shallow sea. M. Havard and his companion had no little difficulty in finding at Amsterdam the means of prosecuting the voyage. There was not a single skipper who had ever performed more than a small portion of it. At last they found a master of a *tjalk*, a little sloop of sixty tons, who was willing to undertake the venture. "With God's help," he said, "and a good wind, I trust we shall get through the voyage." But, cautious seaman and sound Protestant as he was, he insisted upon two conditions: "I must be sole judge as to the weather; if it is stormy we will not put out to sea; and I will not work Sundays." The crew consisted of the skipper himself, his wife, and one sailor. We will

constitute ourselves invisible passengers on board the *tjalk* as it left Amsterdam one bright Monday morning in June, 1873.

Amsterdam, the busy metropolis of the Netherlands, with its three hundred thousand inhabitants, although now upon the Zuyder Zee, is by no means one of its dead cities. It stands upon an inlet called the Y, a mile or two broad, setting for fifteen miles westward from the southern extremity of the sea, forming a commodious harbor. The mouth of this inlet is closed by the great sluice of Schellingwoude, built of huge granite rocks brought from Norway, sufficiently massive to shut out the waves of the sea, which might otherwise at any time lay the city under water. The gate of the sluice, wide enough to permit the passage of five vessels abreast, is only opened at favorable tide. The real mouth of the harbor, however, is not here, but at Helder, fifty miles to the north, on the extreme point of North Holland. A ship-canal from Helder to the Y gives passage to large merchantmen, thus avoiding the difficult navigation of the Zuyder Zee. Until the completion of the Suez Canal this was the most stupendous work of the kind in the world. It is fifty-one miles long, one hundred and twenty-seven feet wide, and twenty feet deep. But its mouth at Helder is somewhat difficult of approach, and, in the winter, is often obstructed by ice, and the canal, moreover, is insufficient for the increasing commerce. A new canal is now being constructed directly to the west coast, which is to be fifteen miles long, one hundred and fifty-six feet wide, and twenty-three feet deep. At its entrance into the North Sea an artificial harbor is in course of construction. It will be formed of two immense walls running a mile into the sea. Starting nearly a mile apart, but gradually converging till at the seaward end the distance is only eight hundred feet. This, when completed, will form the main outer port of Amsterdam. It is also proposed to drain the Y, as Haarlem Lake, of seventy square miles, has within a few years been drained, transforming its bed into a meadow, thus winning back miles of the old conquests won by the sea from the land.

Our little *tjalk*, its red sail hoisted, moves slowly down the Y, passing in front of the picturesque city, more marvelous than Venice, built in a swamp where foundations for buildings must be made by driving piles for fifty feet. Nearly fourteen thousand of these had to be sunk to form the foundation of the palace. Frequently these piles have sunk on one side a little more than on another, and the buildings often lean this way or that, like a company of tipsy soldiers. Every street has a canal running down its centre, with pavements on each side. These are the receptacles of all the garbage of the city, and even Dutch industry has not succeeded in making them other than noisome.

We leave Amsterdam behind us, passing villages whose red roofs rise from green meadows, and, at the sluice of Schellingwoude, find ourselves detained until the opening of the gates, amid a crowd of fishing and coasting vessels. Among them is a

¹ The Dead Cities of the Zuyder Zee: A Voyage to the Picturesque Side of Holland. From the French of Henri Havard. London: 1875.

solitary little steamer which carries the mails and the few passengers to Harlingen, the great meat, poultry, and cheese mart of Friesland, at the north-eastern extremity of the Zuyder Zee, which our tjalk will reach after many days. The gates at length open, and we pass through, heading northward along the narrow channel until long before night we come in sight of the island of Marken, with its seven groups of low, red-tiled houses.

This islet, a mere sand-spit around which one can walk in a couple of hours, is one of the most interesting spots in Europe. Less than a score of miles from the great metropolis, it has for six centuries retained unchanged the blood, manners, and costumes, of its original inhabitants. The general level is scarcely perceptible above that of the water; and a bank a yard high protects it from the ordinary rise and fall; but in the winter it is usually overflowed, with the exception of slight artificial mounds. Of these there are eight, one being occupied as a cemetery, and upon each of the others stands a little group of houses. The largest of these, in which are the church and schoolhouse, is called the village of Marken. The church, schoolhouse, and the residences of the preacher, schoolmaster, and doctor, are of brick; all the other buildings, which face outward from the mound, are of wood, and built exactly alike. To guard against extraordinary, though by no means unfrequent, inundations, they are raised upon piles a few feet above the ground. Above this there is but a single story, consisting of only one room, whose only ceiling is the high-pitched roof, but divided by low partitions into several apartments. One apartment contains an alcove for the bed, which can be shut off by curtains, the remainder serving for kitchen and sitting-room. The walls are usually painted blue, and on shelves and dressers are often accumulations of old pottery, Delft and Japanese ware, the accumulations of successive generations, which, in the present ceramic *furor*, represent a moderate fortune. Madame Klock, who keeps the little grocery-shop, has, or, at the time of our visit, had, a unique collection, including also some old Dutch *armoires*, exquisitely carved, the fame of which reached even the Hague, and induced the Queen of Holland to visit the island to see them. We cannot advise our pottery-loving friends to go to the island in search of curiosities. We presume that M. Havard's book has not escaped the eyes of the keen Israelites of Holland, and that they have already bought up all that can be bought of the ceramic treasures of Marken. The houses outside are painted green, blue, or black. The woodwork of the gables and around the windows is white, the whole, standing out against a clear sky, presenting a picturesque aspect.

Marken was first inhabited in 1232, when a little colony of monks from Friesland established themselves on the island of Lake Fleto, for at that time there was no Zuyder Zee. They called their monastery Marienhot, in honor of the Virgin Mary, and their chapel, with a tall, wooden tower and steeple, was standing until 1845, when, threatening to fall, it

was pulled down. The present unpretending little brick church was finished in the following year.

The population of the seven little villages is about one thousand. With not more than half a dozen exceptions the men are all fishermen, noted for the skill, hardihood, and daring, with which they ply their craft, which brings them returns ample for all their simple wants. During the week the whole male population are in the fishing-boats, returning regularly to the island as the Sabbath approaches. On Sunday morning the people of the seven villages troop across the meadows to the little church at Marken. After service they return to their homes, where the lights gleam from every window till midnight. The holy hours over, the families go down to the little port, where their hundred vessels are lying moored. Farewells are said; the men sail off into the darkness, while the women return to their homes. Except in stormy weather, when it is unsafe to put out, those few Sabbath hours are the only ones in which husbands and wives see each other from year's end till year's end.

The fishermen of Marken never marry off from the island; and within the memory of man no person from the mainland except the minister and the doctor has taken up his residence upon the island. The fishermen who carry their catch to Amsterdam bring back with them nothing of the ways of the great city. Men, women, and children, retain the immemorial costume of their ancestors. That of the men and boys consists of a brown vest, buttoned tightly across the chest and around the neck. Overlapping this are full-bottomed breeches, descending to the knees, where they are met by thick woolen stockings; the feet covered with heavy wooden *sabots*. The female costume is composed of a corsage of brown cloth, without sleeves, richly embroidered in colors, red being predominant. This belongs to Sunday, and when fully embroidered is often handed down from generation to generation; on week-days it is replaced by one of colored chintz, usually with dark-red roses on a lighter red ground. The skirt consists of two parts: a short basque, with white stripes on a dark ground; and a petticoat, descending to the middle of the ankle, of dark blue, with a double band of orange-brown at the bottom. The sleeves are in two pieces; the upper one, reaching to near the elbow, is striped like the basque; the other, fastened above the elbow, and fitting closely to the arm, is of dark blue. The head-dress consists of an immense mitre-like cap of white lined with brown, and richly embroidered, pressing closely over the ears, and tied under the chin. The hair in front is brought forward and cut off square along the forehead, just above the eyebrows, after a fashion not unfrequent among ourselves in late years. Long ringlets of blond hair fall over the shoulders. Indeed, saving for the height of the cap, which is so extravagant that the chin of the wearer is about midway between its top and the girdle, the immemorial Marken coiffure would not look very strange to-day in the streets of New York, however out of date it may be a year hence.

It would be hard to find a more industrious, orderly, and frugal people than this isolated little community of Marken. All can read, write, and cipher, so that the schoolmaster's office is no sinecure. No one, of course, is very rich; but none are absolutely poor. The fishing-banks of the Zuyder Zee are their harvest-fields, for nothing except hay is grown on the island. This is cut down twice a year by mowers who come over from the mainland for the purpose. When they have gone, all the women and girls—the

built a convent and a great church, finished in 1420, and dedicated to St. Nicholas. This church is still standing, though the convent was burned down in 1515. Its tower is one of the loftiest in all Holland; and the roof of which spans its three great aisles is upheld by eighty massive pillars. Its size abundantly attests the former magnitude of the "Town of the Monks," which was reckoned among the twenty-nine great cities of Holland. All the present population, twenty-five hundred in number,



INTERIOR OF A FISHERMAN'S HUT AT VOLLENDAM.

men and boys are away in their boats—turn out, spread it out to dry, and heap it up in cocks. Besides ordinary household work, this is the only labor of the women. If one wishes to stay a few days on the island, he will find that the schoolmaster has a little chamber at his disposal, though it is rarely called into requisition; and, if the visitor does not speak Dutch, the worthy preceptor can talk to him in French, and narrate the history of the little islet, which is well worth the hearing.

Marken is separated from the mainland by a shallow expanse of water, six miles broad and usually not more than two or three feet deep, which forms the most dangerous part of the Zuyder Zee, as the numerous wrecks decaying along it abundantly attest. Opposite the island is the now little town of Monnikendam, built of red bricks, and paved with yellow ones. The town itself dates from the beginning of the thirteenth century, when a branch of the same monkish order that settled Marken took up their residence here, drained the adjacent swamps, and

could easily be assembled within the walls of the great church. The city was among the earliest to espouse the Protestant side, and it was one of the three towns whose ships in 1573 won the naval victory over the Spanish fleet commanded by Admiral the Count Bossu. In the division of the trophies won from the admiral, Monnikendam received his collar of the Golden Fleece, his golden drinking-cup being assigned to Hoorn, and his great two-handed sword to Enkhuyzen, where they are still preserved. It would be hard to find a more sleepy little town in or out of Holland. M. Havard, having occasion to purchase a copper kettle, went straight to the principal shop. The purchase accomplished, the shopkeeper gravely assured him that a stranger rarely broke in upon their quiet repose. "I am sure," he added, "that a month hence your visit will be the great subject of talk, and everybody will question me to learn why you came." The town has, however, a city-hall, and a little shed serving for an exchange, in which, perhaps, a dozen peo-

ple could stand, but in which two hundred tons of cheese and forty thousand dollars' worth of fresh herrings are annually sold.

An hour's sail from Monnikendam brings us to the little fishing-hamlet of Vollendam, where we stop for a day, and where M. Havard sketched the interior of a fisherman's cottage. There was the inevitable bed in its curtained alcove. A cast-iron stove, instead of the usual one of brick, projected from a gayly-tiled chimney-piece; quaint pottery ornamented the shelves; mossy old chairs, tables, and *armoires*, as bright as wax and rubbing could make them, were ranged around the walls. By the window, with its small panes, sat the good-wife plying her needle; and in the middle of the floor were two fishermen packing anchovies into a great earthen jar. These all wore their quaint costume; but the men were in their stocking-feet, for here no man retains his *sabots* in-doors. They are always taken off and left outside, so that one can tell how many men are at home by counting the pairs of wooden shoes by the door.

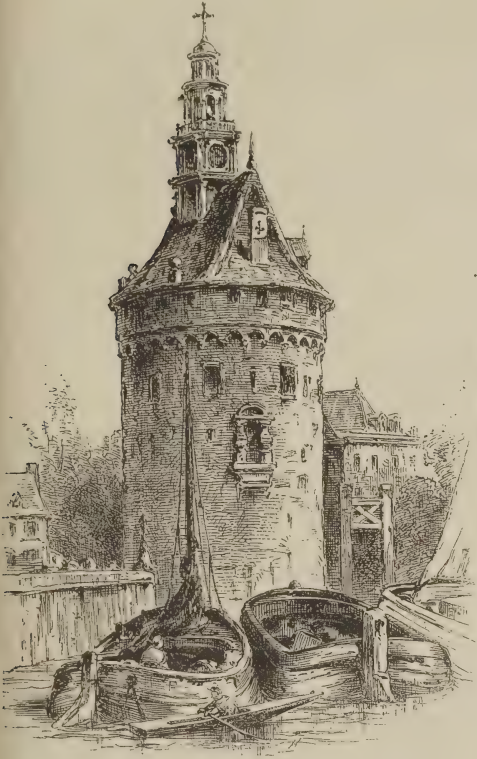
Only a mile from Vollendam is Edam, once one of the five principal towns of Holland, having one of the largest and finest churches in the kingdom. It is approached by a superb canal bordered by fine trees, and is itself beautifully shaded. The present population is about four thousand. It is surrounded by luxuriant meadows, and has been for more than three centuries noted for its cheese, which connoisseurs pronounce superior even to the famous Parmesan. In the town-hall is a picture, painted in 1682, which bears curious testimony to the comparatively modern greatness of this now dead city. It is the portrait of a wealthy ship-owner of that time, who is seated between the portraits of his son and daughter, to whom he points out with his finger ninety-two ships, all his own property. There are also portraits of three other celebrities of the place. One is Peter Dirksz, "the man with the beard," whose capillary adornment was so long that it swept the ground as he walked. Another is Jan Cornelissen, an innkeeper, who, at the age of forty-two, turned the scale at four hundred and fifty-two pounds. The third is Trintje Cornelissen, a maiden of nineteen, nine feet tall, and of proportionate bulk. By way of partial corroboration of this measurement, her shoes, now two and a half centuries old, and as large as a tolerable violin-case, are carefully treasured up. Edam, if the veracious old chroniclers, Paraval and Van der Aa, are to be credited, once possessed a curiosity such as no other city ever could boast. In 1403, when the whole region was inundated, some fisherwomen descried a strange creature disporting in the shallow waters. They gave chase, and caught it in their nets. Their prize proved to be a veritable siren—not a mere vulgar mermaid with human head and fish-like extremities, but a veritable nymph of the sea, like those who of old sought to allure the wise Ulysses to the ocean-depths. They brought her to their home, dressed her in human attire, taught her to sew and spin; but with all their efforts could never teach her the Dutch language!

If there had been some learned man to address her in Greek, who knows what she could have told? For all that appears, she was the sole survivor of her race, and with her perished the last chance of our learning the mysteries of the ocean-depths. One might suppose that the good people of Edam would have preserved the stuffed skin, or at least the skeleton of so strange a being.

From the famous Edam to the still more famous Hoorn is a short half-day's sail. Entering the fine harbor, we pass through basin after basin bordered by meadows and gardens which occupy the sites of the great ship-yards in which were built the fleets which bore the Dutch flag into every ocean. Here were built the ships with which Van Tromp, bearing a broom at his mast-head, threatened to sweep the English from the North Sea. From Hoorn sailed Abel Tasman, the discoverer of Van Diemen's Land and New Zealand; Jan Koen, who founded the Dutch colony of Batavia, in Java; and Wouter Schontin, who first doubled the stormy cape, which he named Cape Horn, in honor of his native town.

At Hoorn was mainly built and manned the little fleet which in 1573 won the sea-fight of the Zuyder Zee, one of the strangest engagements on record, fought in full view from the walls of the city. The Spanish admiral, Count Bossu, came out from Amsterdam with a fleet of thirty sail, trusting to sweep the Dutch vessels from the Zuyder Zee. The patriots collected twenty-five vessels of smaller size and feebler armament, but they knew every winding of the narrow channels. After a brief engagement the Spanish fleet scattered in all directions, chased by the most of the Dutch vessels. But Bossu, believing that his great flag-ship, the *Inquisition*, was an overmatch for the whole force of the patriots, held his ground. Four little Dutch vessels grappled to the bows, stern, and sides, of the *Inquisition*. One was beaten off disabled, but the others clung to her like sucking-fish to a whale. The great vessel drifted upon a sand-bank, where she stuck. The action began in the afternoon, and lasted through the night and far into the next day. It was not so much an ordinary sea-fight as the storming of a strong castle. Artillery could not be used, and Bossu and his men-at-arms, clad in bullet-proof armor, repelled every attempt at boarding. The Dutch plied their invulnerable antagonists with fire-balls and discharges of molten lead. Boats were continually putting off from the shore, carrying off the dead and wounded, and bringing fresh men to take their place. Early in the morning the assailants gained brief possession of half of the deck of the *Inquisition*. A sailor climbed the rigging and hauled down the Spanish colors, but he was shot dead before he regained the deck, and his comrades were hurled back. In these fierce hand-to-hand encounters, three-fourths of the Spaniards were killed or wounded; and at length Bossu, his vessel fast aground, and with no hope of succor or escape, surrendered himself and three hundred others. He was carried prisoner to Hoorn, where he was kept in confinement for three years. He was a Hollander by birth, and was released in

virtue of a pacification agreed upon by the States, who had before taken different sides in the contest ; but his massive gold drinking-cup, as has been told,



ENTRANCE TO THE HARBOR OF HOORN.

remained and remains at Hoorn. He afterward went over to the patriot side, rose high in the confidence of William the Silent, and did good service against the Spaniards.

Hoorn was founded about 1315, thirty years after the overflow by which the Zuyder Zee was formed. Possessing the best natural harbor on the sea, it grew rapidly into importance. Municipal privileges were granted to it in 1356 ; the great church, burned to the ground in 1838, was completed in 1369. It was, says an old chronicler, "of handsome construction, with a fine steeple of wood covered with lead, similar to but a little smaller than that of Haarlem, built by the same architect." It, moreover, rejoiced in the possession of a bit of the true cross. In 1389 a great annual bullock-fair was established here, which drew visitors from every corner of Europe. The walls were built in 1426. Of these there now remain only a few crumbling towers, and two of the ancient gates, the ramparts having been converted into gardens and promenades shaded by fine trees. One of the old gates at the entrance of the harbor is an imposing structure ; the side facing the port is of a rounded form ; that fronting the town is straight, decorated with sculpture and ornaments. The other

old gate is the Cowgate, so called from being surmounted by groups of sculptured cows, looking on one side into the green meadows and on the other placidly surveying the town. There is still another, the East Gate, of more modern construction. It was built in 1578, during the agony of the great struggle with Spain, and bearing an inscription to the effect that no prudence or vigilance, no arms or thunder of cannon, could defend the town unless God willed to preserve and rule it.

Passing through the fine harbor-gate one seems in a moment carried back four centuries to the time when the wealth of the world was being poured into the lap of Holland. The streets are broad, and lined with quaint houses built of a warm-colored brick, with massive granite steps and landings, and heavy caps over the doors and windows. The roofs all rise in the favorite Dutch stair-like form, and everywhere is a profusion of carved wood and sculptured stone. Every house is old, but none are dilapidated. It was never among the most populous towns of Holland. In its palmy days the inhabitants numbered about twenty-five thousand, and there are now about ten thousand ; but they seem lost in those great, old, antique dwellings and broad, deserted



EAST GATE AT HOORN.

streets, which seem fitted only for cavaliers and burghers in plumed hats, trunk-hose, and long rapiers. If not absolutely a dead city, it is a very sleepy one.

On Thursdays this quiet is broken by the weekly market for the sale of cheese, in which it is said twenty-five thousand tons are annually sold. Then through the East Gate pours a throng of vehicles of ancient and modern fashion, in which the neighboring farmers and their solid spouses bring the products of their dairies. The round, reddish cheeses are piled up like cannon-balls in an arsenal, beside which their soberly-dressed owners gravely bargain with the purchasers. The bargaining is performed almost in silence. A shake more or less of the hands, and a few bends of the fingers, indicate the number of florins or stivers which the seller asks or the buyer

offers. Neither wishes any other person to know the precise terms, both hoping that their next bargain will be a better one. Just before leaving Hoorn our voyagers thought they would add a little fresh meat to the tjalk's small store of salted food; a leg of mutton was decided upon, but there was nothing of the kind in the principal butcher's stall; there was only a leg of veal, which was eagerly purchased of the proprietress; but, before possession was secured, the journeyman came up and said that he had already sold this, the only bit of fresh meat in Hoorn, to go to Enkhuyzen, twenty miles distant, where a *fête* was to be held the next day.

CHAPTERS ON MODELS.

BY JAMES E. FREEMAN.

(GATHERINGS FROM AN ARTIST'S PORTFOLIO.)

II.

MODELS, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

MODELS figure in the history of painting and sculpture from an early date, though not much is said about them in the annals of Greek art. There is little doubt, I think, that having a model always present, even when working on an ideal subject, is of recent practice; but it is weak and illogical to conclude that sculptors and painters in all times have not studied particular models to acquire knowledge of the human form and the philosophy of its uses and capacities. Once master of this, with the example of Phidias or Michael Angelo before him, the artist has a great capital in hand; but if not able to remember all the intricate varieties of form in certain actions, he must of necessity refresh his knowledge by referring to the human figure before he can be satisfied that he has not violated truth in anatomy, or some other essential physical fact in color, light and shade, gradation, draperies, and all else which is called for in the representation of the human figure. He must either have a powerful recollection of what *has been* studied carefully from models, or have the models present to aid him. Thus have gods been created from men models—goddesses from female models. The elements are found in both ordinary and extraordinary Nature—the skill to intensify and elevate them belongs to genius. Nature translated to us through an imaginative and poetical medium in either sculpture or painting is never mere imitation; in rivalry of Nature there is (so to say) an inner model which dictates the sentiment desired in the work, giving it a meaning and a language. And yet how differently impressed are different minds with the same objects in Nature. Ask a number of artists to paint or model the same thing—be it what it may be—having substance and color, still-life or animated life—each will extract from it that sentiment which is congenial to his own spirit; nor does it unfrequently happen that

the one who renders the most literal imitation of the model is the one least gifted with an artistic imagination: the mechanical alone being the only faculty called into action. In this case, poetry, taste, and fancy, set up no opposition to geometry, judgment of distances, quantities, and tint. The artist is only concerned to render as nearly as possible the material and absolute effect of the thing he is copying. This ability, nevertheless, is not to be too slightly considered, inasmuch as it pleases, nay, delights, the greater portion of those who seek gratification from the truthful representations of form and color. It does not soar beyond their sympathies, and costs no cultivation to understand it. A bunch of turnips, or a satin dress, imitated with great truth, would to such give infinitely more satisfaction than the "School of Athens" by Raphael. There is also another argument which favors correct imitation. There are few objects chosen as models for imitation which in themselves do not contain a sentiment—an association or something which awakens feelings and interests in human heads and hearts; and, consequently, the more faithful the representation the stronger will be the mental and internal sensation it will produce.

But I am forgetting that it is not a lecture upon art that I am writing. Models employed by artists to assist them in their works is the legitimate object of this chapter, and I will return to it. In the "Miracle of Bolsena," by Raphael, Julio Romano, Perugino, and other of his friends, were models for him, in addition to which he was, for one figure, his own model. These portraits are a very interesting and are a strong part of that noble picture. In his own mother Raphael found the model for his unsurpassed maternal creations. The Fornarina was his model for the possessed boy in the "Transfiguration," and her image is recognized in other of his works. Michael Angelo, for a figure which Charon is driving from his back into Hades, finds his model in one of the cardinals—one of his greatest detractors and

bitterest enemies.¹ Andrea del Sarto and Correggio are said to have painted their Madonnas and angels from their own wives and children. Leonardo da Vinci chose as his model for Judas an ill-favored man in power who was trying to ruin him. The sister of Napoleon I. was a model to Canova. The distinguished poetess and noble princess, Victoria Colonna, it is said, influenced Michael Angelo in his type of female heads. Among the old painters, had I space, I could find pages of similar instances if I chose to consult historical references. Of the modern painters I have room for only two instances, though hundreds could be found if desirable. Our own gifted Trumbull, who went to England during our War of Independence, was thrown into prison as a spy; during his imprisonment he occupied himself in painting a picture representing the sortie of Gibraltar. Among the principal foreground figures was a young English officer, wounded and dying. The artist found it difficult to satisfy himself with the action of this figure. Sir Thomas Lawrence, then commencing his career, came one day to the prison to visit the rising American artist. Trumbull expressed his dissatisfaction in regard to that particular figure, when young Lawrence threw himself into the action of the wounded Briton. The artist, pleased with his pose and form, painted from him the most touching incident in that remarkable picture, thus profiting by Lawrence as his model, and perpetuating a portrait of him at the same time.

When our distinguished sculptor² Professor Rogers was modeling "Nydia, the Blind Girl of Pompeii," an accomplished young American lady visited his studio. Her hands were the most lovely types of symmetry and refinement ever seen, and it was easy to suppose and imagine that her feet were equally beautiful and perfect. The sculptor, quick to observe, and just then busy with the feet and hands of Nydia, thought how happy he should be could he have hers as a study. He asked, as a very great favor and condescension, that she would allow him to take casts of her hands. She complied without hesitation, and he was so fortunate also as to get a cast of her charming little feet. Here the daughter of one of our most eminent and cultivated citizens was a model in part for the creation of one of the most popular statues of our time.³

Professional models in Rome may be divided into two classes—those who sit or stand in costume, and those who are models for the nude. The first are mostly employed by the painters, and the last by the sculptors. There are plenty of old sinners who sit for saints and other historical subjects, long-bearded patriarchs, ancient soothsayers, or mod-

ern beggars. There are younger models, zealous to represent St. Johns and St. Jameses, or ready to be worked into heroes and satyrs, soldiers, prelates, sailors, sorcerers, or what you like. There are two or three black-bearded, thick-haired, low-browed looking villains who are valued as good types for Judases, brigands, and assassins, or who may answer for wicked monks in cowls. One of these was considered the best devil in the Eternal City, and monopolized almost entirely the business of that department, achieving the startling nickname of "Il Diavolo." There are one or two models popular as types of the Saviour. One of them was known by the name of "Il Cristo." I myself had occasion once to consult his head for a picture of Christ at the well with the woman of Samaria, which I mention more to relate an interesting incident connected with one whose name is loved in literature than for anything else. While engaged upon it I was honored one morning by a visit from ex-President Pierce and our admirable writer of fiction, Hawthorne.

"Where," asked Hawthorne, "did you find your model for the head of Christ?"

I told him that there was a model whose head was very much the type of the Saviour's as represented by most of the old painters, and that he was distinguished by the *sobriquet* of "Il Cristo."

"I should like to see him," he said.

"And so should I, too," I replied. "I went to find him the other day, to engage him for more sittings, when his family informed me that he had enlisted as a soldier and left the city."

It would be difficult to describe the peculiar smile on Hawthorne's face as he said: "So Christ has gone to the war! Is it true," he asked, "that there are also models who sit for pictures of the Eternal Father?"

I replied in the affirmative: "Two or three old men, with long white beards, who are generally to be seen sitting on the steps of the Piazza di Spagna."

"Let us go," said he to Mr. Pierce, "and see the gods by all means."

There are numbers of young women who may do the model for Madonnas, Magdalens, Judiths, Graces, and Venuses, and one stately, severe-looking matron, familiarly known as "The Roman Matron." There are any number of boys, girls, and children, who help the artists to create Bacchuses, fauns, Cupids, angels, cherubs, or are ready to be worked into juvenile beggars, gleaners, flower-girls, water-carriers (with the eternal *concha* on the head), shepherd-boys, lads playing marbles or doing every kind of mischief in which vagabond boys delight—in short, there is nothing in painting or sculpture, where bones, muscle, color, and costumes are wanted, for which a model may not be found in Rome.

One of the frequent questions asked by strangers is, "Are these female models not very immoral?" It is a very natural question considering the nature of their vocation, but I am persuaded that there is much less dishonesty among them than is supposed by persons not familiar with their calling. Model-doing is not such easy work as most imagine, espe-

¹ It was in the picture of the "Last Judgment." The cardinal appealed to Leo X. for redress for the insult perpetrated by the painter. Leo asked him if Michael Angelo had really put him in hell. He replied, "Yes, your holiness." "Then you are beyond my aid," said the pope. "Had it been in purgatory, I could have got you out."

² Mr. Rogers is the first American made professor of St. Luke's Academy at Rome.

³ "Nydia" has been duplicated nearly a hundred times, a circumstance unparalleled in the history of modern sculpture.

cially where constrained actions are to be held for a long time; even keeping still in easy positions for half an hour is thought a great nuisance by people sitting for their portraits—what, then, must it be kneeling on a hard floor for two hours, or standing with the whole weight of the body on one foot, arms extended, the back curved in the act of springing forward, and poses still more fatiguing? Let any young lady try a *pose plastique* of Rogers's "Nydia," and endeavor to sustain it ten minutes. The strongest young woman would find it no easy task. I cannot think that a model demoralized in the way alluded to would pursue an occupation long where there was so much fatigue. The vocation itself subjects her to unjust suspicion, and places a barrier between her and the better-conditioned of her sex, making her resistance to the weakness insinuated still a greater merit. I believe it would be the opinion of the majority of the artists in Rome that their female models, with few exceptions, are very well-behaved. Thirty years ago the most noted model was Grazzia. I remember Gibson making a splendid study of her head (about the same period he made another beautiful study of the head of the daughter of Byron's "Maid of Athens"). Grazzia in type approximated nearer to pure Greek than any living model I have ever seen. She died when very young. Minnucchia was another of the popular models of that epoch. She was one of Canova's models for his Graces. She is still living. Her proportions were admirable, though she was not what might be called beautiful. Gibson used to say that, ugly as she was, her proportions corresponded closer to the best Greek female statues than any other living figure he had ever studied. "She had at least classical bones and muscles."

III.

THE DYING MODEL.

THE boy-model Domenico's father, grandfather, and great-grandfather, had descended every winter from their homes in the Abruzzi heights to sit for *pifferari*—or shepherds—bandits, and picturesque mountaineers of all sorts. The grandfather of Domenico I remember the first time I visited Rome—1837. He was the most patriarchal and finest old fellow, with snowy beard, I ever saw. When his son Raffiello came, bringing his wife and children with him, my industrious pencil went through the whole family, and ended its labors with it by painting the widowed mother, Jacinta, her eldest daughter, the infant (hope of the house of Raffiello), a little girl, and Domenico making his last pose with his last breath. I had painted him before in many characters: as a laughing beggar running, half in jest and half in earnest, after carriages, his black hair floating in the air, gourd-shell leaping at his side, his white teeth glittering, his large, dark eyes sparkling, his beautiful face in a glow of sunny carnation; and now, how white and still it was in this his last sitting to me! I painted him whenever I wanted the most beautiful eyes, the greatest vivaci-

ty, the most intense expression of life and feeling. I painted him when I wanted the glossiest, dark, curling hair, purest oval face, rosiest young cheeks, brows nobly (not weakly) arched; when I wanted a mouth lovely as ever mouth was made, and teeth prompt at each happy moment to exhibit their snowy whiteness. Had I painted an angel, a Cupid, a seductive, youthful faun, or a Ganymede, Narcissus, or Endymion, Domenico would have been my chosen model for them all. Giacinta, his sister, some three years older than himself, was the best type of a dark, ardent gypsy girl I have ever met with outside the gypsy tribes, and her brother also showed a trace of the same race in his veins. Giacinta was also fine-looking, but the boy was superlatively so. The tempers of the whole family were quick and revengeful, and Domenico had inherited this defect of his race largely, and at twelve years of age had already distinguished himself in the use of the knife by stabbing his sister Giacinta in a moment of passion. For days her life was despaired of. Yet the normal mood of the lad was most pacific and affectionate; in the large, dark eyes, however, one could see there lurked hidden mischief—a smothered fire which, if suffered to break out, would fight in the ranks of the devil with a will.

The boy had intellect enough, had it been properly cultivated, to have made a prime-minister, but all his natural qualities were left to develop themselves into tares, briars, or golden fruit and flowers, as it might chance. The one indisputable endowment which had been bestowed upon the lad was beauty so distinctly pronounced that all the painters sought him for a model. In many a picture painted by the pension-students of the French Academy may be seen his resemblance, and also into the works of other painters who have been here has his image crept, which are now scattered over the world. I often fall in with photographs and engravings, after the pictures of artists who have lived in Rome, and exclaim, "Oh, there is Domenico and there his sister Giacinta!" Rudolph Lehmann, a clever German painter, has made charming pictures from both; so have Otto Brandt, Michelle, and other noted artists, so that the lineaments of our Abruzzi models will be known to as distant a future as linen and paint will endure. I cannot but think it a species of immortality for the models, this having their features and forms handed down to future generations; as real, at least, as the fictitious creations of Scott or Dickens. Domini Sampson, Jenny Dean, Pickwick, and Dick Swivel, were but portraits drawn from models, their characteristics heightened by the artistic ability of the writers. Greuze has given a similar immortality to the girl with the broken pitcher, whose story is kept alive by the genius of his pencil; and, were it not believed that Beatrice Cenci had sent to Guido for the portrait in the Barberini Palace, her memory now would be but a vague tradition. Had not Raphael's divine hand traced the image of the Fornarina, she would have but an indefinite place in history as his mistress.

Domenico had begun his vocation while a baby

carried in his mother's arms, and held by her in the positions desired for cherubs or more mundane infants, sometimes to sing the *nina nani* to her baby till it slept for pictures of sleeping innocents. As Domenico grew there were demands upon his face and figure for every subject which boyhood could personate; but artists most loved to paint him in his pointed hat, gourd-shell, and sack pending jauntily from his shoulders, and dangling upon his lamb-skin jacket; in his red waistcoat and sash of deeper red, blue breeches, white stockings laced up to his knees with the leather thongs which fastened his moccasins to his ankles at the same time. Portraits of him in this costume are abundant; lots of sketches of him have found their way into young ladies' drawing-books, from memory, or stolen as he has been lounging on the great stair, or playing *moro* with other peasant-lads. No one who could paint or model, however indifferently, saw him without exclaiming, "I should like to make a study of that boy." Every pose, movement, gesticulation, and expression, suggested pictures; he seemed born, body and soul, a model.

And here I must trespass upon the patience of the reader to relate a trifling incident which happened in my own studio when I was alarmed for a moment lest all these perfections, which I have so elaborately described, had come to an untimely end. He was posing to me for the picture of a hurdy-gurdy boy asleep over his instrument; scene in London, a monkey his companion, who was wide awake, and, with his paw upon the handle of the instrument, would himself have a turn at it. An old green cloth covered the hurdy-gurdy; the boy's arms and hands rested upon this, which was sustained upon his knees, and his head rested upon his hands, dreaming, let us suppose, of that far-away Italian home which he had left to grind forth discordant sounds in the streets of London, and pick up a few pennies given in compassion, or to induce him to put an end to the atrocious music. The poor, wandering Savoyard is supposed to have received more kicks than pence, and had sat down disheartened and fallen dead asleep, pillowing his dark, warm cheeks upon the soul-distracting musical machine. Such, at least, was the thought of the painter. Domenico entered into the spirit of the personation required of him with great earnestness, doing *his* part to forward the picture to perfection, whatever might be the shortcomings in my part of it—in twenty minutes he was in a profound sleep. I had mounted him on the model-stand which raised him some four or five feet from the floor, and, as I was wrestling with the difficulties of foreshortening (which, by-the-by, is enough to break down any ordinary constitution), I saw my model pitch forward toward me, and fall head-foremost, instrument, cloth and all, at the feet of my easel, his face and shoulders buried under the *débris*. He did not stir. "Gracious powers!" I inwardly exclaimed, holding my breath, "has the poor boy broken his neck?" I was half paralyzed with the thought, and stood motionless, possessed by one of the most painful feelings I ever endured in my life; a hundred ideas flashed through

my brain in a moment: if he were dead these singular people would perhaps say that I had killed him—never believe it could have been an accident; innocent as I was, and fond of Domenico, I should be proclaimed his murderer. At best an awful suspicion would rest against me by half the Roman world. Great Heavens! what a terrible position! Transfixed with these frightful fancies for twenty seconds (which appeared an hour), I stooped, and snatched with desperation the green cloth and a part of the jacket away from his head. His eyes were closed, his face calm and peaceful, a sweet smile was on his lips. "If dead," I said, silently, "he has suffered no pang, for there is no sign of distortion." I took him by the arm and shoulders to lift him up, when he opened his large eyes upon me with a look of reproach for having disturbed his *siesta*. I hope that the reader will believe me when I assure him there is no exaggeration in this curious incident, irrational as it may strike him or her. I was as much surprised and staggered to reconcile the possibility of such a circumstance as any one can be by this recital of it. There was but one solution that had the least color of reason in it: the model must have fallen in such a manner that his deep sleep was not interrupted—strange as it was.

I shall dwell no longer upon the many peculiarities of Domenico. At thirteen, so great a favorite had he become of the artists that he was fully occupied, and was the principal support of his widowed mother and sisters. They had lodgings on the ground-floor of a damp, dilapidated old house in the Via Purificazione. It was getting into the hottest month of the spring when the unwholesome air of their quarters, and the overtaxed endurance of the model in close studios, brought on a slow fever, which, neglected, progressed into a more malignant disease.

One morning the poor mother came to me to say that her boy and chief support was in bed, and all her means of living cut off save what Giacinta earned, which was little now. She had not even the means, she said, to buy the medicines which the doctor of the district had ordered. She had pawned her coral beads, ear-rings, and Giacinta's best costume, two weeks since, and the money was gone. "And," said she, "the Madonna has abandoned us to sickness and misery."

"Nay, good Rosa," said my wife, "you must not talk so. We will see what can be done for you. Here are a few lire; go and get the medicine, and I will come to you later in the afternoon."

She went accordingly to see the lad, and brought me back a discouraging report of him, and a sad picture of the poverty and wretchedness of the place where the family lived. Some better linen and softer pillows were procured; the hard, rude bed made easier; broths, jellies, and other comforts, sent daily to the suffering model. Kind-hearted Rudolph Lehmann was as fond of the boy as myself, and engaged the best medical professor at his own expense to see the patient and prescribe for him; but the famous doctor could do nothing for him.

"I have been called in too late," he said; "the

disease is malignant typhus, and the boy is sinking under its last fatal symptoms ;" and added, as a warning to those who were so interested in the poor little fellow, that the malady was infectious.

My wife neither heeded the warning nor could be convinced that with tender nursing and care he might not yet be saved. She made the strongest broth that it is possible to extract from meat, and with her own hand fed him. It was an hour after the last attempt to force a drop of this liquid between his teeth that I, too, called to see my favorite. The mother, Giacinta, her child, and a capuchin friar, only were present besides myself. The boy's head and shoulders had been raised, and lay upon a large pillow of down, which had been placed there by a tender-hearted lady, who had deprived her own couch of it. Giacinta had thrown herself down at the head of the low bed. One arm was under the bolster ; with the hand of the other she was lifting the dark locks of her unconscious brother from his forehead, and spreading them over the white pillow ; upon his face Death had already impressed that strange, calm look which tells us that the terrible monarch is taking possession. The heart-broken mother saw that look, and, covering her eyes with her hands, stood, her head bowed, in rigid, wordless grief. Her youngest, clinging to her skirts, asked :

" Dear mamma, what ails you that you cry ? "

Giacinta also saw the look, and knew its unmistakable sign. Her eyes sank to her knees, and wet them with hot tears. The holy friar remarked the change as he stood bent over the dying boy, with one hand lightly resting over the heart that had ceased to beat ; with the other he raised up the small crucifix from his girdle in token that the spirit had taken its flight. I too saw the waxen pallor settle upon those features which I had so often painted for their glowing roseate carnations. Those lustrous eyes (once challenging the power of paint and pencil), their depth and brilliancy so marvelous for vital animation, were now heavy with leaden mistiness ; the long lashes were lying over them with an icy, glittering dew at the point of each lid. The mouth was slightly open, and the pearly teeth almost seemed to smile as he might have smiled in sleep. As he lay there in the dignity of death, it was the most angelic countenance I ever saw, forbidding the thought that aught of wickedness had been familiar to it ; and I doubted if it could be true or possible that the seraphic-looking boy lying there could ever have stabbed a sister or ever meditated evil in his life. Was poor Domenico in this last sad moment fancying or dreaming still of his vocation—posing, perchance, to personate some expiring young hero of the Grecian times, or other classic form, where grace, dignity, and harmonious lines, would best please the artist ? Sincerely I believe it must have been so, so artistically studied appeared the action. One hand lay upon his breast ; down by his right side reposed the other at just the proper angle from his body ; the limbs not stiffly stretched ; one knee was slightly elevated, the other gently depressed. The light sheet fell in folds over the figure, which

the most fastidious sculptor would have found it difficult to arrange more tastefully ; the face was turned a little to the right, receiving the strongest rays of the light which came through a very small window high upon the left wall of the room. The walls themselves were damp, stained, and of dreary gray. Upon them, from a broken beam, hung the boy's costume, his sack and gourd, his pointed hat with its bright feather and ribbons, his blood-red sash and *ciocci*, the mountain-pipes, and all his little rustic outfit of things in which he looked, living, so attractive. Below them hung the *tamburino*, which Giacinta could strike with skill when neighboring rustics came to dance the *saltarella* in the narrow garden back of the house. These and a few other objects common to people of the mountains relieved the wretched room of nudity.

The friar placed the lighted wax-candle near the foot of the bed upon the stone floor, laid the stole across the limbs of the dead boy, whispered a few words of consolation to the anguished mother and sister, and disappeared. I closed the eyes of the beautiful Domenico, took another long look at him in his last pose, and went away, leaving the sorrowing Giacinta and her mother alone with their dead—went to my studio with sad regrets in my heart, for I liked the boy with a strong paternal feeling. That same hour I made a sketch of the scene I had left, from which afterward a picture grew. Thus to the last was Domenico my model.

IV.

A GROUP OF MODELS ON THE SAND OF THE SERCHIO.

I HAD been told that the Lima and Serchio were noted for trout-fishing, and I took this information largely into consideration when we proposed to spend an autumn among the hills of Lucca. In youth, fishing had been a passion with me, and I was delighted with the prospect of renewing the charming pastime. I made the most elaborate preparations ; procured the best English rod, hooks of cunningly-made artificial flies, and all other contrivances which proclaim the swell sportsman. Fairly settled in our apartments, I chose for my first essay a slightly-cloudy morning. The river was neither too high nor too low ; all seemed singularly propitious. Servants were roused, a breakfast prepared and disposed of before daybreak, and, just as the larks were caroling to the early day, I passed up into the deep gorge toward Palleggio. Save to the enthusiastic and devoted angler it is useless to describe the buoyancy and excitement with which one sets forth on a piscatorial excursion. I hurried along through the chestnut-groves with elastic steps—the river beneath inviting me at every turn to descend to its whirling eddies—gentle and rapid currents—every place in my fancy containing red-spotted victims. At last, I could resist no longer ; I came upon a situation which united all the qualities that bank and water could offer ; I descended the rocky proclivity at the risk of break-

ing my neck, and, reaching the border of the Lima, exultingly exclaimed, "Oh, this is the spot, decidedly!" I put my rod together, my nerves in a state of tumult, my imagination running riot with mighty expectations: now, would they be tolerable darlings of one pound, or speckled beauties of three and four? From a certain unquestionably trout-looking place under a jutting, deep, and dark, shady rock, I felt sure of landing a splendid prize—I would carry him home while his colors were fresh and prismatic, and paint him as a trophy. How bewitchingly the water sets back in ripples behind yon bowlder! There lies prize the second. I chose from my flies the one best adapted to the season and country, suspended him to the end of a line so fine as to be almost invisible to either man or fish.

Ah, what a moment of rosy hopes is that, when the enthusiastic fisherman balances the flexible rod in his hand, and is about to whip his artificial wingster on the surface of the stream! Only the initiated can understand the feeling. I have always flattered myself that I had a genius for angling if for nothing else, and, confident of my surpassing ability, I whipped my mimic tackle with admirable dexterity on the very inch of water where I wished it: it skimmed the surface like a living thing—but no trout rose to seize it. Then followed throw after throw, graceful and masterly whippings up and down, near and far off; yet no fish rose to greet my accomplished skill and applaud my efforts. I left the inappreciative current and turned to the shaded pool under the rock. "They are probably there," I said to myself, "wagging their tails, doing the *dolce far niente*. I'll see if I can get a rise out of *you*." I whipped with a little too much energy, my hook caught a twig which hung over the rock, and I left a bit of my line and the fly dangling from it. "A little out of practice—not awkwardness," suggested my conceit. Damages repaired—another more attractive fly attached—I went on vigorously floating the tempting bait, here, there, and everywhere, until my hand was fatigued with the play; and yet I could not believe such fishy-looking water could be troutless. I said to myself, as all fishermen do under similar circumstances: "This is not the right place; I must go farther on." And farther on I went, accordingly; clambering over crags and rocks—finding, if possible, more flattering currents, whirls, and shimmering pools; but whip, fling, skim as coaxingly and coquettishly as I might, I could not induce the river to yield up to me even the smallest of its finny treasures. Patiently, hour after hour, I persevered; penetrating higher and higher up the tortuous, narrow valley—passing paper-mills, and stone-built huts where ragged children came out to stare at me and beg. The ravine was getting more shut in by crowding, abrupt hills; the sun had set, and I was eight miles from home. It was one of the hardest day's labors I ever dedicated to the piscatorial art: wearied and wet I retraced my steps homeward, a fishless fisherman. A good night's rest made me heedless of yesterday's failure—for what true votary ever suffers himself to despair at one day's un-

successful trial? No, clearly it had not been the right day—something in the air—electricity or something else (as an old fishing-chum of mine used to say)—to-day will be more prosperous, and will repay me for yesterday's want of success. And off again I started, bright and early, over the same ground, and returning with the same result. This decided me that the Lima owned no trout, and that there must have been some mistake in my information; it must be in the Serchio where that aristocratic fish deigned to swim, and a day or two after I resolved to whip that sparkling element. I selected again a day that looked auspicious—clouds with the gentlest breeze—it was a lovely morning; the birds again were in full chorus; morning was truly "flinging its sweets over each branch and each flower;" the brown-faced peasants came bounding down from their hilly homes with fruit and vegetables for the Bagni market. How joyously they sang and laughed as they tripped onward to the town—health on their cheeks and hope in their hearts! I myself caught a little of their happiness by sympathy, and went forward with less lead in my feet, mounting the road which runs along and high above the winding Serchio, with vines festooned from tree to tree, or stake to stake, weighed down with ripening, luscious grapes of purple, green, and yellow; or through groves of chestnut-trees laden with nuts which were beginning to fall. Gayly I trudged on, until I was distant enough to descend to the stream and try my fortune. Never did appearances promise better sport; never water bore a troutier look. My reel and rod seemed impatient to get at the fun, and I also was agitated; I almost trembled with grand expectations, and made my first throw (shall I confess it?) with a nervous palpitation; and must I confess, likewise, that all that day I toiled in vain? Downward I went along the banks of the enchanting river, and toward sunset found myself near that strange bridge which at its birth was christened Ponte della Madalina, but now is more frequently called Il Ponte del Diavolo. The reason given for the change is this: No bridge had been constructed until the present one which could resist the torrents to which the Serchio is subject. The one arch of the present structure is raised so high that it defies the flood—but it also defies carriages with horses to mount and descend its steep angles. From a little distance the top of the bridge presents the appearance of a sharp angle, and, when necessary for carriages to pass over, it is only by human aid they can be lifted up to its apex, and let down again. Thence the name of the Devil's Bridge.

Disappointed, tired, and, let me say, disgusted with my fishing-excursions, I sat down upon a huge bowlder to rest, and reflect upon the annihilation of my dreams about trout-fishing. Three blessed days, and not even "a glorious nibble"—really, it was too bad. I rested with my head bent in moody half-sleepiness, and, as I raised my eyes, they rested upon three children standing upon the sand in front of me—a girl of twelve or thirteen with a very heavy baby in her arms, and a small brother by her side; they were

as ragged as the most fastidious admirer of picturesque rags could desire. Baby was a fine little fellow, and of a weight much too heavy to have been imposed upon so fragile a figure as that of the girl, but she managed to sustain it with a pretty, motherly grace, which made the effort still more touching. The boy was planted firmly on his feet, wide apart, with one hand rammed into what should once have been a pocket, the other at his mouth, with two of his fingers thrust into it, his head bent, and gazing at me from under his brows with a saucy, defiant scrutiny, as arrant a little scamp as I ever met here, where scamps of his type abound. There was a subdued sunset-glow upon the group, which was very paintable, and for a background there were the Devil's Bridge and the blue mountains. Sitting thus by the heartless and, I solemnly believe, fishless river—here was something which seemed to rise up before me, as it were, to console me for my humiliation. It appealed to me, saying: "Here is something for your canvas; return to your easel, and send fishing to the dogs."

Not far from the children was a woman beating her coarse linen on a stone in the stream. I went to her and asked if she was the mother of the trio near?

"*Sì, signore, Dio sia benedetto*, they are mine, and I have three others *in paradiso*."

"I should like to paint them," I said.

"Do what to them?" she replied. "What have they done? Has that *demonio Beppo* been throwing stones again?"

"No, good *sposa*, he has done no harm that I know of. I am a painter, make pictures, and would like your children there as models."

The poor woman stared at me in utter bewilderment. Models! What could that mean?

"*Scusato, signore, ma non l'intendo*."

"I wish to make their *ritralli*" (portraits).

"*Io—capisco—you want to scriere*" (write) "their likenesses? *Sì, signore*, where do you live? Some *fiesta* day, when they have on their best clothes, I'll bring them to you."

"No, no, good-wife; I want them just as they are now, rags, dirt, and all."

"*O caro signore!* but they won't do for a pretty picture so; they are half naked."

"If they were quite so, I should like them just as well," I replied, and she looked more astonished than ever, but I finally was enabled to make her understand my motive, and a bargain was struck. The children were to come to me the next day as models.

The rod was taken to pieces, the line wound round the reel, the flies booked, and a vow booked with them, never to use them again near the perfidious and deluding waters of the Lima and Serchio.

My little people came daily, the time flew away pleasantly, and my wounded feelings as a badly-treated fisherman were healed. The autumn came, the yellow leaves were falling, and the chestnuts also, and the industrious Luchesi began to harvest them for their winter's bread. The picture was completed, the Devil's Bridge and all. One thing only was wanting before I could box my rustics, and that was to get it dry. This I proposed to do by exposing it to the sun in the piazzetta upon which my coach-house studio opened. I placed it against the wall, reversed in the full blaze of the sun, and left it to fry and bake until after mid-day. When I went out to look after it, I found the place crowded with half the population of the pygmy town. It was *fiesta* day; the street to the church passed alongside of the diminutive square. Mass was over, and the people were returning to their homes. Attracted by the canvas, their curiosity was awakened, and old and young of all conditions came to have a look at my performance. The picture being upside-down, it was rather difficult to see it. Yet there they were, some with their heads twisted one side, or below their shoulders, some looking from between their legs (most ludicrous of all). The whole audience, in brief, were distorted into one shape or another. There was but one thing to do, and not be an unamiable bear, and that I did: I turned the picture right side up, and gave my eager spectators a fair sight of my work. It was greeted by a vigorous clapping of hands and *evvivas*; Giuseppe the baker, Giovanni the carpenter, Tomasso the blacksmith, Ignaccio the shoemaker, Pinto the tailor, paid me flattering compliments. Here was fame unlooked for and spontaneous—fame thrust upon me. It was not spurned, however, as some may suppose. I was gratified with the praise of these simple, honest people, whether the picture merited the approbation they bestowed upon it or not.

It is several years since I painted my models of the Serchio. Maria may by this time be married to some worthy peasant, and carrying a baby of her own—the one she was lugging in her girlish arms will have grown to the age that Beppo was then, and that young blackguard himself may now possibly be a soldier in Victor Emmanuel's army, or in the galleys—the one as likely as the other.

SUNDOWN.

II.

WHERE sky begins or sea-line ends
In yon horizon's mysteries,
No eye can mark, so softly blends
The sea's and sky's infinities.

The blue sea wears a crown of flame,
The rosy clouds drink sapphire dew,
Till, melted into each, no name
Of human birth defines the hue.

And thus the mortal life, meseems,
At waning tide shall woven be
With life immortal—earth's best dreams
And heaven's fused in harmony,

Till only infinite wisdom knows
The word, beyond our speech's range,
To paint the mystic light that throws
Its veil of peace about the change.

MARY B. DODGE.

LA PETITE ROSIÈRE.

BY ETHEL C. GALE.

I.

"APPROACH thyself of the fire, my sister. I have of the great news to tell thee."

"Ah! I can see it is the good news by thy visage of joy, ma Victorienne. Is it touching la chère Adèle?"

"Truly it is, my sister. La chère Adèle—the sweet child—twice already in the one week! Oh, my sister, is it not charming?"

"Truly—truly, chère Victorienne! Ah! how I felicitate you to have a daughter—and such a daughter! And poor me, with only the two beasts of sons! Ah-h! what happiness is yours!"

Here the two sisters, ruddy, dancing-eyed, strong-limbed Burgundian peasants, hardly yet middle-aged, rush into each other's arms with great effusion. If the mother of "la chère Adèle" eagerly protests that the mother of sons, "and such sons—so noble, so charming," should be the happiest creature beneath the skies; and the mother of the "beasts of sons" ostentatiously mourns that she is not the joyful parent of a daughter, "so lovely, so divine," as "la chère Adèle;" while both are in their secret hearts more than content each with her own—what matters it? Each is conscious of the other's little fiction, though feeling secure that her own amiable fraud shall escape detection.

Victorienne—Madame Allaud—is the first to recover herself, for she has much that is of importance to communicate.

"Listen, my sister. Figure to yourself the embarrassment that overwhelms me. This dear Adèle (I may speak freely, for she has now gone to confess her innocent soul to the good curé) finds herself in much request. It is not yet, of course, that she knows anything of it; but the Veuve Déligaud approached me the yesterday on the subject of her son."

"Is it, then, la Veuve Déligaud? But, by the holy saints, that is the good parti! It is always good to marry the only son of a widow. And the son of la Veuve Déligaud, with her good vineyards and her fine house full of store—ah! ma sœur, but thou art the fortunate one!"

And, rising in her enthusiasm, the somewhat portly Madame Rasse nearly overwhelms her more slender sister with a new and vigorous embrace. This time there is really a touch of gentle envy in the voice of Madame Rasse. The vintage and the store-closets of the widow are truly to be desired.

"Yes, yes; but figure it to yourself!" exclaims Madame Allaud, impatiently. "Figure it to yourself! It is only the day before yesterday, when I had not the first thought of this chère veuve, that I was approached of the part of Louis Sardou."

"Ah-h! ma Victorienne, and is it that you gave the heed to him, the scélérat?"

"Not so—ah-h! not so, my sister! He is not so

bad. It is true, he is not an only son, but his father has the fine vineyards, and, it is said, not a little money laid by. In truth, my husband declares to me that the Sardou père has perhaps even more money stored away than the widow."

"And is it thou, my poor Victorienne, that believedst him?"

The fine features of Madame Rasse, glowing in the firelight against the background of shadow, would hardly have expressed more scornful pity had her sister confessed to a firm faith in the words of the father of lies.

"Listen, then, my sister," said the humble Madame Allaud. "See thou. Couldst thou have imagined that the dear Adèle should be sought in marriage by the son of the widow? Wert not thou thyself astonished when I told thee, and when thou knowest that never has the widow made herself to be friendly with us—not more, indeed, than if she were herself a bourgeoisie instead of a peasant? And how was I to know that her son, the young Charles, should love my Adèle, and have become lost in his wits until that he shall have her for his wife?"

"And is it that the boy *loves* her?" cried Madame Rasse, with a fine mixture of scorn, wonder, and admiration, in her voice.

"Yes, yes," nodded Madame Allaud, impressively. "It is that he loves my Adèle; and not alone so, but"—drawing herself back and casting a glance of pride upon her sister—"it is also that the young Louis Sardou says the same thing. They have, both of them, become crazy with her beauty, her grace, and her goodness."

"All that is very charming, my Victorienne," answers Madame Rasse, rather coolly, perhaps, seeing that she is the aunt of the love-inspiring Adèle; "but what is now to be done? Thou didst not send halting the widow? No. And yet thou hadst already promised Adèle to the young Louis? Is it not so? Eh bien! It will not be so difficult to find excuse for breaking this promise; but"—suddenly turning her eyes piercingly upon her sister—"but, as both of these young men have seen and admired Adèle, hast thou assured thyself that she has no preference which may entangle itself with events?"

"My sister!" Madame Allaud, her black eyes blazing with indignation, pronounced the words with infinite dignity—"my sister! Remember thyself—Adèle is *my* daughter and *thy* niece; and ask thyself if it should be possible for her to so far forget herself as to have a *preference* before she is betrothed."

"But softly, ma Victorienne, but softly! I meant not to offend thee, but thou knowest that the daughters of even the mothers the most watchful have been known to have thus forgotten themselves. And thou knowest that it is necessary that one assures one's self of the quality of one's grapes before that one essays to make the wine."

Thus the sisters talk and plan, sitting in the glow of the fire, which the projecting sides of the massive fireplace send out in one long, straight band of light, leaving the rest of the room in total darkness.

Here, in the deepest shadow, on an inverted dye-tub stored in the corner formed by the large chimney and the house-wall, might be—not seen or heard, but—felt the crouching form of a young girl tremulously interested in every word. She had entered the dwelling of the wealthy peasant Allaud, before the darkness had fallen, meaning to accompany Adèle and the other young girls of the neighborhood on their way to the confessional. Finding them already gone, Marie had waited in the house until after the tired men and maids had sought their several corners of repose, thinking to herself that when Adèle should return she would spend the night with her; for Adèle and Marie were fast friends, and, after the manner of young girls the world over, loved to pass their innocent nights in each other's society. Meanwhile Marie had fallen asleep in her corner, and only awakened to find herself hidden by the darkness and to hear the astonishing news of Adèle's fine prospects.

That Louis Sardou should have sought Adèle seemed natural and right enough. Marie cared nothing for him. But Charles! The name burned like a deadly poison in the poor girl's young heart. Charles Déligaud! And they said that he already loved Adèle. Listening intently to every word uttered by the busy-tongued dames, Marie was conscious of but one thought: "Charles loves Adèle—Charles loves Adèle." The words seemed spinning through her brain a dreary web of misery.

By-and-by merry voices ascending the hill showed that Adèle and her companions were coming gayly from their light confession. The dames, ceasing to discuss the subject of Adèle's suitors, turned to greet the new-comers. In the confusion and the darkness Marie slipped away unnoticed, and, upon entering the dwelling of her uncle, which was the orphan's only home, was supposed to have returned with the party from the confessional.

For the first time in her life the healthy young Burgundian *paysanne* passed a night without sleep, and conscious of every petty discomfort. Why could she not think? Adèle, though promised, was not yet openly betrothed to Charles, and there must be some way of preventing the marriage. She knew that Adèle had no preference, so there could be no scruples about wounding her affections. "What matters it," she thought, "whether Adèle marries Charles or Louis? Her family would have thought Louis an excellent parti if the Veuve Déligaud had not infamously appeared with her stupid proposition for her son." And, as far as Charles's loving Adèle, of what moment was that? Had she not always heard that, before marriage, a man's love was easily changed from one object to another? And of course he would love his wife, whether Adèle or some one else. If Adèle was pretty, so was she, and some people thought was even prettier. If Adèle was good,

who had ever dared to whisper a word against herself? And how had Charles shown that he loved Adèle? Marie did not think that he had ever seen her save at the wedding of her cousin Maurice, when he had danced with Adèle no oftener than with herself. No; it could not be. The story about his love for Adèle was only manufactured by the crafty Veuve Déligaud in order to excuse herself for condescending to seek the hand of Adèle for her son—when any one could see that the real reason was that the Père Allaud was known to be one of the wealthiest peasants in all the Côte d'Or, and the widow thought that their two vineyards when united would make a very handsome property. "Ah!" said poor Marie, "it is all the money! If I had been the only daughter of a rich peasant, instead of being but the niece of a moderately rich one who has five children of his own to portion, I should have been the one sought instead of Adèle. I am sure of it. Did he not press my hand in the dance? Did he not look at me with admiration in his beautiful eyes? No; it is nothing but the money. So there will be no harm to any one if I can prevent the marriage."

II.

THE early sun pours its long, level beams over the thousand vine-clad terraces of the "golden slopes" of Burgundy. Marie is standing on one of the terraces whence can be seen the vast spread of the dew-silvered plain stretching to the very foot of the distant Jura. Though *petite* Marie has a lithe, graceful figure, and with thick hair gleaming a blue-black in the sunlight, with straight, regular features, flashing black eyes, and rich, ruddy, olive complexion, she is not mistaken in thinking that she, too, as well as Adèle, might be loved for her beauty. She is not gazing at the lovely plain before her, checkered with avenues of chestnuts and elms, and rows of Lombardy poplars—policemen among the trees. Her eye is fixed upon the Déligaud château, sharply defined against the terraces across the little steep, rocky ravine which separates the Déligaud vineyards from those of her uncle and of Adèle's father.

This château has not long been in the possession of the Déligauds, and the neighboring vintners are hardly yet over the surprise they felt when they found that the widow—rich and aspiring though she was known to be—had purchased it from the impoverished gentleman in whose family it had belonged for generations. They called her ambitious, and prophesied ruin. Yet there was no danger. The prosperous Burgundian peasant has large means and few wants. The Côte d'Or, terraced to its fertile top, eight hundred feet above the level of the plain, basking perpetually in the sunshine—for the guardian plain keeps the Jura at too great a distance for envious shadows to fall upon it—is richer in gold than many a gold-mine. Year by year the wealthy peasant—poor in wants—lays by a constantly-increasing store, and why should not he or she in due time take the only advantage of wealth of which either knows by buying some handsome place

like this of the Déligauds? It is true that the lofty walls, the round towers, the quaint old chapel, the carved staircase, the wide gardens, the fountains, and the groves of the whilom gentleman-proprietor, soon get a discouraged apologetic look, like that of the same gentleman's pet dog by some sad accident reduced to following the fortunes of a tramp. But what would you? The gentleman can no longer keep his château; the peasant can buy it. Some day his great-grandchildren may learn to enjoy it; and for the present what else shall he do with his money? If he bought books, he could not read them; or pictures, he could not enjoy them. If he traveled, he would not know where to go, or what to go for. He knows of no joys but those of the possession of physical comforts and luxuries, and the knowledge that he excites the envy of his neighbors.

Marie gazes long at the Château Déligaud. It fills her eye and satisfies her ambition. "It is beautiful," she murmurs. "And Adèle? Why should she care? She has no ambition, and she loves him not."

While standing in the clear morning air, Marie has been able to perfect her plan, but fears she shall have to wait before carrying it into effect, and delay may be fatal. Suddenly her heart bounds as she sees Louis Sardou springing lightly up the rocky side of the ravine. Her opportunity is coming. Louis is a relative, so Marie does not feel obliged to pass him with averted face, or return his greeting with downcast lids. Looking at the fiery gleam of his coal-black eyes, she smiles to herself, thinking: "Ah! but the Mère Allaud will find it the more difficult to break her promise to this garçon than she has the thought. The task shall not be made the easier for her."

"Bonjour, Marie."

"Bonjour, Louis."

"It makes the good weather for the grapes. The vintage shall be of the best this year."

"Yes" (slyly), "and there shall be the merry wedding, I hear, when the vintage has been gathered."

"And" (eagerly) "is it so soon, then, that it is known? I myself had told no one of my good fortune."

"And is it thou, too, mon cousin?" (with an air of great surprise). "I did not think it of thee. I was speaking only of the wedding soon to be of Charles Déligaud and la chère Adèle."

Across the young Louis's swarthy face a broad band of crimson flamed forth with edges as sharply outlined as if they had been marked with a branding-iron. Above this band the black eyes seemed to become of a burning yellow, so fierce was the blaze they shot forth.

"Thou dreamest, Marie!" he said, hoarsely; "it is to me that Adèle is promised."

"To thee? But, mon cousin, how can it be? Is it not that I have heard it from the lips of the Mère Allaud herself when she was telling it the last night in the firelight to her sister the Madame Rasse, the

while I was sitting in the dark, and they knew not that I was there? It is thou that dreamest, mon pauvre cousin."

"But, I tell thee, it is thou—thou only that dreamest," insisted Louis, swinging his staff sharply on the rock. "Did not my mother, and the Mother Allaud, settle it between them, fixing the dot even to a very franc, only this three days past?"

"Then it was thou," murmurs Marie, as if talking to herself; "it was thou, then, that they spoke of as of one of whom they would make game. I should not have thought it possible."

"Was it of me, Louis Sardou, that they wished to make the game? But they shall not have the easy play of it! Tell me, Marie, art thou in earnest, so? Thou wast always fond of the joke." And the fierce black eyes grow almost brown and soft as they entreat her to contradict herself.

"Mon pauvre cousin! I tell thee the true truth. It was thus that I heard. The Veuve Déligaud has asked for the hand of Adèle for her son, and the Mère Allaud has promised it. That is the truth."

"And Adèle," he says, huskily, "does she know? Is she in this conspiracy?"

"Oh! la chère Adèle? How should she know aught of it? She knows nothing of either the one or the other of you. I should myself have told it her, but I have not since seen her alone."

"Ah! Marie, my best cousin, wilt thou not see her and tell her from me that I love her madly, passionately, with my whole heart? that I shall die if she return not my love; that I will kill that abominable Charles if he dares to sue for her; that I—"

"But stop, mon cousin," said Marie, drawing herself to her utmost height—"but stop! Who told thee that I should be the bearer of love-messages? What have I done that thou shouldst think so meanly of me?"

Louis laughs, showing all his gleaming white teeth. It makes Marie think of a bull-dog, which shows his teeth before he bites.

"Since when did we get so virtuous, then? Bah-h-h-h! Dost thou think I have known thee all thy life, not to know that thou wilt do anything for motive enough, though thou givest nothing for nothing? Come, now, what is it that thou desirest? I will help thee if thou wilt help me. Is it agreed?"

Marie thought a moment. She had not meant to go so far at once, but she knew that her cousin, like herself, would do anything for a sufficient motive.

"Since thou must have it, Louis, we will say that it is agreed. What dost thou wish me to do?"

"Nay, but—what dost *thou* wish? I will have no half-confidence."

"Mon cousin," said Marie boldly, but blushing deeply, and pointing to the Château Déligaud. "Voilà!"

"Ah-h-h!" said Louis, letting his breath out slowly, while his eye rested piercingly on the flushing face of the girl—"ah-h-h! Now, then, I know that I can trust thee."

III.

THE sun had gone down, but the long twilight lingered lovingly on the vine-clad hills. It was well known to Louis Sardou that Charles Déligaud took his evening cigar—for the rich peasant loves his cigar—in the little summer-house on the side of the narrow ravine, opposite to that on which he and Marie had stood in the morning. Hence he had arranged with Marie that she should bring hither Adèle in the twilight—here to tell her of the two propositions which had been made for her hand.

Artfully Marie dwells upon the fact of the wealth of Charles as a reason why Adèle should prefer him. Marie knows her friend well—knows that generosity is at once Adèle's strong point and her weakness. To represent that it would be worldly wisdom to refuse poor Louis, who is dying of love for her, and accept Charles, who is already possessed of every advantage, is exactly the thing to make Adèle favor one upon whom Fortune frowns.

A prettier tableau could not be imagined than that presented on the ravine-side. The lingering gold of the sunset, assisted by the light of the early rising moon, and the beams of a thousand stars, pours over the landscape a tender radiance, which softens every outline while rendering none indistinct. Adèle, tall, slender, with soft, brown hair, and softer, browner eyes, with a more delicate color than that of most Burgundian girls, is standing with downcast face, twining a vine-spray round and round her restless fingers. Marie, whose dark beauty glows with the excitement of hope, love, and jealousy, is by her side, talking with melodious voice and voluble hands. On the opposite bank from the shadow of the summer-house appears only a small, gleaming point, too steady for a glow-worm, too faint for a candle. Adèle does not see it, but Marie loses it not for an instant. She sees it leave the summer-house and come swiftly down its side of the ravine. Just now she is telling Adèle, not of the wealth of Charles Déligaud, but of his beauty, his goodness, and the happiness that shall be hers who is loved by him. Her tones are full of sincerity, for the glowing point has stopped close by them in the thicket.

"But I love him not," says Adèle, with a shrug. "I never much fancied your fair-complexioned, sweet-looking sort of man, and I will marry no one for his money, which, it seems to me, is all that your beautiful Charles Déligaud has that is worth the offering. No! my mother may say what she likes, I will never marry him. I leave him to you, who like him so well."

"To me?" says Marie, with a patient little sigh (the glowing point is very near now; she wonders Adèle does not notice the fragrance of the tobacco)—"to me? But, me? Will the Veuve Déligaud seek me, do you think? Dost thou remember that I have no dowry but a heart?"

"Thou wouldst be better for him than I, at any rate, for I have no heart for *him*," said Adèle, with scornful emphasis.

Marie hears a soft, swift-coming footfall among

the trees, but she professes to be startled when Louis Sardou accosts them. He is undeniably handsome as he stands before Adèle, making her young heart rise like a tide beneath his impassioned gaze. She cannot think; she hardly knows that he is talking to her; she only feels that he loves her. And, it is all so new to Adèle, so beautiful, so wonderful: who can blame her for forgetting, while she listens, that life holds ever a yesterday or a to-morrow?

She does not notice that Marie has retired a step or two down the ravine, nearer to where the glowing spark once stood, where is now only a deeper shadow and a hard, panting breath. Marie has drawn to within a step of the panting, but she seems wholly absorbed in her own thoughts, for she murmurs sadly, while clasping her hands over her beating heart: "Ah! Charles, couldst thou but know how I have tried to serve thee this night! Truly, truly, should happiness be thine if thy poor Marie could give it to thee!"

The hard panting ceases, and there is here a little rustle among the bushes; while above, Louis is passionately kissing the hand of Adèle, when, at the instant, a sharp tone from the overhanging path causes a scream from Adèle, which covers the retreating footsteps hastening down the ravine, and those of Marie as she hides herself in the freshly-abandoned thicket. She has recognized in the dimness, standing on the path above them, the unexpected figures of Madame Rasse and the *curé* of the village.

"And is it thee, Adèle, *thou*, that we find here *thus*? And thee, too, thou scélérat, thou vaurien, thou—"

"Pardon, madame," interrupts Louis, "I leave it to notre père M. le Curé if I am not to be excused—if, when I meet, by accident only, with la belle jeune fille, who has been promised by her mother to be my wife, I, for one moment only, pause to tell her of my love?"

"Is this so, my children?" asks the *curé*, mildly.

"Yes, my father," answers Louis, rapidly, before Madame Rasse can recover from her astonishment; "it is for this four days past that the good mother Allaud has promised to my mother for me the hand of this dear and beautiful Adèle."

"Then, my daughter," said the *curé*, turning to Madame Rasse, "what is it that you were telling me but now touching the proposition of la Veuve Déligaud? That was not made till the day before yesterday, as I understand—fully twenty-four hours after that Adèle was already promised to the son of the Mère Sardou?"

Poor Madame Rasse is too perplexed to tell aught but the truth, so she stammers forth an affirmative.

"And it was solely, then, because that the son of the widow is supposed to be the more rich than the son of the Sardous, that the one was to be cast off and the other accepted?"

The usually mild *curé* is so stern that Madame Rasse grows frightened, and hastens to remind the *curé* that Adèle is not her daughter; that the blame belongs to Madame Allaud.

"Nay," said the *curé*, severely. "But thou wast in the secret. 'He who sells the wine shares with him who makes it.' I now declare that the betrothal of Louis and Adèle shall be considered binding.—But for thee, my daughter"—turning with a softened manner to the poor Adèle, who is trembling, yet not altogether with fear—"for thee must there be some punishment, lest it be thought that the Church gives its sanction to the meetings of young maidens with their lovers. It had been our intention that on thy wedding thou, as the most blameless of the innocent daughters of our parish, shouldst become the Rosière for the year; but now the blameless rose must be borne by another."

So saying, the good old *curé* drew Adèle to his side, while he and Madame Rasse started toward the home of the Allauds.

Louis looked around exultingly for Marie, but she had disappeared.

"Ah! le bon Dieu!" said he, joyously. "But the saints have surely helped me!"

On a stone at the bottom of the ravine, in the midst of the shadows, was a deeper shade.

"Ah!" said the shade, "but I have made the joyful escape. They would have married me to one who would have detested me. She is not so very pretty, after all; and then she can like such a fellow as that Sardou! Eh bien! 'There is as good wine in the cellars as has ever been swallowed!'" After a long pause, the shade continued: "Marie is very beautiful—more beautiful than Adèle. I wonder I never thought of it before. What if she has no dower? I have enough and to spare. And *she* has a heart. I will ask of my mother to speak for her. And my mother will be ready enough to do so, for she never liked those Allauds, and will please herself to show to them that I have not the broken heart."

IV.

THE vintage is over, and the time of weddings is therefore here. There are to be two in one day—the young Louis Sardou with the pretty Adèle Allaud, and the young Charles Déligaud with the little Marie. The last is to be the rose-bearer. To her has been accorded the honor of bearing at her wedding the "white rose of purity." Long ago some good gentleman left by will a sum of money to pro-

vide a dower each year for the one among all the maidens that year married who should appear to the judges to be the most blameless, and as such be entitled to bear the symbol of the white rose. The *curé* and the *mairie* are not infallible, but they do the best they can, and she is made Rosière who seems to them the most deserving. Marie, with all her rich, dark beauty, is but a little girl in stature, so she is known (by way of distinction from the Rosière of the previous year, who was very tall) as La Petite Rosière.

As the two weddings are to be on the same day, and the brides are so intimate, it has been arranged between the two families that the principal *fête* shall be at the house of Adèle's parents. Hence on the wedding-morning, almost before daylight, the guests begin assembling at the house of the Allauds. The peasant wishes not to lose a moment of the festivities, and these are to last all the day and well into the night: for there are to be the processions to and from the *mairie* and the church, and treats of sugared wine, and music and dancing, and at last a dinner—such a dinner!

"It is," said Madame Rasse to her sister, "a veritable triumph of a dinner."

"Vraiment," replies Madame Allaud, with a motherly smile; "and ce cher Louis is no scélérat."

"Ma foi, non! but a much better and more manly-looking fellow than that Charles Déligaud, who is not within two inches of the height of our Louis!"

"Our little rose-bearer is much prettier than Adèle," whispers the Veuve Déligaud to the *curé*.

"Ma chère Adèle," says Louis, softly, with anxious question in his passionate eyes, while winding his arm closely around the waist of his timid bride—"Adèle, my sweet, dost thou truly love me?"

She does not answer, but blushes shyly, and thinks in her innocent heart how beautiful a thing it is to be beloved.

"Thou art among the innocent the most blameless, ma petite Rosière," said Charles, proudly. "Thou art very pretty, too, and thou lovest me?"

"Truly do I love thee, mon Charles," murmurs Marie. Then she looks into the depths of the white rose she bears, and trembles in her lonely heart; while Charles looks at Adèle and sighs.

MOUNTAINEERING IN COLORADO.

BY WILLIAM H. RIDEING.

AS I came East from Colorado last summer my opposite neighbor in the Pullman car was a pale young American lady, with the most interesting and distressing of coughs, and the whitest and thinnest of hands, which were streaked with faint blue veins like the lines in marble. She told me with evident pride that she had been "roughing it" in the mountains with a party of friends—breathing the pungent, vitalizing exhalations of the pines which

scent the valleys and the hillsides. Guides, servants, and portable cooking-stoves, had made the excursion a very pleasant one for her; and I revert to her, not because she is the delicate substance of a fragrant memory, but because her experiences in mountaineering were in marked contrast to my own, which had been derived in the toilsome way of Lieutenant Wheeler's geographical explorations.

I had often seen parties such as I supposed hers

to have been leaving Denver for the ascent of Gray's or Pike's Peaks, which are now approachable to the summit by excellent roads or trails—excellent as roads go west of the Missouri. The remains of tourist picnics—empty beer and wine bottles, fruit and vegetable cans—are sometimes found at a rocky point ten or twelve thousand feet above the level of the sea, showing how inseparable are the modern traveler and his creature comforts. I have seen the smoke of a brier-wood pipe rolling upward and mingling with the vapors of eternal snows, whose icy grip the sun blazing in a cloudless sky is powerless to relax.

The area which has thus become so familiar through pleasure-seekers is circumscribed, however; it extends a little way below and above Denver; it epitomizes some of the most striking phases of Western scenery—eroded sandstones, high-walled cañons, and mountain lakes and peaks. But the far greater territory west and south is, as it was nearly half a century ago, known only to the Indian and the explorer. There are peaks and valleys in sight of Pike's whose pristine fastnesses have never been trodden by human feet, and whose sublime heights have never yet been reduced to mathematical exactness by the surveyor's aneroid.

The sea of civilization beats against the eastern base, and one wave higher than the others has occasionally formed a little settlement, such as Georgetown, at an extraordinary altitude; but the barrier is too immense, too wild and strangely impregnable, for complete invasion, and, when the yellow plains below are well populated, there will still be in the hazy chain behind many spots unchanged by contact with man or his agencies, yielding only to the slow modifications of water and wind.

My acquaintance with the Rocky Mountains began on the last day of May, 1875, and continued for five months, during which I had the opportunity of studying them from many points of view. The windows of the Union Pacific train, as it emerged from the first snow-shed, were filled with eager faces, and, as the snowy range ahead was suddenly revealed to us from the crest of an undulation in the plains, not one but all the passengers were thrilled as they might have been at the first sight of land after a sea-voyage. The day was gray and bleak. Long, wild streaks of tempestuous clouds poured down their wrath upon the peaks, and the peaks themselves were so enveloped in snow and bathed in vapor that their elongated whiteness appeared to be a sunny break in the sombre day. By-and-by we came to a stop among some glaring little white houses and stores built on a sandy flat, with an absurdly small church, and an absurdly large number of bar-rooms among them. This was Cheyenne, which, if it were not renewed by sands from the surrounding desert, would blow away in the constant volumes of dust that are swept up from its treeless streets. Was Sahara more desolate? could anything at all be more sad? The cloud-shapes brushing the mountains dissolved, and were replaced again and again by others blacker and wilder. The tone of the whole scene was drawn in

four colors—the pure white of the snow, the subtle blue of the foot-hills, the vivid yellow of the plains, and the leaden gray of the overcast sky—and the effect upon a sensitive temperament was one of profound melancholy.

In the matter of size, too, the mountains were disappointing, appearing scarcely larger than the familiar ranges of the Eastern States at the first glance. But a closer study of them discovered certain features which indicated their real immensity. The lines and curves are all acute, while the shadowy hollows in their sides bristle with projections rising in terraces one above the other, like ribs in the sea-shore, and the deep recesses are overhung with Titanic crags and boulders. There are polished, sterile surfaces everywhere, brought out with crystalline vividness in the thin and brilliant air, and the eye craves and seeks in vain for a trace of moist vegetation.

Such were my earliest impressions, unmodified by the subsequent experiences which I propose to describe.

We entered the field from Pueblo, the railway terminus, about ninety miles south of Denver, and thence meandered the base of the Greenhorn Mountains, camping at the end of the second day's march on Apache Creek, one of the muddy little streams which save the country from utter desolation, and are traced on the Territorial maps in lines almost as thick as their own water. The road was not, strictly speaking, a road at all. It was a series of ruts of varying depth, running across the wavy plains, and the ruts were filled with dust and crusted with cones of mud, which crumbled into more dust under the mules' hoofs. Little beds of wild-verbenas bordered it in a few places, and theirs was the grace that saved it from utter desolation. The sun beat down with tropical heat; twisted columns of yellow dust and sand were lifted up by the whirlwinds, and trees and rocks, oddly distorted, were reflected in the mirage. The two latter were the greatest annoyances.

When we were riding along, and scarcely a breath of air was stirring, a sudden roar broke upon the ear, and without warning we were drawn into an eddying current of wind, rushing upward, and taking with it clouds of sand, pebbles, and twigs. We were blinded and choked at the same moment. This was the whirlwind.

When at the close of a tiresome day's march we were looking for wood and water, a lovely pool, surrounded by some trees, appeared a little way off the road, and enticed us toward it. But we could no more reach it than we could catch a will-o'-the-wisp or a sunbeam, and we were fortunate when we found our way back to the road again. This was the mirage, which sometimes plays freaks even with the mountains, and gives them the appearance of being suspended in the air, or balanced on a needle.

Neither of these phenomena was desired, and we were content when we found a pool or brook in the evening by which to camp.

Now, the reader is picturing to himself, perhaps, a cozy little camp in the shelter of a gully; supper cooking in a portable stove, and the other things



VIEW OF GRAY'S PEAK.

that an Eastern tourist would have were he camping out in the White Mountains. That is because the reader does not know how frugal a Colorado explorer is in his outfit.

The cook unloads his mule, and hobbles it, so that it cannot stray. He then partly fills a small tin can with water, and boils some coffee; fries a few slices of bacon on a plate, and mixes some flour and yeast for bread. The kettle is used as a cup afterward, and the plate serves both as a frying-pan and an oven. When this scanty supper is ready, it is eaten with a sense of luxury, for it is really much better than we can expect to have as a rule in our wanderings. And after a pipe of tobacco we fall into the sweet sleep of contentment. What about the bed? Well, we simply wrap ourselves in a blanket and throw ourselves on the ground, and no one who has not been thoroughly tired knows how soft a mattress the stubby plains make, nor how soft a pillow a rock may be.

My life has had its share of miseries, and these miseries have been varied, but, were some sympathetic person to ask me which I thought the greatest, the remembrance of the night on Apache Creek would instantly flash upon my mind with all its concentrated horrors. In the first place, the grasshoppers had eaten the farmer out of the isolated little ranch standing by the edge of the stream near the road, and they still covered the ground, and crackled beneath our feet in myriads, and darkened the air. They pelted our faces, intruded underneath our garments, and hopped in and out of the cook's dishes in a determined spirit of predation, which caused the most exquisite torture to those members of the party whose nerves were at all finely strung. They were equally remarkable for their pertinacity, their numbers, and their variety. Some were of monstrous size, and I do not exaggerate in comparing these bloated aristocrats to distorted frogs. Others were so small and mean that a fly could almost master them. But chirruping their rasping music, bounding high into the air, and crowding together in regiments, both the large and the small united in a common cause, and that common cause was against us.

The mountains in the rear of the camp were broken into many ridges and pinnacles, and were shrouded in a deep-blue haze, which grew deeper yet as the sun fell behind them, as it always falls in Colorado, with miracles of crimson splendors. Where else in the world, I wonder, does the great luminary display itself in the same passionate intensity of color that sweeps over the sterile slopes of the Rocky Mountains? Evening after evening there came a sublime moment when all the earth in view seemed to be burning, and when the clouds became islands of gold afloat in seas of flame. The most brilliant sunsets I had ever seen before were as pale and ineffectual in comparison as my words are. And after the blaze a wonderfully pathetic light usually stole over the lonely land, and tranquilized or harmonized all the harsh and discordant features, until we seemed to be in a paradise rather than a wilderness of chaotic rocks and lifeless plains.

On this night at Apache Creek, however, the sun left the sky wan and cold, and suddenly a mist, or what appeared to be a mist, closed upon the mountains, and the wind rose with impetuous violence. Our tents creaked, flapped, and swayed to and fro, and the gray cloud rolled down the foot-hills toward us, betokening, as we thought, a heavy rain. But it was not mist nor rain that was in store for us. The wind rapidly increased, and the tents collapsed, one after another, upon their occupants. A rush was made for shelter, but before any one could reach it a dense volume of fine sand and dust burst over us—dust that blinded and choked us, and made our lives miserable for a week afterward. It was blown into our mess-chests, clothing, and bedding. It filled our ears, eyes, nostrils, and hair, and it almost buried us in its arid drift.

This episode did not add to the favorableness of my first impressions, but two or three weeks later our party was at work among the spurs of the San Juan range, and here I had a real taste of mountaineering.

At five o'clock every morning the camp was awakened by the commanding officer; breakfast was eaten, mules were packed, and by seven o'clock we were at work. The path usually lay through some cañon with precipitous walls, from eight hundred to a thousand feet high, green with cottonwoods, and offering a seemingly easy ascent in some places, but overhung at the top by a cliff of basalt or sandstone, whose brilliant red or yellow made an effective contrast with the foliage. In other places an escarpment of smooth rock presented itself, with wide cracks running transversely across its face, in which a large house might have been inserted—a possibility exemplified by the ruins of dwellings built by an extinct race that we found in some of these enormous fissures. And the rock was split here and there into detached pillars, which were as high as twelve thousand feet.

The bottom of the ravine was filled with a boisterous stream of variable depth, and of a bluish color, formed by melted snows, which was dangerous on account of the many quicksands and pools in its course. Ahead of us we could see a line of peaks as white as marble, and as lucid as glass, which appeared to be within a stone's-throw, though in reality they were miles distant.

The difficulties of travel in this region may be inferred from the fact that we often occupied ten hours in making seven or eight miles. An impassable point in the walls of the cañon through which we were toiling would sometimes compel us to retrace our path and make a circuit inland, returning to the river-bed a few miles higher up; or it would be necessary to ascend a cliff by a deer-trail, with a fall of one foot in three, and a breadth of six inches.

Riding up one of these perilous trails, the cinchure of my mule broke one day, throwing me out of my saddle, and depositing me as near the brink of death as a man ever goes without tumbling over. I rolled sixty feet or more, when a providential boulder interposed itself, and caught me by the midriff. It *was*

painful, but, none the less, it was providential, as, if I had not found myself wedged between the boulder and the side of the mountain, I should have found myself at the bottom of the cañon, or my companions would have found me there had they looked, which, by-the-way, is not to be taken for granted, as camp-life hardens all susceptibilities.

If we ever met any one it was an Indian, or a "prospector" in search of gold. The latter is becoming a more familiar character in the Rocky Mountains than the former, and on almost any morning men of his kind are seen leaving Denver with their entire outfit, including pick-axe, spade, and gun, packed on a patient little *burro*, or donkey. All the rich people in Colorado, let me say in parenthesis, have been poor, and nearly all the poor expect to be rich, and the source of this realized and anticipated wealth is in the mountains. Tradesmen, professional men, mechanics, and laborers, are all interested in the mines, buy and sell "claims," and are quite sure that they will some day strike "a big bonanza." All the packers, cooks, and laborers, in our division of the Wheeler Expedition, owned somewhere in Colorado, Nevada, Wyoming, or New Mexico, a bit of sterile earth among the mountain-tops, and when something happened which they believed was certain, but which never came to pass in my experience, these patches would be worth millions, though at present they might not be marketable for a dollar.

Before I had been in Denver long I was introduced to an expansive talker, who made me a present of a "claim," which, he assured me, would yield fabulous amounts, and in the fullness of his generosity he then borrowed fifty cents, which, I am sure, more than repaid him for the gift.

Not a few prospectors who go into the mountains from Denver never return, and their fate remains forever a mystery. Still more numerous are they that return ragged, penniless, and disheartened, after a month's absence, without having found a trace of gold or silver.

We will suppose, however, that the search is not wholly futile. Here and there the prospector passes a deserted "claim," with a few empty, dilapidated cabins around it. The mine has been worked, shafts and money sunk in it, and it has not paid. But at last—the at last so long anticipated—he finds a yel-

low, spongy vein in the rock, which is called the "blossom" or "top quartz," and over this he throws up his hat with a loud shout of exultation, for it is gold.

He labors at it for days, or weeks, or months, according to its richness. If it continues to "pan out well," he either sells his claim, or engages other miners to join him, expensive machinery being wanted to go beneath the surface.

A stamping-mill is then brought into use, and the precious ore is crushed as it comes from the mine, and is thrown out in the form of a thin, sparkling mud. The "mud" flows over gently-inclined sheets of amalgamated copper covered with quicksilver, to which the gold-dust clings, and from which it is afterward wiped off and placed in a cloth. Part of the quicksilver adhering to the gold is now pressed out, and what remains after this process is separated from it by the application of heat in a retort. Such, in brief, is the way in which the most precious of metals is obtained—the metal for which so many people risk health, life, and soul.

At the head of the cañon, we seemed to be scarcely nearer the peaks than we were two days before; but here the real ascent began, and for two days more we climbed from table-land to table-land before we eventually reached that pinnacle whence we looked down upon a vast expanse of country, two hundred miles in diameter. The successive heights above which we rose had many characteristic and beautiful features. On one plateau we discovered an Alpine lake, set like a diamond in a snow-field, and bordered with lovely wild-flowers and slender reeds. Two or three hundred feet above we attained a desolate, marshy basin; next a forest of dwarf trees, and higher yet another lake feeding a score of silvery rivulets, which poured down the gray mountain-side in a foamy cascade. But the view from the summit was disappointing, except that it gave us an opportunity to realize the true immensity of space. The distant mountains were masses of black, and the surrounding plains were a dull, dispiriting yellow.

The same is true of the views from the summits of Pike's and Gray's Peaks, the two mountains most frequented by tourists. The spectator is conscious of a certain grandeur, but this springs more from the heart than from the eye.

A CHARGE.

NOT even a flower may pass, most dear,
From my forlorn hands into yours,
Yet my whole hidden heart has sealed
For you its stores—

Like some deep spring, shut far below,
Unknown of men, unsunned and still,
On which the changes of the world
Work not their will.

If you should ever find a rose
Broken and trampled at your feet—

You whom my heart holds, over all,
Noble and sweet—

On that fair ruin, oh, set not,
Unthinkingly, a careless foot;
Remember how a heart may lie
Helpless and mute;

But raise it tenderly, and brush
The street's dust from its fading leaves,
For the sad sake of her who loves,
And, loving, grieves!

HOWARD GLYNDON.

OUT OF LONDON.¹

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

CHAPTER II.

IN LONDON.—(*Continued.*)

VII.

UNTIL late in the afternoon the Old Cock forbids us the meditative delight of tobacco. Englishmen smoke less than we and the Germans do; and they specially object to eating their chop or steak flavored with the fumes of another man's cigar. But after the daily tide of custom at the taverns has ebbed, and only a few loiterers remain to see the last of the cobwebbed bottle and mouldy Stilton, then here and there we may see blue spirals circling toward the ancient ceiling; while only the intermittent rumble of confidential speech in some neighboring box, the stealthy step and "yessir" of the sole-remaining waiter, and the thin, dry ticking of the clock above the kitchen passage-way, occur to interrupt the comfortable stillness. Sleepless, endless London still roars and rushes past the outer entrance, it is true; but to us peaceful ones her voice is hushed and the sound of her going muffled. We have eluded her even here in her very midst, and can find it in our hearts to speak tenderly of her, as of a friend whom death has recommended to our charity.

But life, unfortunately, can nowhere be one long tavern afternoon. The bottle must yield its final glass, the last green crumb of Stilton disappear, the stealthy waiter respectably pocket his inadvertent change, and we depart to mix again with the turmoiling multitude. As we reach the street, we toss the remnant of our cigar into the gutter, and pause for a few moments upon the curbstone to argue once more the ever-doubtful case of "Hansom *versus* 'Bus." Some clumsy fellow brushes rudely against our shoulder; a flower-girl (oh, ill-fitting name!) proffers a soiled and faded nosegay with unclean persistence; an orange-vender jars our ear with his harsh refrain; the hurry and rattle of the street seem insensate; the houses opposite are undeniably ugly; Temple Bar is an antiquated absurdity. All of a sudden, London has become hateful to us. The closer we penetrate to its essence the farther shall we find ourselves from the essence of existence. This enormous, buzzing, clattering, noisy thing is but a galvanized pretense of life. These myriad people are bodies who have left their souls at home; or, if they have no home but London, then they have postponed their souls altogether. For one does not need a soul in London—it would be a superfluous and annoying appendage. What we require is mainly a motive-power—a semi-spiritual sort of steam; something that shall enable us to walk and ride about, to buy and sell, to chatter business, to think of ourselves first and of other people another time. A great deal can be done

in the world without a soul; among other things, London can be built and abided in without one. Souls stray in there sometimes, but they are unfashionable; occasionally they get lost down some dark alley or other, and then all the force of Scotland Yard cannot find them again. It is safer, wiser, and more convenient, therefore, to leave them in the country, and try to arrange matters so as to run out and visit them there at least once in the twenty-four hours. In this manner, souls can be preserved in a comparatively fresh condition for a number of years.

The man who cares not whether the coin he spends be a shilling or a threepence, will generally, I suppose, patronize hansoms rather than omnibuses. The motion and the speed of hansoms are delightful, and, what is better, they impart to the mind a flattering sense of private proprietorship. Omnibuses rumble and jolt, are difficult to get in and out of, and are always too full of feet, knees, and elbows. You can, however, ride outside with the driver, and imagine yourself a member of the Four-in-hand Club. Moreover, there are faces and characters connected with the feet and elbows, which may yield amusement enough to counteract a good deal of physical inconvenience. Or, if your fellow-passengers should not prove sufficiently interesting, there is always the conductor—an official whom our American 'bus system has condensed into a small aperture just behind the driver's seat, through which fares are passed, but who flourishes (in every sense of the word) in England. Between the pert vivacity of the conductor and the sardonic gravity of the driver, there is a breadth of contrast which the longest omnibus in the world could not account for. The driver sits immovable at one end, swinging his long whip-lash meditatively, and pondering cynically over the struggling backs of the two horses far down beneath him. The conductor at the other end clings miraculously by toe and finger to I know not what rudimentary handle or stirrup; revolves about on his invisible perch like a wind-vane in a squall; sees and reads every face on both sides of the street; beckons to nine out of ten, and solicits them by voice and eyebrow; never ceases to rehearse in encouraging but unintelligible tones the names of all places by, near, or to which his vehicle goes; and withal finds plenty of time to let people out and in, to take their fares and give short change, to write down the receipts upon a slate fastened to the door, to scramble up on the outside and collect the fares there and have a word with the driver, to remember which persons are bound to what places, to slang all other conductors and drivers, and to argue affably or injuredly with policemen. Where do such men come from and go to, and how many hours a day do they work? Strictly speaking, I might probably inform myself on these points in any number of given cases; nev-

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ertheless, I am satisfied that they will always remain a mystery to me. Conductors were born on their 'buses, and never leave them.

VIII.

SINCE our object is to get out of London, perhaps the quickest way will be to waive both the hansom and the omnibus, and vanish under the earth in quest of the underground railway. There are stations not far from anywhere, differing from ordinary stations in that only the booking-offices and refreshment-rooms are on the street-level, while the more vital parts, such as the weighing-machines, the book-stands, and the trains, are down in the basement. It also becomes noticeable that the guards and porters in these subterranean caverns are more fiendishly malignant than their daylight brethren; that the passengers are more sheepish and bewildered; that the carriage-doors slam more viciously; that the trains arrive more unexpectedly and start sooner; and that it is more difficult to determine the points of the compass, the right train, and the class corresponding to your ticket, than is the case in the upper world. It has struck me, moreover, that there is a greater wealth of advertisements here than elsewhere. Is it because tradesmen suppose that the public are more susceptible to the allurements of mortal vanities when they are below-ground than at other times? If so, the salesroom of every shop should be its cellar. At all events, signs and placards, in every variety of form, color, and size, mob the walls, and often leave the modest shingle which announces the name of the station quite in the shade. You thrust your head out of window to discover where you are, and naturally seek that information from the biggest sign-board in sight, which reads, "Nabob Pickles," or "The Daily News." You have bought a ticket for neither of these, and you decide to go on; yet all the while there was the little "Baker Street" or "Sloane Square" peeping quizzically at you not five paces off. But in process of time you learn the ropes.

When you have done this, you find time to admire the uses and merits of this great underground instrument of traffic. It takes you all about and across the most crowded streets in the city at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour; yet, instead of adding to the crowd, it largely subtracts from it. Its moral is, that a man who has bought an acre of ground owns a world, if he will build his tower lofty and sink his cellar deep enough. We grumble about close quarters, where we might disperse ourselves through the universe. It is absurd how we stick to the surface of our planet, with the mole and the eagle before our eyes to teach us better. Why do not we make Pluto's palace and the castle in the air realities? Or, if we insist upon leaving our houses and gardens where they are, why not at least abolish all streets and superficial railways, and enact a law that no traveling is to be done unless at a certain distance below the outer crust; or, when the science of ballooning has been perfected, at a certain height above it? It might be advisable, too, to re-

quire all business-men, merchants, artisans, and manufacturers, to pursue their avocations and build their shops and factories underground—reserving the face of the earth for their dwellings and recreations. Then London and New York would vanish from sight, taking smoke, pavements, and the labor-question, down with them; verdure would reclothe the world, as in primeval days; cleanly and cheerful persons would lounge on endless lawns; and some day, perhaps, when the entire working part of the population had "gone down to the city," the upper ten thousand would wisely and piously lock their cellar-doors, throw away the keys, and relapse into the pastoral state. The shepherds would pipe to the evening star as of yore, the young men and maidens would tread the grape, and on winter evenings grandmothers would terrify little children, sitting round the blazing logs, with grim, incredible legends of a race of gnomes and goblins who once inhabited the bowels of the earth, and were occasionally said to creep out from their caverns to the outer sunshine, and kidnap naughty boys and girls.

The atmosphere in these tunnels is rather disagreeable, though not so much so as might be expected; and there is an astonishing amount of practicable daylight in them, thanks to frequent skylights and ingenious white-tile reflectors. In fact, they are not subterranean enough to be impressive—which is, æsthetically speaking, a defect. The stations, also, occur at too short intervals to give the imagination a fair chance; and the carriages are too well filled with commonplace-looking and unmysterious people to admit of indulgence in Tartarian reveries. On the whole, therefore, we must consider the underground railway a failure, except as regards its merely practical and utilitarian phase. If the English were a poetic and romantic race, they would construct their stations in imitation of stalactite caves, their steam-engines to look like fiery dragons, and their tunnels to resemble lodes penetrating rich veins of ore. Their guards would be uniformed like devils, their porters like imps with horns and tail, and whenever a wretched passenger presumed to ask one of them a question, he should be set upon by the whole hellish crew and torn limb from limb. I would not be understood as insinuating that underground railways, as well as everything else English, are not faultless from the English point of view; but even the English might become weary of asserting themselves, were there none to criticise; and then (as the criticised are always able to perceive) criticism is criticism, and fair play and candor are quite other matters.

IX.

BE its faults what they may, the underground railway has one excellent virtue: it will—if you take the right train and change at the proper places—get you out of London. At last, after much blind burrowing and bewilderment, the overarching tunnels cease; the high brick-walls become lower and lower; the basements, the lower windows, the eaves of the houses, successively appear; and perhaps we even ascend a viaduct and rattle along through a

world of chimney-pots, dirty roofs, and attic-bedroom windows. There are no engineers or architects like the English for undertaking and carrying out apparently hopeless jobs; they seem able to achieve anything except beauty. The railway approaches to London are admirably planned and executed; but anything more hideous than these long, brick-arched viaducts, straddling across squalid suburbs, could not be conceived. They seem to trample with their innumerable brick feet on every pleasant aspiration of the human heart; and all around is a desert of railway-tracks—the barrenest and most irreclaimable kind of desert in the world. It is impossible to believe, as we gaze dismally out of the carriage-window, that grass and trees ever did grow on these grisly wastes, or ever can do so after the lapse of no matter how many ages. Railways are an abomination, except where, as at Mont Cenis, they are dominated by the grandeur of the landscape; and only in a grimly and uncompromisingly utilitarian era like this of ours could a great city afford to surround itself with such an iron fringe as encompasses London. Visitors would get discouraged while yet afar off; and those of the inhabitants who were bold enough to run the gantlet of departure would scarce muster courage sufficient to bring them back again.

There exists an antique prejudice, derived from the example of the Persians, Greeks, and other ancient peoples, to the effect that the wealth, worth, beauty, and, as it were, soul of the city, should culminate in a central citadel. The temple of Jupiter Belus in Babylon, the Acropolis at Athens, and the Capitol of Rome, were expressions, nobly condensed, of the spirit and the aspirations of the citizens; and it is, therefore, undeniable that they were fittingly placed in the mid-heart of the community's habitations. At the present day, although at first sight the same general principle seems to be carried out, in reality we precisely reverse it. For, do the aims of London, New York, and Berlin, bear any likeness to those of the three historic cities I have named? Do we pursue art, poetry, and religion, with zeal, and let manufactures and things of merely practical importance take care of themselves? If so, we still do well to make our churches and our palaces occupy the most conspicuous place, and to thrust our factories, railway terminuses, and all the phases of existence thereto appertaining, away to the outskirts. But, if the contrary be the truth, we should crowd the tall, smoke-belching chimneys, the greasy machinery, and along with them the noisome courts and swarming tenements, up into the middle space of all, and name them our citadel, since such they would truly be. And not only would this be the sincerer arrangement, but the probabilities are that it would be the more sanitary one.

An ugly woman neatly attired is more attractive than her handsome sister in unsavory rags, and (though she herself might think otherwise) a great deal more respectable. So the outskirts of London are the most repulsive part of it, and, whatever interior finery and grandeur the city may afterward display, those bedraggled and unwholesome petticoats

leave their trail across our recollection. Whereas, were the centre only pernicious, and the boundaries kept fresh and fair, the inhabitants would at least be free to enter and leave their city without holding their noses and shutting their eyes; and those whose occupations did not lead them to court grime and noxious vapors would never need to come within range thereof. But how can the inner multitude hope to respire healthily within such a palisade of smoke and ill-odored atmosphere as forever ascends around their limits? The disagreeables, if they are to exist at all, must of course be put somewhere; and I submit whether it would not be more charitable as well as hygienic to collect them together where they might be avoided, than to disperse them round about where none can escape them.

X.

It is consoling to reflect, however, that London is too large to be entirely surrounded even by factories and tenement-houses; and that, consequently, the approaches on the northern and western sides are not so bad as on the southern and southwestern. In the former quarter lie St. John's Wood, Hampstead, and Highbury; in the latter, Lambeth, Camberwell, and, beyond, Sydenham, Richmond, and Twickenham—the latter places being pretty well out of reach of the city's influence. St. John's Wood is on the high ground above Regent's Park, and, considering that its distance from St. Paul's is little more than three miles, it must be considered a tolerably airy and healthy locality. It is not, nevertheless, particularly fashionable; its neat little villas, secluded behind their well-kept hedges, being to a large extent inhabited by ladies of anomalous caste. But the houses fronting on the canal which skirts the northern limits of the park are open to no such reproach; and until, in the fall of 1874, they were smashed to pieces by the gunpowder explosion, there were some charming homes there. Other more fortunate persons live within the park-gates, and have the privilege—if they are wise enough to take it—of imagining that all its refined green expanse is their private property. It is remarkable how quiet and sequestered these crescents and terraces, as they call them, are. From the bedroom-windows you can see London smoking, roaring, and hurrying within a stone's-throw; but it is no more to you than a picture. You feel that it can never reach you, and that it will be your own fault if you go to it. I do not like the idea of sprinkling cities with sickly little patches of grass and foliage; but the great parks of London in some measure justify themselves. They are a kind of compliment to your finer sensibilities; they seem to say: "We know how your unhackneyed soul craves natural scenery, and what a fine taste you have in it; we, therefore, present you with this handsome specimen, prepared under the direction of her majesty's landscape-gardener!" And we are flattered by the attention, and think more highly and aristocratically of ourselves forthwith, though aware all the time that there is a certain amount of polite humbug underneath it.

Fashionable or not, St. John's Wood is more likeable as a dwelling-place than its neighbor Kensington, where there is hardly a house that you would venture to speak of by any less respectful name than residence, and where the streets and sidewalks are so wide and fine that you are almost afraid to walk on them. St. John's Wood is not thus oppressive; it is pretty and unpretending and demure, like a grass-widow who has seen the world. What historic claim it may possess to the title of Wood I have not informed myself; it does not resemble what Americans call a wood, though trees are planted along the smooth little streets, and almost every house has its little front-yard, with bushes and grass and a bit of green laurel-hedge. It presents all the features of a complete country-town; yet no country-town could be just like it, for somehow the blood of London circulates through it, and in various unobtrusive ways the relationship declares itself. There are no provincialisms, no oddities, either human or architectural; the spirit is metropolitan though the flesh is rural. The public-houses are of London manufacture; the underground-railway stations remind you how suddenly you may be translated to Cheapside and Lombard Street; the omnibus which ever and anon rolls up the main road and pauses at the King's Arms seems to bring Cheapside and Lombard Street along with it. The affectation of St. John's Wood and of all the other suburbs in assuming anything approaching a distinctive nomenclature is, of course, absurd, as if a man's fingers and toes were to insist upon having patronymics of their own. But it is mainly upon such affectations that the modern social edifice is founded; and when the affectation is also a convenience, as in this instance, no wise man would exchange it for the most sincere and rational alternative, which had only reason and sincerity to recommend it.

I lived in this agreeable neighborhood for some weeks while consulting with house-agents as to where a more permanent dwelling should be fixed; and such was the mild and quiet fascination of the place that by the time I was ready to depart I was almost readier to remain for good. I had been so long away from England, and the flavor of life in that acacia-grown side-street seemed so intensely English, that I was loath to leave it. In the gray, moist mornings, when the clouds were even softer than the showers which intermittently descended from them, there was first a soothing stillness; but, as the day continued to awaken, this was musically diversified by the long-drawn sing-song of the peddling venders of fish, fruit, and vegetables, sounding far or near from adjoining ways, and occasionally invading our own secluded precincts. Still later came the baker's cart, driving brisk and business-like up to the door, the wheels trundling smoothly over the unpaved road, while the horse's hoofs produced a fourfold echo mellowly distinct. Anon followed the yet livelier butcher, and after him the milkman with his keen falsetto; and finally the green-grocer, with his fresh butter and eggs. When breakfast—so different from American or German breakfasts—was

over, and the servant-maid in her white cap and apron and lilac dress had cleared the table, it was pleasant to sit with a cigar by the open window, and look across our little square of turf and shrubbery at the passers-by. How English were all the men's faces and the women's dresses! About ten o'clock, I think, appeared that peculiarly English personage, the cats'-meat man. He drove a dirty little pony harnessed to a dirtier little cart; his progress was leisurely and broken by frequent pauses; and the cats seemed to know the sound of his voice, and appeared all along his route, stealing with waving tails along the tops of walls and fences, leaping cleverly up from basement-windows, curving their backs and rubbing fawning sides as only cats can do. He tossed to each one its scrap of unlovely meat, and so fared on. And now sounded the quick double-rap of the postman, approaching steadily up the street. Within my recollection English postmen used to wear scarlet coats; but the government, in its inscrutable wisdom, has seen fit of late years to dress them in melancholy gray. About this hour, also, dawdles up the newspaper-boy, with his bundle of morning news under his arm; and so for a time we leave St. John's Wood, and flit to and fro from one end of the world to another. Returning at length, we find the day wearing on; the sun peeps out, perhaps, and gives new life to the glistening rain-drops. The hum of London makes itself heard just enough to serve as an agreeable background to the nearer stillness; it is time to take hat and umbrella and sally forth in quest of adventures. It was my favorite practice to take a train to the city, or, if the omens favored, to walk thither, and, after steeping myself for a few hours in the thickest of the bustle and confusion, to come back with a sharpened appetite for the charms of retirement and dinner. The evenings darkened uneventfully; the servant-maid, about half-past nine o'clock, would trip innocently down to the gate to exchange a greeting with her young man; the lamplighter would already have passed, shouldering his long fire-tipped staff; occasionally some drunken loiterer would maundle by, invisible, yet with the stagger perceptible in his voice; and at hourly intervals the staid and measured tread of the stiff-backed, belted policeman would sound along the street, companionless and unsocial, as it is the lot of the guardians of human law to be. The nights calmed as they deepened; only once, in the dead of the darkness, a glare as of a sudden volcano, a report and concussion as of a thousand simultaneous cannon, and then a dismayed pause in which we could hear our hearts beat, told the tale of the famous Regent's Canal explosion.

XI.

HOUSE-HUNTING gives one a curious sensation; it is astonishing to find how few shells there are in this great and thickly-settled world that will fit us. The difficulty is enhanced by the circumstance that the shell must not only fit, but must exist in a suitable locality. House-rent in England is very low compared with American or even Continental standards;

but with us one dwelling is much more nearly as good or as bad as another than seems to be the case here, and the task of selection is comparatively simplified. The ground-plans of English houses have, indeed, considerable general similarity; you always know where to look for particular rooms, and can generally foretell, by the external aspect of a given edifice, what the inward arrangement will be. Nevertheless, numberless little differences and modifications come into account—perhaps they are not really of much importance, but after becoming warmed to your work you think it worth while to believe them so; and, of course, the nearer you approach to your ideal, the more fastidious you get to be.

One question of vast moment relates to the soil on which the house stands: is it clay or gravel? A stranger might imagine that he didn't care which it was; but after a little experience he will be cautious of admitting his indifference; and by-and-by the indifference itself will cease. In a climate so consistently cool and damp as that of England, it will not do to be careless about mitigating circumstances; and, since the weather cannot be controlled, the next best thing is to take heed where we sit down to be rained upon. There is no point concerning which such searching inquiries are made, and probably none about which so many lies are told, as this. If a handsome and well-appointed house is to be had for a temptingly low rent, we may be sure that it is founded upon clay, and would be dear at any price. It might be a paying speculation to dig out the Sahara Desert and cart it over to England, and sell it at so much the cubic yard to real-estate agents. Considering how long England has been settled, and how much its people have complained, it is surprising that some such expedient has not been devised before.

If the house is to be chosen with any reference whatever to London, another question arises: how far away will be near enough? To combine the greatest amount of untrammelled country with the shortest distance by rail to the city is the problem; and to solve it involves a quantity of unedifying travel and an accumulation of petty vexations such as the most fortunate result imaginable seems not enough to recompense. It gives one a bad idea of a country to go over it with a personal end of this kind in view; our acquaintance with it becomes far too minute and critical for enjoyment; I think Adam and Eve would have found Eden not so good as it had credit for being if they had been obliged to fix upon some particular spot in it for permanent settlement. England is not Eden, though at certain times, in certain places, it breathes a loveliness that is almost Eden-like; but, even if it were, all the best nooks and corners are not for sale—at least, the ones we covet the most are not. The house-hunter grows into the conviction that he is the one superfluous person on earth, predestined to die in the wilderness or in an hotel. A story should be written about some member of the fraternity, an obstinate, energetic person, determined not to be beat, who, after spending a long and active life, and a large fortune in the pur-

suit, finally found what he sought in the poorhouse graveyard. Having once stepped out of his cell in the human hive, the whole world had thenceforth conspired to keep him a wanderer, and had even grudged him a respectable tombstone. Houses are very shy game, and it needs exceedingly shrewd stalking and a marvelously sure aim to bring one down.

It by no means helps the matter that most of the obtainable houses are empty and deserted, with placards "To let" pasted on the window-panes of the void and barren rooms. A place in which people have lived, and which they have abandoned, is as forlorn and depressing a spectacle as one is apt to meet with. It is hard to bring ourselves to the belief that it can ever be comfortable and cheerful for us, because it has ceased to be so for those who were there before we came. To rehabilitate it seems as hopeless a task as to restore life to a dead body; is there not something even irreverent in the attempt? When a house or a man has once stopped living, the poor remains are deserving of at least so much respect and forbearance as would be implied in letting them alone. House-agents do not appear to view the matter in this light; but, although I have uniformly found house-agents, as individuals, to be exceptionally courteous and engaging in their manners; full, too, of enthusiasm and energy; sanguine in temperament, and in their creed optimists to a man—still, I cannot feel a very lively respect for the profession in the abstract. I would almost as lief be a purveyor of subjects to a large hospital as of defunct homes to the public.

Moreover, the best-intentioned and most honorable house-agent cannot fulfill his undertakings. He engages to provide you with a home; and at best you get a building with the home left out. Here are drawing-rooms and bedrooms, dining-room and library, all answering to the description in the bond; these may, indeed, be let and hired; but how about the memories and associations, the joys and griefs, the births, deaths, and marriages, that have hallowed them? The house-agent can tell you nothing of these, and yet it is in these that the essence of home lies. It must be admitted, however, that, were such commodities for sale, it might be difficult to fix their just price; and, again, if your lease has been for a term of seven years or upward, you will scarcely fail to find yourself grown into possession of a very fair assortment of them without paying anything—except those seven years. They cluster round every room, they festoon the windows, they embower the hearth; the ivy that clothes the outer walls in sober green is their material symbol. But they are more beautiful than the ivy, and more precious, for they are rooted in your heart. The house is homelike now, and you could hardly drive a nail into it without taking thought lest it pierce your own flesh.

The next day some strange persons make their appearance at the door and a card is handed to you, conveying a request, on the part of your old friend the house-agent, to allow Mr. Househunter and party to view the premises. Yes; your time is up,

and you must go. You exchange a scowl with poor Mr. Houshunter, who is no better off than you are; and, as he enters, you pass forth. The ivy still clothes the outer wall, but what of its spiritual counterpart, which you can neither carry away with you nor yet leave behind?

I do not believe that the people of the golden age let their houses. They lived in them until the walls tumbled about their ears, or until the family died out; and then none were found so rude and hard of heart as to disturb the shadow-haunted

ruins. It seems very far off, at best—that golden age; but, if you look for it through the windows of a house-agent's office, you will scarcely escape the conclusion that it is altogether a myth. The house-agent, however, is not responsible for that; if he were, it might seem a sacred duty to kill him, and burn his office to the ground. The true way to get rid of him would be to take away his means of livelihood; and to do that would imply a revolution, in comparison with which those of America and France are the merest child's-play.

FALLEN FORTUNES.

BY JAMES PAYN.

CHAPTER XXXV.

BEREAVED.

WHAT change happens to those who have cast off this mortal coil, He only knows who has put it for a brief span upon us; but it can hardly be much greater than that which befalls the living whom the loved ones have left behind them.

"To know they have departed,
Their voice, their face are gone;
To feel impatient-hearted,
Yet know we must live on"—

is an experience that transcends all others in this world. The vacant chair in the household that has been knit together in bonds of love, has all the sacredness of the altar, and ten times its suggestiveness. For the time it seems as though the sun had vanished from the skies and all was dark. The home has lost its charm, and is more hateful, because more full of bitterest reminders, than any stranger's roof. We weep, we plead, we beat against the gates of heaven, to call the lost one back—in vain. What is wealth, or health, compared with that which yesterday we thought but a common blessing, taken as a matter of course, treated as though it would remain with us forever, and now is gone! O cruel Fate! un pitying arbiter! O worker of desolation and despair!

"'Tis better to have loved and lost,"
says one,
"Than never to have loved at all."

It may be so, but that is too hard a saying for us even to understand, much more to derive comfort from it; for the love of the departed one was a portion of our very selves, the spring of our every action, the theme of our deepest thought—and he has left us forever. It is idle to tell us we shall meet again. What consolation is it to the child who weeps and clings, when sent from home for the first time to school, that there will be holidays at midsummer? And we are in worse plight than he, for we are not sure—the very best of us are not quite sure—that there *will* be holidays. And if there be, what change will not be wrought in us! We may be children, then, no more; and he, too, that has gone before may be unrecognizable. "Death is common." "All is for the best." "It is the will of God." Cold comfort all.

Think of the Nook in Sanbeck, with the snow without, and the pale corpse within; the orphan girls and Tony, wellnigh penniless, wellnigh friendless, with their helpless charge, but one day old!

There are tens of thousands in the land in worse plight than they; and tens of hundreds, rich in this world's goods, who complain that they have no object in life, and devote themselves to ritualism, Exeter Hall preachings, or old china, in default of it.

The man who had killed Mrs. Dalton was poor Mr. Marks the butler at Riverside, who had thoughtlessly wrapped around Mr. Mudie's books that fatal *Times*; but he was, after all, but the immediate cause of her decease; she would have died anyway—so Dr. Curzon said—in bringing that new life into the world. For weeks she had dragged on with a breaking heart; consumed with unutterable apprehensions upon her husband's account; uncheered by hope, and laden with anxieties for her children's future. "If she ain't gone to heaven, sir," observed old Margate, in confidence to Dr. Curzon, "there ain't no such a place." An observation worth a good many beaten-out and attenuated remarks to the same effect, which were made by others on the occasion.

They laid her in the sunniest spot of the little God's-acre, the purest embodiment of good it had ever known; and many a genuine tear was dropped for her from eyes unused to pay such tribute. Dr. Curzon was deeply affected, and Mr. Campden also. Kind Jeff, whose coming down from town for such a purpose was stigmatized by a certain lady as "a most ridiculous act of extravagance," was among the mourners, and wept almost as bitterly as little Tony himself. The two girls accompanied the body to the grave, as likewise did Mrs. Campden and her daughter.

"I would go much farther than to Sanbeck churchyard," said the former, "to show my respect for the memory of dearest Edith;" and there is no reason to doubt her word, though there would probably have been limits as to distance.

She meant to be kind after her fashion, but she was certainly not judicious in entering as she did upon the material aspect of their affairs with the poor mourners on the very day on which their mother had been laid in her grave. Her daughter and herself had returned with them to the Nook after the funeral, while her husband and the doctor, with Jeff and Tony, were taking a walk toward the mere, which the melting of the snow during the previous week—one of sunshine and comparative mildness—enabled them to do. "It is so much more easy for men to escape from disagreeable scenes than women," as Mrs. Campden justly observed; although she might have added that certain scenes disagreeable to all men are not so to all women. We do not mean to say that Mrs. Campden abso-

lately enjoyed her visit to the Nook upon the present melancholy occasion, but without doubt it had some pleasing features for her. It was an occasion that—in many senses—could be improved, and she was fond of improving an occasion. Without exactly putting herself in the place of the girls' "natural protector"—which would have involved something besides privileges—she was in an undeniable position for offering advice, if not for absolute dictation; and for playing the patroness as far as that game could be played for love. As their only kinswoman, she had really succeeded to some authority over them, and Kitty, at least, was willing to admit it.

"My dear girls," said she, impressively, "you have a right to look to me in future—for counsel; and, God willing, it shall never be denied you. Your dear mother's death has in no respect altered your position in my affections, unless it be to make you dearer to me. I am sure my Mary feels the same."

"Kitty and Jenny both know that, mamma, without my telling them," said Mary, brusquely. She had a consciousness, quickened by a certain expression in Jenny's eye, that this speech of her mother's was not quite what it should be, or, at all events, that it was not very warmly appreciated.

"My dear child, in a solemn hour like this, one should not only think but speak the words of cheer. It has pleased an inscrutable Providence to deprive your cousins of their natural guardian; indeed, there is only too much reason to fear of *both* their parents. They are unhappily also left but slenderly provided for. Under these circumstances, it behooves those who love them to speak with tenderness, yet with decision. It is impossible at their age that they should know the world, or what is best for them to do in the world; and it is my duty to tell them that in reality their choice is very small. Even with the experience of their good mother to aid them, they have found it hard, I fear, to make both ends meet; and they will find it still harder now."

"Do you call these 'words of cheer,' madam?" inquired Jenny, suddenly, with the air of a person who asks for information.

"They are words of truth, at all events, my poor girl," answered Mrs. Campden, pityingly, "as you will surely discover; though, indeed, I was not addressing myself so much to you as to Kate.—Well, in this your extremity, as I may truly call it, a friend has unexpectedly proffered his aid."

"Mr. Holt, I suppose?" said Jenny, coldly.

"Yes; it is Mr. Holt, Jane; though I don't know why you should suppose any such thing," answered Mrs. Campden, reprovingly. "You have no claim upon his good offices, so far as I know, in any way. Yet only consider what he has done. From the moment that that dreadful paragraph appeared in the newspaper which has already worked such woe—poor Marks is quite broken-hearted about his share in the matter, and I hope it will be a lesson to him never to act without thought as long as he lives—I say ever since these miserable tidings came to England, Mr. Holt has been moving heaven and earth to get your father's insurance-money paid—"

Kitty started to her feet.

"What! is there, then, no hope?" cried she.

Jenny trembled in every limb, but remained silent. Her courage was greater than that of her sister, but her strength was small.

"I fear that there is very little hope, Kitty," said Mrs. Campden, quietly. "We must not disguise from ourselves what has really happened. The ship is many weeks behind its time, and has been already 'written off'—I believe that is the phrase—at Lloyd's; and then there is this shattered boat picked

up belonging to it. The 'Flamborough Head' is painted on it. Nothing can be more morally conclusive. On the other hand, there is a difficulty about the payment of your father's insurance by the Palm Branch, because his death cannot be substantiated. Mr. Campden could tell you all about it, because he is a director of the company, but he naturally feels a delicacy in talking of it. From his very connection with the matter, his lips are in a manner sealed."

"Why?" inquired Jenny.

"My good girl, I wish you would not speak so brusquely. It is positively startling. You must really get out of that curt manner, which is the reverse of conciliatory. Of course I don't mind it myself—that is to say seriously—but others may take objection to it; and under present circumstances it behooves you to make no enemies, but all the friends you can. The reason is surely evident enough why my husband, being a director, and indeed the chairman of the Palm Branch, can take no steps that may prejudice its interests on behalf of a personal friend. The company has for the present refused to pay, and in the mean time money will be wanting to you for a hundred things—for what has happened to-day for one. Forgive me for alluding to matters that must needs give you pain; but this is no time for false delicacy. Well, you want money at once, and for the present the Palm Branch will not pay the sum to which you would be entitled if the fact of your father's death could be established. Under these circumstances, the kind friend of whom I speak has offered to advance you whatever may be required."

"That is very generous," said Kitty, softly.

"The advance would be made on the security of the insurance," observed Jenny.

"Well, yes; of course it would. But, if your father is alive, the loan is lost, for where is he to find the money to repay it?"

"Then in that case Mr. Holt would be giving us the money, would he not?" continued Jenny.

"Yes, indeed; and there are very few persons, let me tell you, who would make so noble, so large-hearted an offer."

"Let us hope there would be also very few persons who would accept it, Mrs. Campden."

"Jane, you must be mad!" cried Mrs. Campden, angrily.—"Kate, if you have any influence with your sister—for it seems I have none—I do trust you will exert it for her own benefit. She does not understand her position."

"You are wrong there, Mrs. Campden; thanks to your plain speaking—a duty, as you call it, in which you have never failed since our misfortunes began—it is quite impossible that any one of us could misunderstand it. Kitty, of course, will do as she thinks proper; but for myself I do not take one shilling of this man's money, either as loan or gift. I would starve first."

"My dear Jenny!" cried Mary, with a little scream; "pray don't say such dreadful things. Mamma always exaggerates, you know; things are not so bad—"

"Be quiet, Mary," interrupted Mrs. Campden, very sharply; "you are talking like a fool. If things are not so bad with your cousins, it is only in the sense that they are not so bad as they may be. It is impossible to imagine a darker future than awaits them should they decline this opportune and, I must say, most delicately-offered aid. Fortunately, the decision does not rest with Jane, but with Kitty. She is the house-manager, and knows how matters stand; and with the debt for her mother's very funeral hanging over her head—"

"Stop! stop!" pleaded Kitty, pitifully. "Do not talk of that to-day, I entreat you. Give me time—a few days at least—to think over what you have said, and then you shall have my answer."

"You will do as you please, my dear, of course," replied Mrs. Campden, with a pitying smile; "though why you should hesitate even for a moment is inexplicable to me. However, so be it.—And now I have a proposition of my own to make, which has the merit, at all events"—here she threw a meaning glance at Jenny—"of being open to no misconstruction. It is my intention—for the present, at all events—to provide for the little baby. It is strong and healthy enough, Dr. Curzon says, notwithstanding its somewhat premature arrival; so that a wet-nurse is as unnecessary as it would under the circumstances be unjustifiable; and our lodge-keeper's wife, Mrs. Hardy—who, it seems, had a great affection for its poor mother—has consented to take charge of it. We have plenty of cows, you know—"

"Oh, please, Mrs. Campden, I couldn't do that," interrupted Kitty, decisively. "The baby is the greatest comfort we have left to us. It is never out of my arms or Margate's, and she understands all about it quite as well as Mrs. Hardy. The milk is as good here, too, as at Riverside—"

"My dear child, that is not the question," put in the other, emphatically. "The question is, do you get the milk for nothing? Why, of course you don't; and, therefore, to keep the baby would be an act of extravagance."

"My dear mamma, I never heard of a baby being an article *de luxe*," said Mary, smiling.

"Very likely not; but your cousins are unfortunately in a position to feel it as such," returned her mother, gravely.—"It is not as if you would be separated from the child by any distance, Kitty; and then when you come over to Riverside you could always see it. And if it was seriously ill I should take care to let you know, of course."

Poor Kitty's face had been growing longer and longer throughout this speech, for the baby was inexpressibly dear to her, as well on its own account as on that of her mother, of whom it seemed to be a portion. Jenny could find forgetfulness of her miseries in reading and writing; but for herself, the soft, snozzie little form she rocked to sleep upon her bosom was her only cure for the heartache. When Mrs. Campden talked so calmly of its being "seriously ill" miles away from her, Kitty shuddered.

"Indeed, I could not part from the baby, Mrs. Campden; it is almost the greatest treasure I have left in life; and I don't think," added she, with a faint smile, "it is a *very* expensive luxury."

"You know your own affairs best, my dear," answered Mrs. Campden, coldly. "I meant nothing but kindness by my offer." And she rose and pruned down her black silk and crape, in sign of flight. "We have put up our horses at Farmer Boynton's, so that no unnecessary expense should be imposed on you; and I do hope you will be as considerate for yourself, Kitty, as your friends are for you. You understand what I mean. Now I do trust to hear from you to-morrow or the next day that your foolish scruples with respect to the offer of our common friend have been overcome." She kissed Kitty as she spoke; but Jenny had already betaken herself from the room, and Mrs. Campden, perhaps, was not displeased at the circumstance. She was not so indifferent to Jenny's brusqueness as she affected to be; the plain speaking on which she piqued herself was very unwelcome to her in others; and, besides, Jenny had a habit of quietly ripping up her satin speeches, and showing the seamy side of them, which made her particularly dislike that young lady. Of

the baby, on the other hand, Mrs. Campden took a gracious leave; the woman's heart must be bad indeed that does not warm to a baby; and yet its infant charms by no means so intoxicated her as to warp her practical good sense.

"It's a dear little baby," said Mary, "is it not?" as she and her mother crossed the bridge toward the farm.

"Yes, indeed, and healthy, too; though, under the circumstances, one can hardly wish that it should live."

"Fie, mamma, how you talk!" returned Mary, not a little shocked. It was creditable to her to have retained her susceptibilities so long; her mother's honest speech and high principles still gave her rather "a turn" occasionally.

"Well, the point is, what is the poor little creature to live *upon*?" returned the elderly lady. "Even when Mr. Dalton's insurance-money is paid, there will hardly be enough for three mouths, much less for four. I suppose you don't wish your papa to be saddled with the maintenance of a *second* boy for all his life?"

"Well, that does seem hard upon us, certainly," answered Mary, her thoughts reverting to Jeff with some disfavor.

"Of course, it would be hard—in fact, it is out of the question; and yet you say (rather disrespectfully, I must needs remark), 'How you talk, mamma!' when I say it is no charity to hope the child may live.—If the carriage is ready, I shall not wait for your father; it will do him all the good in the world to walk home; and I am sure the accommodation at the farm is not at all what our horses are accustomed to."

In a few minutes the carriage drove by—close to the new-made grave—with the two ladies sitting in it alone.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

JENNY AT BAY.

MR. CAMPDEN was upon the whole not sorry to have been left behind by his wife in Sanbeck; the short way to Riverside over the crags was not, indeed, very nice walking in winter weather; but it was no great distance to Bleabarrow, where "the fly" could be procured to take him home; and he was really glad of being alone with Jeff, and of having a word or two in private with the two girls. Jeff had received no summons to Riverside upon this melancholy occasion—Mrs. Campden objected, as a matter of principle, to people running into expenses for mere sentiment—but had invited himself to Dr. Curzon's.

"I should like, if it would not be inconvenient to you," he wrote the doctor, "to pay the last tribute of respect to the best and dearest friend I have had in the world;" and the doctor had allowed the plea, and welcomed the lad warmly.

He looked something more than a lad now; his life in town had given him an air of independence and self-possession, though without the least touch of conceit. He looked handsomer than ever, though his dark eyes were heavy with woe, and his fair face shadowed with grief, as he walked, with little Tony, ahead of their two companions, and talked in a low voice of the departed dear one.

With the squire and the doctor, as was natural, the future of the orphaned Daltons formed the chief topic of conversation; and, in connection with it, Mr. Campden mentioned the offer that had been made by Mr. Holt.

"It was a deuced kind thing of the man, that I must say," observed he, when he had delivered this information, which he felt somehow had fallen flat.

"Very much so," said the doctor, "if it was disinterested."

"There was no promise attached to it whatsoever, my good friend; the offer was made quite free."

"Still, from what I have seen of Mr. Holt," persisted the other, "I should think he was a gentleman who looked, in some shape or another, for his *quid pro quo*. Moreover, I believe him clever enough to gauge the nature of those with whom he has to deal. If he lends our young friends money, he places them under an obligation; and there is only one way—as it seems to me—by which that obligation can be discharged."

"I think that you are not very charitable to Mr. Holt," said Mr. Campden, with a little flush.

"Perhaps not," said the doctor, dryly. "Still, I think it hard upon the girl to place her in such a position. Suppose a lovely young woman, for example (and what can be more likely?), advanced *me* money upon very doubtful security—should not I be bound, if I could not repay her, to make her Mrs. C.?"

"I believe you're right, Curzon," said Mr. Campden, suddenly; "it has struck me in the same light, myself. The money, if they want it, shall be forthcoming some other way."

He gave a great sigh as he said that, as a thrifty man might do who has made up his mind to some extravagance; but Mr. Campden was not thrifty; and, though he was counting the cost of what he had resolved to do, it was not the expense that made him sigh. If he advised the girls not to take this money, especially if his wife had already persuaded them to do so, "there would be the deuce of a row," he knew, with Julia.

"I say, Jeff, what is *your* opinion of Mr. Holt?" inquired the doctor, presently, pitching his voice so as to reach the others—"that is, so far as you can tell it consistently with loyalty to your chief?"

"Ay, we mustn't disclose the secrets of the prison-house, must we?" said Mr. Campden—"how we rig the markets, and all that."

"I am bound to say that Mr. Holt has been uniformly civil to me," replied the young fellow, frankly—"nay, not only civil, but considerate. In my ignorance and inexperience, I have no doubt made lots of blunders in business matters, and he has never said a word about them. And this is the more creditable to him, because he hates me very cordially, and he knows that I hate him."

"My dear Jeff, I am astonished at you!" exclaimed Mr. Campden.

The doctor looked astonished, too, but with a sly twinkle in his eyes that did not speak reproof.

"No, sir; we don't like one another, and we never shall," continued the young man; "but I do my duty by him, I hope, and, as I say, I have nothing to complain of in his behavior to me."

"Well, I have known many partnerships carried on on worse terms," observed the doctor, cheerfully. "But how was it that oil and vinegar were got to mix in the first instance?"

"The explanation is very simple, doctor. Mrs. Dalton—God bless her!—asked Mr. Holt to take me, and advised me to go. And—and" (here Jeff began for the first time to exhibit embarrassment) "nothing else happened to offer itself."

For the second time the color came into Mr. Campden's face: he could not but remember the circumstances under which Jeff had been driven from Riverside. It was quite a relief to him that a bend of the road here showed them the village—

they were now returning from the mere—and once more introduced, by association, the topic of the morning.

"I should like to have a few words with your sisters before I start, Tony," said the squire, "if they feel equal to seeing me."

"Oh, I am sure they would see *you*, Uncle George, because—" Here he stopped short; what he had in his mind was, "because they could see Mrs. Campden, who is not half so nice;" but, unlike that lady, he sometimes felt a hesitation in speaking his mind.

"Because he is their best friend—eh, Tony?" observed the doctor, hastening to the rescue. "That is quite right. We three will take another turn together, while the squire goes in."

Since Mrs. Campden's departure that afternoon, the two sisters had not met. Kitty had devoted herself to the baby, and Jenny had remained in her own room endeavoring, in vain, to devote herself to her books. They were both aware that it behooved them to be doing *something*: not to give themselves over to the grief that was importuning them to become its prey. They only showed their weakness by avoiding the little drawing-room when they conveniently could, since it was there that the sense of loss oppressed them most: the unfinished piece of work, the still open desk, the book half read, the empty lounging-chair, were for the present daggers, each of which stabbed them to the very heart. Perhaps, too, the consciousness of their disagreement—or, rather, of their want of accord—with respect to the proposition made by Mrs. Campden, had helped to keep them apart for that half-hour or so. A quarrel was impossible between them at any time, much more on the very day when they had laid in earth the being they had loved best upon it, and who had repaid their love with such usurious interest. There were reasons, as I have shown, why these two from the first should not have gone the way of most sisters in this respect; and, since misfortune had befallen them, the bonds of love between them had been naturally strengthened and tightened. It is a poor fancy, indeed, that has painted Love as flying out of the window when Poverty knocks at the door. With those within, if they be not utterly worthless, he remains a more cherished guest than ever. Indeed, it was only their ordinary close affection and unanimity which gave any importance to the difference of opinion between the two sisters; it seemed so strange to each that the other should take an opposite view of any matter.

Jenny on her part had no doubt whatever as to the course they were bound to follow with respect to Mr. Holt's offer. If she had thought Kitty was seriously thinking of accepting it, she would have been furious. She saw it at once in the very light in which it appeared to Dr. Curzon. "This impudent man was offering to lend his money upon the very best of security—namely, on Kitty herself. If the offer was accepted, it was in fact the offer of his hand!" What hesitation, therefore, need there be as to their reply? As to Mrs. Campden's making the proposition, that was only to be expected, after what had already happened, and was another reason, if such were wanted, for declining it. Sooner than see her Kitty sacrificed on the altar to Mammon, for the sake of herself and Tony and the baby, she *would* have "starved first."

But, besides this bitter feeling, there was a fire kindled in Jenny's breast that flamed against almost everybody, nay, which resented the blows of Fate itself. She had taken it ill in church that day that the Bleabarrow clergyman—of whose cure Sanbeck formed a portion not much visited except in the

summer months—should have spoken of her mother's future with charitable confidence. The words of *Hamlet* addressed to the officiating minister at *Ophelia's* grave would have expressed her thoughts. What priest on earth had the right to eulogize her mother, far less to hint a doubt of her perfection? As for the outside world, she scorned it; the chill touch of misfortune had withered up her soul, and shut her sympathies within very narrow limits. Her own flesh and blood: Jeff and the doctor, Nurse Haywood and Uncle George, were now all the world held that was dear to her; and even Uncle George was suffering in her opinion as the husband—or, rather, because he was the slave—of his Julia. Under these circumstances, it was perhaps creditable to poor Jenny that she had been as civil to Mrs. Campden that afternoon as she had been.

Kitty, on the other hand, was actuated by different feelings. Her mother's death had left her—until her father's return, of which, however, she at least still entertained a hope—head of the family, and her soul was filled with the sense of that responsibility. The proposition made on behalf of Mr. Holt did not strike her with that force and significance which it had for her sister; she saw in it a kindness, unexpected indeed, but explicable enough on the ground of his friendship for her father. She looked upon the money as a loan, not as a gift; and though, even so, it would be unpleasant to accept it, she did not think it consistent with her duty to those left in her charge to refuse such an offer point-blank. She had not yet made herself aware how their slender finances actually stood, and therefore could not measure the necessity of the case; and she was solicitous not to lose a friend for her dear ones, and, still more, not to make an enemy. That she could be resolute against dictation when her heart counseled resistance, has been proved by her refusal of Mrs. Campden's generous proposal to take the baby off her hands; but Jenny had left the room before she had displayed this fortitude.

It was, therefore, under some sort of misunderstanding, rather than disagreement, that the two sisters now met in the little sitting-room, having been summoned thither by the squire's arrival.

"My darlings," said he, gently, "this is a sad day for you; but I thought you would not mind seeing Uncle George."

The sight of these delicate girls, so pale and mournful in their simple black dresses, affected him deeply. He noticed that Kitty wept, while Jenny was quite dry-eyed, and yet that the latter looked the more pained and hopeless of the two; that was probably, thought he, because of her physical ailment, poor thing. He tenderly embraced them both, and then spoke some hopeful words about their father.

"Jeff says that it is by no means thought to be a desperate case with regard to the Flamborough Head even now; and that persons are still found to insure her, though, of course, at a great premium.—Come, come, girls, cheer up; I hope and trust that my old friend may come home to see his darlings yet."

"Not all his darlings—not the best of them," moaned Kitty, wringing her little hands.

"I have no hope, Uncle George," said Jenny, quietly.

"Well, well, time will show, lass. My prayer is, that your poor father may be restored to be your guide and protector. But, if it please God to deny this, material matters will, on the other hand, be less untoward with you. His life is insured—though, singularly enough, I never knew it—in a company of which I am a director, for five thousand pounds.

The worst is, that some time may elapse before the proof arrives—that is—"

"We understand," interrupted Jenny, quietly. "Mrs. Campden explained it."

"Yes, yes; and about Holt's offer, and so on. Well, I have been thinking since that you might have some hesitation in accepting that. Now, suppose a little arrangement should be entered into between you two and me, no one else knowing anything about it; there would not be the same objection, would there? Here are two hundred pounds—that would be enough, eh?"

"Oh, yes, Uncle George; but—"

"Now, my dear Kitty, it's a loan; you need have no false pride in the matter."

"But I am not sure that we shall want it, Uncle George, at least not just at present. We shall live very, very quietly now—shall we not, Jenny, you and I? and as for Tony, he will soon be off our hands. It is such an indescribable pleasure to us to think that the poor boy will for the next year or two, at all events, feel no disadvantage from his change of fortune, since you have so kindly offered to send him to Eton."

"To Eton?" said Mr. Campden, reddening. "Yes; to be sure, there was some talk of that. But Mrs. Campden was thinking perhaps some other school—I mean in the boy's own interest—might, under the circumstances, be more suitable."

"Oh, dear, I am so sorry!" said Kitty. "Papa went away so pleased that Tony was to go to Eton; and mamma—I think, somehow, dear mamma had set her heart upon it. Moreover, Uncle George, you promised it," observed Kitty, gravely.

"Well, my dear, I believe I did, and I should like to do it still; but the fact is, Mrs. Campden thinks—However, no matter about that; I promise you the boy shall go to as good a school as Eton."

"Subject to what Mrs. Campden thinks."

"O Jenny, Jenny!" cried Kitty, reprovingly.

Mr. Campden's face turned from red to white. It was the first time either of the girls had seen Uncle George "put out," except by his wife.

"You should not speak to your father's friend like that, Jenny," said he, severely. "It is not becoming in a young girl."

"It is becoming in no one to break his word, and least of all because—"

"Be quiet, Jenny!" cried her sister, with passionate pleading. "How can you, *can* you talk so, when Uncle George has just been so kind?"

"What Jenny says will make no difference as to that," said the squire, coldly. "The two hundred pounds are quite at your service."

"But I am not sure that we shall want them, Uncle George," said Kitty, timidly, and flushing very much at the sight of Mr. Campden's pocket-book. It held the very same notes which had been offered to John Dalton on the eve of his luckless departure from Riverside, and been declined.

"You will certainly want them, my dear," said he; "if not to-day, to-morrow. It is ridiculous to suppose that you can keep house—and pay unlooked-for expenses also—on your little income, without any hope of its being increased."

"We *have* hope, Mr. Campden," said Jenny, slowly. "And I, for my part, at least, would rather not take—"

"You talk very foolishly, girl," interrupted Mr. Campden, with irritation: "if you suppose you can earn your own living, you must be mad. I know you are thinking of your lace-work; but Lady Skip-ton was writing about it only the other day to Mrs. Campden, and assured her that, commercially speaking, it was valueless."

It was a cruel thing to say, even in anger, but the squire little knew what pain he was inflicting. The thought that her little private note to Lady Skipton with its offer of the lace had been made the subject of correspondence between her ladyship and Mrs. Campden, was gall and wormwood to her. "That woman" must have known, then, that she had tried to sell her wares in town, and failed.

"It is not the lace at all, Mr. Campden, which I have in my mind," said Jenny, speaking very firmly.

"What is it, then?"

"It is a secret. I cannot tell *you* what it is, even if you promised not to tell."

"Jenny, you are insulting me."

"No; I am but telling the truth; though, if I did insult you, it would be only what your wife did to us to-day, and has been doing every day since we were poor."

"This is very sad," said Mr. Campden, looking at Kitty.

"Yes, it is," continued Jenny, passionately; "it is very sad to think that one's friends should be so base. I say these things because I am angry; but Kitty thinks the same, though she does not say them."

"There is some frightful mistake," murmured Mr. Campden, helplessly. The alteration in his wife's manner toward her late guests since their misfortune had by no means escaped him; but he had flattered himself that he alone had seen it.

"A mistake!" cried Jenny, scornfully. "Yes, it is a mistake, and very frightful, too, to insult people because they are poor; to patronize them, to endeavor to humiliate them by gifts at the expense of others. That, however, is what one must needs expect of some natures—women's natures. But that a man—a *man*—should promise something to an old friend, and then, when that friend has been lost at sea, and his wife is dead, and his children desolate, should break his word, at the instigation of another—that, I say, is base!"

In her indignation and bitterness, Jenny had risen to her feet. If she had been a strong, big woman, red of face and loud of tongue, one might

have set her down as a virago; but, being pale and wan, and speaking most musically all the while, although her words flowed like a torrent, it was impossible for a man to despise her wrath.

"I cannot stay here to listen to these things," said Mr. Campden, also rising from his seat. "I came here, Heaven knows, without expecting any such scene—I wished to do you nothing but kindness, and I wish it still—Kitty."

"I know it, Uncle George, and Jenny knows it," sobbed poor Kitty; "only, she was put out by the disappointment about Eton; not on her own account, of course, nor even on Tony's, but because it was mamma's wish that—that—and because to-day of all days—"

"Yes, yes; I see," said Mr. Campden, his kindly nature reasserting itself; "it has been very unfortunate. But don't let us part ill friends."

Kitty's answer was to throw her arms about his neck and cover him with tears and kisses.

"Come, Jenny," said he, "you will shake hands with Uncle George?"

"Oh, yes; I will shake hands with you, Mr. Campden; and I thank you for all your kindnesses in old times."

"Well, the old times will come again, my girl, some day; and you will be sorry to have been so bitter with us at Riverside, and I should be sorry, too—only I shall have forgotten it."

"No, Mr. Campden; you will not have forgotten it, though it is kind of you to say you will; and the old times will *never* come back; they are dead and gone." The tears came into her large eyes, her voice trembled, her frail limbs gave way beneath her, and she would have fallen but for Kitty's protecting arm, which in a moment encircled her waist.

"Don't speak, darling; don't worry yourself," whispered Kitty; "Uncle George has not gone away angry; there is no mischief done—at least I hope not. And I don't blame you for what you said—no, not one bit."

Whosoever had deserted them, whomsoever they had lost, these two loving hearts were one, and the stronger for their intertwining.

ANNALS OF THE ROAD.

THE stage-coach may be said to have attracted a more general interest than any other vehicle in history, not excepting the famous Juggernaut of India, nor the sword-bristling chariots in which the early Britons hurled themselves at their Roman antagonists. It belongs to a period not so distant as to have lost interest to the living, and not so near as to have none of the romance of the past—a period in which travel was by no means the prosaic matter it is in these degenerate days of Pullman cars and three-day trips to San Francisco, but an undertaking sometimes involving danger, and always eliciting the anxiety and kind wishes of the friends of the passengers.

Nowadays, if an inquiry about an absentee from the breakfast-table is answered with the statement that he has gone to St. Louis or Chicago for a few weeks, the fact no more disturbs his relatives than would the announcement that he had gone to the post-office for his letters.

But contrast this lamentable condition of affairs

with the time when the old stage-coach rolled lightly out of the tavern-yard to the music of the guard's horn! Then each passenger was bound upon an important mission—seldom one of pleasure—and many in the little crowd that waved adieu at the final crack of the coachman's whip burst into tears, for the departing ones were not destined soon to return.

This interest that we have noticed is essentially sentimental, of course. And what sybarite of the nineteenth century, reading "Tom Brown" in a palace railway-car, does not envy that honest boy in the ride he makes from London to Rugby, and would not exchange the luxury of his own surroundings for the rough-and-ready incidents of the schoolboy's stage-coach journey, the exhilaration of the brisk morning air, and the appetite for breakfast that the first twenty or thirty miles create? Or, if he is reading one of the stirring descriptions of stage-coaching which abound in the prose of Dickens, does he not still prefer the old mode of travel to the new

—the perfume of the hawthorn-hedges, pink and white with blossom—the quiet of the yellow hay-fields and red-tiled cottages, to the throbbing succession of telegraph-poles, the thunderbolt roar and rush of locomotives? There might be highwaymen on the road, it is true. But who, living to-day, with any tenderness or romance about him, would not regard it a pleasure to sacrifice his purse to such importunate gallants as Captain Macheath, Dick Turpin, Paul Clifford, or Claude Duval?

And, though the road was rough and dark, it was illuminated at well-known and much-loved points by such cozy taverns as the Maypole, where the travelers found such hosts as old Joe Willett to entertain them; where the fires blazed half-way up the chimney; where the flip, the venison, the roasts, the broils, and the jugged hares tickled the appetite—which needed no tickling—as the elaborate arts of the *Trois Frères Provençaux* could never do.

So it seems to us that the stage-coach is the mirror of many good old customs, and is in itself a custom well worth reviving. Several years ago some English gentlemen, taking this view of it, put coaches driven by themselves on the most beautiful routes in the south of England; and now the same spirit has broken out in the United States, and each morning a four-in-hand leaves the Brunswick Hotel, in Fifth Avenue, with passengers and baggage for Pelham Bridge.

Nearly every phase of life has its own literature, and this revival of stage-coaching has, we imagine, inspired a book by one Captain Malet, of the Eighteenth Hussars, recently issued in London.¹ The theme is a rich one, prolific in anecdote, and highly spiced with adventure. It recalls from oblivion many a good story and many oddities of character. It required no great literary skill in its treatment, and we may therefore congratulate Captain Malet on having satisfactorily performed his task. The grain was to be had for the reaping, and how abundant the harvest was this book plainly shows.

Stage-coaching became general in Great Britain between 1662 and 1703, and met with the same opposition, Captain Malet tells us, that nearly every innovation on the established order of things is doomed to. One pamphleteer went so far as to say that "it is the greatest evil that has happened of late years in these kingdoms," and another more sweepingly denounced it as being "mischievous to the public, prejudicial to trade, and destructive to lands." "Those who travel in these coaches," continued this Spartan, "contract an idle habit of body, become weary and listless when they have rode a few miles, and are then unable to travel on horseback, to endure frost, snow, or rain, or to lodge in the fields." Yet the earliest stage-coaches were crude and inconvenient compared with the farmers' wagons of our Western Plains. They were not coaches at all, in fact, but wagons, and they moved so slowly that it was jocularly said that the publicans on the

road had time to brew a lot of beer between the time when they were sighted in the distance and the hour when they arrived.

It was not until the government gave the mails to the stage-coaches that the latter became really important and expeditious conveyances. After this they traveled as fast as ten miles an hour, or even twelve, and the guards were armed with blunderbusses and pistols. In 1825 was established the celebrated Shrewsbury "Wonder," which kept up its character for punctuality, safety, and speed, for thirteen years. Starting at 5 A. M. from Shrewsbury, it arrived in London at 9.45 P. M. on the same day, thus running one hundred and fifty-four miles in sixteen hours, including two stoppages. In 1836 the fastest coaches ever known were running between London and Brighton, fifty-one and a half miles in five and a quarter hours; London and Exeter, one hundred and seventy-one miles, in seventeen hours; London and Manchester, one hundred and eighty-seven miles, in nineteen hours; London and Holyhead, two hundred and sixty-one miles, in twenty-six hours and fifty-five minutes; and London and Liverpool, two hundred and three miles, in twenty hours and fifty minutes. On one occasion the "Quicksilver" Devonport mail made two hundred and sixteen miles in twenty-one hours and fourteen minutes, including stoppages.

But all coaches did not sustain the reputation of the Shrewsbury "Wonder" for safety. Between Hounslow and Staines there was a place known as the "hospital-ground," from the number of accidents that happened near it.

"I heard a shout ahead," writes a passenger, of an adventure here, "which came from the guard of the Bristol mail just in front of us. One moment more and we came to a sudden stop by our leaders falling and the main bar unhooking itself. The wheelers passed over the leaders as they lay, and when I picked myself up—for I was half thrown off the box of our coach—I found the leaders under the splinter-bar. A flock of sheep had been frightened by the mail in front of us, and had stood stock-still in the middle of the road, and we had run into them, killing several and smashing ourselves."

Sometimes a coach running down-hill would find a market-wagon at a stand-still in the middle of the road with the driver asleep, and the collision would inevitably overturn both vehicles.

The great day of the year for the mail-coaches was the king's birthday, when a goodly procession of four-in-hands passed through the London streets to the general post-office. They were all freshly and splendidly painted for the occasion, and were driven by men who, as well as the guards behind, were arrayed in new scarlet and gold, with nosebags the size of cabbages on their breasts. The interiors of the coaches were filled with buxom dames and blooming lasses in canary-colored or scarlet silks—the wives, daughters, or sweethearts, of the drivers and guards. But the greatest features were the music of the key-bugles, played by the guards with much brilliancy, and the review by the king and queen, who stood in

¹ *Annals of the Road*; or, *Notes on Mail and Stage Coaching in Great Britain*. London: Longmans, Green & Co.

the windows of St. James's Palace to see the procession past.

The departure of the mails was another sight, which both antiquarians and sportsmen love to recall. At 8 p. m. the coaches, in all the "pride and panoply" of authority, gathered at the post-

with the juiciest cuts of the round of beef. He was a storehouse of reminiscences, and had a story to tell of every point on the road—how Farmer Darby's pretty daughter eloped from the big white house yonder with the squire's son; how by the milestone a highwayman stopped the coach one night and rifled



IN THE INN-YARD.

office in St. Martin's-le-Grand, waiting to receive the bags. It might have been one of the occasions on which all ordinary circumstances are surpassed. The tidings of a military victory had been received, and the mail was about to convey the intelligence to a thousand homes. Horses, men, and carriages, were dressed in laurels and ribbons. Coachmen and guards displayed themselves to best advantage with the royal livery around their rotund forms. Passengers merged the reserve of their individuality in a stronger feeling of natural exultation, and, as the coaches drove with the music of the bugles, the whole neighborhood rang with cheers.

The coachman was a very important functionary with the passengers, who listened to him with the most respectful attention if he was graciously disposed to talk, and never ventured on conversation if he was silent. It was especially wise, with a view to winning his good graces, to be quiet during the first few miles of the journey, when he was busy reckoning his fares and critically examining his team. After this he would eye the passenger sitting next to him, and, if satisfied with his appearance, would open the conversation. It then remained for the passenger to show a knowledge and appreciation of the "art," two things which at once placed him in coachee's affections, and by-and-by the reins would be handed to him with a polite "Now, sir, have you a pair of driving-gloves on?"—the greatest honor that could be bestowed on a traveler of the olden time.

There were many reasons for ingratiating one's self with the coachman: he occupied the head of the tavern-table at meals, and favored his friends

the passengers of their money and jewelry; how a dingy old gentleman was riding to town with him once who proved to be the Earl of Harrowgate; and how the old mill across the brook was in Cromwell's time a refuge of the great protector. He was known by all the villagers and children on the road, and had a smile and salute for all. His mind was of a contemplative turn, and never exercised itself upon things that did not belong to his business, but upon that he was an enthusiast, calling it an art, and regarding it as next in dignity to the peerage.

Sir Henry Peyton once remarked to a coachman of small stature with whom he was riding that it was surprising how well he managed the four-in-hand.

"Well, sir," answered the driver, "what the big ones does by strength, I does by *hartifis*!"

Another anecdote reminds us of Tony Weller: A few years ago a certain baronet, very fond of the road, gave a wedding-dinner to a coachman, one of whose brother-whips afterward described it as follows: "I walks in as free as air; hangs up my hat on a peg behind the door; sits myself down by the side of a young woman, as they calls a lady's-maid, and gets as well acquainted with her in five minutes as if I'd known her for seven years. When we goes to dinner we has a little soup to start with and a dish of fish, as they calls trout, spotted for all the world like a coach-dog, and a loin of veal as white as halley-blaster, the kidney-fat as big as the crown of my hat; a couple of ducks, stuffed with sage and inions, fit for any lord, and a pudding you might have drove a coach around; sherry-white and red-port more than did us good; and at last we goes to tea. I turns my head short around and sees Bill making rather too

free. 'Stop,' says I. 'Bill, that won't do. Nothing won't do here but what's quite genteel.'"

"Were I to get my bread by the sweat of my brow," says a well-known authority on sporting matters, "I would certainly be a coachman." Generally speaking, the occupation is a pleasant one. The competent driver is well paid; he knows his hours of work, and when he is through them he can enjoy himself in comfort. Moreover, there is a charm that belongs peculiarly to the road, which cheers all who are on it. They have their favorite houses of call, the smiles and good wishes of the people whose habitations they pass, and besides these they have many snug things known only to themselves.

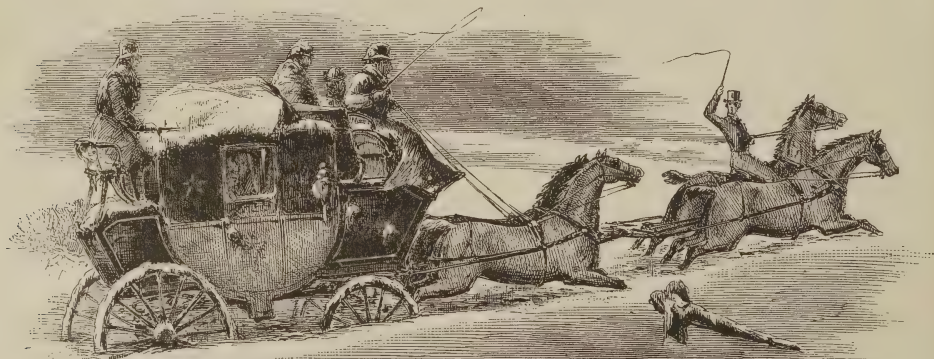
Washington Irving has described the English coachman of former times to perfection: "He has commonly a broad, full face, curiously mottled with red, as if the blood had been forced by hard feeding into every vessel of the skin; he is swelled into jolly dimensions by frequent potations of malt liquors, and his bulk is still further increased by a multiplicity of coats, in which he is buried like a cauliflower, the upper one reaching to his heels. He wears a broad-brimmed, low-crowned hat, a huge roll of colored handkerchief about his neck, knowingly knotted and tucked in at the bosom, and has in summer-time a large bouquet of flowers in his button-hole, the present, most probably, of some enamored country lass. His waistcoat is commonly of some light color, striped, and his small-clothes extend far below the knees to meet a pair of jockey-boots, which reach about half-way up his legs. All this costume is maintained with much precision—he has a pride in having his clothes of excellent materials, and, notwithstanding the seeming grossness of his appearance,

lass. The moment he arrives where the horses are to be changed, he throws down the reins with something of an air, and abandons the cattle to the care of the hostler, his duty being merely to drive from one stage to another. When off the box his hands are thrust into the pockets of his great-coat, and he rolls about the inn-yard with an air of most absolute lordliness. Here he is generally surrounded with an admiring throng of hostlers, stable-boys, shoeblacks, and those nameless hangers-on that infest inns and taverns, and run errands and do all kinds of odd jobs for the privilege of fattening on the drippings of the kitchen and the leakage of the tap-room. These all look up to him as an oracle, treasure up his cant phrases, echo his opinions about horses and other topics of jockey-lore, and, above all, endeavor to imitate his air and carriage. Every ragamuffin that has a coat to his back thrusts his hands in the pocket, rolls in his gait, talks slang, and is an embryo coachee."

The coachman of the present day is a much less picturesque sort of person, however. He drinks nothing on the road, and often adopts the dress of a common citizen.

Sharpness of wit, despite obesity of person, was a characteristic of the old-time coachman. It is related that on one occasion a passenger alighted from his own coach at a tavern for dinner, and, instead of re-entering it, took a seat in another coach bound in an opposite direction. When he discovered his error he expressed the hope to the driver that his baggage, which had been labeled, would go on to its destination.

"Yes, sir," answered the whip, "and if you had been labeled you would have gone on too."



THE STAGE-COACH IN A DRIFT OF SNOW.

there is still discernible that neatness and propriety of person which is almost inherent in an Englishman. He enjoys great consequence and consideration along the road; has frequent conferences with the village housewives, who look upon him as a man of great trust and dependence; and he seems to have a good understanding with every bright-eyed country

Another passenger, who occupied the sixth seat in a coach built for four, complained of his discomfort.

"You'll all dovetail and settle by-and-by," responded the driver, "and then you'll be quite happy"—a joke which people whose misfortune it is to ride in crowded city street-cars will appreciate.

An old coachman tells the following anecdote of

his experience with a new guard: "I remember driving over the downs one winter-day, when the conductor came to me from time to time and asked me if I did not think it very cold. I always answered, 'Oh, dear, no!' But he continued to bother me, and at last said, 'Now, Mr. Barton, it is real cold; and I know that you are cold, too, for your eyes are watering.' 'Watering!' I repeated; 'why, that's perspiration;' after which I heard no more talk from him about the weather."

Coachmen, guards, and postilions suffered much from the cold, and the last were sometimes lifted from their saddles at the end of a stage completely frozen. The Bath coach entered Chippenham one March morning in 1812 with three of its passengers frozen to death; and on another occasion a

coach traveling in Scotland was blockaded with snow, when the guard, mounting one of the horses, carried the mails nine miles farther. The next day he was found dead on the road. In December, 1836, there was a snow-storm whose severity has never been equaled in England, and for ten days or more traveling was nearly at a standstill. Dozens of coaches were buried in the snow, and many of the passengers were severely injured.

The last of the regular coaches was taken off the road in 1862, and in 1869 the amateur coachmen, who include dukes, earls, and other people of nobility, began to appear in force with their four-in-hand drags, by which the tourist in England may see the garden-spots of that garden-country without the prosaic hurry of the railroad.

"GOING TO SCHOOL."

(SEE FRONTISPIECE.)

WE engrave from the Paris Salon picture of last year by Mademoiselle Bôle, entitled "Going to School," this pleasing portrait of a young village maiden of France or Belgium on the way to the seminary, with an atlas or a large *cahier* of copied manuscript under one arm, and a basketful of lesson-books hanging on the other. It is an exceedingly pleasing picture, although we more commonly in this country think of a bevy of school-girls hurrying gayly along through the streets, chattering and laughing, and manifesting in many ways their sisterly fondness for one another. The school-girl is peculiarly a gregarious animal; of all members of the human family, she ought to be painted in groups. But, whether alone or in beves, school-girls always possess a pe-

culiar charm. The freshness of their young faces, the brightness of their sparkling eyes, the neatness of their attire, the gay innocence of their merry laughter, all make up a picture that warms the hearts of old and young alike. The man who has never fallen in love with school-girls must have something hard in his heart. It is perhaps no more than a paternal or a fleeting affection that seizes upon every one when witnessing these happy young faces, but the bright and sometimes saucy innocence of girls just within the shadow of young womanhood has a peculiar and irresistible charm; and, if maidens of more advanced years would learn how to captivate hearts, let them retain the simple, fresh toilets and unaffected manners of their school-days.

IN A SWING.

HE.

EACH daisy underneath your feet
Should count itself thrice happy, sweet;
Each purple trodden clover-head
Should thank you, even when 'tis dead.
How blest is every twisted strand
Of rope, encircled by your hand!
Now up a little; faster! so!
While through the soft June air you go,
I wish that I might always stay
Below you, as I am to-day,
Keeping you far above all care
That other women have to bear;
And high in air though you might be,
You always must come back to me.

SHE.

Dear heart, if June staid all year long,
If twisted ropes were always strong,
If daisy-bloom and clover-head
Were never brown and withered;
If every robin on the tree
Did not look down and wink at me,
And say, "That creature tries to fly,
But knows not how to soar on high;"
If I could bring these things to pass,
Then you should stand upon the grass,
And I above your head would swing.
But life is quite another thing:
Since one of us on earth must bide,
The other should not leave his side.

C. M. HEWINS.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE report goes from newspaper to newspaper, of a zealous citizen, in one of our Northern States, who has commemorated the Centennial year of our independence by the extensive planting of trees.

We wish the newspapers that chronicle this act of patriotic forethought could inspire their readers with a hearty emulation thereof, so that, ere the year ends its course, every household shall have planted its share of trees—shall have given to the future its contribution toward highways tempered by refreshing shade, and have added to the number of cottages that shall nestle under the fretted network of green leaves.

Could we devise a better way for signally commemorating this epoch in our national life? Each tree thus planted would be a monument of our reverence of the past, and a blessing for the future; and by this generous forethought the next Centennial would be celebrated in a land of orchards, of wooded hills, of green lanes, of groves that would be fit temples for the Dryads, of towns hid among arching boughs, of urban and suburban places crowned with sylvan beauty.

In a zealous devotion to the cultivation of trees we should strengthen and perpetuate one of the best characteristics of our national towns. Could we have sent to the Philadelphia Exhibition the street of an American village—one of those elm-lined avenues, with embowered cottages standing back from the highway, which are so abundant in our land—we should have shown our foreign visitors a feature captivating in its beauty, and yet one peculiarly our own. The traveling American may feel fresh interest in the narrow streets and quaint old houses of European towns; but this is pure novelty of sensation, for the American village is constructed upon a principle that gives it preëminently the palm of beauty and healthfulness.

Unfortunately, these tree-lined avenues too often stop at the borders of the town; the traveler emerges from umbrageous shade into long stretches of sandy roadway, upon which the summer sun pours down with uninterrupted fierceness. How easy it might have been in the years past for the people of the towns to have come together and stretched their avenues of arching boughs from village to village! Had this been done, we could now show our Centennial visitors the most truly beautiful land in the world. For neither mountains, nor lakes, nor broad rivers, nor green valleys, have the highest charm of landscape beauty. A mountain without trees at its base, or upon its sides, is commonly a lumpish mass; a lake whose shores are not bordered with towering monarchs of the forest is deprived of the setting which gives to expanses of water their greatest charm; and a valley that is not broken with orchards, and dotted in its meadows with wide-spreading trees, has no sylvan grace whatsoever. In a rural picture trees have the first, the last, and the intermediate place in the scale of beauty; other objects set off or vary the picture, but

trees have the essential place. A swiftly-running stream, for instance, broken into cascades, is very beautiful when shadowed by trees; but it is nothing if the light does not fall upon its surface broken by interlacing boughs, or if green vistas do not hold it in mysterious depths of shadow.

The tree is almost as desirable in cities as it is upon country by-ways or in rustic villages. It screens the promenade at high noon from the downward rays of the sun; it confers wholesomeness upon the atmosphere; it gives seclusion and pleasant coolness to the house before which it stands; its masses of green foliage are grateful to the eye inflamed by the glare of reflected sunlight from the brick walls; it lets into the apartment whose windows it screens a charming, graduated light; it takes, without our aid, life from the air and from the soil, and builds up silently forms of beauty that art cannot equal; it charms, indeed, all the senses with a generous dower of gifts which we cannot too highly praise.

Too often we are heedless in planting trees, and then complain of our want of success. We should begin by selecting those that are adapted to local climatic conditions, and we should choose only those that are hardy and have long life; and if, after making a careful selection, we simply see to it that the roots are planted in a deep and nourishing soil, we need give ourselves no further concern; the tree makes its own life, and, expanding with the seasons, will cast grateful shadows for many generations of men that follow us.

It is not too late for earnest action in furtherance of our suggestion. Let a few zealous men in every town organize, during the summer, an association pledged to plant, when autumn comes, a hundred trees in symbolic commemoration of the Centennial. We doubt if the patriotic enthusiasm of our people could manifest itself in a better way than this.

AMONG the reforms promptly promised by the new Sultan Murad is "the abolition of the seraglio." Should he really have the nerve to do this, what a sigh of relief will escape from the moral English, who have been forced so long to wink at the sultanic polygamy, and give aid and comfort to a pasha with many wives! The English have been very free to sneer at Americans for tolerating Brigham Young; but we do not hear that, in all the advice which has been conveyed from St. James's to Stamboul, it was ever hinted that the English found it difficult to support a sovereign who entertained wives by the ship-load.

Will the seraglio really be done away with? Visions arise of lightly-attired ladies, with smooth, dark skins and long, shadowy eyelashes, whom we have been wont to imagine as reclining on silken-pillowed lounges, playing on lutes, eating pomegranates, and puffing languidly on gilded *chibouques*, sipping black coffee, and served by swarthy serfs with candies and pastry, filing sadly out of

their wonted splendor, and betaking themselves no one can tell whither. We fancy the new sultan turning a deaf ear to seductive Circassian merchants, and resolutely passing galaxies of newly-imported beauties with sternly-averted head; living, indeed, like a Christian gentleman, with one fair partner to share the carès of his crown and the comforts of his wealth.

Much of the poetry of the seraglio, it is true, has been dissipated by the prying eyes and unfaithful descriptions of later travelers, and Byron's description of it turns out to have been to a great degree evolved out of his own sensuous imagination. Miss Pardoe gives us the idea that the seraglio is a very stupid place, full of gaud and glitter, but sleepy and uninteresting; while Thackeray thought he discovered that "the houris spend the best part of their time in trying on new dresses, eating sweet stuff, talking to parrots, and winding up French clocks." Yet there is something picturesquely Oriental in the idea of the seraglio; and even the tales of the faithless wives who used to be sewed up in bags, carried into boats, and let drop in the swift current of the Bosphorus, rather roused the interest of the sentimental than shocked the merciful feelings of humanity.

Society in Constantinople must greatly change if the seraglio is abolished in earnest; for lesser pashas must follow the example of the Grand Turk himself. What, then, will become of those processions of carriages, with oxen to draw them, and veiled beauties peeping through their shutters, which now wend their way on pleasant afternoons to the Valley of Sweet Waters? Where will be those gay feasts in the suburbs, in which the pashas with their wives now so lavishly indulge? Whither will vanish the army of ebony attendants who now guard the harems with so fierce a fidelity? Yet even the sentimentalist, who may regret the extinction of the sort of romance with which polygamy now surrounds the pin-nacled city of the Eastern Cæsars, may be in a degree consoled by the fact that the seraglio has had much to do with the decay of Turkish rule, and bids fair to run it very soon into utter ruin. The extravagance, caprices, and tyranny of the houris, have brought more than one Grand Turk to grief; and the seraglio has always been the centre of the very worst and most corrupt sort of political intrigue. So it is that even in Turkey, where women are apparently held in such light respect that it takes a shipful of them to match the dignity of one man, they have been the cause of many wars, revolutions, and assassinations. A languishing Circassian beauty has more than once upset a ministry and decided the fate of a prince of the blood; and has cried for the head of a hated statesman as a child for a toy, and only dried her eyes when her wish was granted. With the seraglio would disappear one of the remaining relics of Oriental custom in Europe; and, should Murad abolish it, he would give a very striking proof of his sincere desire that his realm shall be regenerated. But perhaps even this would come too late.

WITH all the disposition among people to talk in praise of pictures, it must be confessed that we rarely

see a painting that completely touches the heart or captivates the imagination.

It is true that some men experience delight in the technical triumphs of the painter. They find great pleasure in colors, textures, and drawing; the exhibition of skill and knowledge in handling the pigments is of itself sufficient to win their hearty approbation; but people generally haunt the galleries in search of the beautiful. They are yearning for stories upon the canvas that shall thrill them with exalted pleasure; and art is scarcely entitled to the high place which it claims to fill unless it can do just this thing for them. There is a quiet beauty in many productions of the pencil that has its subtle and refining charm; but we all of us need sometimes the loftier purpose, the profounder passion, the thrill of intense sympathy. This great mission painting too rarely fulfills. "The instances," says George Eliot, in "Daniel Deronda," "are scattered but thinly over the galleries of Europe, in which the fortune or selection even of the chief masters has given to art a face at once young, grand, and beautiful."

In the Centennial loan-collection at the Academy of Design, in this city, there is one picture that seems to us to meet the demands of the eager imagination. It hangs amid many paintings of great artistic worth—for the collection is one of the best ever exhibited in New York. There are near it a hundred illustrations of great mastership in the art—charming landscapes, pleasing compositions of *genre* subjects, exquisite examples of still-life painting; there is no lack of artistic device, of magnificent color, of triumphant execution; indeed, we doubt if the painting we have mentioned is the equal of many others in pure artistic knowledge; but it has a story to tell that thrills the heart of the spectator through and through.

The title of the picture is "The Last Token," the painter being Gabriel Max, of Munich. The scene is in Rome, in the days of the Christian martyrs. A young woman of rare comeliness has been cast into the arena to be devoured by wild beasts. A portion of the wall of the arena alone is shown; the spectators are not revealed. A leopard and a hyena are there, but, being already gorged with flesh, take no heed of this new victim. But through an aperture in the wall there protrude the head and shoulders of a huge leopard just entering from his den upon the scene. The young woman is heedless of the horror of her impending fate, for some one among the spectators above—a lover, doubtless, or some devoted friend—has cast a rose down at her feet. Enraptured at this signal of love, she has cast aside her veil, and stands with uplifted face beaming with love, and lingering desire for a parting look at the dear one who has remembered her in this time of terrible trial. The composition of the painting is very simple. As few accessories as possible are introduced. There is only the young woman with her eager and beautiful face, the leopards, and the rose. But the painting is, nevertheless, crowded with imaginative thought: the cruelty of those early times; the faithfulness of young converts to their new-found spiritual hope; the devotion of human affection—

these are told with an eloquence that subdues the heart of every observer.

The beauty of the composition is certainly not deformed by bad workmanship, although it is quite probable the technical skill of the painter might be excelled. In one particular he has sacrificed physical truth to a higher artistic truth. The leopard entering upon the scene exhibits little ferocity; on the contrary, he is slothful and indifferent. Ordinarily kept hungry in their dens for these occasions, the wild beasts would burst out upon their victims with furious eagerness for their horrible banquet. But such a delineation would have heightened too much the horrors of the scene; would have given it, indeed, too theatrical a character. The fate of the young woman is inevitable; this every one feels; and it is better that, while the coming horrors should be suggested, they should be subordinated to the affecting story of the rose.

There is too much of a disposition to underrate American art. In another private collection now open at the Metropolitan Museum, in Fourteenth Street, it seems to us that among many examples of European art an American landscape by Church takes a leading place. Nevertheless, our painters seem to lack imagination. They paint with great success our lake, coast, and mountain scenery, but they do not people these scenes with imaginative persons; they have no human story to tell; they ignore the aspirations, the emotions, and the passions of their race. It will always be found that the hold of an art upon people will depend upon the measure of human passion there is in it: this is true in literature; and painting must comply with a law that applies to all productions of the imagination. If painters would more frequently tell upon canvas a story so dramatic and heart-touching as this of the doomed martyr and the rose, art would enlarge its domain, and, instead of merely pleasing the dilettant taste of a few, would awaken the appreciation of the multitude, and carry to the hearts of millions lessons of heroism, of fortitude, of faith, of affection, of divine beauty—would fulfill, in truth, that mission of æsthetic elevation which it perpetually claims as its own, but commonly most inadequately accomplishes.

Or Blücher, the tough old Prussian trooper who helped Wellington win Waterloo; who hated Napoleon with such bitter hate that he did his best to catch him simply that he might have him shot; who gave the name to a kind of boot which he does not appear ever to have worn; who, when he first saw London, raised his hands and exclaimed, "Mein Gott! what a city to sack!" who traveled all the way from Paris to Caen to get crabs and oysters fresh for dinner; who gloated over his finding Napoleon's carriage and spy-glass on the field of Waterloo—of Blücher the world has hitherto known little, excepting such hints and stray anecdotes as these. Yet Blücher was certainly one of those historical characters that we should know well; for he was the military ancestor of the sturdy Prussian stuff which we have seen work such valorous wonders in our own day. Of almost all the other prominent characters who figured in the

years early in this century, we have very ample, and of some redundant, details. Think of the volumes on volumes of memoirs, notes, correspondence, recollections, dictated memoranda, and works embracing biography on every side, which exist about Napoleon! True, we scarcely ever get very far into the true character of the very man himself in any of them; but yet there is very little mystery left about Napoleon. Then Wellington, and Alexander, and the Duke of Brunswick, and Ney, and Soult, and Bernadotte, are people perfectly well known to us, thanks to the ample military biography of their time. The fiery little Prussian field-marshal, who won the nickname of "Vorwärts," still remained obscure; but the other day a Prussian journal began publishing a series of his private letters, written through the Waterloo campaign, which shed a sudden and very interesting light upon him.

The picture which these letters give us is not, it must be confessed, wholly fascinating. It was very much as the world has suspected: there was something very coarse and brutal, and almost savage, in the hot-blooded little man who came tumbling upon the field of Waterloo just in time to decide Napoleon's fate. His exultation at that despot's fall was not mingled with the slightest compassion for prostrate greatness, the slightest respect or restraint in view of Napoleon's utter humiliation. "He fled," writes Blücher, with ferocious joy, "in the night, without hat or sword. His hat and sword I send to-day to the king. His very rich state cloak and carriage are in my hands. I also possess his eye-glass. The carriage I will send to you." Blücher really seems to have been more delighted at getting his clutch on this booty than at the triumph of Prussia and the glories of victory. He lost no time in trying to trap Napoleon, and did not despair of getting the opportunity to shoot him "in the very ditch where D'Enghien fell," until the English had him safely and mercifully stowed away on board the Bellerophon.

Blücher's eagerness to pillage Paris, as soon as he reached it, and, when Wellington would not permit this, to blow up bridges and otherwise mutilate the city, appears again and again in these letters. He gave little thought to political accommodations or treaties of peace. His hands itched first for booty, then for vengeance. He glared first on the riches, then on the monuments of Paris, and was like a bloodhound, chafing under the collar and chain which Wellington insisted on attaching to him. Wellington he liked, evidently, and somewhat feared. He had some little pride, it would appear; for, on one occasion, when he was invited to visit the Iron Duke, he jotted down, "I must be on my guard as to drinking." Perhaps, however, this was less on account of his respect for Wellington than of the remembrance that, on previous occasions, certain humane concessions had been wrung from him when he was under the too gracious influence of Clos Vougeot and Veuve Cliquot. Blücher, though he might like Wellington, took a fierce prejudice against the English, who he declared bored him; and another object of his aversion was the sea. There is a gleam of a quality to like in this sentence

from one of his letters: "I leave France poor as Job. I have made it a rule to take nothing, and the money I have saved I have expended in Paris." So, if he craved booty, it was at least for the benefit of his soldiers and the king, and not that he himself might be enriched.

A GOOD deal is said about the indisposition of Americans for pedestrian journeys. It is not asserted that Americans in Europe are less fond of jaunts on foot than other travelers there; the criticism and the censure appear to be confined to our countrymen at home.

Assuredly, if our people show no special fondness for pedestrian excursions, it is hardly a matter for wonder. The most confirmed pedestrian demands certain conditions for a journey on foot: there must be good roads, attractive scenery, comfortable inns, ere he will put on his walking-gaiters and take up his staff. Two of these requirements America does not possess. Our wayside inns are commonly whitened sepulchres, which all men enter with misgivings, and our roads are constructed as if pedestrianism were an unknown art. One who undertakes a long journey on foot with us knows in advance that much of his jaunt must extend over roads cut up with deep ruts, without footpaths at the side, for the most part unprotected from the sun by shade-trees, covered with loose sand, that with every passing vehicle or every puff of wind rises in clouds of dust, and with miserable taverns for resting-places at long and uncertain intervals.

We imagine that pedestrianism is not likely to become a very general passion so long as these disabilities remain. At best, distances in this country are excessive for foot-journeys; but there are some portions of the country that have many attractions, despite the bad roads and the worse inns. The Clove-road in the Catskills is very inviting to the pedestrian; the valley of the Connecticut has great charms; the open, breezy downs in Eastern Long Island are peculiarly pleasing; the road along the Hudson ought to be thronged with people fond of exhilarating landscape; but the attractions of Nature which these sections possess are not sufficient. There must be comfort for the foot, and frequent agreeable resting-places, if we are ever to see pedestrianism take an acknowledged social place.

The public indifference to the condition of our highways is something quite remarkable. Visiting recently a flourishing village near New York, we found everywhere evidences of prosperity and wealth, except in the highways. The roads that led out of the town were lined with extensive parks and costly villas, but the owners of these summer places permitted the highway that swept by them to remain in a state of most rude disorder. "We have everything here," said one of the citizens to us, "churches, schools, libraries, gas, water, everything but roads." It is puzzling to understand how it is that a public spirit so active in many directions should stop at the highway. Remembering not only our country roads but our city streets, it would seem as if Americans were born into an indifference upon the matter. The necessity of poor roads in the early settle-

ment of the country seems to have passed into an inherited idea of their inevitableness; we appear to accept bad roads as a dispensation of Providence which it would be wrong to resist.

We most certainly shall never render pedestrian excursions at all tolerable until the evil is remedied. And this is matter for serious regret. Imagine our roads thronged, as the mountain-passes of Switzerland are, with groups of young men fresh with elastic vigor, their cheeks browned by the sun, their cheerful laughter ringing upon the air, with knapsack on back and alpenstock in hand, giving picturesque animation to the highway, and laying for themselves foundations of health and practical knowledge! Few things could be better for our young men than this, or better for the country at large. Under a dispensation of good roads we might come to see the fixed national habit grow up, as in Germany, whereby every youth would be understood not to have completed his education until he had explored on foot the by-ways and rural places of the land.

We have suggested in another column a labor of love for the young men of our villages. When the organizations formed under the idea there set forth have planted each its Centennial trees, they need not disband; their energies may then be directed to the highways, creating public opinion in favor of reform, and perhaps practically supplementing the labors of the road-masters. In this country it behooves the people to show an energetic zeal in all matters of progress, to unite in forming a public opinion that will have its coercive force upon State officials, and to combine so as to further by private enterprise all those things that conduce to the weal of the community.

AMPLE credit for ingenuity, as well as a kind of immortality, will be achieved by a certain French chemist, if he proves that he can do what he boasts that he can. He claims that he has discovered certain chemical preparations by which the human body can be petrified to the solidity and durability of granite. Whether or not he has ever really accomplished this feat, we do not very explicitly learn; but there is something temptingly glossy and ornamental in the word "ivorine," which is the name he gives to the human form when thus brought by science into the plight of Lot's wife.

It need scarcely be said that, should success crown the efforts of this worthy chemist, quite a revolution in many respects would take place. What need, then, of cemeteries, or of long and learned discussions about cremation, ending mostly in verbal if not pyral smoke? Every family might then have its gallery of statues, ancestors picturesquely posed in the front garden, lares and penates startlingly visible in the corners, and mayhap supporting ornamental chimney-pieces. What the world will have missed that this discovery was not made before! We might have seen Cæsar, not "dead and turned to clay," nor "stopping a hole to keep the wind away," but stately and statuesque, standing with heavy brow in the Roman capital; we might behold Shakespeare, and never more be perplexed whether the

Chandos or Stratford likeness was the best ; Washington's own self might have been one of the sensations of the Centennial. The art of the sculptor would be confined to the purely imaginary, and cities would only have to mount their illustrious dead on "ivory" horses, which they bestrode in life, wherever a monument to departed greatness was needed. The world, indeed, would soon be peopled with its dead, illustrious and obscure.

What a matter-of-fact affair death would seem if we could see familiar faces still around us, only deprived of expression and speech ! But we suspect the boast is too good—or, perhaps, too bad—to be true. St. Francis Xavier is said still to preserve a miraculous perfection of body, due to the saint-like virtues of his earthly career ;

and at Strasburg they show you a semi-petrified old fellow who is said to have been one of the Dukes of Burgundy. But the world has grown old believing in the natural as well as the divine law of "dust to dust," and will be incredulous until the Paris chemist sets up a few "ivory" statues to be gazed at and recognized. Indeed, the more we think of it, the less we like the idea of meeting "ivory" ghosts at every corner, however deftly they might be finished off to resemble the elephant's tusk. It is to be feared that mediums might find in them too apt instruments to scare the timid. The only people we can think of who might rejoice at such a discovery are the husbands of scolding wives, who, it is to be apprehended, would in some cases be happy to live gazing at their Xantippes reduced to dumbness.

New Books.

THE fatality of fame has fallen heavily upon Hawthorne during the past month. Nothing was more repugnant to him during his life than the idea that some one would write a biography of him after his death, and he did all in his power to prevent it ; but a biographer has now appeared who was not content to relate the short and simple story of Hawthorne's life, but endeavors by the most minute scrutiny and comparison of what he did, and wrote, and recorded of himself, to penetrate the inmost sanctuary of his genius, and lay bare the very pulse of the machine. Doubtless, too, Hawthorne thought he had secured for "Fanshawe" the oblivion to which he consigned all his immature productions, but the tireless industry of his admirers has not only secured for it a posthumous lease of life, but has disinterred from the pages of sundry old magazines and newspapers enough of the random and miscellaneous "pot-boilers" of his younger days to fill two volumes.

It is true that in the opening chapter of his "Study of Hawthorne" ¹ Mr. Lathrop disclaims any intention of writing a biography, and asks us to regard him rather as painting a portrait ; but while his aim is primarily critical and interpretive, it soon becomes evident that it falls quite within the scope of his scheme to use all the biographical material that he was able to bring together, and this in fact gives the book its chief value. For, while it cannot be denied that Mr. Lathrop's expository criticism is often excellent and always suggestive, as an effort at psychological portraiture the "Study" is far from satisfactory. We will do Mr. Lathrop the justice to suppose that some definite ideas underlie the mystic cloudiness of his earlier chapters, but to our mind he seems in his too elaborate attempt to reproduce Hawthorne's *milieu*, as Taine would call it, to have blurred a character the main outlines of which are not difficult to gather from his published works, and especially from the wonderful series of his "Note-Books." Furthermore, there is something in the tone and method of the book which grates upon our artistic conscience. We seem to be assisting at the dissection of a "subject" which is the victim of body-snatching, and where the skill of the operator is at least as conspicuous a part of the exhibition as the anatomical results supposed to be arrived at. For Mr. Lathrop does not always avoid the

offense which his method renders it peculiarly easy for him to perpetrate—of assuming a tone of patronizing superiority toward the personality whose length and breadth, and height and depth, he has taken it upon himself to gauge. Suggestive and helpful as some portions of the "Study" unquestionably are, we doubt if any sincere and appreciative lover of Hawthorne will read it without pain ; and, having read it, the wisest thing he can do will be to follow Mr. Lathrop's advice, "throw the volume away, and contemplate the man himself," as revealed in his own inimitable works.

PERHAPS not the least enjoyable and instructive of these works of Hawthorne's will be found in the two volumes of miscellaneous pieces which the fastidious author had suppressed and forgotten, and for the resurrection of which we are indebted, it is said, to the indefatigable researches of the late Mr. J. E. Babson. ¹ "Fanshawe," Hawthorne's earliest attempt at novel-writing, fills the greater portion of one of the volumes, and the fragments of "The Dolliver Romance" occupy a considerable part of the other. Of neither of these is it necessary to say much here, though we may remark, in passing, that Mr. Lathrop's abstract and analysis of "Fanshawe" is almost the best part of a book in which the purely interpretive criticism is nearly always strikingly good. The remaining contents of the volumes consist of shorter pieces, mostly essays and biographical sketches, contributed by Hawthorne to the *Salem Gazette*, the *New England Magazine*, and the *American Magazine of Useful and Entertaining Knowledge*, during the ten years of seclusion which followed upon his leaving college. Some of these are almost as perfect as anything of the kind he ever wrote, but others are peculiarly interesting as exhibiting Hawthorne's method and style in their formative stage. Crude Hawthorne never was, even his boyish compositions showing something of the precision and grace of his maturer works ; but somehow it is encouraging to find that such consummate and exquisite literary art was not wholly an endowment of Nature. As an acquirement it does not seem so far removed and unattainable as when it had the exclusive semblance of a "gift."

¹ A Study of Hawthorne. By George Parsons Lathrop. Boston : J. R. Osgood & Co. 1876.

¹ Fanshawe, and Other Pieces. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. Boston : J. R. Osgood & Co.

The Dolliver Romance, and Other Pieces. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. Boston : J. R. Osgood & Co.

IF Mr. Horace E. Scudder possessed half the skill in the construction of a plot or the invention of incidents that he displays in the conception and delineation of character, he would have respectable pretensions to be regarded as the coming American novelist; but "*The Dwellers in Five Sisters Court*,"¹ his first serious attempt at fiction, is rather a series of character-studies than a novel. Whatever of story there is, appears to be a fortuitous concurrence of events, and not a deliberately planned and orderly evolution of circumstances; while of incident, movement, or the sustained and continuous interest which we look for in a story, there is absolutely none. At one point of the narrative we seem to get the promise of one of those romantic, complex, and vaguely-mysterious situations in which Hawthorne used to delight, and further on all the machinery is introduced for an orthodox and soul-harrowing love-story; but neither of these scents leads to anything, and in the very middle of the book, just when its various threads seem finally placed in our grasp, the plot suddenly collapses, and throughout the remaining chapters we are left to struggle with all the difficulties of an anti-climax. True, a sort of love-story is carried on to its legitimate and usual conclusion, but its later phases are tame to insipidity, and, moreover, violate all the indications of the earlier ones. We imagine that Mr. Scudder tired of his *dramatis persone* before they had worked out the destiny originally assigned them, and took the shortest cut he could find to the natural and necessary end of his story; or perhaps it would be nearer the mark to conjecture that, when the time came for action rather than analysis or description, his labor became irksome, and he abandoned an effort which is evidently not congenial to his powers.

As we have already said, the strength of the book lies in its character-studies. These are wonderfully clever and spirited, and show the force of a genuine creative artist as well as the deftness of a practised literary workman; but even here we cannot fail to perceive the author's inability to fuse his materials. Nicholas Judge, and Dr. Chocker, and Paul Le Clear, and Miss Pix, and Mr. Soprian Manlius, and the rest, are inserted into the story not like actors in a drama, but like portraits in a gallery, each occupying an independent and slightly isolated position. To the last, in spite of the humane and hospitable efforts of Miss Pix and the personal magnetism of Miss Lovering, the dwellers in Five Sisters Court remain as separate and distinct as on the evening when Nicholas Judge blundered into Dr. Chocker's study; and they certainly at no time furnish any reason for their association other than that their creator found it convenient to exhibit them together.

MR. SCUDDER again confronts us among the books of the month in the second volume of the "*Sans-Souci Series*," a compilation entitled "*Men and Manners in America One Hundred Years Ago*."² This belongs, of course, to the Centennial literature, and, by reason of its peculiar field, challenges comparison with Mr. Edward Abbott's "*Revolutionary Times*," already noticed in the JOURNAL. Diminutive as the latter is, it must be conceded that it is a much more satisfactory book to those who would learn the precise points in which the Revolutionary period contrasted with our own; but Mr. Scud-

der has succeeded in bringing together from all sorts of out-of-the-way sources a highly-entertaining collection of anecdotes, reminiscences, gossip, personal sketches, and society pictures of a hundred years ago, in the New England, Middle, and Southern States. A considerable portion of the volume is primarily amusing rather than characteristic, and here and there the art of the book-maker is a little too conspicuous; but, on the whole, none of the Centennial books so far published deserves a wider audience or will be read with more interest. The manners and customs of the period, and even its fashions, are very fully depicted, and these, of course, afford an inexhaustible fund of entertainment to us degenerate sons and daughters of the Revolutionary forefathers, just as we, doubtless, shall afford an amusing spectacle to our posterity of a hundred years hence. The crucible of Time produces many strange transmutations, but it is difficult to imagine that any of our present culinary customs can appear to a future generation so curiously perverted as the manner of serving tea and chocolate in the olden time: "The height of the fashion was to put into the kettle of chocolate several links of sausages, and, after boiling all together, to serve the guests with a bowl of chocolate and a sausage, which was cut up, and then the mess eaten with a spoon. When tea was first introduced into Salem, the usual mode of serving it was to boil the tea in an iron kettle, and, after straining the liquor off, the boiled herb was put into a dish and buttered. This was eaten, while the liquid decoction was drunk without sugar or milk, to wash down the greens." Surely, as the author quoted remarks, "the modern mode of taking tea in French porcelain gilt cups, with patent loaf-sugar and cream, stirred with a silver spoon, is more delicate, refined, and elegant!" The volume is embellished with several pictures, one of them an excellent engraving of the signing of the Declaration of Independence, after Colonel Trumbull's well-known painting; and another, taken from the *Westminster Magazine* (London), being a cumbrous but effective satire on the inactivity of the British forces during their occupation of Philadelphia in the winter of 1777-78.

IT is in no slight degree suggestive of the difference between the two eras to turn from Mr. Scudder's pictures of the men and manners of the Revolutionary period to Dr. Hammond's treatise on "*Spiritualism*."¹ Whatever the penetrative and wholesome common-sense of the olden time might have made of the spirit-rappings, table-turnings, mediumistic trances, and "materialized spirits" of our modern witchcraft, it is certain that the robust and unquestioning faith of that period would have stood aghast at the aggressive rationalism of Dr. Hammond's method. The men of a hundred years ago would probably have found a speedy way of putting down the "heresy" of spiritualism, but it is eminently characteristic of our own time that Dr. Hammond feels sure of his audience when he seeks purely material origins for all imaginative faiths, and resolves miracles and visions, clairvoyance and revelation, into phenomena of nervous disease.

Dr. Hammond's theory of "spiritualism" is that such portions of its phenomena as are not the result of conscious imposture and legerdemain are referable to diseased or abnormal conditions of the nervous system, or to delusions of the senses, in accordance with well-known psychological laws. The Davenport, the Homes,

¹ The Dwellers in Five Sisters Court. By H. E. Scudder. New York: Hurd & Houghton.

² Sans-Souci Series. Men and Manners in America One Hundred Years Ago. Edited by H. E. Scudder. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

¹ Spiritualism, and Allied Causes and Conditions of Nervous Derangement. By William A. Hammond, M. D. Illustrated. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

and the Fays, he regards as mere tricksters, whose performances are more than matched by those of Messrs. Maskelyne and Cook, the English conjurers, and "sorry and insignificant," indeed, in comparison with those recorded of Oriental jugglers, ancient and modern. The few phenomena which are not referable to either imposture or delusion originate, as he maintains, in epilepsy, chorea, catalepsy, ecstasy, hysteria, or insanity; and he cites many cases from his own practice and observation which parallel in every particular some of the most noteworthy "proofs" brought forward by the spiritualists.

Dr. Hammond's book is an inexhaustible repository of the marvelous, scarcely less entertaining in parts than the "Arabian Nights," and will prove invaluable to all scientific students of psychology; but, while it exposes many of the pretensions of spiritualism, it is far from being either a conclusive or a satisfactory treatise. The difficulty is, that it proves too much. The entire structure of human knowledge is based upon the assumption that the testimony of the senses is substantially accurate; but in his anxiety to overthrow the so-called evidence brought forward by spiritualists in support of their faith he makes use of a line of argument which would invalidate the evidence of Science itself, and by which, indeed, Berkeley found it easy to prove the unreality of the external world, and of everything except certain ideal conceptions of the mind. Moreover, it is hardly fair to such men as Mr. Alfred Russell Wallace, Mr. Crookes, and Professor Huggins, to class the observations and experiments to which they certify with the miracle-delusions of the middle ages. The fact that hundreds of credulous devotees believe themselves to have witnessed the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius has no relation to conclusions reached by scientific men after applying the most rigid and ingenious scientific tests. It must be confessed, indeed, that if "expectant attention" can so frequently and effectually deceive a trained observer like Mr. Wallace, there is no reason why the same agency should not reduce to the same level of illusion Mr. Darwin's testimony that he has seen plants eat animals.

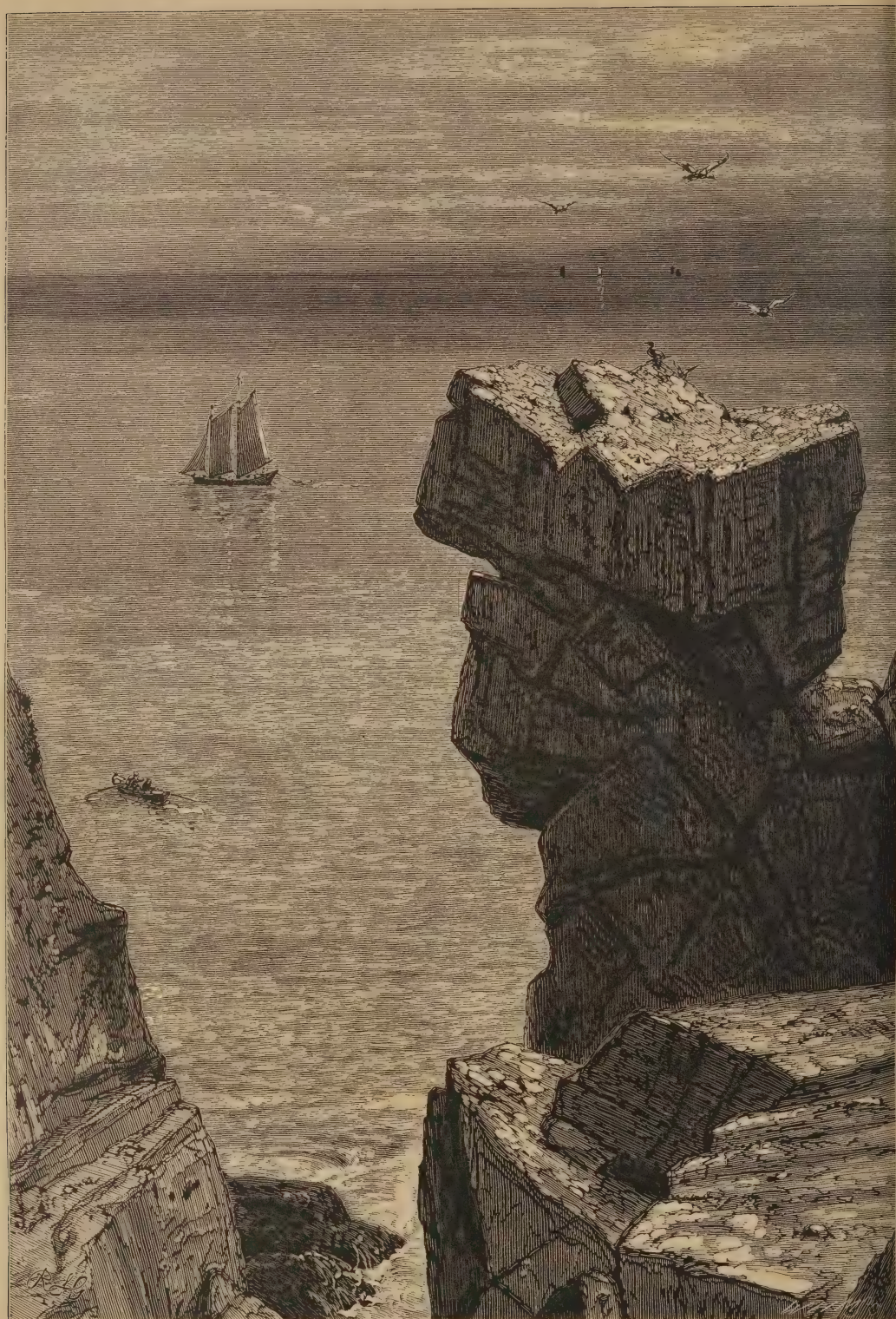
It is always refreshing to read Miss Alcott's stories, if for nothing else, for the inexhaustible relish of youthfulness which pervades them. Whether she labels them as fathers and mothers, uncles or aunts, guardians, teachers, or lovers, her characters are all boys and girls, whose shoulders have never felt the burden of the time which presses so heavily on the rest of us, and whose minds are guiltless of that introspective self-contemplation which it is the delight of modern novelists to depict. They live, moreover, in a delightfully simple and easy world, untroubled by any of the complexities and difficulties which beset our own, and where the fabled achievements of the Arabian genii are dwarfed into commonplace by the every-day performances of its inhabitants. In our own world the vice of intemperance has perplexed the law-makers, shamed religion, and repeatedly defeated the best endeavors of the philanthropists; but in Miss Alcott's world two or three village-belles have only to make up their minds that it mars the beauty of their rustic paradise, and, *presto!* it disappears before the magic of their influence. The virtues, indeed, fairly clamor for recognition; vice slinks instantly away before the glance of a disapproving eye; good resolutions not

only always triumph, but make the difficulties which they encounter ridiculous by their insignificance; and the entire population has only to be "jolly" in order to have the time fleet as merrily as it did in the golden age. One would suppose that these youthful, not to say juvenile, qualities would naturally be abated by the progress of time and the lessons of experience, but Miss Alcott's latest volume¹ is as fresh, lively, entertaining, and optimistic, as the first she wrote. It contains nine short stories, bristling with morals and reeking with fun, and addressed apparently to that numerous and interesting class of young ladies who are experiencing the delicious transition from short skirts to "trains." One of the best of them is called "A Centennial Love-Story," and it will place a new obstacle in the way of satisfactorily seeing the great show at Philadelphia by compelling its readers to conjecture that they see "Dolly" in every especially pretty waiter-girl, and "John" in every young man with a sketch-book under his arm.

MISS LUCY LARCOM states on her title-page that her collection of "Roadside Poems"² is designed for summer travelers; and in her preface assigns as a reason why it should form an agreeable companion to them that "it lingers by brook and river, among mossy rocks and wayside blossoms, and under overhanging trees, and climbs and descends the hills of our own land and the countries across the sea." Our own definition of it would be "poetry for the pious and the pensive," and we should recommend it to those who would discover what lessons in theology and morals the poets have derived from the contemplation of Nature. In the entire collection there are scarcely half a dozen of the purely descriptive poems in which English literature is so surpassingly rich; and on the other hand one may go to it with confidence for any one of the devotional or meditative pieces of the better known poets who have drawn their inspiration from natural phenomena. From this point of view, perhaps, the book has a "function;" for there are doubtless many cultivated and serious-minded persons who see nothing in the aspects of Nature but "food for reflection," and who take no genuine interest in a mountain or a brook unless it be associated in thought with some phase or experience of human life. Even for summer travelers of this character, however, Miss Larcom's collection possesses few advantages over the better known anthologies, while it decidedly lacks their variety of interest. In point of fact, there is to our mind no product of the current passion for book-making for which it is more difficult to find a *raison d'être* than for these ephemeral collections of poetry which are too meagre to be representative, too commonplace to be fresh, and whose only element of original interest is that they reflect the individual taste of the compiler. If there be really a demand for such books, there is no reason why there should be any limit whatever to the supply, for it cannot be doubted that the work of making them would be found easier even than translating from the French, which has now become the favorite exercise of literary aspirants.

¹ Silver Pitchers: and Independence, a Centennial Love-Story. By Louisa M. Alcott. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

² Roadside Poems for Summer Travelers. Edited by Lucy Larcom. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.



"OUR SUMMER PLEASURE-PLACES."

Cliffs of Grand Manan, Coast of Maine.

APPLETONS' JOURNAL.

OUR SUMMER PLEASURE-PLACES.¹

SO various in character and large in number have become the places to which we resort for recreation and rest during the summer solstice that many books have to be written to suitably set them forth. How, as one turns over the pages of some of these captivating volumes, he ever succeeds in determining which of the thousand claimants upon his attention shall give him the benefit of its freshening airs, is puzzling to understand. And even if the indefatigable summer pleasure-seeker resolves to enjoy them

a trout-stream, a lake, or a prospect, little knows the legion that await his coming.

Nature has certainly done wonders for us in the way of glorious scenery and inviting sheets of water; when man has effectually done his part in the hotels that he sets up and the locomotion he provides, the summer resorts of America will be endeared to every heart as so many happy paradises.

Their variety is fairly endless. They skirt our sea-border; they nestle among our hills and moun



EN VOYAGE.

all successively in turn, he must depend upon the years of a centenarian to accomplish his purpose. The dozen or so leading "resorts" are, of course, quickly compassed; but the ambitious youth who thinks to carry his knapsack into all the places that parade large hotels, or rejoice in a mountain, a glen,

tain; they line our river-courses; they take possession of our islands; they make gay our lakes; they hang over our glens and cascades; they marshal in all places that have a natural grace. The weary town-worker who pants for green hills and shady dells, or longs for the tonic of tumbling sea-waves, may find his health-giving rest at any point to which he may turn.

Away on the coast of Maine are many notable places. First, on its remotest border, and without its

¹ Appletons' Illustrated Hand-book of Summer Resorts, including Tours and Excursions. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1876.



WEST POINT, ON THE HUDSON.

dominion, is the island of Grand Manan, the home of fishermen and sea-fowl, with rugged and towering cliffs, and rude, primitive life, but with every condition to attract the artist, the sportsman, and the adventur-

er. It is not easy of access, being reached only by fishing-vessels from Eastport; but this may prove its chief attraction in the estimation of some tourists. Its cliffs are the highest on our shore, rising four



SCENES ON LAKE GEORGE.

hundred feet ; and altogether it is a wild, weird place, the home of storms and fogs. Nearer than Grand Manan, and with some of its characteristics, is Mount Desert, also an island, lying a little over a

supply an endless variety of picturesque objects. The only drawback is the lack of surf-bathing.

From Mount Desert all the way to Cape Cod are innumerable places to charm the lover of the sea-



LAKE CHAMPLAIN, NEAR TICONDEROGA.

hundred miles from Portland, in Frenchman's Bay. As it has an area of a hundred square miles, its separation from the main shore implies no unpleasant limitation of space. Mount Desert is girdled by cliffs and crowned with mountains, the only instance on our Atlantic shore in which the latter come down to the sea. The resources for the pleasure-seeker are therefore many ; there are fine sheets of water for boating, and excellent marine fishing ; the mountain-paths on the island are wooded and picturesque ;

shore. Twelve miles off from Portsmouth are the famous Isles of Shoals, a sea-girt group of little islands furnished with a good hotel, where one may fancy himself, even when upon the firm-set earth, far out on the bounding ocean. Here all the air is salt ; the sea-spray moistens the beard and hair ; and one sleeps to the murmuring of the waves. One who would forget the turmoil, the parched highways, and the dust-laden airs of the land, can at the Isles of Shoals isolate himself from all past experience,



LAKE ERIE.

and the sea-cliffs, cut by the tireless waves into many fantastic forms, hewed out into caves, shaped into obelisks and columns, and sometimes dragged down by the elements into a chaos of titanic blocks,

and with every breath inhale fresh sensations of pleasure.

But the Eastern shore abounds with places that allure the summer traveler. The shore intermingles



A "CARRY" IN THE ADIRONACKS.

beach with rocks, so that with fine bathing-places are many curious rocks with their weather-worn surfaces, and caverns and caves with their wealth of strange marine life. There are the fashionable resorts of Nahant and Swampscott, the quaint old fishing-towns of Marblehead and Gloucester, the old historic Salem and Newburyport—in fact, this entire shore is replete with varied beauty, full of historic association, and a tourist might with vast delight and pleasure spend a long summer upon its sea-beaten rocks and in its antique towns.

But we have as yet only begun to enumerate all the seaside resorts. The breezes and quaint places about Cape Cod are not to be forgotten: the superb Martha's Vineyard far down Buzzard's Bay, where the Methodists congregate every summer in vast numbers for camp-meeting purposes, has all the salt savor of a sea-surrounded place; and Nantucket, some thirty miles farther out in the Atlantic, we all know as once a great whaling-place, but still retain-

ing the quaint characteristics of an isolated people accustomed to go down to the sea in ships. Then there is all the eastern portion of Long Island, where we cease to find rocks, but instead conglomerate cliffs of pebbles and sand. Long Island ends in two spreading prongs, between which lies the superb Peconic Bay, a noble sheet of water, capitally



CRYSTAL CASCADE, WHITE MOUNTAINS.

adapted for boating and fishing. At the inland boundary of the bay is Shelter Island, where the land rises to fine wooded hills, and where recently large hotels have gone up. Sag Harbor is an old whaling-town; Greenport is a new, green, shaded village on the northern prong, inhabited by prosperous fishermen: East Hampton, on the ocean-side, is one of the most charming and picturesque villages in the country, to which come every summer many lovers of green lanes and rural solitude. The open downs on Eastern Long Island, where many cattle are grazed, and over which al-

ways sweep pleasant breezes from the sea, have an indescribable charm. The southern shore of the island is protected for long distances by islands of sand, within which are bays admirably suited for boating. Fire Island is here, where those fond of trolling for blue-fish come in great numbers. There is no scenery but the sand and the ocean; but sands and sea and boats have an ineffable charm. Nearer the metropolis is Rockaway Beach, which repeats all the fascinations of Fire Island; and now we reach the shores of New Jersey, where Long Branch and Cape May flourish to the knowledge of all the world. At Barnegat Bay are many of the same great features that are so attractive on Long Island. At the Highlands near Long Branch one



THE FLUME, WHITE MOUNTAINS.



CORDUROY-BRIDGE MOUNT MANSFIELD ROAD.

may find the sea-shore, a picturesque inland river, with fine fishing, and high, beautifully-wooded banks—these features not elsewhere coming together on our coast. Fortress Monroe, or Old Point Comfort, at the mouth of the Chesapeake, where there is every facility, we are told, for bathing, boating, and fishing, forms the southern terminus of sea-coast places visited in the summer season by the Northern pleasure-seeker. From the shores of Grand Manan the distance is some eight hundred miles. How varied the scene, how multifarious the pictures, how abundant the means of pleasure! South of Newport, as we have already said, there are no rocks; but the shore and the sea, no matter what the conditions, have ever a penetrating charm. The advance of the waves is life; a single white sail upon the expanse of water makes a picture; the salt savor of the breeze carries tingling pleasure to the veins; the pebbles upon the shore and the strange forms of marine life that abide under the sand and within the caverned rocks are full of interest; even the old wrecks that the sands are engulfing make picturesque effects. Hundreds of thousands are enjoying the scenes; they congregate in vast numbers at Cape

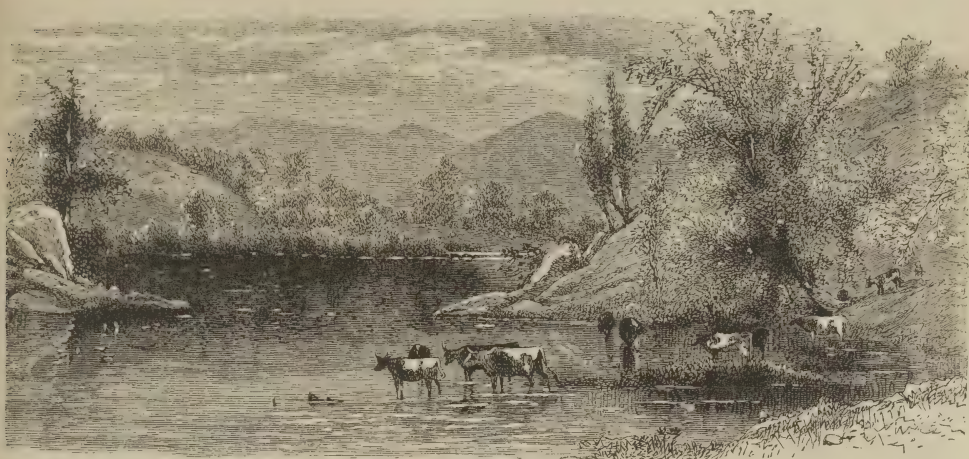
May, at Long Branch, at Rockaway, at Newport, at Nahant; they people all the intermediate places, hang upon every cliff in Maine, clamber every rock and explore every recess on the Eastern shore, and their feet press on the sands of Long Island and New Jersey—a vast army of votaries at the footstool of Old Ocean.

But the mountains and the lakes press forward to dispute the supremacy of the sea. They, too, can point to their multitudes of pilgrims, of those who love the exaltation of the hilltops, the ripple of the lakes, the music of the waterfalls, the solitude of the forests, the flowers of the meadows, or who come to medicated springs for their healing waters.

In number and measurement the inland places greatly outdo those of the shore. They extend from the Saguenay and Ottawa of the North to the mountains of North Carolina, and reach from the Atlantic Ocean to the Pacific. Our space is brief, and we can do no better now than catalogue some of their names,

but even the mere enumeration of our vast resources of this nature excites the imagination. Mere statistics sometimes have glow and eloquent speech! Our mountains in the far West reach the splendor of the Alps; our lakes outnumber those of any other land, and some of them equal the beauty of the Swiss; our rivers are rivaled only by the Rhine and the Danube; our forests retain their primitive supremacy; and scattered everywhere are beautiful valleys, sylvan dells, grand cascades, embowered villages! The only difficulty is, that many of these places cannot be reached and enjoyed save with great discomfort. Our poorly-ballasted railways suffocate us with dust, and our hotels are too often huge barracks, in which the art of living has not yet found a place.

But let us simply glance at the places that invite the summer tourist, depending upon the author of "Summer Resorts" for our guidance. Far up in Maine, on the verge of the great Maine forest, is Moosehead Lake, a sheet of water forty miles long, in which trout abound. There are good hotels here, but it is usual for sojourners to attempt camp-life. Mount Kineo overhangs the shores of the lake with

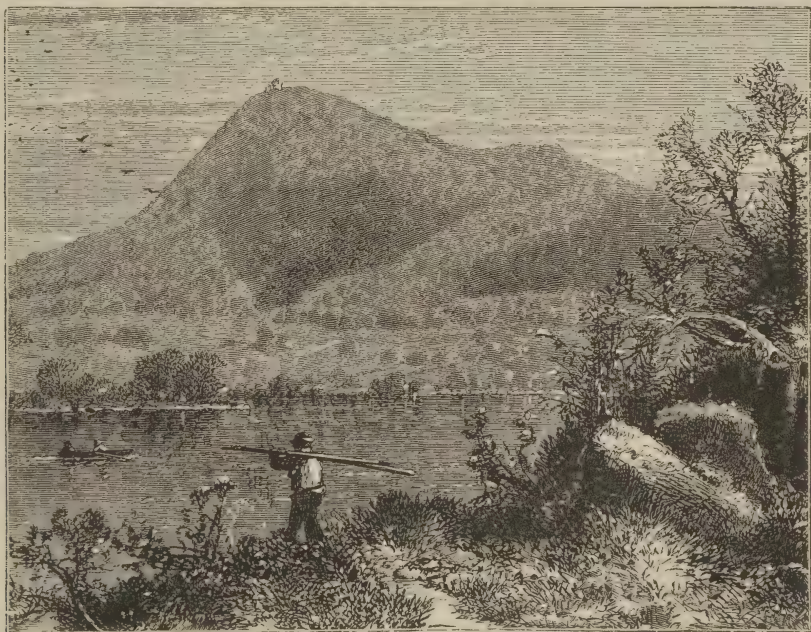


VIEW OF CATSKILL MOUNTAINS.

a precipitous front over six hundred feet high. "Those," says our compiler, "who love the vastness and solitude of primeval wilderness, may push westward from Moosehead Lake to the Umbagog district, till they hear the melodious names of the Indian Lakes Moosetoemagunticok, Allegoundabagog, and Welocksebacock. The scenery, climate, and game, rival those of the Adirondacks, but it should be understood, however, that the tourist who undertakes to penetrate the outlying forest and lake region has no easy task before him. Rugged roads and scant physical comforts will not be the most severe trial; for in many places he will not find a

road or inn at all, but must trudge along on foot, or by rude skiff over the lakes, and trust to his rifle and his rod to supply his larder." This is just the picture to fascinate some adventurous spirits, and hence we quote it as a tempting bait to all those thirsting for woodland adventure. It is also said that an enjoyable route for the adventurer is from the lake, by a two miles' portage, down the west bank of the Penobscot. Mount Katahdin, the great mountain of Maine, may be ascended from the river-shore.

From Moosehead we glance at Lake Winnepesaukee, lying south of the White Mountains. Edward Everett has left on record the opinion that he



MOUNT HOLYOKE, MASSACHUSETTS.

has seen nowhere abroad a lovelier scene than this lake presents. The waters are pure ; it is dotted with islands, and lofty hills and mountains close it in ; all charming, but it lacks, at least, the snow-capped peaks and the delightful villas of the Swiss lakes. Near it is Squam Lake, a much smaller but scarcely less beautiful sheet of water. Up on the northern border of Vermont, crossing into Canada, is Lake Memphremagog, a superb, mountain-inclosed sheet of water, some thirty miles long. Numerous other lakes diversify the surface of the Eastern States, but we are on the borders of New York, which ought to be called preëminently the Lake State. The great Ontario forms a large part of its western and northern border ; the superb Champlain separates it from Vermont ; and it holds within its bosom that gem of all our inland sheets of water, Lake George, and the scarcely less beautiful Cayuga, Seneca, Skaneateles, Canandaigua, Otsego, Oneida, Cazenovia, Chataqua,

lacks the white-capped peaks of the Swiss lakes to equal them in beauty, if its three hundred or more islands are not a feature that more than compensates. They probably do more than compensate those on summer vacations, as they offer admirable camping-grounds. To break away from civilization and live out-of-doors is one of the intense desires of many people ; and hence on these dry, shaded, breezy islands of Lake George, with glorious hills, charming water expanse, and excellent fishing, camp-life abounds and has every nomadic felicity.

To these *petit* gems stand in contrast the gigantic lakes of the West. In Lake Erie are the Wine Islands, recently become favorite resorts, where the life and the scene have their novel features, and which are gay with animated groups of boating and picnic parties. Far up in the strait between Lake Huron and Lake Superior is Mackinac Island, which is only some three miles long, but full of interest. It



THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.

Mohonk, Mahopac, and the several score of lakes that lie among the Adirondacks. Singularly enough, our lake-region lies wholly in the North and West. Neither the Alleghanies of Pennsylvania, the Blue Ridge of Virginia, nor the mountains of North Carolina and Tennessee, have lakes, picturesque and beautiful as many of their mountain-streams are. There is not one of the New York lakes that is not a delightful summer place for the town-wearied searcher for wholesome air and pleasant scenes. A sheet of water would seem to be almost indispensable for true beauty in a landscape, especially if the view be an extensive one. There is always a charm in swift streams flowing through shadowed forests ; but if one emerge upon an open landscape the eye searches for an expanse of water, and is delighted in seeing one as it mirrors the hills and forests that encompass it, reflects the blue depths and moving clouds of the sky, and holds suspended upon its surface the oar or the sail of the pleasure-seeker. Lake George only

is an old military post of the United States ; was originally settled by the French ; has an antiquated village ; is marked by high and picturesque rocks ; and the waters that surround the island are wonderfully clear, teeming with fish of delicious flavor. The fisherman sees the fish toying with his bait, and the active little Indian boys on the piers are always ready to dive for any coins the visitor may throw into the water for them. If report speaks true, this is a very gem of an island, and, great as the distance is, would reward the summer tourists that visit it.

From Mackinac we pass to the shores of Lake Superior. A steamer carries the passenger through the lake, giving him glimpses of its bold and striking shores ; but, if one would enjoy all their wild and rugged aspects, he must command a vessel that will land him where he lists. Excursions to the Pictured Rocks, and other striking features of the shores, can be made from the town of Marquette. Lake Supe-

rior invites the attention of the explorer ; there is the fascination of the dangerous and the unknown ; the life is wild, the adventures racy, the experience exhilarating and health-giving.

And now, as to the mountains. We would say nothing of the White Mountains, because every one is familiar with them, either by personal experience or by description ; nor would we dwell upon the Catskills, which come next in the affections of tourists and artists. The Green Mountains of Vermont are scarcely inferior to them in altitude, and, as their name implies, the vigorous forests that clothe their sides give them supreme beauty. Mount Mansfield is the highest ; a road from Stowe ascends to the top, along which can be noted, in the ravines below, grand forests. There is a smuggler's notch, similar to the great caverns of the West, that is certainly wild and eminently picturesque. The clove-road of the Catskills is one of the most charming highways in the world ; and all throughout these mountains are spots immortalized by the artists. The Adirondacks of recent years have been the fascinating theme of all lovers of the wilderness. People hurry to them by the thousands to enjoy a taste of nomadic freedom. The lakes are covered by their boats, and the forests that border the lakes are animated by their camping-grounds. But there are parties who penetrate into the interior, put the keels of their boats upon fresh waters, and set their feet in places where the primitive wilderness has remained uncontaminated by the presence of man. Rich in adventures, in experience, in life, in health, in beauty, are these interior Adirondack journeys ; and if the labor is sometimes severe—such as a “carry” of boats and effects over rugged forest passes from one lake to another—still the rewards are manifold.

Our space is nearly occupied, and yet innumerable places remain to be mentioned. The mountains of Pennsylvania are lofty, green, and beautiful ; the Upper Susquehanna runs through a wild region with many trout-streams, and places for the accommodation of anglers ; the Alleghanies have their many summer hotels ; the Upper Delaware is glorious in picturesque beauty, and at the Delaware Water-Gap there is every charm of river and mountain scenery. A little way above it the romantic Raymondskill and Sawkill attract the angler and the artist. The Connecticut Valley has its hundred points of interest ; the Genesee flows into Lake Ontario through picturesque shores ; the Berkshire Hills of Massachusetts and the valley of the Housatonic wear the crown of sylvan beauty ; the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence invite the dreamer, the poet, and all who love to sit contentedly in boats and be wafted amid green-fringed isles ; the Ottawa and the Saguenay of Canada offer stupendous



ROCKS AT MACKINAC.

cliffs and wild forests ; and far away are the wonders of the Yosemite, and the mountains and springs of Colorado ; and in Virginia lies a picturesque region of springs.

And let us say, finally, that it is a mistake to suppose that our summer resorts have not each, in its way, a legitimate purpose to serve. To some brain-fagged men the brilliant gayety of Saratoga or Long Branch is a tonic ; their ideas are freshened, their whole nature stimulated, by this free contact with their fellow-beings ; with others a watering-place only repeats the experience of the town, and such long for the seclusion of the woods, the exhilaration of the mountains, or the rough life of the sea. He must be dull of imagination or sluggish in his sympathies who cannot find in mountain or watering-place, sea-shore or forest, the place that will serve the purpose of a summer resort—freshness to the mind, strength to the body, and recreation to the whole nature.

M A R I A N N E.

BY GEORGE SAND.

(Conclusion.)

XVII.

PIERRE, although resolved to keep a faithful watch over Marianne, returned to take his staff and traveling-bag, accessories that gave a motive for his habitual excursions, and without which it would have been a matter of astonishment to see him roaming about with no special object in view. In the country, if a person wanders round without a distinct purpose, he is considered insane; but if he appears to be looking for or collecting something, he passes only for a scholar, which is a less grave offense, unless some accusation of sorcery is mingled with this reputation.

Pierre had agricultural knowledge enough to assume a practical aspect. It was generally supposed, as he was so curious concerning ruins, plants, and rocks, that he was employed by government to collect the statistics of the country. Never would a countryman of the interior think that a private individual would devote his time to these researches for his own pleasure or instruction.

The sun had risen when Pierre André reached the beech-wood that adorned the ravine above Validat. There, concealed in the underwood, he could explore at a glance both the farm and the surrounding roads. There was a great agitation at the farm, probably on account of the dinner that Marianne was getting ready; and about five o'clock he saw Marianne herself, giving orders, going and coming in the yard. Then Suzon was brought to her, whom she mounted and guided toward the place in the wood where the stream flows.

Pierre descended the hill rapidly, and reached the little ford at the same time that she did.

"Where are you going so early?" said he, in a tone of authority that surprised her.

"Does that interest you, my godfather? I am going to the Mortsang farm for some butter. We need it for your dinner, and I am determined that nothing shall be wanting for you at my house."

"Send some one, Marianne, and do not go to Mortsang—I beg you, do not ride through the country to-day! Stay at home and wait for us: to-morrow you will know if you must interrupt or continue your solitary rides."

"I do not understand you."

"Or you will not understand. Well, know, then, that Philippe Gaucher quitted Dolmor in the middle of the night to carry you a bouquet—only he made a mistake and carried it to Mortsang, or somewhere else; but if you go there you will run the risk of meeting him."

"What if I should meet him?"

"As you please. I have warned you. If you wish to run after him—"

"No one can suppose that I am so anxious to see him."

"He will suppose it."

"He is, then, a fop in an extreme degree."

"I do not say so; you must be the judge of that; but he has much assurance, and you already know it."

"Yes, he has assurance; but between assurance and folly there is a margin. Tell me about him, my godfather, since we are alone. I give up doing my errands to-day, as you disapprove of my intention. I shall say, when I return, that Suzon is lame, and I do not wish to use her this morning. But let us talk a little while, since we have met so opportunely."

"I do not meet you. I was on the watch for you."

"For me? Indeed!"

"Yes, for you. I owe you advice and protection until the moment you say to me, 'I know this young man, and he suits me.' That moment will arrive perhaps this evening or to-morrow morning. I do not think my guardianship will be of long duration, in the way Philippe carries on his affairs."

"You believe that I shall get acquainted with him this evening or to-morrow? You endow me with an intelligence that I do not possess."

"My dear, you make pretensions to a stupidity that is pure coquetry."

"Ah!" said Marianne, who listened to and examined Pierre with a curiosity more marked than usual; "say that again, my godfather! Explain me to myself. I ask only to know myself. I appear to be stupid, you say, and yet I am not so?"

Pierre was embarrassed by so direct and unexpected a question.

"I did not come to dissect you," he said. "My title of godfather only authorizes me to protect you from outside insults. You wish me to talk to you of M. Philippe—you appear very curious for what concerns him—you, so indifferent to everything else. I have nothing to say of him, except that he is enterprising, and determined to please you by every means in his power."

"He wishes to please me? Then it is certain that I please him?"

"He says so."

"But does he think so?"

"I know nothing about it; I cannot suppose that he would seek you for anything but yourself."

"What does he say of me? He is not acquainted with me. He cannot think me pretty."

"He thinks you pretty."

"He cannot think so; is it not so, my godfather? Tell me, I pray you."

In questioning André in this manner, Marianne

had taken on an animated expression, resolute and timid by turns; she blushed, her glance was full of fugitive flashes. It was a true transformation. Pierre was greatly struck by her appearance.

"You love him already," replied he, "for you are really pretty; it is he who brings you the beauty you did not before possess."

"If he brings me beauty," said Marianne, who became suddenly crimson with pleasure, "he makes me a charming present, and I am much obliged to him. I have always thought myself homely, and no one has yet undeceived me."

"You were never homely; and I do not know that I ever said—"

"Oh, you," replied she, quickly—"you never looked at me—you never knew what kind of a face I have."

"This is coquetry again, Marianne. I have always regarded you—with interest."

"Yes, as a physician regards a patient; you thought that I should not live. Now that you see I am going to live, there is no need of further trouble."

"You see, however, that I did not lie down last night from anxiety."

"But what anxiety? Let us see. What danger can I run with M. Philippe Gaucher? Is he not an honest man? At his age one is not corrupt; and, besides, I am not a child, and unable to know how to preserve myself from the fine words of a young man."

"There is, in reality, only the danger of gossip on your account before you have made up your mind—you who are so afraid of idle talk that you will not receive me at your house."

"Oh, you, my godfather—that would be more serious. It is well known that you would not marry me; you are not in the same case as a man who wishes to establish himself."

"What do you say? That is absurd. I would not marry you if I had had the misfortune to injure your reputation?"

"Yes, indeed, you would marry me from a point of honor, and I should not wish to cause you such embarrassment, nor be forced to accept marriage as a reparation."

All Marianne's words troubled André profoundly. They had involuntarily stopped—she in the stream, where Suzon wished to drink, he leaning against a block of sandstone. The stream flowed transparent on the sand that it hardly seemed to moisten. The trees, thick and clothed in their fresh leaves, enveloped the objects with a soft, green tint, with which mingled the rosy light of the rising sun.

"Marianne," said André, becoming very pensive, "you are truly very pretty this morning; and the young fop who has ventured first to discover your beauty must have a profound contempt for me, who have spoken of you with the modesty a father ought to have when his daughter is praised. He will certainly tell you of it—"

"Well! what must I think?"

"You must think that a man in my position should not regard you with the eyes of a lover, and

that he is not ridiculous because he renders justice to himself. You seem to reproach me for having been blind from disdain or indifference. Can you not suppose that I have been so by honesty of heart and by respect?"

"Thanks, my godfather," replied Marianne, with a radiant smile; "you have never wounded me by your indifference. It is of little importance to me to be considered beautiful, provided that I am beloved, and I am very sure that you have always had a sincere friendship for me. If M. Gaucher is not a desirable match for me, tell me, and I will do what will please you."

"Wait till this evening, Marianne; if he suits you, all will be changed, and you will ask no more advice from me."

"He might please me and displease you—if he pleases me, so much the worse, for I will listen to you just the same."

"You are making fun of me, my child; if he suits you, I must be pleased."

Marianne changed countenance, and became suddenly the cold little person whom Pierre knew so well. It seemed that the resignation of her godfather had wounded her, and that, weary of seeking to rouse in him an outburst of emotion, she renounced anew, and this time forever, the hope of being loved by him. "Since you leave me so perfectly free in action, I shall think no more only of questioning myself. Adieu, for a short time, my godfather." And she was going to retrace her steps, when Pierre, carried away by a violent agitation, seized Suzon's bridle, crying out:

"Wait, Marianne; you cannot leave me with these ice-cold words!"

"Ah, well! godfather," said Marianne, pacified, "what words must I say to you?"

"Words of affection and confidence."

"Did I not say them in promising not to marry against your will?"

"And you do not understand that I cannot accept your submission as a sacrifice?"

"Perhaps it will not be a sacrifice, who knows?"

"Who knows? Yes, indeed! you know nothing yet!" And Pierre, intimidated and discouraged at the moment when he should have found expression for his emotion, loosened Suzon's bridle and bent down his head, but not quickly enough to conceal from Marianne two tears that hung on the edge of his eyelids.

XVIII.

"At last," said Marianne to herself, as she retraced her steps toward home, "it seems to me that I see clearly. I thought he would never love me! Did he not think and write that marriage was a tomb, and that he should never be contented with a peaceable and certain happiness? For all that, how vexed he was in seeing me hesitate; what a singular character he has, and how he distrusts everything!"

Marianne entered the house and shut herself up in her chamber, a prey to an agitation she had never experienced before. She was very severe in her self-

examination. She recognized that her meeting with Philippe had disturbed her a little, and that, in allowing herself to be guided by instinct, she felt a certain satisfaction in the appreciation of this stranger. "Do not these decided people make their feelings known immediately," she thought, "and should we not thank them for sparing us the torments of hesitation? Pierre has a respect for me, this is flattering and acceptable; but does he not carry it too far? Does he wish me, then, to make the advances? Is it not in the order of things that man should take the initiative?"

Marianne felt impelled and, as it were, taken possession of by a very logical and very true proclivity—that which leads the weaker sex to esteem above everything in the stronger sex the resolution that is characteristic of manliness. She had trembled with joy when Pierre had seized with authority her horse's bridle to hold her back; but Philippe would not have given up his hold, she was sure, and Pierre had shown but a small amount of courage. However, those two tears that he could not restrain—Philippe had not shed them.

"Perhaps his timidity is the enforced consequence of mine," thought Marianne. "Never have I said a word or even given him a look that would lead him to suppose that I wished for his love. I am too proud, he believes me indifferent or stupid. Would he love me freely if I were coquettish and a little bold? Who knows?"

Pierre resumed on his side the road to Dolmor, without thinking any more of watching Philippe; his tears flowed slowly and unconsciously. "My destiny is accomplished," he said to himself; "to crown the history of my aberrations, I love once more the impossible. As long as Marianne was free and appeared indifferent to me, I did not think of her. The day when a rival, who has every chance in his favor, presents himself, I feel jealous and hopeless. I am really insane, and an idiot besides, for, at the moment when I ought to declare my passion, I feel more than ever that it is impossible to make an avowal."

He found his mother up and preparing the breakfast. He liked better to complain of Marianne than not to speak of her at all. He gave an account of the interview, and added: "Marianne is a coquette, I assure you, and cruelly inclined to jest. She wished to lead me on to say that I was in love with her; she wanted this triumph before avenging herself. This evening or to-morrow she would laugh at my folly with her future spouse."

Madame André tried in vain to dissuade him from this opinion. She went so far as to swear that the little neighbor had never loved any one but him, and that it was for him alone she had waited five or six years; but, as she could not affirm that she had obtained the proof from Marianne's confessions, Pierre repulsed the hope as a lure of the most dangerous kind. He would not own that he was in love, and his mother, out of patience, ended by saying:

"Ah, well! let us take our part, and, if this mar-

riage troubles and vexes us, we will say that we did not wish to prevent it."

Philippe arrived in time for breakfast and did honor to it. He afterward told Pierre that he had made many useless attempts to find Validat, that he had come near laying down his wreath of honey-suckle at the door of Mortsang, but that, he was informed in time of the name of the locality and that of the owners of the manor, that he had gone on still farther and had found only a desert of marshy land; that at last he had retraced his steps, and had approached, about eight o'clock in the morning, a very unpromising farm that he was going to quit without stopping, when he had seen in a meadow a little horse feeding on the grass. He had recognized this little animal as Mademoiselle Suzon. He had penetrated into the meadow through the thorns, and, after having put the wreath around the neck of the lean mare, returned triumphant, judging his enterprise successful and his night well employed.

Pierre scarcely replied to him, and, in order to get rid of him, advised him to lie down, lest the want of sleep should paralyze his powers of fascination. Philippe declared that he could go without sleep for three nights and not feel the worse for it, which, however, did not prevent him from throwing himself, without letting any one know, on the moss in the hollow of the rocks, and tasting there the sweets of repose until nearly noon.

As the clock struck twelve, the *patache* and mare from Validat arrived at the door of Dolmor. Madame André had put on her dress of puce-colored silk, still fresh, although it had seen ten years of service. Philippe appeared in a black coat of the most fashionable cut, and wore a dazzling cravat. André made no change in his usual Sunday costume. Madame André took her seat in the *patache* that Marichette's husband was preparing to guide by walking at the side of the mare. Philippe, seated at Madame André's side, pretended to drive, but he could not succeed in bringing the horse to a trot, an unusual pace for a breeding-mare of the country.

André had set out before them on foot. He arrived first at Validat, but he waited for the arrival of the *patache* before presenting himself. The clumsy vehicle, finding the gate open, made its majestic and slow entrance, and stopped between the door of the house and the dung-heap. Philippe found his future home a little too rustic, and resolved to change *all that* for more suitable buildings. Marianne, who awaited her guests on the threshold of her farmer's apartment, received them precisely as if they were simply countrymen. Marianne had, however, a very pretty little sanctuary on the other side of the partition; but she was not yet disposed to admit a stranger there, and Pierre was much pleased that she did not immediately grant the *entrée* to her new guest.

Marianne, after having embraced Madame André, given her hand to her godfather, and welcomed without timidity the guest who was presented to her, conducted Madame André to her own room, that she might take off her shawl and black veil. At this

time the poor citizens' wives did not wear bonnets; they went out with veils on their white-linen caps.

XIX.

PIERRE was inwardly amused at Philippe's discomfort, although he tried to conceal it as well as he could under an assumption of playfulness. We have little idea of the simplicity, I will say even of the rusticity, of the habits of our country proprietors in this region and at this epoch. Marianne had apparently made no change in the customs of her childhood. For a long time she had possessed no other living-room than this great apartment, with the joists saturated with smoke, whence hung bunches of golden onions, and from the centre of which, instead of a chandelier, swung an open-work receptacle, where the cheeses were kept. The peasants in this region are very neat. If the hens and ducks find their way at all times within the house, the farmer's wife, armed with a broom, is incessantly on her feet to drive them away, and remove the traces of their presence. The beds and all the furniture are thoroughly rubbed and shining; the dishes glisten with cleanliness on the shelves; but the great beds of yellow serge, faded till they had taken the tint of dead leaves, the black fireplace, with its pot-hooks encumbered with pots, cats, and children, the flag-stone pavement uneven and full of crevices, the smallness of the single window, the constant collision with the ceiling, ornamented with provisions and utensils that must be avoided in walking around—all this did not offer to the young Parisian an idea of satisfactory comfort, and he could not even imagine a painter's studio in this locality without light and height.

As considerable shrewdness mingled with his petulance, he took care not to say a word to André, who would give expression to his disappointment. He contented himself with asking if they were going to dine in this place. "I presume so," replied Pierre. "Mademoiselle Chevreuse has somewhere a small apartment, but I have not entered it since she has fitted it up, and I do not know that she possesses a dining-room. I think that she lives on a footing of complete equality with her farmers, and takes her meals with them."

"Then we are going to eat with all the workmen on the farm? That is charming, and what I call true country-life."

At this moment Marichette came to say to Pierre that if the gentlemen wished to walk in the garden they would find seats there, and that the young lady was already there with Madame André. "The garden is behind the house," added she; "but if you wish to pass through the house to the young lady you will not have to go around the buildings."

"We prefer to go around," replied Pierre, who was, however, very curious to penetrate within Marianne's abode, but who did not care to show the way to his companion. They passed to the back of the farm, and entered Marianne's garden, where they found the table standing and the cloth laid in the little sheltered parterre extending in front of the apartment. The glass door was wide open, and,

without entering, for there was no one within, they saw a small sitting-room with old-fashioned wainscoting, painted white and newly varnished.

The Louis XV. furniture matched the wainscoting. The mirror, garlanded with those pretty festoons of carved wood that are imitated with indifferent success at the present time, had at that epoch a very antiquated appearance, for fashion, especially in the country, absolutely proscribed them. The effect was none the less coquettish and charming—these garlands of a polished white pendent upon the transparent glass that, partially concealed by sheaves of wheat placed in front, was seen only as a shining point opening out into space.

Pierre, with an effort of memory, recognized the room and the furniture which, in the time of Father Chevreuse, he had seen soiled, broken off at the corners, either from embarrassment or apathy. Marianne had the good taste to appreciate these vestiges of another age, and to have them restored. The pavement was covered with a soft-tinted carpet. There was nothing on the wainscoting, but everywhere splendid flowers rising like shrubs, almost like trees, in the corners and upon the mirror that was opposite the fireplace.

"How exquisite!" cried Philippe. "I was sure that she was an artist!"

"How did you know?" said Pierre, who was in reality more surprised than he.

"My dear sir, it is seen in the woman at the first aspect, without being able to be defined. Marianne has the type of a duchess."

"What is the type of a duchess? I am not like you—I have not seen much of the world."

"Is that the reason you are in such a sayage humor to-day?" asked Philippe, smiling.

XX.

THE appearance of Marianne and Madame André ended the dialogue. They hastened to join them on their entrance to the garden. Pierre declared to his goddaughter that, having been so long excluded from her sanctuary, he had lost all memory of it, and wished to see the changes she had made there.

"You will not find any," she replied; "my father loved his garden; he had planted it himself; I did not wish to change anything; and then the farmers have a right to their part of the vegetables. The passage of time has destroyed many of the trees, the frost has carried off many of the shrubs. The more rustic plants have pushed forth shoots in all directions; and the bottom of the inclosure, at the end of the orchard, of which my father wished to make a nursery, has become entirely wild."

"I wish to see it," said Pierre; "I remember that it was very wet, and I predicted to your father that his ornamental trees would not succeed there."

"Go alone, my godfather," said Marianne; "the ground is too moist and rough for Madame André."

Pierre crossed the orchard, and penetrated into the ancient nursery that occupied a neck of land shut in by very high hedges and crossed by the stream. He was filled with a kind of intoxication of delight.

Marianne had left Nature to defray the whole expense of this small, natural park. The grass had grown high and thick in some places, short and covered with flowers in others, according to the caprice of the numerous rivulets that detached themselves from the stream to return to it again after idle windings in the crevices of the soil. This soil, light, black, and mixed with fine sand, was particularly adapted to the flora of the country, and every species of wild plant met there. The iris abounded in the water, with white and yellow lilies. The hawthorn and the elder had grown into luxuriant trees. All the orchids of the country variegated the greensward with a thousand other charming flowers—the myosotis of different kinds, the catchfly with pinked edges, the wild hyacinths, some of them white, all exquisitely fragrant. The higher part of the land, being more dry, had kept its rosy-colored heather and creeping broom, that the wild anemone pierced with its white stars, rosy-hued underneath.

There was no path, and the falling in of the sand supplied a passage-way for guidance in this labyrinth where no cattle ever grazed, and that Marianne alone frequented. Some rocks served for seats to those in dreamy mood, and clumps of alder and slender beech gave sufficient shade, without interfering with the low vegetation.

"Marianne loves Nature," thought Pierre, intoxicated with inward joy; "she understands it, she feels it as I do. And she did not tell me so—she has never spoken of it—I did not suspect it!"

"Well, my godfather," said she, appearing suddenly at his side, "you see that I am not a good gardener, and that you would not change your new garden, that you think too young, for this old, abandoned marsh."

"This old marsh would be a paradise for me! Do you know that a botanist would make here almost an entire herbarium from the flora of the country? I have found more than one surprise, for I have discovered here the most rare species that I have often been obliged to go far to find; for example, this marsh *élode* that is directly under our feet."

"Ah! that comes from the rocks of Crevant—it took kindly to this soil."

"You have been, then, sometimes to Crevant?"

"Often; it is a very rich natural garden; I brought this pretty white hyacinth from there."

"It is not a hyacinth—it is the *menyanthe*, much more beautiful and rare."

"I do not know the names of plants, my dear godfather, but I know their form and fragrance. Every time I go to walk, I gather grains, bulbs, or young plants; I bring them here, where almost everything flourishes."

"Then I comprehend what I see—this little Eden is your work."

"Partly; but I do not boast of voluntarily acclimating all these wild herbs; I should be thought insane."

"You could have made a confidant of me, who have the same mania."

"Oh! you are a learned man, and it is natural

that you should be curious about all these specimens. I, who know nothing, have no excuse."

"You would need an excuse for loving flowers? Ah! Marianne, it is so much the more charming on your part that you do not know the secret of their beauty. If you examined them attentively—"

"Oh, as for that, I examine them, and, without knowing a word of science, I could tell you their relation and their difference. They are so pretty and so varied. I admire still more the beautiful foreign flowers you have in your garden; but my friendship is not for them. Our little wild ones are more to my fancy and capacity."

"You are looking at them, then, in your walks? I imagined that you saw nothing; that you rode about the country on Suzon for the pleasure of feeling yourself carried quickly; that finally you loved the country for its free space, and movement for itself."

"It is certainly a great pleasure to go quickly, to cut the wind, to fly upon the heath like a hare; but it is a greater pleasure to see everything as you pass slowly along, and to stop before what pleases or astonishes you. I love both what I know and what I do not know. I would like to learn nothing, and to know everything—or, still better, I would like to know everything only to forget it and regain it when I pleased, for there is a great pleasure in being able to conjecture, and if I always possessed knowledge I should be deprived of that."

"Remain as you are, Marianne! You have, I see, one of those natures that understand the truth without needing demonstration; and tell me, since you are in a mood to reveal yourself to-day—"

"It is enough, my godfather. I fear that your mother, whom I left, to join you, will be weary without me. Let us return to her."

XXI.

"WILL you take my arm?" said Pierre, snatching himself with regret from the flowering oasis, where for the first time Marianne had betrayed the secret of her solitary reveries.

"We cannot walk two abreast here," replied Marianne. "It is a promenade for one person alone."

"Alone! you will not be always so. I believe that soon a walk will be made here."

"Let us hasten our steps," said Marianne. "Here is M. Gaucher looking for us; I do not wish him to go into my desert." And she began to run skillfully and lightly over the ground full of ravines, skimming the surface like a swallow.

"Thanks, Marianne!" cried Pierre in his heart; but the kind of intoxication he experienced was quickly dissipated when he saw Marianne accept Philippe's offered arm to rejoin Madame André. He wished that she had found some pretext to refuse him. It is true no plausible reason could be given, unless she took the character of a devotee.

Marianne seemed little disposed to behave like a prude toward Gaucher. She had made a pretty toilet, adorned with bright colors; a *mousseline de laine*

dress of golden hue, which gave to her brown skin a becoming reflection. On her neck and arms this decided tone was interrupted and softened by ruches of plain and very transparent tulle. There was no ornament in her black hair but a yellow rose tinted with red; but her thick and short hair was curled with more care than usual. She was well booted, and her foot, that she almost always concealed in great boots, and even in vulgar wooden shoes, was a marvel for its smallness. Gaucher examined it with a bold curiosity that did not seem to displease her. He regarded her foot, her hand, her figure, with the air of a connoisseur who wishes to make his satisfaction apparent. He did not hesitate to tell her that her dress was bewitching in fashion, and that her figure was a palm-tree swayed by the breeze.

"My figure a palm-tree!" replied Marianne, gayly. "Then it is a dwarf palm-tree, a *chamarops*—is it not, my godfather?"

"Oh, oh, learned woman!" cried Philippe, naïvely.

"No, sir; not at all. M. Pierre has a palm-tree like this in a box, and I remember the name."

"But you love flowers, for your vases and baskets are marvels of taste."

"They are only the flowers of our hedges and meadows. I love them better outside than within my little sitting-room; but I have seldom the pleasure of receiving Madame André, and, as the ancients offered victims to their protecting gods, I sacrifice beautiful plants to my good friend."

"I do not see even a leaf of honeysuckle," said Philippe, who had followed Marianne into the room where Madame André was resting.

"Suzon could have given us a little of hers," replied Marianne; "but, as the necklace annoyed her, she rolled herself over in the grass to get rid of it, and I leave you to judge in what condition she left it. The address only remained, for which she did not care, under the pretext that she could not read."

"You laugh, M. André?" said Philippe to Pierre; "why? I have accomplished my purpose, however—"

"You had a purpose?" said Marianne.

"Doubtless; I wished you to know that I thought of you before the day began. You know it, and this is all I ask."

"And what led you to think of me so early in the morning?"

"You wish me to tell you?"

"If you wish me to ask you."

"Can I answer a question like that before witness?"

"You did not tell me secretly that I was the object of your thoughts. It is not necessary to commence aloud a conversation that must be finished in a whisper. It is better to say nothing."

"In other words, I should do better to hold my tongue?"

"I did not say that; I desired to learn what you were thinking of me this morning. It is certainly something agreeable, since you paid court to Suzon."

"I thought you were a type of grace and sweetness enough to turn one's head."

"Thanks, my good sir. You bestow the charity of a compliment with a sovereign tranquillity. Shall I make a courtesy?"

"If you please, Mademoiselle Marianne."

"Here it is, M. Philippe," replied she, making an academic courtesy, mockingly but full of grace.

Pierre looked at her with astonishment. He had never suspected that she could be so animated and coquettish.

Philippe, emboldened, paid court to her, enchanted with her raillery, and thinking, as any one else would have thought in his place, that she was taking great pleasure in making him in love with her.

XXII.

DINNER was served under the vines and jasmines, whose long garlands descended upon the penthouse, and fell down again in festoons around the guests. The table was very brilliant with old-fashioned crockery, then without much value, but which now would be held in great estimation; and its gay colors, standing out on a bluish groundwork, rejoiced the sight. Marianne had brought out some antique Nevers glassware that her parents had put aside, because curiosities of this kind were no longer considered precious, but that an amateur would admire. Philippe was enough of an artist to appreciate at least the oddness of these pretty utensils, and he neglected no opportunity to praise the whole and the details of the service. He ate with a great appetite, for Marichette, directed by her mistress, was an excellent cook, and the most simple meats became dainty morsels coming from her hands. There were still some bottles of excellent wine in Father Chevreuse's cellar: Marianne had carefully kept them. On the whole, she clothed her little dinner with just as much coquetry as she had displayed in her own person and in her manners. Philippe, who did not trust at all to his character of an unexpected guest, was easily led to believe that everything was propitious to his cause, and that he would have no trouble in taking by assault the heart and the dowry of the young woman.

He was, if not intoxicated, at least a little tender at the dessert. Pierre, wishing to restrain him by criticism and contradiction, only excited him; Madame André, hoping to render him ridiculous, teased him openly. Marianne provoked him to confidence and expansion with a *finesse* that seemed to him like encouragement; so that, on leaving the table after a thousand squibs of laudatory gallantry, some well-thought, others in bad taste, Philippe seized Marianne's arm, saying that he wished to see the great oxen and the fat sheep, for a landscape-artist could appreciate cattle better than an agriculturist.

"I do not agree with you," said Marianne, drawing back her arm; "you pretend to appreciate everything better than we do, in the country as well as in the city, because you are an artist by profession; as for me, I say that the profession spoils everything, and that you see nothing." And, as Philippe cried out, "You see too much," resumed she, "and you see wrong; you wish to explain things that cannot

be explained. The beautiful is like God. It is by itself, and gains nothing in being praised by hymns and canticles. On the contrary, words, songs, paintings, all that has been invented to embellish the true serves only to diminish the sentiment that arises from that kind of contemplation which is not preoccupied with the manner of expression."

"What! what is that?" cried Philippe. "An anti-artist? a systematic countrywoman? that is as inharmonious coming from you as a worm on a rose."

"Ah! I have you there!" replied Marianne, quickly. "A worm is not inharmonious on a rose, for precisely those that live on our rose-trees are slender, glossy, and of a pale green—extremely delicate. You have never looked at a worm. Some of them are marvels of beauty, and I do not know any ugly ones. How could you see my great oxen, when you cannot even see so small an animal?"

"It is you," said Philippe to André, "you, a naturalist, who have persuaded your goddaughter that art kills the feelings for Nature? I will tell you, then, that you have taught her a pretty paradox."

"That is presented, indeed, as a paradox in your discussion," replied André, "and your pretension is not less paradoxical than Marianne's. I believe that, if the question were more clearly stated, it could be more satisfactorily discussed."

"Make the statement, my godfather," said Marianne.

"Well, this is the way it appears to me," resumed Pierre, addressing Gaucher. "You believe that knowledge is necessary for observation, and I agree with you; the naturalist observes better than the peasant; but art differs from science, and it must be felt before it finds expression. This is what Marianne wishes to say. She thinks that you have not yet contemplated and loved Nature sufficiently to translate it. Notice that neither she nor I have seen your paintings, and consequently it is not your talent that she criticises. It is your theory, a little free, in the mouth of a very young man. She thinks that we should not go from the studio to the country, but from the country to the studio—that is, one does not learn to observe because he is a painter, but he learns how to be a painter because he knows how to observe.—Is not this what you wished to say, Marianne?"

"Exactly," replied she; "then you think I am right?"

"Let us go and see the animals," cried Philippe; "there is too much intellect here for me."

"Let us go and see the animals, I have no objection," replied Marianne.—"Will you come, my godfather?" And she added, in a low tone, "I am going with you as far as the stables, and then I am coming back to play cards with your mother."

"We will follow you," replied Pierre; but he did not follow them. He returned to the sitting-room with Madame André, saying: "We will leave them to come to an explanation. The moment has come when Marianne must make her decision. She wished for it; she has inspired him with confidence. He will sum up in one all the declarations he has

made to her during the dinner. If that pleases Marianne, our advice is entirely useless; we shall have to say 'Amen!'"

Madame André was troubled; she did not wish Pierre to give up the competition in this way. She forced him to rejoin Marianne. He promised to obey her, and went away alone to the end of the little desert where he had enjoyed, some hours before, a moment of happiness and hope. He had already lost it, and his whole life, a failure through excess of modesty, appeared like a bitter mockery in comparison with the sudden triumph of a child who had perhaps no other merit than that of faith in himself.

At the end of an hour of profound sadness, he returned to his mother, whom he found talking of housekeeping affairs with Marichette while helping her to put away in the cupboards the antique crockery and the pretty glass dishes.

"Well!" said she, taking Pierre's arm and leading him to the garden, "you return alone?"

"I do not know where they are," replied Pierre. "I expected to find them here."

They made the tour of the vine-arbor. Marianne and Philippe were not there.

"You see plainly," said Pierre, "that this prolonged tête-à-tête is decisive."

"No, perhaps they are still at the farm. Go there, then."

"I do not wish to appear to watch them, and, if they are taking a sentimental walk in the beech-wood, I do not wish, in looking for them, to draw the attention of the farm-people to Marianne."

They returned to the sitting-room, from which Marichette had retired, and they waited a quarter of an hour. Madame André was full of spite and anxiety. Pierre was mute and despondent.

At last Marianne appeared alone, a little agitated, though smiling.

"Pardon me, my good friend," she said, embracing Madame André, "I perform my duty as hostess very improperly; but it is your fault. Why did you bring me such an encroaching guest?"

"Encroaching?" said Pierre, with an ironical bitterness.

"Yes! He expects me at the end of three hours to love him, and promise to marry him. This is a little too quick, you will grant."

"It is not too quick, if he has succeeded in obtaining your decision."

"I have decided," said Marianne.

"Then," replied Pierre, broken-hearted, "you are going to announce your intended marriage. Why is it not to tell us of his triumph?"

"Oh! he has a modest triumph; he has gone away."

"He returns alone to Dolmor?"

"No; he returns to Paris."

"To buy the livrées?" said Madame André, who understood by this expression, as all the country-people did, the nuptial gifts.

"He will doubtless buy them soon for some Parisian," replied Marianne, "for he told me that he had had enough of country-girls."

XXIII.

MADAME ANDRE rose right up, crying out, "Thus everything is broken!"

Marianne looked at Pierre, who could not restrain a cry of joy.

"Are you pleased, my godfather?" said she.

"Not if you regret it."

"I do not regret it. His audacity was his best quality, which at first gave me a good opinion of him. I thought that with a man so decided I should not need to exercise any will of my own, and I found that very convenient; but, when nothing is questioned, much judgment is required, and at the end of three of his speeches I saw that he had heart, mind, and kindness, but not a shadow of reason. What would become of me, so negative and weak, with a brainless master? It is impossible; and, as he wished decidedly to know my opinion concerning him, I told him very simply as I tell you."

"Tell us how it all happened," said Madame André. "And, first, where were you? Did he make the declaration in the stable with the oxen?"

"No, it was in the meadow, on the other side of the bushes. I am surprised that you did not hear us, for we had a great dispute as we walked along. As to the declaration, it was made here, before you, under the influence of the Muscat wine; and there was no need of repeating it. He spoke of marriage immediately, but, as my decision was already made, I told him forthwith that I did not wish to marry; hence the quarrel. He is quarrelsome in his cups when he is crossed. He reproached me with being a village coquette, and with having led him on during the whole dinner-time. He said severe things to me, that I allowed him to say, for I deserved them. I was a coquette, certainly; and I should tell a falsehood if I did not confess it, only my coquetry was not for him; and, as I could not avow my secret to him, I preferred to let him think of me as he wished."

"And for whom was your coquetry?" said Madame André.

"For some one who cannot guess what is not said to him in words. The assurance of M. Philippe is required to come to an understanding with this person. I tried to attain it, and I asked only to be excited by these commendations to gain the courage that has always been wanting; but the professor has already gone away, and I ask if he really found me intelligent and pretty, for I begin again to distrust myself."

"Marianne! Marianne!" cried Pierre, falling on his knees before his goddaughter, "if you have guessed my secret in spite of my timidity, you will pardon me, for I have fully atoned for my sins this day."

"I have something to ask pardon for also," replied Marianne. "I read what was in your note-book, my godfather. You let it fall day before yesterday on the grass of the pathway while you were talking to me of M. Gaucher; I found it on my return. I thought it was an album for sketches such

as you often make in your walks. I opened it; I saw my name. Indeed, I read it; I read everything, and in the evening I brought the book back, and put it, without saying anything, on the table of your sitting-room by the side of your traveling-bag. This is my crime. I knew then that you distrusted my affection, and that you regretted that you could not rely upon it. I wished to see if you would be jealous of a suitor. I was agreeable to him to assure myself that I could appear agreeable to you; and now—"

"Now," cried Madame André, "he is happy; for it was useless to conceal it from me; I divined it, indeed—his ennui, and why he said so many bad things of himself!"

"But I am not worthy of you," said Pierre, with a final feeling of terror; "I do not deserve you; you are an adorable being, and I am—"

"Do not say what you think of yourself," replied Marianne, quickly; "you have said often enough before me all you could imagine to discourage me from loving you—you have not succeeded. You have been my ideal for six years. I did not believe when I began to think of you that you would be absent so long. I always expected you with that patience that country-girls are trained to from their infancy; but your return discouraged me, for I saw that you would not allow yourself to love, and without your note-book I should have thought that there was no hope for me. I took courage in seeing that you were interested in me in spite of yourself, and then, this morning, . . . I saw two tears in your eyes. Come, grant that we love each other, and that hereafter it would be impossible for us to live one without the other."

"Yes, impossible?" replied Pierre André, "for never were two souls so nearly alike as ours. Both of us timid and concentrated, we have also the same frankness and the same uprightness. We have the same tastes with the same repugnance to make them manifest in public, but with the same need to reveal them to each other, to enjoy them in common. We adore Nature, and we love the fields; separated, we have loved them in a melancholy mood, and we are going to love them with transport. But what we both have needed most, I assure you, is true love—love that is shared, unlimited confidence in a being who is another self. Forty years old, I bring you a heart which has been nourished only with dreams, and which is virgin for this love. Accept it as your possession, for you will be everything for it, the past, present, and future."

It was dark when Pierre and his mother quitted Validat. Madame André wished to walk a short distance, and then took her seat in the carriage, for she felt that they wanted to talk by themselves, and Marianne, who intended to return in the *patache*, walked as far as Dolmor, leaning on the arm of her godfather, whom she willingly addressed with the familiar *thee* and *thou*, and called Pierre.

"What a night!" said he, gazing with her upon the starry heavens. "What a reviving air, and what perfume of plants! I think that this evening the

earth, and even the stones, are consciously happy. Never have I seen stars so pure, and it seems to me that we are passing through a fairy-land that has sprung up around us without our knowledge since this morning. Ah! if I had been as happy as this in my early youth, I should have become a great poet and a great painter."

"Thank God," replied Marianne, "you have not become all that; you would find me too far beneath you, for I know nothing of these fine things; but it appears to me that, being incapable of telling why I love Nature so much, I love it more. M. Philippe shocked me when he used words of a fantastic pedantry to describe what he saw. No, there are no words adequate for expression, and I think that the more one says the less he observes. Nature—do you see, Pierre?—is like love. It is there in the heart, and it must not be talked of too much, for what one wishes to describe is always lessened in value. When I dream I know not what there is in me; I see only what is between heaven and me.

Besides, I am of no value; if I think of you it seems to me that I am you, and that I exist no more. And this for me is happiness, poetry, science."

After Marianne was reseated in her carriage, and Pierre had reëntered his house, he found this letter that Philippe had left for him:

"MY DEAR ANDRE: I came back to your house for my luggage, and I leave, thanking you for your kind reception. It is not your fault if your pretty neighbor has made a fool of me; it is mine. I should have opened my eyes more widely, and perceived in time her preference for you, a preference which she did not avow, but which she could not conceal from me in the end. I should have been in love with her for three or four hours; but there is a love of which one does not die, and I remain your friend and hers, for, she is a charming woman, and I congratulate you upon your happiness."

The next day the bans were published of Pierre André and Marianne Chevreuse.

L O S A N G E L E S.

BY ALBERT F. WEBSTER.

LOS ANGELES possesses a fame as a health-resort nearly equal to that of Santa Barbara, though among a different class of invalids. The town is fully twenty miles from the coast, and is to a great extent removed from the influence of the ocean. Relative to the points of the compass, and also in the topography of the surrounding country, the town bears a strong resemblance to its rival, for it lies upon the edge of a vast plain that is nearly encircled by foot-hills and mountains, except toward the south, where it stretches away unbroken toward the sea.

The average temperature of Los Angeles is measurably higher than that of Santa Barbara, but it is not clear that the atmosphere is less humid. There, as elsewhere, it is necessary that the newcomer search carefully for a suitable place in which to live. Simply being in Los Angeles does not cover the ground, for in one portion of the place there is shelter from the south winds, and in another the heat is greater than it is half a mile away. It is fair to say only that for six, and sometimes seven and eight, months in the year the climate of the place for invalided people is far more pleasant than the climate of the Northern States. One may live out-of-doors very many more days here than he can in Chicago or Boston, and he will find himself relieved from effects of the tremendous cold; yet he will be subjected to sudden changes of weather, and there will be many rainy days in which he will repine. But provided he is able to secure possession of a well-built house—a rarity in these parts—placed in a corner where there are no express torments—no excessive damp, nor bad water, nor disagreeable neighbors, he may look forward from October, perhaps, to

a prolonged June—a season in which tropical plants will grow luxuriantly, and birds sing, and the sun shine.

The seaport of Los Angeles is Wilmington, a little village that grew at the end of the railroad as the sunflower grows at the end of its stalk, something ugly to absorb the malaria. The approach to it from the sea is through a tortuous channel leading among vast expanses of sand. Here and there a fishing-boat is drawn up upon a beach, and a few lean and weather-beaten huts show that some poor mortals have not scorned to be at home in the wretched spot.

The railway leads through a flat country which yields magnificent crops of mustard-seed, and but little else. In the distance are long lines of dark-hued live-oaks, and farther off still are faintly seen ranges of smoothly-sloping hills. There are three or four villages along the way, in whose gardens one sees a large variety of fruit-trees and vegetables. A few of the houses are exceedingly neat, having a New England complexion in their surroundings; but the majority are tumble-down adobe huts, with roofs of thatch and weedy demesnes.

The environs of Los Angeles are very pleasing to the eyes after a long ride through a wasted land. Plantations are everywhere to be seen as the train approaches; indeed, the cars pass through an orange-grove just before reaching the station.

Upon entering the town it is very likely that the stranger will be thoroughly surprised at the number of populous streets and large warehouses that will meet his eyes. The census of 1874 gives the place a population of eleven thousand; yet it seems to have a mercantile business entirely disproportioned

to that number. Were there thirty thousand inhabitants, a traveler from the East would still reckon the town overstocked with stores, even after making a liberal allowance for the demands of the country surrounding. The truth is, however, that Los Angeles is the centre of an area that is immense, and also that it has somewhat over-estimated its value. Thus, while it built a good many warehouses from necessity, it built a good many more from vanity, and is now suffering from diminution of rents and an undue competition in every branch of trade.

With these ills, however, the sojourner has little to do; he is more concerned about the chances for comfortable living, and no one can find fault with him for that. In the resources of the town in this respect he will be sure to be disappointed, and in the resources of the suburbs he will be dismayed. The hotels are very indifferent, and the houses out of town, where he may live for a short time, are, as a rule, very deficient in conveniences as well as in moderation in prices. It is true that, unlike Santa Barbara, Los Angeles has other sources of revenue than the wallets of its visitors, but it is to be demonstrated that this mine would be well worth working if it were worked properly. As it is, some thousands of strangers visit the place yearly, attracted by the real charm and benefits of its climate; but it is true that the great majority of them depart ill satisfied with those many other things that, as adjuncts to agreeable climate, are necessary to pleasant living. It is an admirable thing, for instance, to breathe a fragrant air in December, warmed to the seventieth degree, but it almost nullifies the good effect to remember that you are paying an unusually large price for the privilege of doing so. The sweetness of a horseback-ride is sure to evaporate when the livery-man shows you his bill; even the luxury of a few home-grown lemons, picked somewhere a few blocks off, is not to be purchased lightly. As for the means of grace in living, Los Angeles furnishes but few. The town is woefully bare of prettiness and even of neatness, and one is obliged to content himself with that feature of the picturesque that consists of excessive uncleanness. The town has its Spanish and its Chinese quarter. In both of these the stranger walks with pleasure, though not without some remote danger of being stabbed in the back. The buildings are the one-story adobe structures of the original settlers, with colonnades in front and with tiled roofs. From almost any elevated window in town one can look down into the yards and alley-ways of the abominated Chinese, and see them huddled purposelessly together, clad in blue overalls and blouses of jean and hats of felt. Some of them seem always to sit upon their heels, others always to chatter, and others always to doze in the position of whipped schoolboys, one leg put out and one shoulder higher than the other. A few of their women, with their tunics of dark-blue cambric, their jetty hair, shining puffs stuck crosswise through with enormous pins, and with their telltale handkerchiefs of Magenta silk in their tiny hands, may now and then be seen wandering like lost children

from one doorway to another. The lintels and doorposts are nearly always furnished with small signs of red paper, as large as the leaves of a copy-book, upon which are printed, in the Chinese character, the names of the residents within and any occupations they may have. Inside these doorways all is half-lighted, and, to a stranger, somewhat mysterious. Jars, urns, boxes, rolls of matting, together with a hundred lacquered canisters of all shapes, line the walls and obstruct the floor, while perched upon any odd cask that may elevate him sufficiently sits the placid warehouseman sleepily looking out for custom. To a non-resident the spectacle of half a dozen Chinamen packed together in an apartment as small as a hackney-coach, all talking and smoking; or of lofty frames of drying rats rising from the roofs of the back-sheds; or of the vegetable-venders, with their toadstool-hats and their wicker-baskets swung upon poles, is surprising and immensely entertaining; but you find that it is not at all so with the residents. The form and color quantity does not enter into their prejudices to any very great extent; indeed, one might say, not at all. They quite ignore all pictorial charms that the Chinamen may possess, and, going to the other extreme, speak of them with an unreasoning bitterness that only provokes the contrary sympathies of the listeners, and puts all discussion out of the window. All good mothers employ the pests to do excellent washing, at a saving of several dollars a week out of the old prices paid to white laundresses, and, at the same time, profess joy at the success which the youngest boys are having of late in hitting Chinamen with stones at unprecedented distances.

The Spanish quarter is thought to be the evil place of the town. It is remarkably ugly and forlorn, at all events; and that a human being could easily commit an atrocity within its precincts, were surroundings said ever to urge on a crime or to promise forgiveness for it, does not admit of doubt. Even in the hot, familiar glare of the noonday sun, the cracked white walls, the straw-and-rag-littered lanes, the broken eaves, the blistered woodwork, and the starved and skulking dogs, seem to hold in themselves all the "promise and potency" of rascality; and one may freely forgive himself if he looks askance at every ragged beggar or black-eyed slattern that passes him on the way.

The Catholic hold is still strong in this curious town, and the harsh, mandatory jangle of the church-bells bidding folk to prayer is sure to startle you from your morning sleep, and to make you inwardly determine to remain a Protestant while breath remains in your body.

Some twelve miles out of town, going inland, is the ancient Mission of San Gabriel, another of those old religious houses that were sprinkled so plentifully over the land a hundred years ago. It is a huge buttressed pile of stone, whitewashed within and without, set in the midst of a verdant spot, notable for the gentleness of its climate. At one side there passes the roadway; on the other there is a graveyard in ruins; in the rear are the sunny, vine-

sheltered adobe cottages of the priests. At that end of the church is a pile of masonry in which are two rows of apertures one above the other; within these are hung the bells of the mission, ancient, begrimed, oddly shaped, and dissonant to the last degree. The common door for the use of worshipers and visitors is at the side. It has two wings studded with immense brass bolts, and upon one there is a rude sign bearing in ruder lettering this mandate, "Take off your hat;" upon the other is an equally angry command, "Behave yourself!" One laughs upon fancying the supreme annoyance and disgust which must have evolved those two signs, and have posted them up at the portal of a temple devoted to the inculcation of meekness and the love of cross-bearing. The country boors must have tormented the old priests prodigiously time out of mind.

Within the church all is gaunt and unclean. The dire poverty of the mission is proved in everything: in the dust and litter upon the floor, in the ragged edges of the grim old pictures of the Bible tragedies that are hung upon the lofty walls, and in the discoloration and dinginess of the once sparkling ornaments in the huge sanctuary. An odor of decaying wood and cloth fills the entire place. At intervals upon the walls are slender wooden crosses eighteen inches long, and near the door are the confessionals—two soiled and battered boxes, falling to pieces, perhaps, from the accumulated weight of the little shames they have been made to take part in. Upon each side of the entrance is a hand-blackened orifice, holding a gill or so of stained holy-water. One doubts if a gentle and beautiful thought was ever put into such an ugly shape. Opposite is a doorway which leads into the cemetery. Time has played havoc with the church upon this side, and the doors, rotted from their once stout hinges, stand leaning aslant against the edges of the walls. A great many swallows have made their houses under the worm-eaten eaves, and their joyous twittering throws another shade of melancholy over the neglected graves. The sunlight warms into life numberless bees and humming insects, and the faint breeze causes the shade of the tall weeds to play fitfully upon the tops of the tombs. Some of the crosses are new, and some are very old. Upon one the lateral piece is tied with a string; but so carelessly that nearly all semblance of a cross is lost, and the poor bones beneath decay without the sanctity even of a sign. A soiled and tattered little Spanish girl sulkily shows the way about, jealously watching with a pair of burning black eyes for signs of disrespect among the visitors. But, discovering none, she becomes gracious, and tells what she knows about the poverty of the church and its surroundings. A dreary story, indeed!

Close beside the mission is a native settlement a hundred years old, composed of a number of wretched adobe houses, shaded and garnished by lofty trees and luxuriant vines. It is a group of things natural and human, wherein one is surpassingly beautiful and the other surpassingly ugly and unclean. Seated just within the reach of the light of the doors, you see in every hut a few dark figures, shabbily clad,

indolent in posture, and with stupid, deeply-seamed faces. Their black hair falls in tangled masses upon their shoulders, and their unshodden feet rest in the dust. The furniture about them is huddled together as if some neighbor had moved in unexpectedly, and had put the household out of order. In one of the most hopeless and forlorn of these huts lives a woman who is said to have survived the dangers and enjoyed the delights of one hundred and thirty-eight years. She is a bright old body, and, although she does not hear unless one roars, she follows the chat between her daughter (seventy-eight years of age) and the visitors with a keen appreciation. Her eyes are still brilliant, and her smile is pleasant. She sits upon her poor pallet with her legs crossed beneath her, and with her veined hands clasped together. Her voice is somewhat harsh, yet it has its old modulations, and, though her speech is often interrupted by weariness, she yet preserves all the graces of her native language.

At Los Angeles, as everywhere else in this part of the country, one rides a great deal. Saddle-horses are plenty, yet the hire is somewhat exorbitant. It is commonly the better plan for one to purchase a well-broken mustang and an easy saddle, and thereby make himself independent of the livery-man. For thirty-five dollars one can often become the possessor of a neat little beast and a ponderous Mexican saddle and bridle, all in capital order; and, at the cost of fifty cents for barley-hay, he can travel from sunrise to sunset with the same, and be beholden to no one.

Hereabout one is likely to witness some of that wonderful Mexican horsemanship which has become so noted of late. Upon arriving in the town, the traveler is recommended to inquire at his stable or at the office of the hotel if there be a *rodeo* in prospect. A *rodeo* is a meeting of all the neighboring graziers with their herds of cattle upon a plain where the beasts born since last year are branded. Several of the most noted horsemen of the region are employed for the task of keeping the half-wild animals in order; and the feat of capturing and throwing the steers is a delicate as well as a dangerous one. When it is known that strangers are present, especial effort is made by the *vagueros* to do their best, and one's hair almost stands upon end when their best is about to be accomplished.

The chief-of-police of the town is himself a noted horseman. When a runaway occurs in the thronged streets, Señor Carillo leaps upon his horse, which is kept fastened before the door of the office, and pursues at headlong speed. Meanwhile he unties his lasso. At the proper moment he launches this from his seat in the saddle at the head of the runaway, and then, wheeling his own horse, brings the mischief-maker in a cloud of dust to the ground. Fiery little scenes like this frequently occur, much to the delight of the strangers who happen to be near, and the applause that follows is always tremendous.

A carriage-ride in Los Angeles is always an expensive pleasure, and in another sense besides the financial one. The roads seem to the eye to be very

fair, but they are not at all so to the muscular system. They lead off for miles amid pleasant shadows and sunny, beflowered pastures, and tole one on yet a little farther by their charms, only to deceive him again. The iron-like ruts are full of small depressions from two to ten yards apart, and into these the wheels sink just enough to make the carriage-body jolt most abominably. One becomes more fatigued in riding twenty miles in the Los Angeles suburbs than on two hundred miles of any railway yet heard of—including even the track between Savannah and Charleston. At the same time, riding must be done, for there is much to be seen that would be unattainable in any other way. A carriage is free to drive into any of the large orchards that skirt the town, and any well-ordered party may lunch under the trees if it chooses to do so.

Much of the pleasure that is had in beholding a plantation of olives or almonds is doubtless stimulated even by honest people who believe they feel what they say they do. Ladies, particularly, are self-victims in this matter. The rapture they have upon seeing a black, loamy expanse of earth set out in orange-shoots is, for some curious reason, a thousand times more fervid than that they experience upon beholding a magnificent grove of elms at home; and the praise they will bestow upon the flavor of a lemon fresh from the tree, even if it have a skin half an inch thick, and a pulp that is nearly all fibre, and a juice that is intensely sour, is one of the astonishing things of the time. The worst of it is that, in their real desire to praise the fruit-raiser for his skill in his work, they get afloat upon the sea of figures, and always meet with the most dreadful disasters. A promising friendship between the rancher and his chance callers is sometimes broken up in this way. An enthusiastic lady upon the back-seat may observe in a pause in the conversation upon the profits of an orangery:

"Just think of it, Flo, two thousand dollars from one bush!"

"I know it!—but wasn't it two thousand oranges on one tree?"

A shriek from little Theodosia in the other carriage: "Two thousand oranges upon one tree! Oh, no, Flo, darling, it is two thousand to each acre."

A chorus of protests all around. Meanwhile it becomes clear to the host that he is not likely to get much praise whichever way the matter is decided, and his countenance falls. The contest goes on:

"Why, Theo, that would be an avalanche—awfully scrimp!"

"But that wouldn't support any sort of a family, Polly, love."

"That depends upon the way in which they live, you know. Now, if they have horses, and dinners, and music, and—"

"Oh, do you suppose they've got a piano in the house?—Have you one, Mr. —?"

But of course the proprietor has gone long before this, and the dispute becomes one of those jungles into which the light of day never penetrates.

All about Los Angeles you see the footprints of

the real-estate fiend—that smooth-faced destroyer of many a town's prosperity. Six or eight years since Los Angeles was nothing more than a moderately prosperous trading-village, where the miners from the mountains came to purchase their stores, and the Mexican *vaqueros* to sell their bands of mustangs, and to drink the proceeds. But in 1868 and '69 the region was discovered to the world as a health-resort, and strangers began to pour in by hundreds. The American part of the town grew with astonishing rapidity, and prices began to rise. In these few short years the sleepy, half-disreputable hamlet changed into a bright, fresh, thriving city, and it now has its mayor, its water-works, and its municipal debt, all complete. Yet, as some might readily conjecture, so sudden a development must, in some way, be unhealthy. This illness is shown in the exorbitant prices asked for house-lots, and for farming-lands just without the town limits. Everybody is ready to sell if he can get his price. Nine-tenths of the whole place are in the market, and the blackboards that are posted up in front of the numberless real-estate offices are covered with advertisements. Nearly every property-holder is consumed with the desire to make another turn, and there are very few who have the remotest idea that they are settled for good and all. All are in a transitory state. Nothing is permanent. What belongs to one man to-day may change hands half a dozen times before the end of the month, with a prospect of further owners to the end of the chapter.

On every hand the stranger is confronted with maps of the town as it is expected to appear—shortly—a vast municipality, with parks, boulevards, and squares, without end. The value of the flat-lands for orange-groves having prevented the growth of the town in two directions, and an ugly suburb choking up the path in still another, the exuberant growth had to find space upon the sides of a steep, gravelly hill, part of which is already laid out in terraces. It is from this height that one may best look upon the town that is, and the one that is to be. And from it, too, he may best discover the natural beauties the region possesses. It is likely that he will forget the petty shortcomings of his hotel, and the lack of human loveliness that is so plentiful, in the charming pictures that are here spread out before him.

Against a sky of the most delicate blue, pale almost to whiteness, there runs the eccentric outline of the mountains, now raising itself sharply in a score of glittering, snow-covered peaks, and now sinking into low, smooth waves that seem ready to run into the plain. In the flanks of these mountains are gorges so deep that they become black to the eye, and by contrast the ridges and broad faces are glorious. On the hither sides of the mountains are valleys and table-lands miles broad, whose presence one would never suspect, for between them and the plain of Los Angeles there rise those sloping foothills that always intervene between the lowlands proper and the great ribs of the earth. The gradual undulations of these smaller elevations are always

pleasant to behold, except in the dead of summer, when their barren smoothness becomes a mockery of repose. It is when they are clothed with the green of winter or the soft brown of later spring that their gently-heaving sides supply to one that sense of quietude and rest that every courtier of Nature knows so well and values so highly.

Nearer in toward the town a few scattered houses and inclosures are to be seen, but it is not until within gunshot of the streets that the gardens begin. Most of these are laid out in a severely economic fashion, with the trees mathematically in line, and the distances correctly proportioned. All the verdure is of a deep, cold green, and it cannot be said that it is beautiful. It is gratifying, to be sure, but only in the same sense that everything is gratifying that, not being intrinsically ugly, is healthy and prosperous. The olive-trees are of a somewhat paler hue, and their branches droop a little; still they, like the orange and lemon trees, miss being lovely by a considerable degree.

In the gardens of these plantations all manner of flowers grow to a high state of perfection. Roses in hundreds of varieties abound, and the Northern visitor will spend many an hour examining the strangely-leaved and strangely-blossomed exotics that grow on every hand. Cacti of the most extraordinary shapes and of the most surprising ugliness find favor in this soil, and, if one does not have many a chill of aversion at these brutish-looking plants, it is because he does not see the worst of them. But, as if to regulate the sympathies and to keep the spirit in tune, the earth sends up the most graceful, broad-leaved palms, the elegant pampa-grass, and the enormous, graceful leaves of the banana-plant. In these the dullest of all mortals must find satisfaction even if he is obliged to recall that there rests a price upon every shoot. Those parts of the gardens that require irrigation are supplied with turbid water conveyed in open wooden troughs called *zanjas*—pronounced *thanhas*. These run through the lower streets of the town, often beside the roadways, and the abuttor who wishes for a little water with which to grow his thirsty vegetables pays a small fee and opens a sluice-way from the public stream.

The water-question is the great one which lies

under all real-estate operations outside of the town proper. It is considered even before the question of title. A would-be purchaser first asks—not, "Who is the present owner?" but, "How much water can I have to the acre?" A fruit-grower, whose plantation the writer visited, paid five thousand dollars for a right to one-half a spring in the mountains behind him: his land and fine house, together with all the improvements, costing only thirty-five thousand more. Reference to the *zanjas* of the town brings to mind a curious optical illusion which attracts the attention of most people who drive over the plains between the foot-hills and the mountains. At one place shallow furrows are made in the gravelly soil to convey water for irrigating purposes from the main to the land. The ground over which it flows is elevated, and is nearly free from hillocks. The distant horizon, where it has the mountain-tops for its limit, trends, in general, downward to the level of the plain. This creates confusion to the optical sense, and the stream in the furrow seems to be flowing rapidly uphill at an angle of five or six degrees. The illusion is noticeable in several other places in the vicinity, especially at a point in the mountains at Ventura, in the vicinity of Santa Barbara. There the water is introduced into the town by a flume, striking a level at a point sufficiently high, to create a powerful head. Yet, as one approaches the mountains on the road from Santa Barbara, he is positively assured by his own eyes that the flume, which appears in several places, is rising toward the heavens at a prodigious grade. It may cause some amusement to the traveler to notice this peculiarity. It may also interest him to look for a certain country schoolhouse that is in the vicinity of Los Angeles to the north. It is exceedingly neat and tasteful, and is a great improvement upon the country schoolhouse of the North. It is of inexpensive model, yet it has all the charm of a pretty cottage. There is not a house within quite half a mile, if my memory serves me, and some of its patrons are stupid, half-breed youngsters, yet it has a trellised piazza and a great profusion of climbing vines, to say nothing of certain embellishments which, though cheap, show a certain tendency toward the very fine in art which is encouraging.

SIX AND SEVENTY-SIX.

TWO faces on a card I see,
A New-Year's gift of love to me,
A pretty childish ministry!

It were not hard, I think, to fix
Their ages solely from Time's tricks,
Without the "Six and Seventy-six."

"Mamie and Grandma," side by side,
And seventy years betwixt them glide—
A bubbling fount, an ebbing tide:

A morning beam—a sunset ray,
A bud—a blossom in decay,
A rippling mouth—and lips that pray:

A waxen brow—a furrowed face,
Defiant smiles—and looks of grace,
And contrasts more as more I trace!

The child sees seventy years as far
Beyond, to her, yon distant star,
And marvels what their mysteries are.

These to the wearied eyes appear
A fleeting mist, a shadowy sphere,
And briefer than one waiting year.

Mamie and grandma—Hope and Faith—
Translated by one sunny breath—
And this to me the picture saith.

WILLIAM C. RICHARDS.

A GREAT BUFFALO "POT-HUNT."

BY H. M. ROBINSON.

I.

THERE have now almost disappeared from the vast buffalo-ranges extending between the Missouri and Saskatchewan Rivers the last vestiges of what were once the most perfectly-organized, effective, and picturesque periodically-recurring hunting-excursions known to any nomadic peoples. They came within the lists, too, of what are technically known to sportsmen as "pot-hunts"—forming the almost entire support of certain well-defined border communities. For over half a century regiments of men—with a vast following of retainers and *impedimenta*—have swept over the plains twice annually, bearing slaughter and destruction to its shaggy denizens; the product being sufficient to maintain a large colony with its various dependencies in plenty, and even in comparative luxury, for the remainder of the year. These hunts formed an almost certain means of livelihood, and, for the amount of labor required, offered inducements far superior to those of agriculture, or, indeed, any other pursuit which the scope of country presented. Moreover, they were especially adapted to the class with which they obtained—a class which, by reason of eminent fitness and efficiency, seemed particularly designed by Nature for the congenial calling. Suggested first by the necessities of a meagre handful of half-starved immigrants, they became at length the main-stay of a considerable population, and an important factor in the commerce of the world. Wherever a buffalo-robe is found, particularly in European markets, there may be seen the business-card of this vast pot-hunt; sometimes represented by the robe itself, again by certain hieroglyphics decorating its tanned side. And this (to many) cabalistic advertisement suggests the matter of the present paper.

In the year 1811 the Earl of Selkirk purchased of the Hudson Bay Company the ownership of a vast tract of land, including, as a small part of the whole, the ground occupied by a colony known, until its recent purchase by the Dominion Government, as Red River Settlement, near the foot of Lake Winnipeg, in British North America. On this territory Earl Selkirk had formed the Utopian idea of settling a populous colony, of which he should be the feudal lord. A compulsory exodus of the inhabitants of the mountainous regions of the county of Sutherland, Scotland, taking place about that time, to make way for the working of the sterner realities of the system of land management which prevails on great estates in this prosaic nineteenth century, an opportunity of easily obtaining the desired colonists for the occupation of his new purchase was thus presented. The first installment of colonists reached the bay coast in the autumn of 1811, advanced inland in the following spring, and, at the confluence of the Assiniboine and Red Rivers, about forty miles from the foot of

Lake Winnipeg, found themselves—metaphorically speaking—at home. They were in the centre of the American Continent, fifteen or sixteen hundred miles in direct distance from the nearest city residence of civilized man in America, and separated from the country whence they came by an almost impassable barrier.

Unfortunately for the successful founding of an agricultural colony, such as Lord Selkirk had planned, the rival French Canadian fur-companies, contending for the possession of the territory with the Hudson Bay Company, chose to regard the new-comers as invaders, whose presence was detrimental to their interests; and the Indians also objected to the cultivation of their hunting-grounds. Between the persecutions of two such powerful enemies, the colonists made, after the destruction of their crops and dwellings the first year, but little attempt at agriculture, and adopted, perforce, the nomadic life of the country, visiting the plains twice annually in pursuit of buffalo. This mode of life obtained until the coalition of all the fur-companies, in the year 1821, increased the size of the colony by the acquisition of all the French hunters and traders—who selected rather to remain there than to return to Canada—and rendered the peaceful pursuit of agriculture possible. But it occurred that, by intermarriage with the aborigines, and ten years of the free, roving life of the plain-hunter, agriculture had become distasteful to the younger portion of the sturdy Scots, while the French, of course, still clung to old habits, relying entirely upon the chase for a livelihood. So it happened that, while a small minority of the first colonists—those of advanced age—adopted the cultivation of the soil, the large majority of the eight or ten thousand people forming the settlement followed the chase; thus presenting the anomaly of a settled, civilized community subsisting by the pursuits common to nomadic life; in reality, civilized nomads. From those early days up to the present, when civilization by rapid strides has encroached upon and overrun that isolated locality, the same mode of life has obtained, with, until within the past nine years, no very perceptible change. The French portion of the colony rely entirely upon the chase, if we may except certain miniature attempts at farming; the Scotch alternating between seasons of labor with plough and hoe and the semi-annual hunts; the half-breed offspring of the latter instinctively adopting the chase. The world presents no other such incongruous picture.

It is not within the province of this paper to enter upon the details of buffalo-hunting as practised upon the plains, and with which doubtless all are familiar; but it may not be devoid of interest to follow this particular hunt to its termination, as presenting certain peculiarities not found elsewhere.

The parties belonging to the summer hunt start

about the beginning of June, and remain on the plains until the beginning of August. They then return to the settlements for a short time, for the purpose of trading the pemmican or dried meat, which forms the staple articles of produce from the hunt. The autumn hunters start during the month of August, and remain on the prairie until the end of October, or early in November, when they usually return, bringing the fresh or "green meat," preserved at this late season by the extreme cold, and fall buffalo-robes. This latter hunt, including all the features of the former, we select as the subject of description.

After the return of the people from the summer hunt, and a short time allowed for the sale of their produce, a few of the recognized leaders of the chase assemble to arrange the time and place of a general rendezvous for the fall hunt. The time is always set for the first days of September, but the place of rendezvous changes from year to year, as the herds of buffalo are reported by the summer hunters as being close at hand or afar off. Of late years the rendezvous has been made at Pembina Mountain, a locality on the United States boundary-line in the northeast corner of Dakota Territory, comparatively close at hand. From this point the hunt frequently divides into two sections, one proceeding in a southerly, the other in a southwesterly direction. Both time and place having been designated by the (for the time) self-constituted leaders of the hunt, the word at once passes through the colony by that subtle electricity of gossip common to the frontier as elsewhere, but generally dignified by the name of news. The rapidity with which it travels, too, suggests the entire needlessness of telegraphy.

A particular date is determined upon for departure from the rendezvous, but it is customary to meet, if possible, some days previous to that time, in order that everything may be in perfect readiness. From the day of notification to that of departure for the rendezvous, the colony is in a constant state of preparation. In every door-yard may be seen the canvas tents and leather *tepees* of prospective hunters, stretched for repairs; carts undergoing a like renovating process, and fences decorated with dislocated sets of harness; guns and accoutrements burnished to an unwonted degree of effulgence; kettles strewed about the yard, together with wooden trunks and other paraphernalia of the camp. As the time approaches for the meet, the well-worn trails leading toward the rendezvous become vividly alive with long trains of carts, oxen, ponies, and well-groomed runners used in the final chase. Each hunter takes, in addition to the carts necessary for the conveyance of his family—for the women and children have their share in the labor equally with the men—a supply of extra vehicles in which to load the meat and robes falling to his share. And this train of carts, constantly augmented by new additions, marching in single file, for days seems interminable, sending up a refrain from ungreased axles that may be heard miles away on the prairie.

The carts used are peculiar to the country and

the hunt, and are of uniform make. They are constructed entirely of wood, without any iron whatever, the axles and rims of the wheels forming no exception to the rule. Although this at first sight might appear a disadvantage, as denoting a want of strength, yet it is really the reverse, as in the country traversed by these vehicles wood is always to be found in sufficient quantities to mend any breakages which may occur. The only tools necessary, not only to mend but to construct a cart, are an axe, a saw, and an auger; with these the hunter is independent as far as the integrity of his conveyance is concerned. Indeed, the cart may be described as a light box-frame poised upon an axle connecting two strong wooden wheels. Each one is drawn by a single pony or ox, attached by a rude harness of dressed ox-hide. The single cart devoted to the conveyance of madame, the hunter's wife, and possibly the younger children, is, however, much more elaborately gotten up than those destined for the commoner uses of freighting. The wheels and shafts have been shaved down to more delicate proportions; the body is decorated with certain mystical emblems in red and yellow ochre, supposed to represent vivid floral offerings; while over it is stretched a covering of oil-cloth or dressed skins, to protect the fair traveler from inclement weather. It is drawn, too, by the best pony in the hunter's herd, and becomes a subject of rivalry as legitimately as the feathers and flounces of her fairer sisters. The remaining carts are filled at the start with tents, bedding, camp-equipage, and provisions sufficient to last until the buffalo are reached. The ponies and oxen drawing their march in single file, and each one being tied to the tail of the vehicle before it, they become jammed together in a telescopic fashion when a sudden halt occurs in the line, and elongated on starting again in a way that is affecting to behold. About the train, as it creaks monotonously along, the loose animals are driven, and what with their tramping feet and the dragging gait of the cart-animals the little caravan is likely to be hidden from view in the dark clouds of dust arising from the well-worn trails. The rate of travel, estimated entirely by time, is about twenty miles per day, and at this pace nearly four days are required to reach the rendezvous.

Pembina Mountain rises on the north and east in a series of table-lands, each table about half a mile in width, sparsely timbered, and bountifully supplied with springs. On its western slope, at the base of which runs the Pembina River, the mountain terminates abruptly. Across the stream, flowing deep below the surface in a narrow valley, the banks remain of about an equal height with the mountain, stretching away toward the Missouri in a bare, treeless plain, broken only by the solitary elevation in the dim distance of Ne-Jank-wa-win (Dry Dance Hill). On this bank of the river is the rendezvous, selected in accordance with an invariable rule of prairie-travel—to always cross a stream on the route before camping. As wood is not to be had on the western bank, each hunter cuts a supply

for his camp-fires as he passes over the mountain; and, as no more timber will be encountered during the hunt, he also carefully selects an abundant supply of poplar-poles upon which to hang the meat to dry after the chase, and for use as frames in stretching robes to be tanned.

As hour after hour and day after day the carts come straggling in, sometimes a single hunter with his outfit of from three to ten carts, again a train so swollen by contributions along the road as to number hundreds, the camp of rendezvous enlarges its borders, and presents a scene both novel and picturesque. The elevated plain on the immediate banks of the stream is covered with a motley grouping of carts, canvas tents, smoke-brown leather *tepees*, and, in lieu of other shelter, small squares of cotton or raw-hide stretched from cart to cart, or over a rough framework of poles. For miles around the prairie is alive with ponies, hopped, tied to lariat-pins, or dragging about poles as a preventive against straying. Mingled with this kicking, neighing herd, wander hundreds of oxen — patient, lowing kine, the youthful vivacity of which has given place to middle-aged steadiness. Through this compact mass of animal life gallop with a wild scurry, from time to time, half-nude boys, breaking a narrow pathway in search of some needed ox or pony, or hurrying the whole struggling mass riverward. In the camp the sole occupation of the day is the pursuit of pleasure. From every tent and shelter comes the sound of laughter; every camp-fire furnishes its quota of jest and song. Here a small but excited circle, gathered under the shade of a cart, are deeply engaged in gambling by what is known as the "moccasin-game." In an empty moccasin are placed sundry buttons and bullets, which, being shaken up, involve the guessing of the number in the shoe. The ground is covered with guns, capotes, and shirts, the volatile half-breed often stripping the clothing from his back to satisfy his passion for play, or staking his last horse and cart. There another like-minded party are gambling with cards, the stakes being a medley of everything portable owned by the players. In many tents rum is holding an orgy, and the clinking of cups, boisterous laughter, and song, tell of the presence of the direst enemy of the hunter. In another quarter feasting is the order of the day, and the small stock of provisions, designed to supply the family until the buffalo were reached, is being devoured at a sitting. The host knows this; but, then, he selects a feast and its consequent famine. Yonder, tawny Pyramus is making love to dusky Thisbe after the most approved fashion. They seem indifferent to the exposure of the camp, and conduct their wooing as if no curious eyes were upon them. About the many camp-fires stand, or crouch, the wives of the hunters, busily engaged in culinary operations, or gossiping with neighbors, while their numerous scantily-attired offspring play about in the dust and dirt with wolfish-looking dogs. The baby of the family, fastened to a board, leans against a cart-wheel, doubtless revolving in its infantile mind those subtle questions pertinent to babyhood.

Gathered in a circle apart are likely to be found the aged leaders of the hunt, engaged in discussion of the weightier matters of the time; but, from the broad smiles lighting up their bronzed features at times, it is doubtful whether many of the subjects are relevant. Perched high on a cart-wheel, farther on, sits a long-haired Paganini, drawing rude melodies from an antiquated and fractured violin. About him are congregated a crowd of delighted hearers, suggesting new tunes, requesting the loan of the instrument long enough to exhibit their own skill, or, seized with the infection, suddenly breaking into an improvised break-down, or executing a *pas seul* the very embodiment of caricature. Reclining under the shade of carts, in every possible attitude, lie weary hunters indulging in a *siesta*, from which to be rudely awakened by some practical joke of their fellows, only to find themselves bound hand and foot. Again, the awaking is made in a manner more congenial by the mellow gurgling of proffered liquor held to the lips. About the outskirts of the camp the veteran horse-trader plies his calling, painting the merits of the animal in hand in vivid *couleur de rose*. Above all rises the clamor of many tongues, speaking many languages, the neighing of horses, the lowing of kine, the barking of hundreds of dogs, and the shouts and yells of fresh arrivals, as they pour hourly in to swell the numbers of the already vast encampment.

In the afternoon, if the day be propitious, the camp becomes for a time comparatively deserted, the noise and excitement being temporarily transferred to the distance of a mile or more upon the prairie. Here the hunter presents a totally different appearance from the lounging, tattered, unkempt personage of the morning. He has donned his holiday apparel, appearing in all the bravery of new moccasins, tasseled cap, gaudy shirt, fine blue capote, and corduroy trousers. His sash is of the most brilliant pattern, and wound about his waist to make its broadest display. He is mounted upon his best horse, with bridle and saddle decked with ribbons and bravery, and has suddenly become an alert, active, volatile, and excitable being, constantly gesticulating, shouting, and full of life. A straight course is marked off upon the prairie of, say, half a mile in length. After well-known leaders of the hunt have been stationed at either end, the racing begins. Betting runs high, the wagers of the principals being generally horse against horse, those of outsiders ranging from valuable horses down through carts and oxen to the clothing worn at the moment. All is excitement, and, as the contestants dash forward, with that peculiar plunging of the heels into the flanks of the horses at every jump, affected by the plain-hunter, it breaks forth in cheers and gesticulations of encouragement to the favorite. All points of disagreement are quickly settled by the *dictum* of the umpires, and the loser quietly strips saddle and bridle from his much-prized animal, and consoles himself for the loss in copious draughts of rum. To the regular courses of the day succeed a multitude of scrub-races, gotten up on the spur of

the moment, and involving almost every article of property as the wagers. Horses, oxen, tents, guns, clothing, provisions, and spirits, change hands with wonderful celerity, and to an accompaniment of shouts and gesticulations that would do no discredit to Bedlam. The sport continues with but little abatement throughout the afternoon, the races gradually growing shorter, however, and the wagers of more trifling value.

Toward night the huge camp becomes again resonant with a more intense Babel of sounds. The lucky winner on the race-course parades his gains, and depicts in graphic pantomime his share in the sports; while the loser bewails his losses in maudlin tones, or arranges the terms of a new race for the morrow. The betting of the afternoon is succeeded by the deeper gambling of the evening; and the sounds of shuffling cards, the clinking of the buttons and bullets of the moccasin-game, and the exclamations of triumph and despair of winner and loser, are everywhere heard. Rum flows freely; for each hunter brings a supply to tide him over the grand encampment, and start him fairly on his journey. As the night advances, the camp grows more and more boisterous, the confusion worse confounded. The women disappear from the camp-fires, and betake themselves to tents out of harm's way. Drunken men reel about the flaming fires; wild yells fill the still air; quarrels are engendered; fierce invectives in many tongues roll from angry lips, and the saturnalia becomes general. The camp-fires light up the strange scene with a lurid glare, and tent, cart, and awning, cast fantastic shadows over all. The orgy continues late into the night, and, when the fires flicker and die out, their last feeble glow reveals shadowy forms stretched promiscuously about, sleeping the sleep of drunkenness.

With the first glow of coming dawn, the camp rouses into life and vigor again. The headaches and fevers engendered by the debauch of the previous night are carried patiently by their owners to the river's brink, and bathed in its cooling waters. The women once more appear about the camp-fires, clad in dark-blue calico—which so effectually conceals succeeding accumulations of dirt—busied in preparations for the morning meal. Their lords stand moodily near to obtain a share of the heat; for the mornings are chilly and raw. And, as the excitement of the previous day has been dissipated by sleep, and that of the opening day is still to come, the features of the plain-hunter are in repose, betraying at a glance the nature of his employment. The theory that one's daily life leaves its impress upon the face meets with no more ample corroboration than here. The countenance at first sight would be taken for that of a resolute, reckless, and determined man. It is deeply bronzed by exposure, and is marked by numerous hard lines sharply defined about the mouth and eyes. Somewhat Assyrian in type, yet it expresses a certain cunning combined with its resolution; the eyes are watchfully vigilant; the square lower jaw prominent and firmly set; the nose straight and somewhat hooked; the cheeks rather

sunken and sparsely bearded. A faint glow of excitement, however, instantly changes the expression: it becomes alert, volatile, all alive—a face to dare anything, to plunge into danger from mere love of it, and yet not a labor-loving face, nor one capable of sustained effort in any direction not attended with the excitement of physical risk. This type of countenance pervades the camp more or less. It assumes its deepest tints in the old hunters, degenerating into a haggard, reckless air, and finds its mildest phase in the newly-fledged buffalo-runner, about whose eyes the inevitable marks are but beginning to form. It is not, perhaps, so much the danger that paints these lines of life in sombre hues upon the face, as the wild, reckless racing and slaughter of the final chase—a chase leading for miles, and extending through long hours, keeping nerve, muscle, and mind, at their utmost tension, and all bent upon slaughter. But, whatever the cause, certain it is that no class of men more distinctly marked by the characteristics of their vocation exist than the members of this hunt. Even the women assume, after a time, the reckless air of their husbands and brothers engaged in it.

The most positive, perhaps, of the recognized laws regulating the camp of rendezvous is that forbidding the departure of any one from its limits after having once entered it. This is to guard against covering the plains with straggling bands of hunters whose presence would inevitably drive the buffalo from their usual range. By reason of this self-imposed law, no one attempts to leave the main body until all the hunters have arrived—an event which generally occurs within a week from the first formation of the camp. During that period the time is passed much in the fashion above described, and, as a consequence of so continuous a series of dissipations, all are eager to break camp and start upon the long journey. The day previous to that appointed for departure, however, is set apart for the election of the officers of the hunt, and the transaction of such other business as the exigencies of the time suggest.

By this date the hunters are supposed to be all in, and prepared as well as they ever will be for departure. The encampment has swollen almost beyond available limits, and become dissipated and unruly to a degree. From two thousand to twenty-five hundred carts line the banks; three thousand animals graze within sight upon the prairie; one thousand men, with their following of women and children, find shelter under carts, and in the tents and *tepees* of the encampment; the smoke of the camp-fires almost obscures the sun; and the Babel of sounds arising from the laughing, neighing, barking multitude, resembles the rush of many waters.

II.

IMMEDIATELY after breakfast of the day previous to that appointed for departure from the rendezvous, all the males of the camp repair to a point a short distance off upon the prairie, where, gathered in a huge circle, they proceed to the election of offi-

cers for the coming hunt. The votes are given first for a chief, who shall see that all laws are enforced, and shall have the power of settling all disputes. To this office is almost invariably elected an old hunter, prominent both on account of experience and executive ability, and for whose comparatively exemplary life all entertain respect. The second ballot elects twelve counselors who, with the chief, make the laws, decide the direction of travel, and advise the executive in all matters of doubtful propriety. These persons, being necessarily men of experience, are chosen also from the elderly men of the camp, or those who have followed plain-hunting for many years. The third ballot is cast for the election of four captains, each of whom will command a certain number of men, called soldiers, who become the police of the hunt, mounting guard against Indians, arranging the shape of the camp—an outer circle formed of carts, inside of which the tents and animals are placed—keeping watch over private property, arresting offenders, etc. These four men must be of a determined mould, and are chosen from the middle-aged hunters whose courage and vigilance are approved. Lastly, four guides are elected, who are to lead the train in the direction indicated by the chief and counselors. This position, involving a thorough knowledge of the country, is always filled from the ranks of the older hunters, whose many years of service have rendered them acquainted with every foot of the territory to be traversed. With this last office the election terminates.

Before the crowd disperses, the chief and counselors have framed a code of laws which is to govern the multitude during the period covered by the hunt. This code varies a little, perhaps, in phraseology from year to year, but is generally of the following substance:

1. No running of buffalo is permitted on the Sabbath-day.
2. No member of the hunt to lag behind, go before, or fork off from the main body, unless by special permission of the chief.
3. No person or party to run buffalo before the general order is given, in which the entire hunt may participate.
4. Every captain, with his men, to patrol the camp in turn, in order that a continual watch may be kept.

Penalties.—For the first offense, the saddle and bridle of the offender to be cut up.

2. The offender to have his coat cut up.
3. The offender to be publicly flogged.

Any penalty is foregone, however, if the guilty party pay a stipulated sum in money, meat, or robes, for each offense.

In case of theft the perpetrator is to be taken to the middle of the camp, his name called aloud thrice, the word "thief" being added.

The election having furnished the hunt with the requisite officers, and a code of laws providing for all the necessities and emergencies incident to its nomadic life, the huge encampment begins at once to feel their sanitary effect. By eventide the soldiers

are selected from the numbers of the young men, and a relief patrols the camp—for the laws are enforced from the moment of their enactment. The effect is perceptible in the lessened confusion, the cessation of public drinking and gambling, and a general air of order and routine. The dissipation of the past week is replaced by attention to the details of the coming journey. Everything is made ready for an early departure on the morrow. The chief and his counselors assemble in the centre of the camp and discuss the most advisable route to pursue; the council being open to outsiders having suggestions to offer. The captains of the guard pass through the camp in all directions, issuing orders as to the disposition of animals, carts, and baggage, in such manner as to afford the best facilities for easy and rapid loading. Play-day is over, and the real business of the hunt begins. After the lapse of a night which, in its quietude, forms a violent contrast with the seven or more preceding it, the camp of rendezvous is broken up, and the caravan begins to move.

The fortunate traveler who, standing upon the edge of the Sahara, has seen a caravan trailing out into the barren and interminable sand-dunes of the desert, the main body tortuous and serpentine, the fast-disappearing head swaying to and fro in the dim distance, has but, few features of the scene to change in depicting the departure of this mongrel hunt for the barren buffalo-ranges of the plains. With the first gleam of morning, before the mists have lifted from the river, the flag of the guide is raised and the huge train starts upon its way. One by one the carts fall into line, following each other in single file, until the last vehicle has left the camp of rendezvous. The train now is five miles in length, its width varying from half a mile to a mile, as the press of loose animals is greater or less. The creaking of the loose cart-frames, the screech of ungreased axles, the shouts of wild riders as they dash along the length of the train or off upon the prairie in quest of some stray animal, the neighing of horses, the lowing of kine, make a pandemonium of sounds that may be heard miles away upon the plain. At the extreme front rides a staid guide bearing a white flag, which, when raised, indicates a continuance of the march, and, when lowered, the signal to halt and camp. About this standard-bearer move, with grave demeanor, as becomes those charged with important trusts, the old chief and counselors of the hunt. Along the line of march are scattered the four captains of the guard, who, with their men, keep order in the line. Here rides on a sleek runner the average hunter, in corduroy and capote, bronzed, sparsely bearded, volatile, and given to much gesticulation; next, an Indian, pure and simple, crouched upon the back of his shaggy, unkempt pony, without saddle, and using a single cord as bridle—a blanketed, hatless, "grave and reverend seignior," speaking but seldom, and then only in monosyllables; then a sandy-haired and canny Scot, clad in homespun, and with keen gray eyes wide open for the main chance, eager for trade, but reckless and daring as any hunter of them all, bestriding a large-boned, well-ac-

courted animal, and riding it like a heavy dragoon ; here, again, a pink-cheeked sprig of English nobility, doing the hunt from curiosity, and carefully watched over by a numerous retinue of servants and retainers. He has in his outfit all the latest patterns of arms, the most comprehensive of camp-chests, and *impedimenta* enough for a full company of plain-hunters. From every covered cart in the long train peer the dusky faces of Phyllis and Thisbe, sometimes chatting gayly with the tawny cavaliers riding alongside ; again, engaged in quieting the demonstrations of a too lively progeny. In the bottom of every tenth vehicle, stretched upon its back in the soft folds of a robe or tent, and kicking its tiny pink heels skyward, lies the ever-present baby—a laughing, crowing, dusky infant, clad in the costume of the Greek slave, and apparently impervious to the chill air of the early morning. Scattered about among the throng of marching animals ride the boys, servants, and younger men, engaged in keeping the long line in motion. Everywhere there is a glint of polished gun-barrels, a floating of party-colored sashes, a reckless careering to and fro, a wild dash and scurry, a waving of blankets, shouts, dust, noise, and confusion.

As the day advances, the march becomes more toilsome. The prairie, freed from the morning dews and heated by the sun, sends up dense clouds of dust from beneath the tramping hoofs, half concealing the long caravan. Oftentimes the trail passes over immense tracts ravaged by prairie-fires, where the earth presents naught save the dense coating of black ashes. In this event the train is likely to be completely enshrouded in the penetrating dust, filling mouths, ears, and eyes, with its pungent particles, and discoloring everything it touches. Animals and men suffer alike, and the cooling, if not crystal, waters of the streams and creeks crossing the line of march occasion a general rush for relief. To avoid a long-continued trailing of dust—which bids fair to suffocate the rear end of the train in the event of a slight wind blowing, as is nearly always the case upon the prairie—the caravan is frequently divided into four or five columns, marching parallel with one another, each column nearly a mile in length. When the march assumes this form, as it nearly always does when the lay of the prairie permits, its picturesque aspect deepens, and progress becomes more rapid. It seems like the hurried ranks of an invading army advancing with slow but certain steps. The centre column then becomes the guide, and at its head the flag of march is held aloft.

With the exception of a short halt at noon, when no attempt at camping is made, the columns merely halting in line and loosing the animals for the hour during which dinner is prepared, the march continues in this monotonous but picturesque fashion until at an early hour in the evening, when the flag of the guide is lowered and the train forms the night-camp. One by one the carts wheel into a vast circle, oftentimes two and three deep, the trains of each vehicle pointing inward, until the complete

figure is formed. The animals, after being loosed, are turned out upon the prairie until toward night, when they are again driven within the circle. Another smaller line, following that of the carts and leaving a considerable space between the two for the reception of the animals, is formed by the tents, each with its camp-fire burning before it. Directly in the centre of the camp are pitched the *tepees* of the chief and counselors, in order to be readily accessible for consultation at all times. The camp is at once efficiently policed, and the best of order prevails. The tramp of the day produces its natural effect, and, after supper and the usual season of fumigation, the bustle and confusion attendant upon so vast a collection of men and animals die out. A little knot of the older hunters perhaps linger in consultation about the central camp-fire for a time ; but soon naught is heard save the tramping of horses and oxen, or the startled exclamations of some sleeper suddenly aroused by the unceremonious entrance of a wandering animal into his tent. Not even the vigilant guard is to be seen ; but let any one attempt to leave the camp, and shadowy figures will arise like magic from the grass without the circle, barring his further progress.

At earliest dawn the march is again resumed ; the incidents of one day being but a repetition of that preceding, if we except Sunday. No law of the code, perhaps, is less seldom violated than that governing the observance of this day, so far as it applies to the labors of the hunt. The letter of the law is strictly observed : no buffalo are run ; but of its further observance ?—well, let us see.

The camp of Saturday night is located, if possible, contiguous to a plentiful supply of water, and amid an abundance of buffalo-chips, which have long since taken the place of wood as fuel. The Sunday breakfast is apt to be a late one, and eaten at leisure. Immediately after it, however, the entire camp moves as one man a short distance upon the prairie. It frequently happens that a priest is with the party ; if not, an acolyte celebrates a kind of open-air mass, the whole assembly kneeling with uncovered heads upon the level plain during its continuance. The devotions are apparently heart-felt and solemn ; the rattling of beads, the muttering of prayers, and the louder response, alone breaking the Sabbath stillness. No Christian church in the city presents a more devout and chastened aspect. The wild, reckless, swearing hunter of an hour before has become a penitent soul, counting his beads with a look of pathetic prayerfulness affecting to behold. The services continue an hour or more, but the devout assembly stirs not. The sun gleams down upon uncovered heads, and glances into unprotected eyes, powerless to distract attention from the mass. Thus did the warlike Crusaders pause amid their tempestuous lives to call upon the source of all blessings ; so did the Israelites in the wilderness, bearing about the Ark of the Covenant. The plain-hunter's devoutness arises in a measure, however, from the fact of having to pray for all the rest of the week ; for on the intervening six days his lan-

guage is anything but that of prayer. All things have an end, and so finally has the mass, for which the assembly seem more than ever to be thankful, and betake themselves to camp again for dinner.

The afternoon is not given to devotion. It has happened on the evenings of the previous march that François, or Pascal, or Pierre, has paraded the camp, shouting in stentorian tones, "I, Pierre, challenge François to race his bay horse against my gray, the stakes to be horse against horse!" or, "I, Antoine, challenge the camp to race against my roan for an ox and cart!" These challenges have been accepted, hands shaken in confirmation of the agreement, and the race appointed to take place the following Sunday afternoon. So it occurs that a sufficient number of races are on the *tapis* to occupy the entire time. The chief is now, by virtue of his office, the umpire, and lends his presence to render the sport legitimate and of acknowledged character. What was once governed by individual honor is now enforced by law. The counselors take places at either end of the course as judges. The police are present to preserve order and enforce the decisions of the judges. The camp turns out *en masse* in holiday attire to witness the sport, and all is excitement, gesticulation, shouting, and confusion. The wagers rapidly change hands; ponies and carts multiply upon the fortunate winner; favorite runners are lost to others whose almost sole dependence rested upon them. Many having lost ponies, oxen, carts, and runners, by racing or gambling, now stake their own services as servants upon the issue of a final race, and accept defeat with the philosophy of Stoics. The excitement engendered by the sports of the afternoon follows the hunter on his return to camp, and the day which began with prayer and devotions terminates in clamor, quarreling, and drink, if obtainable. More license prevails than is allowed upon other days, and, morally considered, the time had been far better passed in the usual occupations of the hunt.

As the hunt approaches the scene of its labors scouts are daily sent out to ascertain, if possible, the direction in which the large herds of buffalo are feeding. No attention is paid to the small bands that are encountered from day to day, and firing at them is strictly forbidden. The object is to encounter the main herds, when all the hunters may participate in the chase with equal chances of success. The longing for fresh meat, however, becomes at times too much for half-breed endurance, and to gain the coveted morsel, and avoid infringing the law, an amusing method of capture is resorted to.

Two active hunters, taking in their hands the long lines of raw-hide, called "shagnappe," isolate a cow from the herd. Then, seizing either end of the line, they proceed to revolve about their victim in opposite directions, so entwining her legs in the folds of the cord as to throw her to the ground by the very struggles she makes to escape. Once down, a few dexterous twists of the line secure her head, and a knife finishes the work. This sport furnishes considerable excitement, and is much af-

fecting as a relief from the monotony of the daily jog. Then, too, it supplies what is likely to be by this time a much-needed article—food. Strange as it may appear, the improvident plain-hunter scarcely ever begins his journey with a stock of provisions sufficient to last until the buffalo are reached. And all the lessons taught by years of experience and semi-annual privation and suffering have failed to impress him with the necessity of a more ample supply. Four or five days out from the camp of rendezvous, frequently in less time, half the train is invariably destitute of food. But little appearance of it, however, is presented to the spectator. The volatile hunter laughs and jokes and starves with a *sang-froid* truly admirable. For all that, he borrows of his neighbor, begs piteously for his children, or, when absolutely forced to it, kills a pony or ox to replace the provision he might easily have brought. Before this stage is reached, however, in nearly every covered cart of the line may be heard children crying for food, and wives pleading for the means of satisfying them.

At length the scouts, who for days have been scouring the prairie in every direction, bring the welcome intelligence of the discovery of the main herds. The line of march is at once turned toward the point indicated, and the laws against firing and leaving the main body are rigidly enforced. The long train moves cautiously and as silently as possible. Advantage is taken of depressions in the prairie to keep the train concealed from the buffalo, and not a sound is raised that may give warning of its presence. Approach is made as closely as may be compatible with safety, always keeping to the windward of the herd. Then, if a convenient locality is reached, camp is made, and busy preparations for the evening hunt begin. Guns are carefully scanned, powder-flasks and bullet-pouches filled, saddles and bridles examined, and, above all, the horses to be used in the final chase carefully groomed, for highest among his possessions the plain-hunter ranks his "buffalo-runner." It is to him like the Arab's steed—a daily comrade to be petted and spoken to, the companion of his long journeys, and the means of his livelihood.

The buffalo-runner belongs to no particular breed, the only requisites being speed, tact in bringing his rider alongside the retreating herd and maintaining a certain relative distance while there, and the avoiding the numerous pitfalls with which the prairie abounds. Horses well trained in these duties, and possessing the additional requisite of speed, command high prices in the hunt, often ranging from fifty to eighty pounds sterling. On the hunt they are seldom used for any other purpose than that of the final race, except it may be to occasionally draw the cart of madame at times when her neighbor appears in unwonted attire.

Before daybreak on the following morning—for a chase is seldom begun late in the day—the great body of hunters are off under the guidance of scouts in pursuit of the main herd. A ride of an hour or more brings them within, say, a mile of the buffalo,

which have been moving slowly off as they approached. The hunt up to this time has moved in four columns, with every man in his place. As they draw nearer at a gentle trot, the immense herd breaks into a rolling gallop. Now the critical and long-desired moment has arrived. The chief gives the signal. "Allee! allee!" he shouts, and a thousand reckless riders dash forward at a wild run. Into the herd they penetrate; along its sides they stretch, the trained horses regulating their pace to that of the moving mass beside them; guns flash, shots and yells resound; the dust arises in thick clouds over the struggling band; and the chase sweeps rapidly over the plain, leaving its traces behind in the multitude of animals lying dead upon the ground, or feebly struggling in their death-throes. The hunter pauses not a moment, but loads and fires with the utmost rapidity, pouring in his bullets at the closest range, often almost touching the animal he aims at. To facilitate the rapidity of his fire he uses a flint-lock, smooth-bore trading-gun, and enters the chase with his mouth filled with bullets. A handful of powder is let fall from the powder-horn, a bullet is dropped from the mouth into the muzzle, a tap with the butt-end of the firelock on the saddle causes the salivated bullet to adhere to the powder during the moment necessary to depress the barrel, when the discharge is instantly effected without bringing the gun to the shoulder.

The excitement which seizes upon the hunter at finding himself surrounded by the long-sought buffalo is intense, and sometimes renders him careless in examining too closely whether the object fired at is a buffalo or a buffalo-runner mounted by a friend. But few fatal accidents occur, however, from the pell-mell rush and indiscriminate firing; but it frequently happens that guns, as the result of hasty and careless loading, explode, carrying away part of the hands using them, and even the most expert runners sometimes find their way into badger-holes, breaking or dislocating the collar-bones of the riders in the fall.

The identification of the slain animals is left till the run is over. This is accomplished by means of marked bullets, the locality in which the buffalo lies—for which the hunter always keeps a sharp lookout—and the spot where the bullet entered. By the time the hunters begin to appear, returning from the chase, there have arrived long trains of carts from the camp to carry back the meat and robes. The animals having been identified, the work of skinning and cutting up begins, in which the women and children participate. In a remarkably brief time the plain is strewed with skeletons stripped of flesh, and the well-loaded train is on its return. Arrived at camp, the robes are at once stretched upon a framework of poles, and the greater part of the flesh scraped from them, after which they are folded and packed in the carts to receive the final dressing in the settlement. Of the meat, the choicest portions are packed away without further care, to be freighted home in a fresh state, the cold at that late season effectually preserving it. Large quantities are, however, con-

verted into pemmican, in which shape it finds its readiest market.

Pemmican, which forms the staple article of produce of the summer hunt, and is also extensively made in the fall, is a species of food peculiar to the country. To manufacture it, the buffalo-meat is first cut into thin strips and hung upon poles over fires until thoroughly smoked and cured. In this shape it is sold as dried meat, being packed in bales weighing sixty pounds each, and is much used as a traveling-provision. The meat is then pounded fine, and mixed with an amount of tallow or buffalo-fat equal to itself in bulk. The tallow, having been boiled, is poured hot from the caldron into an oblong bag, manufactured from buffalo-hide, into which the pounded buffalo-meat has previously been placed. The contents are then stirred together until thoroughly mixed, when the bag is served up and ready for use. Each bag when full weighs one hundred pounds, and it is calculated that, on an average, the carcass of one buffalo will yield enough pemmican to fill but a single bag. As a traveling-provision it is invaluable. There is no danger of spoiling it, as, if ordinary care be taken to keep the bags dry and free from mould, there is no assignable limit to the time pemmican will keep.

The camp, which has for days been on the verge of starvation, after the return of the hunters from the chase becomes a scene of feasting and revelry; and gastronomic feats are performed which seem incredible to those unacquainted with the appetite begotten of a roving life, unlimited fresh air, and the digestible nature of the food. As with the daughters of the horse-leech, there is a continued demand for more, until the consumption of tongues, melting hump, and dripping ribs, bids fair to threaten the entire camp with immediate asphyxia. All night long the feasting continues among the groups formed about the camp-fires, and roasting, boiling, and stewing are the order of the hour. Were the supply certain to be exhausted on the morrow, the consumption would go on just the same, the improvident hunter entertaining no idea of reserving of present excess for future scarcity. Happily, the supply is abundant, for it sometimes happens that the carts are fully loaded with meat in a single chase. In that event, the major part of them are at once started homeward in charge of boys and the younger men, while the hunters follow up the herd to obtain a further supply of robes. A view of the prairie, after a run in which the acquisition of robes is the sole object, reveals the enormous waste of life which annually occurs. The plain for miles is covered with the carcasses of buffalo from which nothing has been taken save the hides, tongues, and it may be the more savory portions of the hump; the remainder being left to the wolves and carrion-birds. Should the first run fail to secure a sufficient supply of meat, however, the chase is continued until the complement is obtained, each hunter starting his carts homeward as they are filled.

In such manner has the work of the semi-annual hunts been conducted for over half a century, and in

the same way will it continue, growing less in importance yearly, until the last buffalo shall have ceased to exist. Their importance in the years gone by can hardly be over-estimated. They have furnished the main support of a population numbering ten thousand souls, and furnished the trade with a great part of its animal supplies of robes and furs. An enterprising and flourishing province is springing up about the site of the little colony of hunters, ren-

dered all the more easy of establishment by the stability and wealth derived from the chase. But, unfortunately, the older nomads are crowded by this civilization. They belong to a race apart, and are scared by fences and inclosures, as if they confined even the free air within bounds and limits. Gradually they retire before it, following the buffalo closer and closer to the Rocky Mountains, until finally both will disappear together.

CHARLESTOWN RETAKEN,¹

DECEMBER 14, 1782.

BY PAUL H. HAYNE.

[The surrender of Cornwallis may be said to have virtually terminated the Revolutionary War. Its effect throughout the Carolinas was particularly marked. Every British post and fortification erected in the interior was at once dismantled, while the terrified invaders hurried pell-mell toward Charlestown, behind whose strong defenses they looked for protection from their exasperated and now triumphant enemies. The American army pressed hard upon their rear—following them, in fact, to the very gates of the metropolis.

"On a fine winter's day," says Horry, "we took possession of our capital. The style of our entry was novel and romantic. On condition of not being molested, the British had offered to leave the town unhurt. Accordingly, at the firing of a signal-gun, they quitted their advanced works, while the Americans, moving on close in the rear, followed them all along through the city down to the water's edge, where they embarked on board of their three hundred ships, which, moored out in the bay in the shape of an immense half-moon, presented a magnificent appearance."

The scenes and events of that day must, indeed, have made an indelible impression upon all who participated in them. They transcend the cold limits of prose; and I have therefore attempted to perpetuate them in a ballad-measure, not unsuited, perhaps, to the varied and picturesque nature of the details introduced.]

AS some half-vanquished lion,
Who long hath kept at bay
A band of sturdy foresters
Barring his blood-stained way—
Sore smitten, weak, and wounded—
Glares forth on either hand;
Then, cowed with fear, his cavernous lair
Seeks in the mountain-land:

So when their stern Cornwallis
On Yorktown heights resigned
His sword to our great leader
Of the stalwart arm and mind—
So when both fleet and army
At one grand stroke went down,
And Freedom's heart beat high once more
In hamlet, camp, and town,

Through wasted Carolina,
Where'er from plain to hill
The Briton's guarded fortresses
Uprose defiant still,
Passed a keen shock of terror,
And the breasts of war-steeled men
Quailed in the sudden blast of doom
That smote their spirits then.

"Our cause is lost!" they muttered,
Pale-browed, with trembling lips;
"Our strength is sapped, our hope o'erwhelmed,
In final, fierce eclipse;
And what to us remaineth
But to blow our earthworks high,
And hurl our useless batteries
In wild-fire up the sky?"

'Twas done! each deadly fastness
In flaming fragments driven
Farther than e'er *their* souls could climb
Along the path to heaven;
Coastward the Britons scurried,
In reckless throngs that flee
Wild as December's scattered clouds
Storm-whirled toward the sea.

In Charlestown streets they gathered,
Each dazed wisacre's head
Wagging, perchance in prophecy,
Or more perchance in dread.
Horsemen and footmen mingled;
They talked with bated breath
Of the shameful fate that stormed the gate,
Of wrack, and strife, and death!

Meanwhile our squadrons hastened,
Keen as a sleuth-hound pack
That near their destined quarry
By some drear wild-wood track.
Ah, Christ! what desolation
Before us grimly frowned!
The roadways trenced and furrowed,
The gore-ensanguined ground,
With many a mark (oh! deep and dark!)—
Made ghastlier by the star-white frost—
'Twixt broken close and thorn-hedgerow,
Of desperate charge and mortal blow
In conflicts won or lost!

Proud mansions, once the centre
Of jubilant life and mirth,
Now silent as the sepulchre,
Begirt by ruin and dearth;
Their broad domains all blackened
With taint of fire and smoke,
And corpses vile, with a death's-head smile,
Swung high on the gnarled oak!

No sportive flocks in the pasture,
No aftermath on the lea;
No laugh of the hinds at labor,
No chant of birds on the tree—

¹ During the Revolution, and some time after, we believe, the metropolis of South Carolina was known as *Charlestown*, not *Charleston*, as at present.

But all things bodeful, dreary,
As a realm by the Stygian flood,
With odors of death on the uplands,
And a taste in the air of blood !

On, on our squadrons hastened,
Sick with the noisome fumes
From man and beast unburied,
Through the dull, funereal glooms ;
Till in unsullied sunshine
One glorious morn we came
Where far aloof, o'er tower and roof,
We viewed our brave St. Michael's spire
Flushed in the noontide flame !

Without their ruined ramparts,
Beyond their shattered lines,
Just where the soil, bowed seaward,
In long, low slopes declines,
The foe had sent their messengers,
Who vowed the vanquished host
Would leave unscathed our city,
Would leave unscathed our coast !

Only—due time they prayed for
(Meek, meek, our lords had grown !)
To range their broken legions,
And rear ranks overthrown—
So that, though smirched and tainted
Their martial fame might be,
In order meet their stately fleet
Should bear them safe to sea :

Who win, may well be gracious ;
We did not stint their boon,
Though the white 'kerchiefs of our wives
Were fluttering in the noon—
On house-top and on parapet
Each token fair and far
Shone through the golden atmosphere
Like some enchanted star !

Next morn their signal-cannon
Roared from the vanward wall,
And to the ranks right gleefully
We gathered, one and all.
Our banners, scarred in many a fight,
Could still flash back the winter light,
And proud as knights of old renown,
With sunburnt hands, and faces brown,
Borne through the joyous, deepening hum,
'Mid ring of fife, and beat of drum,
'Neath purpling silk, and flowery arch,
Our long, unwavering columns march ;
And yet (good sooth !) we almost seem
Like weird battalions of a dream ;
Our souls' bewildered scarce can deem
We tread once more,
Released, secure,
With fetterless footsteps as of yore,
The pathways of the ancient town !

And still, as borne through dreamland,
We glanced from side to side,
While mothers, wives, and daughters, rushed
To greet us, tender-eyed ;
Each hoary patriot proudly
Lifted his brave, gray head,
And the forms of care-worn captives rose
Like spectres from the dead—

Like spectres whom the trumpets
Of freedom's cohorts call

To burst their grave-like dungeon,
And spurn their despot's thrall ;
To take once more the image
Of manhood's loftier grace,
And, chainless now, the universe
Look boldly in the face !

And the young girls scattered flowers,
And the lovely dames were bright
With something *more* than beauty,
In their faithful hearts' delight ;
The very babes were crowing
Shrill welcome to our bands,
And perched on matron shoulders clapped
Blithely their dimpled hands :

And naught but benedictions
Lightened that sacred air,
Freed from the awful burden
Of two long years' ¹ despair—
Two years so thronged with anguish,
So fraught with bitter wrong,
They seemed in mournful retrospect
Wellnigh a century long.

But if years of mortal being,
Trebled threescore-and-ten,
At the last, our souls exultant,
Would recall *that* scene agen,
With its soft " God bless you, gentlemen !"
Its greetings warm and true,
And the tears of bliss our lips did kiss
From dear eyes, black or blue.

Nathless, despite our rapture,
Down to the harbor-mouth
We dogged the Britons doomed to fly
Forever from our South !
They left as some foul vulture
Might leave his mangled prey,
And pass with clotted beak and wing
Reluctantly away.

Three hundred noble vessels
Rode on the rising flood,
Wherein with sullen apathy
Embarked those men of blood ;
Then streamed their admiral's pennant—
The northwest breeze blew free ;
With sloping mast, and current fast,
Out swept their fleet to sea.

We strained our vision waveward,
Watching the white-winged ships,
Till the vague clouds of distance
Wrapped them in half eclipse ;
And still we strained our vision
Till, dimmer and more dim,
The rearmost sail, a phantom pale,
Died down the horizon's rim.

Thus, o'er the soul's horizon,
Did thoughts of blood and war,
Through time's enchanted distances
Receding, fade afar.
Thus, o'er the soul's horizon,
Our strife's last ghastly fear,
Like all the rest, down memory's west
Did slowly disappear !

¹ The *precise* period of the British occupation of Charles-town was *two years, seven months, and two days*.

THROUGH A GLASS, DARKLY.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

IT was esteemed by many people a most unexampled kindness on the part of Dr. Frederick Champlin when that gentleman took upon himself the education and support of young Hubert Howe. Hubert's father had been, it is true, the intimate and valued friend of Dr. Champlin, and his sudden death from the effects of an unexpected bankruptcy had left little Hubert both kinless and penniless; but Friendship, in the judgment of respected authorities, may continue a very creditable affair and still not hold herself the inheritress of awkward obligations. Dr. Champlin's conduct to the son of his deceased friend was thought to be something unconventionally generous.

Young Hubert himself, who became the recipient of this kindness at sixteen years of age, discovered toward the doctor an immediate and truly intense gratitude. He had been about to start for Germany just before his father's abrupt misfortune and rapidly-following death; in which country paternal preference had very strongly desired that his education should be completed. Dr. Champlin, shortly after the funeral, placed the boy in charge of some friends who were starting for Europe, and through a period of eight years Hubert remained in Germany. It is questionable whether or not his gratitude alone made him a hard student during these years. His nature was one in which prudence and a dogged capacity for work held almost equal mastery with an intellectual thirst after fact. In a German university such qualities are almost like the ideal lever of Archimedes; there is no computing what wonders they may not accomplish. They accomplished for Hubert academic triumphs of a most solid sort. He came back to his benefactor in New York one of the best-educated young men on the continent he had just quitted, and with a sort of latently heroic yearning to repay Dr. Champlin by some splendid deed of gratitude.

The doctor laughed, in his dry way, when Hubert first touched upon this question after his arrival. Dr. Champlin was a great, massive man, whom the word iron-gray, intensely applicable as regarded his bushy mane of straight hair, might almost be said to suit as a description of his entire age-touched *physique*, but, most of all, of his solemn face, large-featured, close-shaven, and set in lines unvarying as though wrought in bronze.

"It isn't every soil, Hubert," the doctor said, "which will reach a certain grade of culture. Your father was a scholar and student. I trusted to hereditary instincts and have not been disappointed. The great problem of the would-be almoners in this world, my boy, is to know whom to help. By-the-by, you have already decided, I suppose, what to do for a living? I dare say medicine has not entered your head?"

Hubert (whose yellow hair and yellow-bearded

face somewhat strikingly suggested the German student) replied most humbly that he had presumed to decide upon nothing uncounseled by the doctor, but that he esteemed the profession of medicine a career full of the most noble and humane possibilities, and that a rather close proficiency in the physical sciences would perhaps offer him valuable aid toward adopting it.

The doctor grimly listened, said to himself, "This fellow, with all his learning, has the modesty of a girl," and then told Hubert aloud that there was no reason why he should not try and be a doctor. This meant, of course, an offer of still further help from hands that had already given so much. A few days later Hubert had begun a course of study at the medical college, and was at the same time enjoying the advantage of being always in Dr. Champlin's office when not employed with his preparatory readings. Hubert's quickness of perception and his well-trained mental powers won Dr. Champlin's grim admiration again and again. "To give the fellow a new idea is like throwing a nut to a hungry squirrel," he once told a professional intimate; but, as for Hubert, he rather divined this admiration than ever positively witnessed it.

Before going to Europe, Hubert had seen nothing of Dr. Champlin's family, and had indeed been wholly in ignorance regarding that subject; for his father was the sort of man who rarely leaves his own library, and then never with social intentions. The visiting had been all on Dr. Champlin's side. On his return from abroad, Hubert had been somewhat promptly presented to the doctor's motherless daughter, Lucia Champlin, a young lady of two-and-twenty.

Lucia Champlin was a tall, slender girl, who carried her head like a deer, and looked at you from a pair of deep-lashed gray eyes as though she herself read you perfectly at sight, yet defied the exercise on your own part of any similar penetration. It occurred to Hubert more than once, during the early period of their acquaintance, that Miss Lucia had much about her very difficult to interpret; but, while months wore away, her insolubility by degrees appeared to him as the sort of psychical opaqueness that is not coexistent with depth.

Hubert fell into the habit of often visiting at Dr. Champlin's house during the evenings. Lucia reigned in the drawing-room as a queen with a plentiful supply of courtiers. People were perpetually coming and going between the hours of eight and ten; it was a kind of protracted reception from week to week. "I am shamefully selfish in a social way," Lucia had said to him. "I scarcely ever go anywhere, yet insist that people shall let me entertain them." Dr. Champlin would now and then play host during a portion of an evening, but he did not often receive with his daughter.

Lucia was an admirable hostess. She had the

magic accomplishment, when large assemblages filled the rooms, of charming her guests equally by distributing her presence among all in a series of delightful impressions, each being the product of mere moments. When few persons were there, her grace and a certain native leadership became even more apparent. It must be recorded that, when Hubert first returned from Germany (while his yellow beard and over-long locks yet remained untrimmed), Lucia dazzled him as a combination of all possible feminine attractions.

But Hubert's was a mind that perpetually went, so to speak, with its nose against the ground, scenting facts backward to their causes. While Lucia (if she thought at all on the subject) was ranking him as one of her most leal servitors, Hubert had been quietly, night after night, starving the altar-flame across whose perfumed smoke he once saw his divinity. He knew Goethe far better than Tennyson, but he had studied psychology in a German university, and was four-and-twenty years old, and so told himself, no doubt, in more or less different words, that "they are dangerous guides, the feelings." Lucia, he decided, was a soul into which all things entered, as it were, beneath the triumphal arch of her own vanity. She played the patronizing hostess to everything—even moral rules. All her charming polish had a metallic explanation beneath it. She was a transcendently subtle piece of machinery. You thought of how wonderfully she imitated real Nature, just as you might in a similar way have reflected concerning a wax rose. "But for me," thought Hubert, "there has latterly grown up an inseparable sense of a glass case between myself and a work of such delicately accurate art."

What emotional effect these opinions exerted upon Hubert is, of course, another question. If we do not fall in love by means of our judgment or our conscience, equally true is it that we fail to fall out of love through the help of such respectable agencies. Whether or not Hubert had been in love with Lucia before drawing these desolate deductions concerning her character, certain it is that, after having drawn them, his periodic appearances at her "evenings" still continued.

He had now passed his final medical examination; was, to a certain extent, associated with Dr. Champlin as an assistant physician; and had already become enviably regarded as that gentleman's professional heir. Lucia was generally conceded to rank among the wealthy matches of the day, and perhaps Hubert had never presumed, even while holding the most rosy views concerning her womanly worth, to connect her with any matrimonial possibilities as regarded his own future. Now, surely, he was far from such speculations. Every fresh interview which they held together seemed to harden his opinions from theory into fact.

"You are a stranger," she said to him one evening, when he had staid away for nearly a fortnight. It was a stormy evening, and Hubert had chosen to avail himself of it for finding her alone. "But papa tells me that you are very diligent. I

suppose that you sacrifice everything to your profession?"

"Not everything," denied Hubert, with a certain hardness, looking down. "In medicine, of course, it is folly for a man to be lukewarm; he had almost better break stones for his living."

"It is a grand profession," Lucia said, a kind of change coming over her face that once seemed, in Hubert's eyes, like a soft light touching it (but now he drew no such poetic analogy). "I suppose papa would have made *me* a doctor," she went on, "if I had been a man. Do you think that I would have made a successful doctor?"

"The first point is," said Hubert, with a faint smile, "whether you would have made a successful man."

"Well?"

He seemed to reflect for a moment.

"You have mental strength; I should say that you have courage; and then your ambition—"

"Why do you mention ambition?" she broke in, flushing.

"You must own to ambition," said Hubert, whose candor was nearly always childlike, and sometimes a little rude.

She flushed deeper.

"You always see my worldly side. You think I am perpetually moving about a drawing-room, trying to make guests comfortable. But perhaps I shouldn't complain; it is a deed of charity to entertain people—if one can do it well."

"Are you charitable? I did not know it."

"You say that queerly—uncivilly, I mean."

"Excuse me," said Hubert, with great gravity. "Some fashionable women, like yourself, find much time for charities. I was thinking of those. By-the-by," he added, "there has recently come under my notice a very tempting case for the almsgiver. A young, struggling doctor, such as I am, finds all sorts of patients, you know: the patient to whom I refer is a lady of not over five-and-twenty—a widow, with one child. I am sure she has been accustomed to a life of luxury; everything about her speaks of such a past. Her name, she tells me, is Marlowe. Have you ever known any one of this name?"

It struck Hubert that Miss Champlin wore a slightly bored manner as she shook her head negatively to his question.

"This lady," he went on, "is living now in most wretched quarters and suffering from a miserable sort of intermittent fever. She has one friend, who has followed her through all her misfortunes, but whose income is in itself so slender that she is enabled to aid Mrs. Marlowe but little. I call upon the poor invalid nearly every day, and yet, strangely enough, I have never met this faithful friend."

Lucia Champlin was looking full at Hubert as he finished speaking. It suddenly seemed to him as if his position in the present interview had become altogether objective, and that he filled, just then, no other office in creation than to furnish a cause for his hearer's placid, half-amused surprise.

"How very pretty!" Miss Champlin said. "You

ought to meet this charming *inconnue* and fall in love with her."

Hubert made a great effort to be light.

"I have met her," he answered, with a broken little laugh—"on pasteboard."

A very astonished look crossed Lucia's face.

"On pasteboard?" she replied.

"Yes; Mrs. Marlowe showed me her photograph, but would not tell me her name. She placed it on a table near her bedside when I handed it back to her, and I—well, to call a spade a spade, I stole it. But I shall return it to-morrow. Do you know the face?"

He had produced the photograph during his last words. Lucia took it and stared at the face for some moments in silence, her own face being nearly hidden from his.

"I don't know of anybody living whom it looks like," she presently said, handing the photograph back to him. Her tones were cold, and a cold laugh jarred amid them. "It is much too angelic to be any of *my* acquaintances."

While Hubert was replacing the picture in his pocket, she suddenly burst forth into a louder laugh and a colder one.

"Pray what induced you to tell me all this?" she asked. "Was it to measure my charitable impulses?"

"Oh, no," he said, scarcely conscious of what answer left his lips. He was chilled and wounded, he could not precisely have told why. He had somehow slipped into a new and lower state of disillusion regarding this girl's character. It was nothing that she had said, it was no special tone or action, but all taken together, that so bitterly affected him.

Very soon after this a new visitor entered. He was a person whom Hubert had never seen before, tall, dark, and exceedingly handsome, looking as though he might be either French or Italian. Miss Champlin at once presented him to Hubert as the Count de L—, and the conversation immediately became French. Hubert could not fail to notice in the manner of this gentleman and Lucia an appearance of something more than intimacy, but the count himself inspired an immediate and marked feeling of distrust. Hubert rose very soon, and took his leave, wondering, as he passed from the room, whether anything could be more smilingly expressionless than Lucia Champlin's "good-night."

It was some days later that he was astonished to find in a daily paper a scandalous chronicle regarding the antecedents of this Count de L—. He chanced to encounter the article while in the office with Dr. Champlin, and he at once called the doctor's attention to it.

"I have seen it," was the rather laconic reply. "I suppose you know that he used to visit Lucia. There can't be any doubt about the truth of the article. I have told Lucia to cut him."

"And will she obey?" Hubert could not help asking himself. Grim and autocrat and egotist as he had already discovered his patron to be, was Lucia, he reflected, humble-spirited enough to bow beneath any such edict, provided this French ad-

venturer had really won her love? For it did not occur to Hubert that heartless women might love very passionately after a certain manner of loving; he was too close a metaphysician not long ago to have hit upon this truth. The belief in something much stronger than a possibility that Lucia had fallen in love with De L— grew upon Hubert the more that he considered the fact of this man's extraordinary beauty and remembered how intimate together these two had seemed the night of his own last visit to Miss Champlin.

That this idea haunted him for several days cannot be doubted. During one of his calls upon the unfortunate Mrs. Marlowe, Hubert had occasion to traverse a certain ugly cross-street not far from the house of his patient. In this street stood a building which he had frequently before noticed, its entrance surmounted with those three balls for-whose unmistakable significance we are, it is said, indebted to the De' Medici. The general dinginess of the neighborhood made him observe with some curiosity a very respectably-clad female figure which was emerging from the same doorway while he himself approached it. The lady's veil was up, and she stood quite still on the sidewalk for a moment, looking cautiously to left and right before deciding upon her course. As her face turned itself in his own direction Hubert recognized, with a thrill of supreme amazement, Lucia Champlin. A moment afterward she had lowered her thick veil and was hurrying away.

The intense surprise of this meeting left Hubert in a somewhat dazed state. He walked quietly along, and saw her vanish round a distant corner. What earthly motive, he kept asking himself, had induced Lucia Champlin to enter that place?

Before reaching Mrs. Marlowe's room Hubert had concluded that there could only be one motive for so strange a step. Pecuniary need in Frederick Champlin's daughter implied reckless previous expenditure; and the inference of such expenditure led but to one conclusion. Cold as he knew her nature to be, there had doubtless entered into it the heat of some passionately overmastering infatuation. And this outcast Apollo, this beautiful reprobate, De L—, must be its object. The man's present difficulties, graphically narrated in that scandalous newspaper scrap, greatly strengthened Hubert's belief.

No doubt his manner struck poor Mrs. Marlowe (whom he found in bed, suffering from an acute attack of her stubborn fever) as both perturbed and preoccupied.

"I see that your good angel has been to visit you," he said, glancing at one or two dainties that ill compared with the common table on which they rested. "How strange that I should never meet her!"

"But you have seen her already," answered the invalid, with a smile in which there was a gleam of reproach; for, although Hubert had restored the photograph and confessed his theft, Mrs. Marlowe had not yet quite pardoned him for taking what she evidently held as a most precious treasure.

"But not in the way that I wish to see her," was

Hubert's answer. "She must be a good woman, and truly good women are rare, you know. Her face, strangely enough, reminds me of one seen somewhere before—but where, I cannot conjecture."

If Mrs. Marlowe observed any marked change in Hubert's manner, she probably did not miss from it his usual tender cheerfulness and encouragement. Her little child, too, a charming boy of about three years old, received from him the customary gentle fondling, for Hubert was a warm lover of children.

"I think you are one of the best men that ever lived, Dr. Howe," the invalid told Hubert, with tears in her voice, that afternoon, just before he left the house, and while he held her thin, hot hand in his own cool clasp. "Don't look offended, now, for I do! Oh, how I wish—" But here she abruptly paused, and although Hubert, his curiosity somehow roused, asked her with earnestness to finish her sentence, she refused with an excited sort of emphasis that made him, for physical reasons, cautious about questioning her.

That night Hubert called upon Lucia. There was a throng of people in the drawing-room when he entered it. Dr. Champlin was also present. Lucia beamed upon the new-comer, and spoke polite nothings to him, while he quietly searched her face for some sign of embarrassment or shame; but none was evident. If self-control, it was superb self-control. Perhaps, Hubert told himself, she was quite ignorant that he had seen her before during the day.

She was about going away from him to discharge other duties of hostship, when her father approached them.

"Lucia," he said, a flavor of pleasantry giving to his usual grimness something the effect of a sunbeam striking on granite—"Lucia, my daughter, I have just been having a talk about diamonds with Mr. Wentworth. He is a collector of precious stones, and a noted connoisseur in diamonds."

"Well, papa?"

Oddly enough, Dr. Champlin appeared to be scrutinizing his daughter's arms. "You haven't on that diamond bracelet, I see—the one that your mother left you, I mean. Pray go up-stairs and get it, Lucia—or send. I wish to let Mr. Wentworth examine the stones."

It was plainly apparent to Hubert, as her father finished speaking, that Lucia had become very pale. Dr. Champlin turned away, as though confident that his command would at once be carried out. Lucia stood perfectly still, her eyes following him for a moment, and then fixing themselves with suddenness upon Hubert. From the sort of restrained terror that filled her face, Hubert believed that he read miserable disclosures. It was therefore scarcely a shock to him when she said, low-voiced, looking at him very intently all the while: "I cannot get it for him. What am I to do?"

Hubert, in turn, looked at her steadily. "Do you mean—this morning?" he asked, making quite a long pause to mark the odd hiatus in the sense of what he said.

Her pallor gave place to a rapid flush. "Yes," she returned, with a tremor of tone he had never heard in her voice till now. "I discovered that you saw me. I believe you to be sufficiently my friend for me to trust you without an explanation."

"You forget that I am your father's friend, also," he answered, in stern undertone. "I did wrong not to have told him directly what I saw. You speak of an explanation. Surely you can offer nothing adequate?"

Her eyes flashed. "To you?" she exclaimed, defiantly. "Pray, what explanation do I owe *you*?"

"An ample one," said Hubert. "Your father's reputation should be something that I, above all men, ought to guard from stain, if it is within my power to do so."

Her cheeks now burned in two scarlet spots; she was biting her under lip. "I know that," she replied; "I know it very well, Dr. Howe." And here she abruptly paused.

Hubert felt that he ought to recoil from her. We do not always act up to our fine standards, however. "What can I do for you?" he asked, in a voice that was almost tender. "Anything? If so, count on me."

She shook her head, her eyes being now averted. "No, nothing," she answered, in much softer tones. Suddenly she looked at him with a momentary fixity of expression. "I don't know why I told you," she said. "It was a mistake. Grant me this favor: do not ask for any further explanation."

"It is not needed," said Hubert, with a bitterness of which he was perhaps unconscious. "I can readily guess why your bracelet went."

All the color quickly died from her cheeks.

"You know the reason?" she faltered. "Who told you?" she added, after a little pause, almost fiercely, and in a whisper.

"Observation," Hubert answered. His suspicions were certainties now, and so he went on, boldly: "Remember, I saw that man in your company last week. There are certain signs which are almost unmistakable, you know. Then I became aware that your father had made you forbid him the house, and of course the story reached me of his pecuniary troubles and the accusations against him."

Hubert paused. Some newly-arrived guest had joined them, and claimed Lucia's attention. He moved away, expecting to rejoin her when she was again disengaged; but on the stranger's leaving her she quietly walked toward her father and the Mr. Wentworth to whom he had referred, and with whom he was still conversing.

Hubert watched Lucia address her father. She seemed quite composed; the pink of a wild-rose had by this time touched her face; now and then she looked smilingly toward Mr. Wentworth.

"She is inventing some falsehood," Hubert mentally said; "most probably she is telling him that the bracelet has gone to be repaired. And her father, of course, believes her; why not? Have I the right to suffer this gross deception of one to whom I owe so much as I do to Dr. Champlin?"

This latter question, while he asked it of himself,

sent a shudder through Hubert's frame. His was just the nature, indeed, to feel his present position with something very like acute agony. He remained standing in silent watchfulness of Lucia for a short time after she left her father, though apparently he was examining a certain picture, a recent purchase, placed on an easel in front of where he stood. He observed the easeful grace with which Lucia moved here and there; he saw her smile and bow and turn her neck with the old, pretty stateliness. A paleness overspread Hubert's face; a struggle passed on within him, strong but brief.

"I cannot betray her," he told himself, almost aloud. A little later he had slipped from the rooms, and presently he quitted the house. He had decided to say nothing.

On the following morning he met Dr. Champlin with an inward pang of sharp shame. A voice seemed jeering at him, and the words of the voice were, "So this is the way in which you repay years of generous protection!" Hubert found it almost impossible to fix his thoughts on their necessary work. Dr. Champlin, according to custom, left the office and entered the carriage which waited to take him on his round of professional duties. As he was quitting the room, an impulse seized Hubert to detain him and tell all that he knew concerning Lucia. But the impulse died away in a moment, and the doctor left the office for his carriage. Hubert, sitting within the office, heard the carriage-door shut and the vehicle itself rattle away.

Who has ever read the human soul, or even followed one clew definitely along its labyrinth of inter-blending motives, passions, and desires? No sooner had Dr. Champlin gone than Hubert regretted not having told him. The office chancing to be empty, he sprang from his seat and began pacing the floor with short, nervous steps. Ten chances to one, he told himself, that newspaper scandal was at least half true, and Lucia was throwing herself away on a worthless adventurer. Why had he paused for a moment in telling her father the whole truth? Was it his own pride that had kept him silent? Was it a strange sense of lealty to Lucia? Fine lealty, indeed, that permitted such self-destruction! His brain was in a whirl as he ceased walking, and flung himself into a chair. Fortunately, professional duties soon presented themselves in the shape of several patients. But during the next three or four hours a resolve strengthened within him to let Lucia's father know everything when next they met.

Death, if it strikes with suddenness, always appalls; but when certain terrible tidings were brought to Hubert, at about twelve o'clock that day, the intelligence fairly stunned him. It was a story horribly brief and simple. The horses of Dr. Champlin's carriage had taken fright and escaped their driver's control; they had run for some distance at furious speed until, dashing round a corner, they had hurled the coachman from his box and overturned the carriage. Galloping on, they had finally been stopped. From the shattered vehicle Dr. Champlin had been taken out in an unconscious

condition. The coachman's injuries were believed not to be fatal; but the doctor had died almost at once.

When Hubert's horror had in a measure worn away, he was enabled to use that shrewd sense of which he possessed so large a share, and to rid himself of all morbid fancies regarding this dreadful death being in any wise connected with his own misconduct. But while he stood, hours later, beside the white-faced Lucia, and watched her gaze down upon her father's still whiter face, a miserable sense of this girl's utterly untrammelled freedom to act as she chose assailed him with stern force. Lucia seemed to bear the shock heroically enough. Friends and family relations crowded about her. It was not, indeed, until three days after the great ceremonious church-funeral that he and she met alone together.

Lucia then sent a message into her late father's office, which, as with most physicians, was on the basement-floor of the house. It was a message merely requesting that Dr. Howe would meet her up-stairs. Hubert at once ascended to the room indicated; she was waiting for him.

She looked beautiful in her mourning-dress, her wan face gaining from its darkness a kind of new sculpturesque beauty. But if Lucia's face had the pallor of a statue, it had also its cold rigidity.

She offered Hubert no greeting except a slight bow. She was standing when he entered, and remained so after she had bowed to him. Hubert waited for her to speak, which she presently did, in icy tones.

"You have received from my father, whose will was yesterday opened, a legacy of some importance." Lucia named an amount whose largeness made the word "legacy" seem almost inappropriate. "I considered that I should be the first to inform you of this bequest," she proceeded, "and it was on this account that I sent for you."

"Such liberality amazes me," faltered Hubert. "I had expected nothing." He could speak no other word, just then. Remembrance stabbed him with a fresh wound of remorse.

"I suppose," Lucia went on, as though she was reciting what she knew by heart, "that you will naturally succeed to much of my father's practice; but you have, no doubt, already contemplated a change of office, and—I need not—"

Her pause seemed intentional. It was almost as though she had ended with a request that Hubert would himself finish her sentence. He flushed, and a faint flash lit his eyes.

"You need not remind me, you doubtless mean," he answered, "that my further residence here will be unsatisfactory. Are you sure," he went on, with a kind of sad dignity, "that you are justified in supposing I had intended to remain?"

Her composure gave way to a kind of ruffled haughtiness.

"It would seem as if you had so intended," she answered, a little confusedly. The fingers of one hand played in a nervous way with a small bronze

ornament on a table near by; her mouth made a sort of sneering curve, and her eyes were averted from Hubert. Suddenly she looked at him with angry fixity. It seemed as though she could no longer keep within bounds a certain passionate indignation.

"I can't help being rude to you," she abruptly exclaimed. "Your insult of the other evening still rankles; I confess it."

"Insult!" repeated Hubert, almost astonished out of language. "Pray, when did I insult you?"

Lucia was now making an apparently hot struggle to keep back the tears; and they seemed tears of pure rage.

"You accused me of giving money to that wretched De L——; you hinted that we were lovers."

"I believed it. Am I wrong? If so, pardon me."

"Are you wrong!" cried Lucia, utterly exasperated. But further words died on her lips, for through a suddenly-opened door there entered a pale-faced woman clad in black, whose appearance drew from Hubert an exclamation of surprise. It was his patient, Mrs. Marlowe. A little later this lady had taken Hubert's hand in both her own, and so held it while she spoke these words:

"Forgive her, Dr. Howe. She hates the thought of being so utterly misunderstood. You said, when you first saw me, that my face reminded you of some face before seen; you meant my sister Lucia's; for Lucia is my own sister."

"Your sister!" exclaimed Hubert, incredulously.

"Yes. I married against my father's will, and he never forgave me; indeed, his anger was implacable ever afterward. He forbade Lucia to see or speak with me, and more than once declared to her that if he knew me to be starving he would afford me no aid whatever. When my husband died, I made my last appeal. That was three years ago. Since then Lucia has done for me all that I would permit—and all that it was prudent for her to do. My father's suspicions might have been roused if she had denied herself in dress or any minor luxuries; but her visits were incessant and her attentions untiring, as you know; for she it was whom you called my good angel. The photograph that I showed you, belonged to our sister Ellen, who died before my marriage. When I became the object of your kind interest, I begged Lucia to let me tell you everything; but she would not allow this, declaring most positively that your position toward my father, whose generous help you so valued, would then grow unbearably painful. When you saw her enter that dreadful place, that morning, she had gone to pawn her bracelet on my account. You remember how sick you found me. Lucia, more alarmed at my state than she had ever been before, determined after leaving my room, that morning, to have my quarters at once changed. Having little money at her command, just then, she feared to create suspi-

cion by asking my father for so large an amount. It chanced that, for purposes of repair, she had taken the diamond bracelet with her on leaving home. The sudden impulse to raise money seized her while she passed the pawnbroker's, and recollected the jewel in her pocket. The whole thing was done for my sake!"

At this point Hubert's eyes left the speaker's face, and wandered toward Lucia, who had rested her head upon that little table near which she had recently been standing.

In this attitude—one wholly tragic—she was endeavoring to repress the great sobs which now shook her frame.

So absorbed was Hubert in watching her that when Lucia's sister dropped his hand and glided out of the room he did not, until some moments afterward, become aware of the exit.

Lucia's sobbing had now ceased. Hubert rose and drew near her in a half-timorous way, as though her grief were too sacred for rapider approach.

"I must ask you for your pardon," he said, with a humility that was not without much manly sweetness.

She raised her head and looked at him with swimming eyes—and eyes most unromantically reddened, also. But to Hubert she had never seemed so beautiful as now. An overmastering conviction of her great worth, her high nobility of soul, swept through him with telling strength.

"I have so utterly misunderstood you," he exclaimed, in a voice that seemed to throb warm with feeling—"I have seen your soul 'through a glass, darkly,' not 'face to face.' Pray forgive me!"

She did not answer, but rose, saying in a low voice:

"Where is my sister?"

Hubert appeared no longer himself. He seized her hand, almost forcibly holding it.

"Do you despise me?" he cried. And then something in her face drove the color from his own. He dropped her hand. A thought had flashed through his brain that made his heart beat a very tumult of strokes. They were standing close together. "Your sister left us," he now faltered, in a completely changed voice. "I don't know why. Do you?"

Their eyes met. It seemed to Hubert as if a great light broke in upon him. He felt like kneeling, but only did the wofully prosaic thing of almost wrenching his watch-chain in two pieces.

"How *should* I know?" she asked, with a kind of fierce plaintiveness. And then she sank into her chair again, and there was another great rush of tears. But a little later Hubert was actually doing something very like kneeling at her feet, while he pressed kiss after kiss on one of her hands. Perhaps he felt that this old-fashioned method would best express his love and his contrition at one and the same moment. Was Lucia of similar opinion? However that may be, her hand was not withdrawn.

AN ENGLISH BY-LANE.

BY CHARLES E. PASCOE.

IT is Leigh Hunt, in one of his charming essays, who dwells upon the pleasure of tracing a connecting link of friendship between the writers and gossips of his own day and those of an age gone by. He shows us how Moore, whom he knew, knew Sheridan; Sheridan knew Johnson, who was the friend of Savage, who knew Steele, who knew Pope. Pope was intimate with Congreve, and Congreve with Dryden. Dryden is said to have visited Milton. Then we can trace a something more than friendship between "rare Sir William Davenant" and the immortal author of "Paradise Lost," for the venerable poet is said to have saved Davenant's life after the latter had attempted and failed to get away to Virginia. Davenant knew Hobbes, who knew Bacon, who knew Ben Jonson, who was intimate with Beaumont and Fletcher, Selden, Clarendon, Raleigh, and the other wits and great men of Elizabeth's time, until we have a continuous chain of what Hunt is pleased to call "beamy hands," from our times up to Shakespeare. If the reader—the middle-aged reader—will take the trouble to throw such a bridge of thought as the foregoing suggests across his own mind, he will be astonished at the degree of affinity which he may establish between men and things of the present and men and things of the past. He will find that the apparently limitless space of time comprised within a hundred years fades into nothingness, and soon he stands talking with the veritable ancestor who formed one of that small band of dauntless men who signed the compact in the little cabin of the Mayflower. And it is surprising how delightful this process of mental bridge-building becomes when its foundations are thoughts suggested by the contemplation with the naked eye of some old relic, or an ancient church, or some building of historic fame, which serves to withdraw us for the moment from the actual present to events connected with days that are long past.

Scrolling from off the main road the other day into the quiet retreat of a peaceful little pathway, in a green country lane on the borders of Hertfordshire—literally on the borders, for it is at a point where that very lovely English shire joins itself to Middlesex—I fell a-musing upon a few fragments of history, which thrust themselves upon the memory, connected with the leafy shade where I found myself walking. Hidden between some trees, whose boughs were weighted with the exquisitely delicate pink-and-white flower of the sweet-smelling chestnut, was an unpretending little church. Truly an unpretending little church: a primitive building enough, of red brick without, quite destitute of ornament, and conspicuous for a certain grave simplicity. It could boast a low, embattled structure, which did duty as a tower, and which seemed to lay some claim also to being styled a Norman belfry; but so overgrown was this toy-tower with ivy, which hung in luxurious

folids slantingly to the roof, that the dear little relic of feudal times had but small chance of asserting its claim to the dignity of being classed as a specimen of that rare early church architecture which I take to have been imported into Britain by William the Norman. Around the church was a picturesque and peaceful God's-acre, given over to the chirruping of birds, and to the cultivation of rose-trees, fuschia-bushes, laurestines, and such like trifles of Nature; and little mounds of emerald-green turf sprinkled with daisies marked out the spots where parishioners of lowly degree had been laid to rest in graves ten thousand times more becoming than the lordliest mausoleum ever raised over the remains of wealthy and pompous humanity. In a corner, over against the church, nestling again beneath the wide-spreading branches of flowering trees, was the rectory, out of keeping with the little church in regard to architecture, but part and parcel of itself in respect of graceful surroundings and primitive natural beauties. I had strolled down one of the neat graveled pathways beside the rector's house, until I found myself standing opposite to a grave, the headstone of which bore the following inscription:

"IN MEMORY OF
WILLIAM POWELL,
THE HARMONIOUS BLACKSMITH,
WHO WAS BURIED FEBRUARY 27, 1780, AGED 78 YEARS.
HE WAS PARISH-CLERK DURING THE TIME
THE IMMORTAL HÄNDEL
WAS ORGANIST OF THIS CHURCH."

An anvil and a hammer, and the first note of the delicious melody from the great composer's "Suites de Pièces pour le Clavecin," were cut into the stone in bass-relief. Then I fell a-musing, as I say, and it was not difficult to bridge over in a few moments a good century and a half of history, and picture to the mind events which had happened in the little church, and in the green lane adjoining, and in the surrounding neighborhood, in the days when the first of the kings of the Hanoverian dynasty began to rule in England. This was the church—the chapel, he preferred to call it, as more in keeping with his own lordly and ambitious pretensions—of James Brydges, the famous Duke of Chandos. Paymaster of the forces during the reign of Queen Anne, he seems to have accumulated an enormous fortune in a surprisingly short space of time, and to have lost it almost as readily as it had been acquired. Writes Speaker Onslow of this duke, in a foot-note to the annotated edition of Burnet's "History of his Own Time:" "He (Brydges) was the most surprising instance of a change of fortune raised by himself that has happened in any age. He never inherited more than a few hundred pounds a year, and in little more than ten years, living expensively the while, he had accumulated a fortune of between six and seven hundred thousand pounds. Without any

vices, or being at all addicted to pleasure, in the compass of about twenty-five years he had reduced himself to almost the difficulties of indigence, by a course of extravagance in his expenditures which had neither taste, nor use, nor sense in them." With a portion of his great wealth—for, for those days, the sum was, of course, prodigious—the duke purchased himself an estate called Cannons, and of this the little church, originally the church of the parish, became an ecclesiastical appanage. Two hundred thousand pounds his grace of Chandos spent in building himself an elaborate mansion, which was wonderfully beautiful in interior embellishments, and extravagantly costly in its general detail. During his residence at Cannons he aped the manners and habits of royalty. He mimicked the then royal custom of dining in public, and flourishes of trumpets heralded the changes of the dishes. A body-guard he had of picked, retired non-commissioned officers of the army, dressed in elaborate costumes; and, when he rode in his splendid coach to town, he was attended by such a troop of retainers and lackeys as made the good people of the city open their eyes wide at the sumptuousness of the great Duke of Chandos's manner of living. Poor Mr. Brydges was the type of a man, unfortunately not altogether uncommon even in this world of to-day, who, without a fault that could be properly called a vice—on the contrary, he seems to have had very considerable virtues, for Speaker Onslow says of him, "He had parts of understanding, and knowledge, and experience of men and business, with a sedateness of mind and gravity of deportment, which more qualified him for a wise man than what the wisest men have been generally possessed with"—with all these excellent virtues, James Brydges, Duke of Chandos, still managed to bring ridicule upon himself and ruin to his family by his absurd and lofty pretensions to a position which in reality he had no claim to fill. No one seems to have divined what could have been his precise object—if, indeed, he had one—in squandering his wealth in a vain show of outward pomp and magnificent course of living. Hints have been thrown out by some that at one time he cherished an ambition, about which, however, English historians have been altogether silent; but, whatever his true motives in creating himself a petty king at Cannons, his name only lives in history now as the man who was mainly instrumental in securing to England the illustrious honor of being able to number Händel among her greatest men. And, strangely enough, the little church played no mean part in bringing the immortal composer's name prominently before the English public.

Among the duke's other hobbies he cherished a love for church-music. He loved also the ornate splendor of the Catholic Church in celebrating divine worship, and he had a predilection in favor of the Italian Catholic mode of church-decoration. His little church was plentifully debauched—not painted, as visitors will at once recognize—with allegorical displays of saints, the Christian virtues, and chubby-

faced cherubim, by Laguerre. Belluchi, an Italian artist of some fame, embellished the walls with a "Nativity" and "Dead Christ," and a pretentious "Moses receiving the Law." Dr. Pepusch, a man of considerable eminence as a writer of church-music, composed the greater number of the morning and evening services for the chapel; and Dr. Desaguliers, a divine whose name is still held in some veneration as being the man who first publicly lectured on experimental philosophy in London, was appointed chaplain. Shortly after his arrival in England, the services of the great Händel were retained as chapel-master. The duke wished to transform his toy-chapel into a miniature Italian church, and to have divine service performed within its walls in a style seldom seen outside of a cathedral. The gaudy chamber—for, after all, the chapel is little more than a chamber in size—has resounded with the music of some of the most celebrated vocal and instrumental performers of England of the last century, and more original compositions, perhaps, have been played upon its tiny organ than on any other existing organ, I should say, in the world. The two *Te Deums* and the twelve famous anthems by Händel, called "The Chandos *Te Deums*" and "The Chandos Anthems," first had their rare beauties made known through the pipes of the little instrument. Eight more original anthems Händel played upon its keys. But, most noteworthy of all, on the 29th of August, 1720, the master played, for the first time publicly, his oratorio of "Esther" upon it. Engraved on a brass plate, on one of the organ's panels, is the following inscription:

"HÄNDEL WAS ORGANIST OF THIS CHURCH
FROM THE YEAR 1718 TO 1721,
AND COMPOSED THE ORATORIO OF ESTHER
ON THIS ORGAN."

The duke paid Händel for this composition alone one thousand pounds. "Acis and Galatea," it may be mentioned, was also composed for the duke, and was performed for the first time at Cannons. "The pretty poem for this English serenata," says Schoelcher, in his "Life of Händel," "is by Gay, assisted by the other literary frequenters of the mansion. Here may be found some verses by Pope, 'Not showers to larks,' and a strophe by Hughes, 'Would you gain the tender creature?' nor did they hesitate to take 'Help, Galatea, help!' from Dryden's translation of the thirteenth book of Ovid's 'Metamorphoses.'"

The duke was not only regal in his style of living, but regal in the patronage he bestowed upon art (unfortunately, he little understood it), music, and literature. Though "a man of more true goodness of nature or gentleness of nature," Mr. Onslow says, "never lived," and notwithstanding that he had bestowed much consideration and shown great kindness to Mr. Pope, the venomous little satirist, for pure spleen's sake, it would almost seem, took note of the duke and his doings, and crushed him and them in lines of terrible strength in his celebrated "Essay on Taste." Upon the chapel services he was cruelly severe:

"And now the chapel's silver bell you hear,
That summons you all to the pride of prayer;
Light quirks of music, broken and uneven,
Make the soul dance upon a jig to heaven.
On painted ceilings you devoutly stare,
Where sprawl the saints of Verrio or Laguerre;
Or gilded clouds in fair expansion lie,
And bring all paradise before your eye.
To rest, the cushion and soft dean invite,
Who never mentions hell to ears polite."

The weak side of the duke's character he has summed up in a few words:

"His study! with what authors is it stored?
In books, not authors, curious is my lord;
To all their dated backs he turns you round—
These Aldus printed, those Du Sueil has bound.
Lo! some are vellum and the rest as good,
For all his lordship knows, but they are wood.
For Locke or Milton 'tis in vain to look,
Those shelves admit not any modern book."

But, whether Pope was true or false in his estimate of the duke's character and doings, he turned out to be wonderfully correct in his prophecy of the ultimate destiny of the ducal estate:

"Another age shall see the golden ear
Imbrown the slope and nod on the parterre;
Deep harvest bury all his pride has planned,
And laughing Ceres reassume the land."

With the exception of the little church, now called Whitechurch, not a relic of the lordly domain of Cannons remains. In 1747 the whole estate with its mansion was purchased by a Mr. Hallett, a London cabinet-maker, who, with a careful eye to business, pulled the great house down and sold the materials, and divided up the estate for farming purposes. A marble staircase of grand proportions was transplanted to the Earl of Chesterfield's house in Mayfair. An ill-treated, battered monument of the poor duke's one-time greatness may have been seen by many of the readers of this paper. It was the wretched-looking equestrian statue of George I. which for so many years stood rickety and forlorn in the garbage-ground of Leicester Square, to which dingy resting-place it had been consigned from the courtyard of Cannons. The duke lies buried, with two out of three wives, in a gorgeous and costly sepulchre of marble in the little church which his ostentation had made so famous. An inscription on his monument tells us that his "modesty ordered all encomiums on his tomb to be avoided; yet," writes the composer of his epitaph, "justice to his memory and truth tell the reader that, if a youth spent in constant application to business which tended more to the good of his country and friends than his own, a life passed in acts of the greatest humanity and charity, forgiving every one and going to the utmost of his power, ended in an old age dedicated to patience, resignation, and piety, deserve from mankind gratitude and love, they are most strictly his due."

But Whitechurch—rarely sought out, because little known, by American travelers; and here I may mention that it stands about half a mile off the main road from Edgware, easily reached by the Midland Railway—Whitechurch speaks far more of the genius of Händel than it does of the regal mag-

nificence of the comparatively unknown Duke of Chandos. Down the little lane leading to the church must have passed time and time again the wonderful man of music. We may almost picture him to ourselves sauntering along—large made and portly, a trifle ungainly in his gait, with that peculiar swaying motion of the body which distinguishes those whose legs are bowed, his features finely marked, and his countenance placid, and bespeaking, we are told, "dignity tempered with benevolence;" the man of genius all over, with the large, full forehead on which rested the ample wig of the period, flowing to the shoulders; the counterpart in dress, deportment, and lineament, of the only true likeness we have of him, the statue on his tomb in Westminster Abbey. Irascible to a degree—he once threw a kettle-drum at the leader of the orchestra in the very presence of royalty itself, and nearly choked a prima donna—he was still a man of singular breadth of heart. The latter days of his life were wholly spent in acts of benevolence. "For the relief of the prisoners in the several jails, and for the support of Mercer's Hospital," so runs the advertisement of the performance, "and of the charitable infirmary on Inn's Quay, at Dublin," the glorious "Messiah" was performed under the personal direction of Händel himself, for the first time. His charity to the Foundling Hospital in London is notorious.

Händel was a man, too, of most extraordinary activity of mind, and an intense worker, and one of the most gifted as well as one of the most learned men who have ever lived. His opera of "Rinaldo" (the first opera, I believe, ever performed in England, and one which met with an extraordinary success) was so rapidly composed that Rossi, the Italian poet who wrote the words declared in an advertisement to the reader that the composer was so swift in his work that to his (Rossi's) great astonishment it was entirely produced in a fortnight. The grand oratorio of "Samson" was composed within the space of thirty-five days. The sublime and magnificent "Messiah" appeared in manuscript entire within twenty-three days from the date the composer penfed its first note. Händel seems to have been perpetually working. He had no sooner conceived an idea than it took shape, and with a little turning over in the brain appeared ultimately, and in a marvelously short space of time, be it said, either as some elaborate composition of consummate workmanship and skill, or as a less pretentious piece of music of score harmony and beauty. His life seems to have known no idle moment. Half a mile or more, perhaps, from Whitechurch is a rude wooden shed standing in the main street or thoroughfare of the village of Edgware. One day, as Händel was on his way to Cannons, he took shelter from a shower in a humble cottage which stands at the back of this shed. The cottage was the dwelling-place of one Powell, who to his energetic if humble calling of blacksmith united the more exalted office of parish-clerk of his grace of Chandos's chapel at Whitechurch. After the usual salutations had passed between the chapel-master and his colleague, the blacksmith fell to work

at his forge in the shed, and being, like most blacksmiths, light of heart as well as strong of limb, he sang a song to himself while he wielded the hammer. Händel listened for a moment. By an extraordinary phenomenon, the hammer striking in tune drew from the anvil two distinct harmonic sounds, which, being in accord with the melody Powell was singing, made a sort of continuous bass. Händel fell a-thinking. His brain conceived an idea, and forthwith it began to take shape. The ring of the hammer on the anvil and the voice of the blacksmith should be made to form a piece for Händel's favorite instrument, the harpsichord. At once he trudged home, and in due time "The Harmonious Blacksmith" was given to the world, which after the lapse of a century and a half is still held to be one of the most charming and popular melodies ever

composed by man. The shed where Powell sang at his work yet stands. The writer hopes that he has succeeded in awakening a passing interest in behalf of these most interesting and little-known relics of the immortal Händel. And he would venture to offer no better advice to those who may visit them than that they should stand at the grave of Powell and ponder upon the vanity of human greatness. At their feet lie the ashes of a man whose name goes down to posterity as the humble originator of an idea that suggested a melody to Händel. Before them, in the little church, enshrined in lofty sarcophagus of marble, with pompous inscription of his virtues, lies buried the one-time owner of the lordly and scattered domains of Cannons, whose fame is scarcely known except to chance visitors to a by-lane in Hertfordshire.

AVICE GRAY.

A STORY IN THIRTEEN CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER VIII.

FRED'S LETTER.

WE have left Dr. Wells a long time upon the road, but during our digression he has accomplished his journey and arrived at Mrs. Harmer's door.

"I'm raal glad to see you, doctor," said the good woman, coming out to meet him, and setting wide the doors of the wagon-house for the willing entrance of the chestnut pony. "I wanted to see you the worst way, for there's two or three things on my mind."

The doctor followed her into the kitchen, which was in its afternoon condition of cleanliness and order, and disposed himself in the rocking-chair she drew forward for his reception.

"I s'pose you've seen Avice to-day," she went on; "but I'm 'most afraid to ask how she is, and how she feels, now the time is getting so near."

"Horribly near," said the doctor. "She is ill enough in body to cause me some anxiety, and as for her mind, poor child—" The doctor paused. "Mrs. Harmer, if the 26th of next month arrives, and we have no news—if the trial comes on, and we find no trace of the stranger who is our only hope—what shall we do? What *can* we do more than we have already done? Think for me—I have thought until I am bewildered, and know not what to think."

"I'm sure I don't know," said Mrs. Harmer, taking up her apron to wipe her eyes. "I'd lay my life upon the poor child's innocence, but I find it hard work to get the rest to believe as I do; even the boys seem to be turned again her now, and, as for Dorade, she won't listen to a word in her favor; and then I fret so about what Fred will—"

"Ay," said the doctor, "when did you hear from Fred?"

"I've only had one letter since he went away,

and that was to Dorade, and not to me. I can't make out what's keeping him so long, unless he's heerd about Avice and darsn't come home; he was only to be gone three weeks, and it's five now."

"Have you written to him?"

"Dorade wrote for me—you know, doctor, I'm a poor hand at learning. I told her what to say, and she told me she said as gentle as she could about Avice, and that he was wanted very bad at home, and to come as soon as he could."

"You did not read the letter after it was written?"

"Why should I? And Dorade's writing's none too easy to read; it's a very ladylike hand," said Mrs. Harmer, quite unaware that her praise was the reverse of complimentary.

"Who posted the letter?" asked the doctor. "Did it go from here?"

"No; Dorade and Ben was going to Whiteches-ter, and she posted it there."

"Did you read Fred's letter to Dorade? Can you tell me what he said?"

"I didn't read it myself, but Dorade read it out for me; he said his aunt's business would take him longer than he thought, and he might be gone a month; we wasn't to look for him till we saw him; and he hadn't got our letter when he wrote, for there wasn't a word about the bad news we had been obliged to send him."

"When did you write?" asked the doctor.

"When he'd been gone a fortnight and three days."

"And when did you get his letter?"

"Let me see—I think it was Tuesday in last week."

"Hm!" said the doctor, in a low tone; "so he had been gone nearly five weeks when he said he should be back in four. Patience, and it will come at last." He fell into silence, and various detached

and formless suspicions began to group themselves and take shape in his mind.

"I beg your pardon," said Mrs. Harmer, who had not caught the words he had unconsciously uttered aloud. "I did not hear what you said."

"No matter; I have a bad habit of talking to myself sometimes. I should like to see that letter of Fred's if you've no objection."

"Of course you can see it. I'll call Dorade to bring it down to you."

"Wait a moment" (as she made a step toward the door). "There is no hurry. How is Dorade?"

"Indeed, she's very poorly; and that's another thing I wanted to speak to you about. She don't seem herself no more than cream is custard. She says it's the work; but, besides that I take the heft of all Avice used to do, she don't act like being overworked. She might be tired nights, but then she'd sleep instid of walking up and down; and I know she does that, for I hear her, for all she seems so sound asleep if I ever go to her room; and if she didn't like the work she'd slip out of doing it, as she's done many a time before, and not crave to do more than I want her to. And she don't eat, coax as I will. If I thought she fretted about Avice I shouldn't wonder; but she don't seem to care about her distress at all."

The doctor reflected a moment before he spoke.

"I've been friends with you a long time, Mrs. Harmer; you won't take it amiss if I speak what's in my mind?"

"I'll be obliged to you, whatever you say," was the hearty reply.

"Of course I know, as everybody else does, that Fred wanted to marry Avice. Do you think that Dorade was angry about it—that she took it amiss?"

"Quite contrary: she did all she could for it. I didn't quite like it myself at first, and she made me agree. She said she was altogether contented with the match."

"And Fred was her favorite brother, and you might have expected her to look higher for him; and she does not care now for the danger and disgrace that have fallen on Avice, and the consequent reflection of it on Fred; nor for the unhappiness it must occasion him?—Mrs. Harmer," he said aloud, "did you never suspect—suspect is hardly the right word either—did you never think that Dorade was fond of Stephen Vanvannick?"

Mrs. Harmer fixed her eyes on the doctor in undisguised amazement.

"Mercy sakes, no! Why, she hasn't spoke to him six times in six months, and she never could have liked him and me not know. Besides, she knew of his fancy for Avice as well as anybody, and she'd be far too proud to—it couldn't be, Dr. Wells."

"Reasons against it notwithstanding, I believe it is," said the doctor. "These things don't go by reason; and, if it be so, if I think right, it would account for much that has puzzled me in Dorade. Poor girl! she is much to be pitied if it be really the case."

"But it is not; I am sure you are mistaken," said the mother, with a mother's repugnance to admit the existence of what was unknown to her. "I'd ask her, if I was not afraid of offending—"

"Do no such thing, please!" interrupted the doctor, hastily. "What good would it do, and what right have we to try to discover what she has taken such pains to conceal—that is, if I am right?—but I am just as likely, after all, to be wrong."

He paused. Of what further thoughts were in his mind, Mrs. Harmer was the last person he could choose as confidante; and he hesitated how to frame his next words.

"I have sometimes thought," he said, after a minute's silence, "that perhaps something altogether new and unexpected might come to light in this matter before the trial; events take strange turns sometimes. If any fresh evidence should come to my knowledge or to yours, I suppose we should be bound to give it?"

"Bound! I'd only be too glad to give any that would help Avice."

"Whatever it might be? You would hold back nothing?"

Something in his tone struck her, and she looked at him hard.

"What do you mean, Dr. Wells? Have you heard anything new? Oh! tell me if you have."

He returned the look; but, while hers was all inquiry, in his there mingled a touch of commiseration.

"No," he replied; "I know nothing; it was only my own idea, and I cannot give you any reason for it; but my mind dwells so much on the matter that—Where is Dorade? I should like to see her. I may perhaps be able to prescribe for her. Tell her to bring the letter, too."

But Mrs. Harmer merely called her name, and the girl entered the room unaware that any one but her mother was there; and it did not escape the doctor's quick observation that her countenance changed when she saw him. She was certainly altered, though it might not have been easy to say how; her pale cheek was no paler than usual, nor was the brightness of her eyes less vivid; nor was she depressed, for she spoke and smiled cheerfully, and, if it were by effort, the effort was well concealed; but the doctor felt that there was an indefinable change in her, and received the impression that she was on her guard, and especially against him. He could not be sure, however, how much of this idea might be due to his previous train of thought, and waited to see if it received present confirmation.

"Dr. Wells is going to prescribe for you, Dorade," said her mother. "I've been telling him you're not very well, and he's going to give you something to do you good."

The girl flushed angrily.

"What need had you to say anything about it, even if it was so?" she said, petulantly. "I want nothing. I'm as well as I ever was in my life."

The doctor did not pursue the subject.

"We have been talking of Fred, Dorade," said

he ; "you expect him home soon, don't you? Your mother says he wrote to you."

She gave him a quick glance, but his face told her nothing.

"Yes, I had a letter," she said, shortly.

"The doctor wants to see the letter ; go and get it," said her mother.

She looked with a slight but sudden start at the doctor, and he answered by a steady gaze ; she could command her muscles, and not one stirred ; but she could not rule the telltale blood which ebbed away and left her very lips colorless. In his calm face she could see no suspicion ; but she knew that if he felt such her aspect could not fail to give it fresh strength ; and she maintained a quiet if defiant demeanor, and rose and left the room slowly, as if to obey.

She was so long gone that the doctor began to wonder what would be the result of her absence, and how she would overcome the difficulty in which he had placed her. Her mother called her twice before she returned.

"I cannot find the letter," she said, as she came in and seated herself with perfect composure in a manner that showed she did not intend to move again. "I have either torn or mislaid it, for I have looked carefully, and it is not to be found."

"Carefully !" echoed her mother. "There's no care about you. And that letter had his new address in it, too ! What are we to do when we write again?"

"I dare say you will hear again when convenient," said the doctor, significantly ; "never mind not finding the letter for me. I know quite as much about it now as I need to know."

He looked at Dorade as he spoke, but her face was marble, and her eyes cast down.

"If ever a man was in a difficult and a painful position, I am," he said to himself when he was again in his gig, and had persuaded the chestnut pony to move on. "If I know the guilty one, as I fear I do, how can I ever bring myself to raise the suspicion and set justice on the track ? And yet how to save the innocent without ? And I have so little to go on, and there is so little time ! I must wait for more light yet ; it is a coward's part to temporize ; but I am a coward, I suppose ; I could take off her arm without the quiver of a nerve, but how can I do what I must if I guess the truth ? That girl will never speak ; she could tell if she would, but—" The doctor sighed and said no more. He thought he knew, or at least could guess, all ; but, like many other guessers, he was very wide of the mark.

CHAPTER IX.

STILL WATERS.

ON the morning of the next day little Flora Vannick awoke with headache and some fever. Naturally delicate, the grief and excitement of the last few weeks had wrought a bad effect on the child's

sensitive organization ; and her mother, still in the agony of her late bereavement, and terrified at the latest symptom of danger to her remaining treasure, lost no time in sending for Dr. Wells.

He allayed her fears when he arrived, and soothed the little patient into rest and quietude ; but he still felt sufficient anxiety to induce him, as he had no pressing engagement, to remain until late in the day. It was Sunday, and after dinner the house subsided into even more than the usual Sunday hush and calm ; man and maid departed on their weekly holiday, the master of the house retired for his afternoon repose, and Mrs. Vannick sat in the darkened chamber where her sick child lay ; the doctor, being thus left to his own devices, and not being inclined to sleep, left the house by the back-way and strolled down to the shore.

The boat lay as usual among the weeds and rushes, and, by an impulse for which he could never afterward account, Dr. Wells pushed off and paddled across the creek to the other bank. It was from no morbid curiosity to visit the scene of the tragedy, for he, like others, had been there while the horror was fresh ; but, all the same, he moored the boat, slowly mounted the gentle ascent, and traced the woody paths, now brown and sear under the summer sun, till he came out on the open space where Stephen had been found.

In other lands, perhaps, a cross might have been erected, or some memorial placed, to mark the spot where a life had so suddenly and so fearfully come to an end ; but here nothing of the sort had been done, and only the associations of those who knew the story shed an awe over the place. It seemed to the doctor that a deeper hush brooded here than elsewhere, that the slanting rays of the sun threw a more solemn brilliance, and that the leaves rustled with a fainter sound. He sighed as he looked round, and thought of all that had gone by and all that was yet to come ; and, crossing the glade, took the path, or rather the no-path, to the pond. Reaching it with silent tread, and standing in the deep shadow of a tuft of alder-bushes, he started and drew back as he caught sight of the figure of a woman seated on the farther side.

He did not need a second glance to assure him that it was Dorade ; and all the ideas and suspicions he had tried to stifle leaped up like new-fed flame. What was she doing here, in this ill-omened place alone—a place from which every association, every feeling of womanly timidity, would seem to hold her back ? Dr. Wells shuddered as he thought, "Can it be the lash of conscience that drives her back to the scene of a repented crime?" He did not like to hide and watch her, but, impelled partly by fear for her, and partly by a sense of duty to others, he waited a few minutes in the shadow of the alders to see what she would do.

She did nothing. She sat on the ground, her hands clasped round her knees, and her eyes fixed before her, both face and attitude expressive of hopeless dejection. Released, as she thought, from observation, her guarded look had given way, and Dr.

Wells was shocked to see how plainly sickness and sorrow were to be read in its place. But, though grief was stamped in as with a branding-iron, there was no remorse; misery every feature told of, but not guilt. He was shaken again in his convictions as he looked at her, and followed with his own the direction of her eyes.

But she seemed to see nothing, and there was, apparently, nothing to be seen. The aspect of the pond had changed; the water looked as unfathomable as ever, but here and there the top of a tuft of rushes broke its black surface, whose golden blossoms caught and reflected back the afternoon sunshine; bunches of purple fire-weed and asters, and sprays of brilliant golden-rod, made patches of color on the margin, softened and toned down by the summer haze; the horror that had hung over the place on that July morning was gone. If the bosom of the pond, like that of the woman who haunted its banks, contained its secrets, it hid them now, as she could sometimes do, under a smiling face.

He waited so long for her to move, and waited so long in vain, that at last he became impatient, and, without allowing her to see him, shook the alder-bushes in a way to attract her attention. She rose then with rather a startled look, but a weary, listless manner; and, after a long, fixed gaze over the rushes and away where the slants of light broke the western shadows, moved slowly away, and was lost to sight in the trees.

"What does it mean?" said the doctor to himself. "I am all at sea. Shall I speak to her? To what purpose? Only to get a denial, and set her more on her guard. But for Avice's sake I cannot let things go on much longer. I pity the girl, but right is right and must be done, whatever the cost; and, to judge from her appearance, she could not suffer more if the truth were known, whatever that truth may be. I must take the only course; but I will be careful. I will not excite suspicion till I have something more to go on. I will just wait until I see the child better, and then go in search of Fred."

But the doctor reckoned without his patient. So far from being better in the morning, the child was considerably worse; and the entreaties and anxiety of the parents, to say nothing of his own, made it impossible for him to leave her to engage in an undertaking of which he could not foresee the end. To write would, he knew, be perfectly useless; Dorade's manner with regard to the letter had convinced him that Fred was not to be reached in that way—by him, at all events; and to go where he was most likely to be found would involve an absence of four days, which, under present circumstances, was out of the question. It was almost a relief to him, the enforced quiescence; there are times when any course is painful alike, when delay is grateful, and when even to doubt seems better than the certainty which we fear must be evil. "After all," thought the doctor, "I hold the key in my own hands. I will have patience a little longer. Our one witness may come still, and then I need never try to verify what I only dimly suspect; and, if not, if I *must* rip open the bleeding

wound, why, I will only do so at the last moment, when I have no choice left. It will be a hard necessity, whenever the time comes."

You have no doubt perceived that Dr. Wells was not a man of any great power of will. He knew to the full the misery—for it is misery—of indecision and of doubt as to what to do for the best. He was not one of those fortunate people who see plainly that there is but one right path, which they promptly take, having no tolerance for those who are tormented by doubts and perplexed by difficulties. He did not think he was right to conceal what he certainly did not know to be, but what might be, the truth; but he could not think it right to precipitate unadvisedly a result which must be one of distress and disgrace to all involved; so that to delay seemed the course of least evil, if not of most good.

Of one thing, however, he was certain, and that was, that he must give what comfort and hope were in his power now to Avice Gray; *she* had suffered enough of fear and suspense, and he must tell her sufficient to lift some of the load from her heart. How much to tell and how much to leave untold he could not decide; he must be guided by circumstances when the time came.

She looked up at him as usual when he went to see her the next day, with the sad aspect he knew so well now; but she saw at a glance the new expression in his face, and a sudden hope shone out of her eyes as she exclaimed:

"You have something to tell me to-day! Is he come?"

"No, my child," said the doctor. "I have no such good news for you as that; but I have something else to say to you, and I want you to listen and think."

She fixed her eyes anxiously upon him, but did not reply.

"Avice," he said, after some hesitation, "would you think any price too high to pay for your liberation?"

"For my freedom only, or to be cleared of—what they charge me with?"

The words were simple, but they struck the doctor dumb. They revealed a depth in the untaught nature at which he, who had thought he knew that nature best, stood surprised. She, who in the perilous position in which she stood could dissociate the ideas of liberation and acquittal, and speak of *freedom only*, must rise in thought higher than he had yet had need to follow her. He scarcely knew what to say next.

"Both, my child," he did say, after a pause. "It is too late for one without the other now. Tell me—what do you say?"

"If the doors stood open I would not walk out uncleared. To face the truth is the only way left me to show the truth. But, oh! to have the truth known and my innocence proved, what price could be too high? What is there I could not bear?"

"You could bear anything, Avice; but supposing that, to prove your innocence, you must make others bear—what then?"

She looked at him doubtfully and inquiringly. She did not understand.

"I believe, Avice," he continued, "that I have the clew to what will exonerate you. I have always known you innocent; but I fear now that I know who is guilty. And I leave it to you to say if I shall clear you by making it known at once or not."

The color rose in her cheek, her eye brightened, and her breath came quick.

"You know what will clear me? What will save me from this dreadful charge? Oh, can you ask me if you shall speak? Do not delay a minute! Let it be known at once!"

"Wait, Avice. You know, for you have felt it, the dread and shame you lie under now. You can experience no more than you have already borne, except the trial, and from that you are safe; for, if the certainty that it must be comes, I will speak then. I will do so now, if you bid me; you have a right to that. But I ask you to think before you inflict, or desire me to inflict, on others what you are suffering now."

"Think! Why should I think? Why should not the guilty suffer? Tell me this moment who it is! Who has so wasted and destroyed my life?"

"Wait again, Avice. Before I tell you, or you guess, the guilty one, let me tell you on whom the shame and the sorrow will chiefly fall, and you shall say whether you will not spare her as long as she can be spared."

"Why should not others bear shame and sorrow as well as me? I have had enough of both—it is time some one else had their turn."

The girl's fingers were twisted convulsively together, her features worked, and a look strangely different from the usual mild expression had come over the pale face. The tone of voice was angry and sullen, and the doctor looked at her in surprise and doubt. He was not so sure as he had been how the conference would end.

"Avice," he said, "the person who will suffer most if the whole truth—as I fear I know it—is ever disclosed, is Mrs. Harmer—she who has been better than a mother to you, Avice Gray."

She looked at him in utter incredulity and amazement.

"I mean it, Avice. Listen. If you will wait patiently till the time of the trial, the stranger who can clear you may come, and in that case I shall never try to verify whatever suspicions I may feel, but leave the guilty to the punishment of conscience and of God. If he does not come, I must then speak for your sake, and, if you tell me to do so, I will speak now; but think whether you do not owe her something—will you not spare her what you have suffered, if you can?"

"But tell me what you mean. What can she have to do with it? How can she be concerned in the awful suspicion that has fallen on me?"

"Suppose—" he hesitated—"suppose, Avice, that some one very near and dear to her had committed the crime—suppose some one else had loved Stephen

as well as you, and been jealous, even to madness—suppose—"

He stopped suddenly. The girl turned ghastly white, and put out her hand as though to ward off a blow. Over her face there broke the light of a terrified comprehension; and she seemed to struggle for words.

"Don't speak—don't tell me!" she gasped out at last. "I know! I know!"

There was a dead silence, while Avice buried her face in her hands. The doctor dared not speak. He had not expected to be so soon and so readily understood, and was frightened now at the thought of the feelings and passions he might have raised.

When at last the girl lifted her head and looked at him again, he was shocked at the change in her. The sweet curves of her mouth were bent into a cruel smile of triumph; there was a baleful light of gratified malice in her eyes. The evil-one works quickly sometimes; and in those few moments he had sowed dark seed in the heart of Avice Gray.

"She always hated me," she said, almost in a whisper, and the voice was not her own. "And she killed him because he loved me."

"I do not say it—I do not know it—but it might be so."

"But I know it," said the girl, her tone changing to one of sudden fierceness; "I can see it now, though I have been so blind. Oh, how I hate her! Oh, how sweet it is to be revenged! Oh, when she is here, where I am now, how I will rejoice in her shame!"

The doctor sat aghast and amazed at the sudden outbreak, but it would have been hardly in human nature for something of the sort not to have occurred. Dorade had never been her friend; had never endeavored to conceal her dislike; had incessantly wounded and insulted her in the thousand petty ways a jealous woman can devise: and now burst on her all at once the knowledge of this incalculable injury, this intolerable wrong. To Dorade she owed her blasted happiness; to Dorade she owed the peril of her life in which she stood; to Dorade she owed the death of the well-beloved of her heart! What wonder if all the milky sweetness of her tender nature curdled at her heart? What wonder if, in the first excitement and anguish of discovery, she should think for a moment how sweet would be revenge?

The doctor waited to allow the storm of feeling to expend itself, and then said, softly: "And what of others? Revenge is in your power; I can bring her here and put her in your place; but what, then, of her mother—of her who is mother both to her and you?"

There was no answer. The dark gleam died out of Avice's eyes, and the old sad, wistful look came back. The doctor's heart swelled with thankfulness at the change, but he did not behold it long, for with a shiver she again covered her face.

"What comfort will revenge bring you, Avice? Will it give Stephen back to you again, will it make you happy, will it undo any part of the past, will it

give hope to the future? Will the thought that you have made others miserable solace *you*? I hope I know you better, Avice Gray; you know yourself innocent, and you are safe. It may be that the blow must fall on her; it may be that in justice to you she must be told the wretched truth—but, Avice, is it for you to hurry that dreadful time?"

Still no answer; but he could see that she was listening.

"Avice, my child, there are few who have had a harder lot than you to bear. Will you faint under the burden and prove unworthy of the trial, or can you turn the cross to a blessing, the shame to a crown of glory? Can you listen, not to the dictates of revenge, but to the voice of gratitude? Can you say, 'If the knife is to be planted in that kind heart, it must not be my hand that strikes?' Can you be patient a little longer? Can you say, 'I will try to forgive?'"

The girl burst into a passion of weeping. He let the tears flow.

When at last the sobs ceased, a silence succeeded, so long that he felt tempted to speak, though fearing to break the chain of her thoughts; but at last she raised her head and looked suddenly up, and her face, though deadly pale, was very calm, the calm of an autumn evening when a thunder-storm has convulsed and purified the atmosphere, and the sun goes down in sober gray. Dr. Wells never knew, no mortal ever knew, what Avice had endured in that silent conflict; such a conflict as comes but to few, and out of which fewer still come conquerors.

"Do you remember that piece in the Bible when Agag says, 'Surely the bitterness of death is past?' I feel like Agag now."

"What do you mean, my child?"

"I said once that if it would do Mrs. Harmer good to lay down my life for her I would do it. I did not think then that it would ever be needed, but I will keep my word."

"What do you mean, Avice? Who talks of your laying down your life?"

"I do. You are right: revenge can do me no good; it cannot give me back Stephen; it cannot give me back my happiness. My life is worth nothing to myself or any one else; her daughter's life and name are worth a great deal to her. Let her keep them, and let mine go."

"You do not understand me, Avice; I never dreamed for a moment of your remaining under this charge longer than—"

"But I mean it. I will never try to clear myself now. If that man comes, well and good; but if not, and if what you think is true, it must never be known."

"You are not in earnest, surely?" said the doctor, in amazement.

"Quite in earnest. She did all she could for me; it is not her fault she could not do more. She saved me, she believed in me, she tried to make me happy and to make my life worth having. I will do what I can for her now. What you say would crush and

humble her, and make her miserable for life. You must never tell her—she must never know."

She was in earnest. Incredible as it might appear, she had resolved if needful to die and make no sign. The doctor said no more. What use in reasoning with one in the first frenzy of a heroism and self-abnegation almost more than human? The feeling might ebb, the glow of the martyr might fade, but for the present feeling and glow were real.

"If you can so sacrifice yourself, Avice," he said, after a pause, "you can surely forgive. Can you forgive *her*?"

The girl's lip trembled.

"Don't ask me; I cannot do it yet; I am afraid I am glad to think her own heart will punish her worse than the law; that her misery will be ten times as great and as long as mine."

He did not understand it; the vindictive words and the ardor of self-sacrifice did not seem to agree, and yet it was easy of comprehension. Strong feelings seldom exist alone; where love is very ardent, the opposite of love is very likely to lie behind; and Avice's devotion to the woman to whom she owed her life's good by no means implied forgiveness of the one who had inflicted on that life's happiness a mortal wound.

The doctor left Avice feeling that another puzzle was added to the many of his life, more than ever convinced of the unfathomable nature of even the simplest soul. To the girl's intended sacrifice of herself he attached no weight; the disclosure of the truth lay with him, not with her, and the possibility of taking her at her word never even crossed his mind; but that she, at all events for the time, was capable of it, was quite evident; and he marveled how little he had ever sounded the depth of *her* soul before. He was depressed also; perhaps he had hoped to be contradicted when he hinted at his suspicions; but he could have little doubt of their likelihood when he found with what rapidity another mind had leaped to the same conclusions as his own.

CHAPTER X.

MORNING AND EVENING.

THE interior of a lawyer's office is not, in general, a very cheerful locality. Its cobwebs hint at the nets spread by the law for the feet of the unsuspecting and unwary; its dust and darkness speak of the mystery which envelops the present; its mouldering atmosphere of unused books and musty parchments shadows forth the grave-like oblivion of the suitors and their suits which shall be in the future. Those who enter such places with high expectations of justice to be done and grievances to be redressed usually come forth impressed with a strong belief in the fallacy of human hopes; while those who take in with them a mind burdened by anxiety or oppressed by doubt generally contrive to bring away with them again a firm conviction of the certainty of human disappointment.

The office of Mr. Burnside was no exception to the rule, nor was the face of Dr. Wells more cheerful to behold than those of many of the other clients who had in turn occupied the well-worn chair placed facing the one window, and tried to extract information and comfort from the inexpressive features which never answered the appeal. Why, indeed, should Mr. Burnside allow his face to tell the truth? It was the business of his tongue either to give it or withhold it, according as he was paid or as he saw fit. Dr. Wells waited for his tongue to perform the former office now. It was the 25th of September, and on the morrow Mr. Burnside was to defend Avice Gray. The doctor, after much self-questioning and self-torture, much doubt and dread, had, at this last moment, hopeless of the appearance of the one witness from whom Avice had anything to hope, confided all his suspicions, and all the reasons which had led to and appeared to confirm them, to the lawyer who had undertaken, in the face of difficulties, to clear her from the charge against her. Dr. Wells, from long brooding on the subject, had come to consider it as a settled affair in his own mind, and was astonished to find in what a different light the shrewd mind of the lawyer viewed it when the case was laid before him.

"I am afraid, my dear sir," said Mr. Burnside, leaning forward, and thoughtfully tapping the arms of his elbow-chair with his fingers as he spoke—"I am afraid I do not quite see the case as you do. I can understand how the circumstances have affected your mind, I can understand the inferences you draw from very slight premises; but when we come to facts, you see—"

"But, indeed, the facts are as I have stated them," said the simple doctor.

"My dear sir, what do they amount to? The young lady, you say, has fallen into a bad state of health; what more natural, under such distressing circumstances in the family, and the overwork consequent on the loss of the prisoner's services? I believe I understood you to say that it was but your own idea that she had any partiality for the murdered man, and that neither she nor her mother gave you reason for supposing it to be so?"

"So far as she is concerned, I never asked the question; but I am bound to admit that her mother strongly negatived the supposition when I made it. But the suspicious points are, the long absence of her brother, and my seeing her so moody and so brooding, especially the day that I observed her, unperceived by herself, near the scene of the murder."

"As regards her brother—I think you said that the young man is in communication with his family?"

"Yes; I have not seen the letters, but I heard there was one a few days ago."

"Well, we all know the delays in law business; there is nothing remarkable in his not getting his completed sooner than other people. Besides, you forget he may be remaining away purposely; it would not be very pleasant for him to return at the present time, every one being aware of his former liking for the prisoner, to say nothing of himself in

the matter. And as to Miss Harmer, my dear sir, we should live in a strange world if a young lady is to be accused of murder because she takes a walk to a somewhat famous spot on Sunday afternoon."

Dr. Wells was silenced, but not convinced. His own opinion was not shaken, but he saw that he could not communicate it to the man whose business it was to know best.

"You think, then," he said, "that you can make no use of what I have told you?"

"I wish I could, my dear sir. I wish I could see any reason for altering the line of defense I have laid out, for I honestly confess that bad is the best I can make of it. But accusation of another, without any kind of proof, would be more likely to damage the prisoner's cause than to do her any good. And against Miss Harmer there is not the shadow of a case—at present, I assure you, not the shadow of a case."

The doctor thought that, though there might be no shadow, there was ample substance; but he was not a man given to wasting words, and he did not say so.

"I'll tell you what you can do," continued Mr. Burnside. "After what you have said I shall make some difference in my examination of Mrs. Harmer to-morrow; tell her to bring her son's letters, or bring them to me yourself. If I see anything in them, or in the want of them, to lead either to a favorable termination of the trial, or to the possibility of deferring it, depend upon it I shall make use of such material. For anything else it is too late, without the *proof*, which I fear is entirely wanting at present. If we had had time we might have hunted up some evidence; but as it is—excuse me, doctor, but if you had all this so strongly in your mind you should have spoken before."

The doctor began to think so himself, and to fear that, in avoiding the appearance of evil, he had fallen into the reality. His morning's interview had given him little comfort; indeed, comfort he had not hoped for, for even had he succeeded in imbuing his advocate, and after him judge and jury, with his own belief, it would only have transferred the charge and the risk, and not removed them. But in the one case he would have felt that he had vindicated the truth, and that the penalty would fall where it was justly due; as it was, he feared that the innocent would suffer for his faint-hearted delay. He took leave of Mr. Burnside with a heavy heart, little consoled by that gentleman's assurance that he would do his best, and that he did not at all despair of the result; he dared not go to Avice, much as he knew she must desire to see him, with, as he felt, his disappointment written in his face, but sent a message that he would be with her early in the morning. He was nervously agitated all day, paid as few professional visits as possible, and toward evening, less from the wish to do so than from being unable to resist, he ordered out the chestnut pony, and drove to Mrs. Harmer's, to talk over with her, for the hundredth time, the coming trial, and to endeavor to obtain those letters of Fred's of which he had never yet caught sight.

Late as the hour was, Mrs. Harmer was hard at work, and surrounded by the evidences that her labors in the household department were likely to endure till midnight. No matter what may lie in the past or loom in the future, present duties exact attention, and the fact that she was to be an important witness in the Whitechester Court to-morrow did not exempt Mrs. Harmer from her culinary tasks to-day. She looked up at the doctor, as he entered, from over the bread-trough, and seemed struck by the dejected expression of his face.

"Is anything fresh the matter, doctor? You look downhearted. But, indeed, it's natural you should be so, and I'm a fool to ask."

"There is nothing new the matter. I have been taking a dream for reality, and have just awakened to its unsubstantiality, that's all."

Mrs. Harmer did not quite understand what he meant, but it was against her principles to admit as much, so she diverted the conversation to the subject of her own grievances. "It's a very unlucky thing, but Ephe has just told me the thrashers will be here to-morrow, when I didn't expect them till next week, and no preparations made, so it's thrown me all on end. It can't be helped, however; we've got a heavy crop, and if we lost the chance now there's no saying when they'd come again, and I told Ephe they'd have to put up with the best I could do. If I leave all ready I guess Dorade can manage well enough while I'm away."

Dorade, who was seated doing nothing in another part of the room, made a hasty movement, which attracted the doctor's attention.

"You needn't depend on me," she said, "for I mean to go to Whitechester to-morrow to hear the trial."

"Good land, Dorade! Surely, you can't be in earnest? If you felt like me you'd pay a heavy price to stay away."

"I can't help how you feel. Why shouldn't I want to hear it as well as anybody else?"

"Strangers might be curious about it; but you—"

"I'm all the more curious because I'm *not* a stranger. Anyway, I mean to go."

"But what will they do here without either of us?"

"Oh, I'll find some one to do the work. I wish nothing troubled me more than that."

Dr. Wells had been observing the girl while she spoke. There was a feverish color in her cheeks, and a feverish light in her eyes, and a suppressed excitement in her tone and manner, very different from the melancholy depression so apparent in her of late. "There is something new in her mind," the doctor thought as he looked at her. "She has come to a decision. Can it be possible that she means to go to Whitechester in order, if necessary, to tell the truth of her own accord?"

The thought made his heart beat quick. Was the truth to be made manifest and the mystery solved without his agency, and through the promptings of conscience alone? But, on a moment's reflection,

he rejected the idea. It was not likely she had gone so far to draw back now; it was not likely but that she who had guarded her secret, whatever it was, so religiously, would keep it to the end.

Dr. Wells had not even yet learned his lesson. His experience of Avice in the morning, strange and unexpected as it was, had no influence yet on his evening's opinion of Dorade. He could not yet imagine that there might be chords unsounded by his or any other hand; he could not yet believe in the existence of what he did not see.

While Dr. Wells observed Dorade, and while he was endeavoring to decide on the best way of introducing the subject of the letters and of getting them into his possession; while Mrs. Harmer busily pursued her occupations, and Dorade had sunk again into abstraction, there was silence in the room—silence also without, for the night was very calm and still, and, though the windows were raised to admit the soft evening air, no sound entered with it.

The silence was suddenly broken by the roll of wheels on the road and voices at the gate. In troubled times slight events will engender anxiety; and the three within, unable, from the gathering darkness, to see anything without, looked at each other in suspense and with bated breath, waiting with eagerness for which they could not have accounted for what was to come.

"You need not wait," said a strange voice, that of a man. "I shall stay here to-night. You can come for me to-morrow." Then steps approached the house, and the wheels rolled away.

Mrs. Harmer did not know whether she hoped or feared, but her hand trembled as she opened the door to the knock. Avice Gray could have told them who stood on the threshold, but to the eyes that looked on him he was a stranger. He made a salutation which included all in the room, and then advanced to Dr. Wells.

"Dr. Wells, I believe?" he said, addressing him. "I am glad to make your acquaintance, sir, and glad I am in time to do so under favorable circumstances. I heard in Whitechester you were here, and took the liberty of following you. You do not know me, but I can tell you who I am in a few words. My name is Foster; I am the witness you have advertised for for the coming trial—the witness who can prove the *alibi* for Avice Gray."

"Thank God!" broke fervently from the doctor's lips. Mrs. Harmer tried to say the same, but for the woman the sudden relief and revulsion of feeling was too much, and she burst into tears. The assurance of safety, after such dark and hopeless dread, had come almost too suddenly and unexpectedly to be believed; but, when Mr. Foster spoke again, no doubt remained.

"I am only just returning from the journey on which I was engaged when I met the poor girl on that unfortunate day. It was by the merest chance that the paper containing your notice fell into my hands, and I had to make considerable effort to get here in time to be of service to-morrow. I have heard all about it in Whitechester, but I have not

seen your lawyer yet ; I thought it best to come first to you. Are you sure my evidence is all you want ?”

“Quite sure. It is enough and more than enough,” said Dr. Wells, in an accent of deep thankfulness and relief. “You do not know the load your coming has removed from—”

He was interrupted and startled by a loud scream from Mrs. Harmer.

“Good God ! what is the matter with Dorade ?” she exclaimed, as she sprang forward just in time to catch her as she fell. On the girl the unlooked-for intelligence had broken with terrible effect ; the tightly-stretched cord of her endurance had snapped at last, and Nature had given way. She had uttered no sound, but she slipped from her seat and lay still and senseless, with closed eyes and white lips, on her mother’s supporting arm. To that mother and to the stranger the source of her violent emotion was a mystery ; but Dr. Wells began to think he could now penetrate the feelings which had actuated her before, and which had overcome her now ; and great compassion for her filled his heart as he bent over the blanched face and lifted the cold hands.

“It is only a faint,” he said ; “it will not last long.”

Nor did it. Dorade had too long accustomed herself to self-constraint and self-command to yield to mere physical weakness, and, when sense had once returned, she struggled against the deathly sensations, and became composed. But to sympathetic inquiries as to what ailed her she was as impenetrable as ever ; she returned as little answer as she could to all further speech, and soon declared her intention of retiring, and leaving the others to talk over their business alone.

“It is the best thing you can do,” said her mother. “We must be early in the morning. We may go to Whitechester now with light hearts, God be praised !”

“I shall not go there now ; I have changed my mind.”

“Not go there now, when there is nothing to be afraid of any more ?” said her mother.

“No ; I feel no interest in it now. I will stay at home and do the work.”

“You are a strange girl, Dorade. You would have gone when the result of the trial might have been fatal to Avice, and, now that she is saved and cleared, you refuse to be one to be thankful for her safety, and to tell her so.”

“If you are thankful, that is enough ; you do not need me. If she is really innocent, of course it is right it should be known ; but Avice Gray is nothing to me.”

She said nothing more but “good-night,” and departed. Mr. Foster wondered at her strange demeanor, but made no remark ; her mother, who had not the clew, set it down as more of her “tempers,” and hoped that a night’s rest would set matters right ; the doctor, who in some sort possessed the key, felt for her a mingled sensation of horror and pity. If she were in any degree guilty, he saw that she was her own avenger, and he left her to keep or disclose her dark secrets as she pleased ; it was not his duty to unravel them. But his mind soon passed from her to the innocent and gentle one in whom he felt the true interest. Avice was saved ; and it was with heart-felt satisfaction that he discussed with him who was to be the means of her preservation the evidence that was to clear her name. As the doctor started for home that night, leaving his important witness in Mrs. Harmer’s charge, he was a happy man. With him now rested the pleasant task of proving innocence, not the painful one of punishing guilt. The morning of that day had been dark and unpromising enough ; the evening-time had brought the light.

THE SUFFERINGS OF CHILDHOOD.

I WISH that some Chatterton, some immortal boy or girl, had left the record written, *at the time*, of the sufferings of childhood. If I could photograph the terrors and miseries of my tenth year it would distance anything of Gustave Doré’s imaginings of the horrible.

The terrible ghosts and chimeras dire should form one compartment ; the dread of doing something wrong, or which should seem so in the eyes of my elders, should fill another ; and the sorrows of being *misunderstood* should fill still another and greater one.

The ghosts are a necessary evil, I fear, to children of imagination. How can I banish the terrific and amorphous inhabitants of a certain large and unoccupied chamber once used in a country-house as the storage-place of old trunks, old looms, deserted spinning-wheels, and, worst of all, the appropriate home of a swing, which bore a remarkable resemblance to a halter ? Through this dreadful

place, dark, vast, with rafters uncovered and strange beams built out, was I obliged to go often at midnight or after dark, to call servants when some one was ill, or to fetch some necessary hot water or mustard-plasters, myself, to a suffering patient, I being of a convenient age and size to send of an errand. In a large family no one seems to think of the eldest as having any nerves or any rights. The youngest absorbs everything. I have seen pale, grinning heads, with three eyes ; I have seen half a head, with all the complements of one set of half features ; and all these unpleasant people had a very fixed and determined interest in me. They moved toward me with slow but certain serpentine movements, and I have all but felt their cold, slimy fingers on my shoulder. My reading had furnished me with the fact that saying a prayer would exorcise these fancies, for such I knew them to be ; but I was none the better for such knowledge so far as the horror was concerned ; but I believe I owe what remnant of

reason has remained to me after years of such terrors to my habit of saying the Lord's Prayer to myself as I went through this dreadful room. To this day, as I sometimes revisit it, the familiar phrases seem carved on each beam—"Give us this day our daily bread" always coming just as I turned the corner of the staircase and saw the blessed vision of a door at the foot of said staircase, which would soon open the familiar and commonplace kitchen to my view.

With that secretiveness, or instinctive delicacy, or want of courage, or whatever it is, which keeps a child from telling his fears, I never told the story of my dread of this Udolpho apartment until I had grown up. Then I found that all my brothers and sisters had dreaded it as I did; each in his own different way had "suffered and been strong" through that dreary place. We might have all gone down by the front-stairs as well as by the back-stairs if we had ever made a protest, but it had never occurred to us that there was such an easy road out of the "land of Bugaboo;" and this is one of the evils against which parents and guardians should be warned. They should not let the little sufferer remain silent; they should say: "Are you afraid? To be afraid is no disgrace; tell me all about it." And in this way they can banish the ghosts. Many a dear mother, by sitting down by the bedside, holding a little cold hand, lighting a gas or candle, has put to flight a most disagreeable surprise-party of ghosts, who had come to spend the night. I wonder that children do not die of terror—their knowledge is so incomplete, things assume such undue proportions, and are so dreadfully shocking to them. My last experience of the haunted chamber was to see a white object depending from the swing, which made tremendous gyrations, and showed two burning eyes. This was a prepared ghost—a cat tied in a bag—and was the work of a diabolical negro boy, who read my imaginative terrors by the baleful light of his own prophetic, obi and demon loving nature. When this struggling creature came toward me, making the swing gyrate to within a foot of my head. I shrieked and fainted, letting my candle fall on my poor little night-gown, and nearly setting myself on fire. This brought help to me. For a few months I was spared the midnight errands through the haunted chamber, and some other ghost-ridden child was sent down for the hot water.

The opera of "Zampa" furnished me with unnecessary dreams for some months. I was taken to see it at an early age, and was not told that the marble statue-bride was simply a human being preternaturally still. When that hand went up, on which *Zampa* impiously desired to place the ring, or to remove it, I forget which, I had the sickening terror come over me which I knew so well. I foresaw hours of tremendous contest with this marble woman before me. As the opera went on, and she finally forced *Zampa* down into the burning flames, I became spellbound; and, when some kind person in the box asked me if the heat made me so pale, I said, "Yes, I am a little overpowered by it." No instru-

ment of the Inquisition would have dragged from me the humiliating confession that I was nearly frightened to death; but, when I went home and to bed, the marble bride came and sat by my side and grinned; she seized me finally, and carried me down, down, down, into the depths of a horrible pit, and I awoke—on the floor. This was my favorite demon for a long time; nor can I now hear that very familiar piece, the "Overture to Zampa," without a shudder.

I might go on with the spirits indefinitely, did not Bugaboo come in other forms. I think the undefined terror which children and young people feel lest their conduct will not be approved by their elders is one of the strongest miseries of childhood. I remember for years never knowing whether I should be whipped or caressed for what I was about to do. I once kissed a beautiful child, smaller than myself, who pleased me with her golden curls, and received a smart box on the ear for so doing. My nurse, an elderly and not unkindly person, told me afterward that this child had just come from an infected household where there was scarlet fever, and she thought I would get it, and take it to all my brothers and sisters. She and her ignorance and her injustice sleep in the grave this many a year; but the wrong she did me remains fresh in my character, and has injured it irretrievably. And I think parents and guardians often commit this kind of injustice. They praise or blame a child according to the pleasure or trouble which a child's innocent actions give them at the time, not with a philosophical study of the child's motives. How often is a child punished for upsetting the cream-pitcher unintentionally, and praised for making some appropriate remark which has cropped out quite as accidentally!

Injustice is worse than ghosts, for one does not grow out of it. An injustice done to one in early life leaves a bitterness behind it. We can joke about our ghosts, but not about our wounds. And as one grows older come the sorrows of being misunderstood—a romantic child with practical parents, or a practical child with romantic parents, a child with some genius hidden under a dull exterior, or, worse still, a child with a vivid imagination and strong feelings, who was mistaken for a liar! Sir Walter Scott, and many a genius, have told this story with immortal pathos. My particular form of suffering in this direction arose from a love of reading. It was considered a crime in the good, Puritan atmosphere in which I was brought up not to be a thorough housewife, a diligent seamstress, a great conqueror of work. To sit mooning over a book was dreadful, particularly if it were a novel. Shakespeare was considered food for my betters; and, if I had nervous terrors, they were, if found out, traced to *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, and such gentry, so that reading became a forbidden sin, and gained its last dear delight from that prohibition which makes even disagreeable things pleasant. I was the scorn of the diligent matrons around me. They pointed me out as a thing to be avoided; and I shall never forget one meek-eyed and sheep-faced lady who found me nurs-

ing a sick friend and was agreeably astonished that I did not kill her outright, and who remarked, "Why, Emily, I didn't know that you could do anything but read!" The scorn with which she uttered this last word cannot be communicated by print.

Such misapprehension has often been fatal to a character. No child, no young girl particularly, can be strong enough to rise above the constant pressure of ridicule, even if it proceeds, as it generally does, from those vastly her inferiors. We none of us find ourselves out until we are past the necessity of doing so. The character has been formed long before. I know now one of the most estimable of women who goes through life under a veil. Her heart was broken early by a cruel elder sister. This sister, a beauty and a genius, dominated a large family, and, through either selfishness or ignorance (let us give her the benefit of the doubt), made all the younger sisters believe themselves very deficient in attractiveness and talent. They all felt it deeply, but this one was ruined by it. I have seen many such instances of this side of childhood's horrors, and of its incompleteness; and it makes me a little angry when I read poems in praise of its delights, its incomparable joys, and its perfect happiness. Lord Houghton writes a delightful little poem called "*Carpe Diem*," which runs as follows:

- "Youth that pursueth with such eager pace
Thy even way,
Thou pantest on to win a mournful race—
Then stay, O stay!
- "Pause and luxuriate in thy sunny plain,
Loiter—enjoy;
Once past, thou never wilt come back again.
A second boy.
- "The hills of manhood wear a noble face
When seen from far;
The mist of light, from which they take their grace,
Hides what they are.
- "The dark and weary path those cliffs between
Thou canst not know,
And how it leads to regions never green—
Dead fields of snow.
- "Pause while thou mayst, nor deem that fate thy gain
Which all too fast
Will drive thee forth from this delicious plain,
A man at last."

But this is the picture of youth painted by manhood. I doubt if boyhood is happy. Its exuberant spirits and love of play, the eager appetite, and the forth-putting of a strength which knows no fatigue, are conditions which look very fascinating to the weary man who cannot digest his breakfast; but they are no more to the boy than the power of breathing is to the man. Youth has had this condition of happiness left out: it does not know itself; it does not know that it has an *embarras des richesses* which it is to perpetually lose. Hood expresses it in his inimitable way:

- "And sure 'twere doubtful joy
To know myself more far from heaven
Than when I were a boy."

The sufferings of a bashful boy! Can any torture-chamber be more dreadful than the juvenile party, the drawing-room filled with critical elders,

the necessary parade of the Christmas-dinner, to a shy boy?

I have sometimes taken the hand of such a one, and have found it cold and clammy; desperate was the struggle of that young soul, afraid of he knew not what, caught by the machinery of society, which mangled him at every point, crushed every nerve, and filled him with faintness and fear. How happy he might have been with that brood of young puppies in the barn, or the soft rabbits in their nest of hay! How grand he was, paddling his poor leaky boat down the rapids, jumping into the river, and dragging it with his splendid strength over the rocks! Nature and he were friends; he was not afraid of her; she recognized her child, and greeted him with smiles. The young animals loved him, and his dog looked up into his fair blue eyes, and recognized his king. But this creature must be tamed: he must be brought into prim parlors, and dine with propriety; he must dress himself in garments which scratch, and pull, and hurt him; boots must be put on his feet which pinch; he must be clean—terrible injustice to a faun who loves to roll down-hill, to grub for roots, to follow young squirrels to their lair, and to polish old guns rather than his manners!

Then the dreadful slavery of school! Boys have suffered and have died of those wooden benches—those formal desks! What Heine said of the Latins and Greeks—that they conquered the world because they did not have to stop and learn their own language—always occurs to me as I enter a school and see the sad, captured looks of the young two-legged animal we call a boy.

And then the sensitive boy, who has a finer grain than the majority of his fellows, suddenly thrown into the pandemonium of a public school! Nails driven into the flesh could not inflict such pain as such a one suffers; and the scars remain. One gentleman told me, in mature life, that the loss of a toy stolen from him in childhood still rankled. How much of the infirmity of human character may be traced to the anger, the sense of wounded feeling, engendered by a wrong done in childhood when one is helpless to avenge!

All this may be called the necessary hardening process, but I do not believe in it. We have learned how to temper iron and steel, but we have not learned how to treat children. Could it be made a money-making process, like the Bessemer, I believe one could learn how to temper the human character. Our instincts of intense love for our children are not enough; we should study it as a science. The human race is very busy; it has to take care of itself, and to feed its young; it must conquer the earth—perhaps it has not time to study Jim and Jack and Charley, and Mary and Emily and Jane, as problems. But, if it had, would it not perhaps pay? There would be fewer criminals.

Many observers recommend a wise neglect—not too much inquiry, but a judicious surrounding of the best influences; and then—let your young plant grow up. Yes; but it should be a very wise neglect—it should be a neglect which is always on

the watch lest some insidious parasite, some unnoticed but strong bias of character, take possession of the child and mould or ruin him. Of the ten boys running up yonder hill, five will be failures, two will be moderate successes, two will do better, one will be great, good, and distinguished. If such are the terrible statistics—and I am told that they are so—who is to blame? Certainly the parent or guardian or circumstance—and what is circumstance?

One of the greatest of the *petites misères* of childhood arises from dress. A boy suffers dreadfully if his clothes are of a peculiar cut or a shade finer than his fellows'. I have known a boy made miserable because he was compelled to wear a collar of a peculiar and picturesque cut; and one of my gloomiest periods of mortification hangs round a sash that I was required to wear, which was considered unreasonably broad. The undying laughter of a scornful schoolmate still rings in my ears. When I came home and complained of it, I was made to wear it, to show me that I must be indifferent to ridicule! As if a child of seven could conquer and kill that emotion! The decision was very unwise, for it simply caused me to suffer, and took my mind from greater and better things. Had the sash been removed, I should have forgotten all about it; as it is, it has become the shirt of Nessus, and clings tightly to me through life.

A lady told me, a few years ago, that she felt she had made a fatal mistake in not allowing her daughter when a little girl to have a hoop-skirt; all the other children had them at the dancing-school, and looked, as she thought, ridiculously like ballet-girls, so she sent her child in among them in a lanky robe, which made her look very unlike them. The child was thus rendered conspicuous and unhappy. She wept, and implored, and begged to stay at home, but was made by her strong-minded parent to go and endure. After she had greatly suffered by this process, her mother discovered her mistake, and found that the subject of dress was hereafter to be her daughter's one subject of thought and interest, while a certain bitterness had crept in, to the great injury of an originally amiable character.

There is danger always, in thus asking of our children a virtue too great for their years, that we create the very vice we seek to cure. If children are dressed like their fellows, costume assumes its proper subordinate position. "It is the skin of the part," said a famous tragedian; and it should be like the skin, fitting, and not otherwise.

If that lady who denied her little daughter the hoop-skirt had been asked herself to go down Broadway in the Bloomer costume, she would have rebelled decidedly; and yet she demanded of her little daughter a courage ten times as great, and inflicted a suffering immeasurably greater.

For children can suffer. There is an intensity about it; like their appetites, it has not been dulled by repetition. One of the few privileges of growing old is, that we cannot suffer so keenly. We know from repeated blows that time will cure us. We get not to care—but oh! the strength of youthful grief! What enormous vitality it has! how protean its

shapes! I am never astonished when I hear of youthful suicides. The absence of the fear of death—so peculiar to youth, for we get accustomed "to the sweet habit of living," and hate to change; but youth has formed no such habit—the absence of this restraining principle and the love of change conspire to make suicide possible. Then the vision of what grief is; the terrible curtain that mercifully hides the future, drawn all at once; the pang that rends the heart as we recognize the friend untrue, the promise broken, the future void—no wonder that the river seems so merciful, the knife so kind, the poison so sweet! Youth has no philosophy.

I am dealing with abnormal feelings, unwise, precocious, and dangerous sentiments; but, like a wise physician walking through the wards of a hospital, we are all called to meet such diseases, even in our calmest, sweetest, most guarded homes. The scarlet fever does not hesitate to enter the cleanest nursery; abnormal fancies grow up by the most religious fireside; and we who have lived through childhood to rear dear children of our own cannot sufficiently study the subject, nor sufficiently pity the woes of childhood. It would be a curious and useful proceeding for the philosophical inquirer to draw from a number of people their recollections of childhood, and to find out, if possible, what has made the deepest impression. One lady, carefully educated for a ballroom belle, remembers that a practical cousin was held up to her as a model, "because she had painted the back piazza;" and to this day she associates virtue and painting the back piazza! Another says that she stole down to see a dinner-party, and, when the beautiful forms of the ice-cream passed her, she clapped her hands, for which she was subsequently whipped. Somehow this piece of injustice has made her chary of expressing admiration. Instances of children who are whipped for going out in the sun and getting their faces burned, and rewarded for going out in the same sun and not getting their faces burned, are innumerable.

It is only the great story of injustice told in different ways, but it might afford an amusing subject of biography, and point a moral as well as adorn a tale.

The ghost-telling nurse, the cruel creature who lives like the ogre by eating up young children, is also one of the terrible, and apparently incurable, evils of our modern as well as the antique plan of education. I do not know that she can be scotched or killed; she should be watched and dreaded. One such, of a literary turn of mind, opened a door for me which has never been shut. She read me, on a certain winter evening, when we were alone in a quiet country-house, the story of a murder.

I bore all the preparations for the murder very well. Even the crime itself, the young men dipping their hands in the old man's blood, the subsequent cleansing of themselves and riding away, did not kill me—for I remembered *Macbeth*, and was somewhat case-hardened—but, when she got to certain terrible particulars, I think I froze. The words are engraved on my memory:

"One woman, the accomplice of the murderers, was left alone to hide the instruments of destruction. She and she alone knew of a secret door, behind the wall-paper. Cutting the paper with a knife, she opened this closet and hid away what would have betrayed them. But, although she neatly pasted paper over the whole until it looked exactly like the surrounding wall, she was betrayed by the shadow of that open door. A woman who happened to be up at that late hour observed from the opposite side of the street the shadow of a door thrown on the curtain. She knew the house well, and was unable to account for the existence of this door. Owing to her testimony, the wall-paper was removed, the secret closet found, and the murderers brought to justice."

That door entered into my "study of imagination," and has remained there ever since. Why it should thus swing open noiselessly through the ages, and then shut itself, I do not know; but often, looking across a village-street at a lighted window, I expect its shadow on the curtain. The grim woman who remained to perform that commonplace act of pasting paper over the cracks, with the old dead man lying beside her, is photographed on my brain. I have seen many horrors, and have read of many since. Schiller's "Robbers," Mrs. Radcliffe's romances, "The State Trials," have all contributed to paint gloomy images on my brain. I have heard Wilkie Collins read his own "Ghost-Story;" I have read "After Dark" and "The Night-Side of Nature;" I have read the best ghost-story that ever was written, "The Watcher," and have studied with some pleasure the cool and elderly view of ghosts, and horrors, and terrors—but nothing has ever sunk so deep a plummet of agony and terror as did this story of the door. There was a practicality and deliberateness, a homeliness, in that horror, which gave

it infinite power and distinctness. Should I ever have a fever, or an opium dream, I am sure that the door would open and shut against that white window-curtain in a most aggravating manner.

It is another singular childish experience when terror dies. The ghosts depart as they have come; you are not afraid of them, or of ridicule, or of doing wrong; you begin to feel sure of yourself, to believe that you can do right, and that your opinion is as good as that of the rest of the family; suddenly you find that you are useful, believed in, beloved, a *personage*; and this is, I think (the period of early young manhood or womanhood), the very happiest period of life, much happier than childhood, and I am afraid a great deal happier than what comes afterward, although there is a vast deal of happiness in life; and I cannot agree with Lord Houghton that it is a "dark and weary path which leads to regions never green, dead fields of snow;" but that it has, amid its varied trials and its manifold disappointments, periods of unqualified happiness and hours of great remuneration for work honestly done, I feel and know.

Perhaps our disappointments are sometimes as vague and unreal as the ghosts of our childhood. We learn from year to year that "the moment our wishes are gratified they cease to be our wishes;" that the things which wounded us last year are not hurtful this; that we are always under the influence, more or less, of a chimera. Can we fight the unknown in mature life better than when in childhood we feebly bore our candle aloft through the darkness, and with a meek spirit strove to fight the giants of Darkness and of Despair by saying, in trembling tones, those immortal and soul-staying words, "Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name?"

M. E. W. S.

LIVING AND DEAD CITIES OF THE ZUYDER ZEE.

II.

ENKHUYZEN is situated on a peninsula jutting from the western shore of the Zuyder Zee about its middle, and which we imagine formed the northern shore of the ancient Lake Fleto. Its foundation is assigned to the year 1000, when a few houses were built here. When the North Sea burst in, it excavated a port, which was long considered the best on the Zuyder Zee, and Enkhuyzen grew to be the largest town in Holland, and was famous for its ship-building, its inhabitants numbering sixty thousand when Amsterdam was an insignificant fishing-village. Here, in 1395, Count Albert assembled a fleet of three thousand flat-bottomed boats for the invasion of Friesland. It was largely engaged in the herring-fishery, and its sailors, who adventured far into the northern seas, were esteemed the most hardy and skillful in the world, so that Charles V. would have none others to man the royal ships. Philip II. greatly favored the town, and even spent

immense sums for its fortification and embellishment; but, notwithstanding this, it was the first fortified town in Holland which opened its gates to the Prince of Orange. But sand-banks and shoals began to encroach upon its harbor; and although, in 1591, attempts at improvement were begun, new streets laid out, and fine buildings erected, it was too late. In the next century its commerce had become nearly extinct, and in another hundred years the town was almost deserted. Its present population is less than five thousand, and its port sends out fewer vessels than does the little island of Marken. You walk past the half-ruined buildings until you come to what appears to be the limits of the town; but, looking over a mile of green meadows, you see the picturesque ruins of what was once a gate of this walled city. The walls and ramparts have all disappeared, so that not a vestige of them is left. The gateway only remains, the solitary memorial of

the former extent of the city, which is, however, abundantly attested by books which the antiquarian may find in the libraries of Holland, one of which, wholly devoted to a description of the past magnificence of Enkhuyzen, is a volume of nearly one thousand pages. There are here a large establishment for making the great buoys, of which immense numbers are required to point out the shoals and channels of the Zuyder Zee; and an orphan-house with an elegant gateway, and two large halls hung, or, as we should say, "papered," with the finest stamped Cordova leather. The town-hall, of comparatively recent erection, contains some tolerable paintings, and a number of curiosities, among which are the old executioner's block, which is elaborately carved, and the historical sword of Admiral Bossu. M. Havard is disposed to question the genuineness of this sword. He says: "It is two-handed, and seems more fit for a German foot-soldier than for the commander of a Spanish fleet. I can scarcely imagine an admiral giving his orders for the working of his ship or his fleet with such a glaive under his arm, for, as to putting it into a sheath and suspending it from his side, its size would make it utterly impossible." He seems to be unaware that in those days an admiral had nothing to do with the working of his ship; he was rather the commander of the military forces on board; and history shows that Bossu, in this action, was armed and accoutred and fought precisely as though he were a foot-soldier, which indeed he was except on this one occasion.

Our voyagers visited Enkhuyzen at the time of the *fête* which had deprived them of their leg of veal at Hoorn; but we do not learn that they were able to come in for a slice from it. The *fête* was an agricultural show and trotting-races, which drew together a crowd of the neighboring farmers, who attach much importance to these races, to win one of which is a subject of the greatest pride. It gave them an opportunity of studying the holiday costumes of the peasantry of North Holland. The men usually wear a coat of dark cloth. The most notable feature of the female costume is their grotesque head-gear, the chief object of which is to hide the hair. As soon as a girl is married, she cuts her hair close, and assumes on great occasions a kind of gilt helmet, from which all sorts of metallic adornments hang down over the forehead, while two curls of black

horse-hair fall down on each side. They were told—but M. Havard is somewhat dubious as to the fact—that these helmets are to protect the wife's head in case of matrimonial broils. But the reasons for female coiffure all the world over are past finding out; these of North Holland have at least the crowning merit of costliness, for M. Havard assures us that "twenty to twenty-five pounds sterling is the ordinary price of this helmet."

Less than ten miles northwest from Enkhuyzen is Medemblik, now a decayed little town with some three thousand inhabitants, but which a thousand years ago was the renowned metropolis of the country. How much farther back its unwritten history should be dated no man can tell. The most current etymology of its name would carry it into



INHABITANTS OF URK.

remote pagan ages, perhaps as far as the first centuries of the Christian era. It is said that here stood a golden statue of the great goddess Medea, which so shone when the rays of the sun struck upon it, that *Medea blink*—Medea shines—came to be a common saying, whence Medeblikt, and, for euphony, Medemblikt, came to be the name of the place. Be that as it may, it is certain that, somewhere about 700 A. D., this was the residence of the renowned Friesian King Radbod, when Pepin Heristal and his famous son Charles Martel ("Charles the Hammer," whose stout blows at Tours drove back the Saracen invasion of France, and, as Gibbon has it, gave Europe to the Cross instead of to the Crescent) undertook to convert the Friesians to Christianity by means of the lance and battle-axe. The heathen king was brought over by these potent arguments, and consented to

receive the rite of baptism. But, so runs the old chronicle, just as his foot was in the font, and Bishop Wolfranc of Sens was on the point of pouring over him the sanctifying water, a sudden thought struck him: "Where now," he asked, "are all the kings, my most noble ancestors—in heaven or in hell?"

"In hell, without doubt," was the response, "where are all who have died without baptism."

"If that be so," rejoined Radbod, withdrawing his foot, "it seems to me better to go where the greater part of my ancestors and friends have gone, than to follow the little batch who have passed to paradise."

Medemblik was the favorite abode of generations of the kings of Friesland, and the ruins of the old castle, their residence, some say that of Radbod himself, still exist. The guard-room of the castle has been converted into a concert-saloon, and high up, in an adjoining apartment, is hung what is averred to be a portrait of King Radbod, painted during his life; but M. Havard climbed up to it by a ladder and found it to be painted in oil, with an inscription in Roman letters, showing that it cannot be older than the sixteenth century.

Medemblik is emphatically the dead city of the Zuyder Zee, almost as dead as Carthage or Tyre. It is hard to say why; for its port is one of the best on the sea, but its houses are falling down one by one, and are never rebuilt. Even within less than a century there was considerable ship-building carried on in yards built by the government, and during the brief period when Holland was under the virtual sway of Napoleon vessels-of-war which bore their part in the naval operations of the time were built or repaired there. The magnificent admiralty building was afterward used as a rope-walk. In 1829 it was converted into a naval college. But in a few years this was removed to Breda, and thence to Nieuwe-Diep. The building is now rented to the village dominie, who uses only a dozen of its three or four hundred apartments. The grass grows in its spacious courts; and the admiralty garden, which boasted the finest collection of flowers in Europe, is planted with potatoes and turnips!

From Medemblik to Helder, the extreme northern point of the peninsula of North Holland, is a distance of only about thirty miles; but as the weather was bad, and there was nothing of interest in the voyage, our travelers left their skipper to bring the tjalk around, while they went overland. The short journey led through the prettiest and least known part of the peninsula. M. Havard shall describe some of its aspects:

"The pretty hamlets are so curious and so unlike what is to be seen elsewhere that I must devote a few lines to them. The houses from a distance appear to be alternately blue or red, according as our first view is the fronts or the roofs. The ground and even the trees are not safe from the paint-brush. Up to the lower branches the trunks of the trees are whitewashed or colored pearl-gray or sky-blue, and the ground which surrounds the house is often painted pale yellow, with bands of red on each side of the

space reserved for a foot-path. The fences, gates, balustrades, and the little bridges—for every house is close to a ditch full of water—are also painted in bright colors. The dark color of the walls is relieved by painting the window-frames a pale yellow or the shutters a light green. Most of the houses have two doors, one small and unpretending for ordinary comings and goings; the other, carved and frequently ornamented with gilding, is only opened on grand occasions, such as marriages and funerals.

"Every one has heard of the marvelous cow-houses paved with tiles and sanded in different colors, where one must not smoke or spit, or even walk without putting on wooden shoes whitened with chalk; of cow-sheds where the tails of the milky mothers are tied up to the ceiling to prevent the possibility of their becoming soiled. Well, it is in these hamlets that we met with these stables and these cows, and a whole arsenal of milk-pails, strainers, and pots, all polished until they look like gold. The peasants are rich, and pass their lives among their cheeses, ignorant of what is doing outside of their village, and not troubling themselves much about what takes place within it, their only care being to add every year to their piles of gold and silver."

Nieuwe-Diep is the proper name for the modern port of Helder, but the streets are so contiguous that it is hard to tell where either town begins or ends. It is apart from our present subject to describe this naval citadel, rather than city, of the Zuyder Zee. Suffice it to say that the great dike which defends it from the menaces of the North Sea far surpasses anything of the kind in Holland, and consequently in the world. It also serves as a part of the fortifications which one would think capable of defending the harbor against the combined navies of Europe. These great works were commenced by Napoleon in 1811 as a part of his grand idea of making the Zuyder Zee a grand naval depot, which should be a standing menace, and, if occasion served, more than a menace, to England. "I will make," he said, "Nieuwe-Diep and the Helder the Gibraltar of the north."

But we must go back to the one remaining dead city of the Zuyder Zee. At Helder we reëmbarked on board our little tjalk, and, passing the low islands, or rather sand-banks, of Texel and Vlieland, touch first at Harlingen, the busy little commercial port of Friesland, whence are shipped the beeves, pigs, sheep, poultry, and vegetables, which form no inconsiderable portion of the supplies of the London markets. Thence we descend along the eastern shore of the Zuyder Zee, as we had previously ascended its western, till we reach Stavoren, opposite Medemblik, at the point where the sea is the narrowest. Six centuries ago, it must be borne in mind, it was dry land northward of here; and it is said that a temple was erected midway between Stavoren and Medemblik, in full view of both places. It seems most probable that Stavoren was the point where the Fletum issued from Lake Fleto, and that its outlet into the North Sea was between the present islands of Vlieland and Ter Schelling. Thus much may be inferred from the

old legend, which we briefly reproduce, and we know of no law which forbids any one to believe as much of it as he pleases :

When Alexander of Macedon was pursuing his conquests in India, three centuries and a quarter before Christ, he heard of a country somewhere, we suppose, near the Indus, called Friesland, that is, "The Free Land." It was a great and powerful state ; but, unfortunately, the queen of the country had fallen in love with one of the nobles, had killed the king, her husband, and raised her paramour to the throne. She also endeavored to make way with her husband's three sons, Friso, Sato, and Bruno, presumably the offspring of another wife. Alexander made war upon Friesland, was joined by the three young princes, conquered it, and when he returned to Babylon left them in charge of the government as his tributaries. The Frieslanders, instigated by a priest named Sandrocatus, rose against this foreign domination. Finding the rising too strong for them, Friso and his brothers embarked with their partisans in three hundred great ships to seek a new home. After three years' voyaging, fifty-eight vessels—all the others having been lost—found themselves in the North Sea. The legend does not tell us from what direction they came, what lands they skirted, or why they sailed so far. They may have passed around Cape Horn ; but the shortest way was down the coast of India, past Arabia, along the entire eastern coast of Africa, around the stormy Cape of Good Hope, up the western coast of Africa, past Spain, France, and the British Isles, into the North Sea.

Here a tempest scattered the vessels ; eighteen ships made for the coast of Germany ; twelve were driven northward to Russia ; the others, in which were the three princes, entered the Vlie, the Latin Fletum, down which they sailed. On the spot where they landed they erected a temple to Stavo, the Jupiter of their mythology, and a town, which they called Stavora. Friso remained here, naming his new dominions Friesland, after his old home. Bruno penetrated far into what is now Germany, where he built a town, which he named after himself, still called Brunswick—Bruno's town ; while Sato founded the Saxon state. The chronicle gives a list of all the rulers of Friesland down to the time of Charlemagne, who, in 802, united it to his empire of Germany. Friso is said to have reigned sixty-eight years ; his son Adel, ninety-four ; his son Azinga, eighty ; and so on ; so that the list of princes, dukes, and kings, of the Free Friesians, as they always called and still call themselves, is not so long as one might expect.

However much of myth or of sheer invention may be embodied in the legend, it is certain that, as early as the fourth or fifth century after Christ, Stavoren was a great and famous town. Its princes entered into alliance with the Romans, from whom they are said, upon perhaps questionable authority, to have borrowed the theatre, the circus, and gladiatorial combats. Still later, but long before the Zuyder Zee was formed, its sailors, passing down the Fletum, made voyages in the North Sea, far beyond any

region reached by other mariners. They rounded the peninsula of Denmark, penetrated the sound, and went far up the Baltic, as early as 825, and in reward were permitted by the King of Denmark to enter the port of Dantzic without paying any harbor-dues. Stavoren was among the earliest cities to enter into the Hanse League. It reached the height of its prosperity and greatness early in the thirteenth century, at which time, it is said, "it contained many magnificent churches and monasteries, and houses whereof the vestibules were gilded, and the columns of the court shining with pure gold."

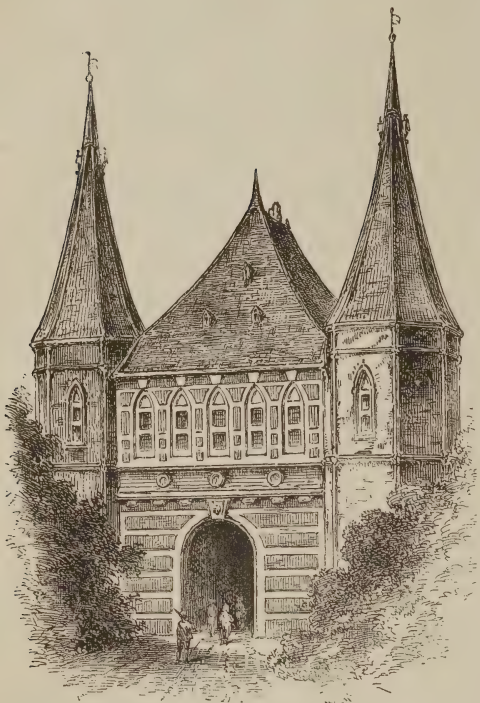
The beginning of its decay was about the middle of the fourteenth century. "At this time," say the chroniclers, "there was in the foresaid city a certain widow so wealthy that she did not know the sum of her riches. She freighted a vessel for Dantzic, having given charge to the master thereof that in return for the merchandise he carried he should bring back the most rare and exquisite things he could pick up. Finding there nothing in more demand than wheat, he took a cargo of it and returned to Stavoren, the which so displeased this widow that she told him if he had taken it aboard at the poop he should fling it overboard at the stern. This having been done, at the very instant, and on the very spot, rose up at the mouth of the port a sand-bank so great that no large ship could thereafter enter, whereby, little by little, the foresaid city lost its staple, its traffic, and its commerce, and began to fall into decay." If any one should venture to doubt this legend, we can only assure him that the sand-bank, known to this day as the "Lady's Bank," is there to speak for itself.

But other causes of ruin were at work. Fire and water seemed to have leagued themselves against Stavoren in this fourteenth century. It would be hard to count up the conflagrations and inundations. Thus, in 1320, five hundred houses were burned down at once, and the grand monastery of St. Olof, which had stood within the city, was left far outside. Twenty years later the monastery was swept away by an inundation, and its site is now covered by the waters of the Zuyder Zee. A heap of ruins, now called "The Churchyard," or "The Stones," rising above the surface of the water, is supposed to be the remains of the monastery. Of the old city of Stavoren there is not now even a vestige. The present Stavoren hardly deserves to be called a village. There are perhaps a hundred mean houses, all quite modern, and tumbling to decay. They stand straggling along each side of a broad, deep canal, with wide gaps between, growing wider year by year. There is an ill-constructed town-hall, built only a century ago, but now dilapidated.

Our travelers were detained a couple of days at Stavoren, the weather being such as to induce their skipper to avail himself of the stipulation in his agreement not to put out unless he saw fit. Provisions on board the tjalk were getting low, and the most diligent effort only enabled them to procure in the town two bottles of brandy and an exceedingly tough old fowl. So, although the waves were still running high, the skipper consented to brave them ;

the good people of the town, men, women, and children, kindly lending a hand to tow the little craft down the canal to the mouth of the port.

They headed for the islet of Urk, almost in the



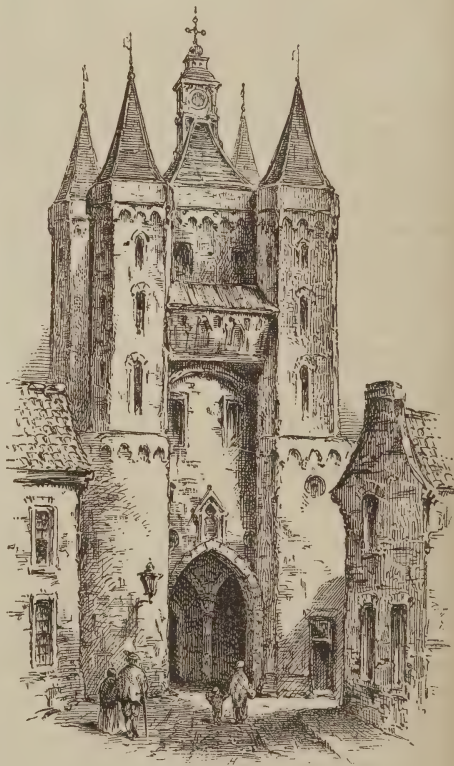
GATEWAY AT KAMPEN.

middle of the lower half of the Zuyder Zee, the rather monotonous voyage being only relieved by watching what M. Havard calls the "dog-fish"—seals, we presume—"which are so numerous that the surface of the water is covered with their black and shiny heads. These animals," he says, "are hunted only for the sake of their oil, and as this fishery is much less productive than that of plaice and anchovy, very few boats are engaged in it." They increase and multiply, causing much damage to the fishermen's nets, so that the fishermen are sometimes obliged to make battues to destroy them as they bask on the shoals or come ashore. Urk very much resembles Marken, only that the costume of the people is quite different; and, although it is a mere sand-spit in a salt sea, the well-water is remarkably pure and fresh.

Leaving Urk toward evening, we pass the islet of Schokland, whose two red beacon-lights gleam in the distance, and in the morning reach the mouth of the Yssel. Schokland derives its name from the frequent trembling of the soil, which has caused it to be deserted by almost all of its former inhabitants. Five miles up the Yssel is Kampen, one of the most thriving and beautiful towns in Holland or any other land, whose origin is almost coeval with the formation

of the Zuyder Zee. For some inexplicable reason, the people of Kampen have acquired the reputation of uncommon simplicity, and all sorts of absurdities are fathered upon the burgomasters: Once the grass was found to be growing upon the top of a high tower, and they ordered a cow to be hoisted up there to eat it off!—A fire broke out in the town, and the engines were found out of order; they thereupon directed that on the evening preceding any fire the constables should, under the penalty of a heavy fine, carefully inspect all the pumps and fire-buckets.—Again, they ordered a new sun-dial, to be elaborately painted and gilt, and, that it might not be defaced by the sun and rain, directed that it should always be kept under cover.—One of them proposed an original scheme for increasing the revenues of the town, which were derived mainly from the duties collected for the entrance of provisions and merchandise. "We have," he said, "seven gates, and so many florins are collected, upon an average, at each; now let us double the number of gates, and of course we shall double the revenue."

Kampen (i. e., Latin *Campi*, Fields) stands in the midst of a beautiful meadow-tract, from which it de-



THE SASSENPOORT AT ZWOLLE.

rives its name. In the fourteenth century it was surrounded with a moat and walls, with massy towers and seven gates. The fortifications have been demolished. The moat, filled by the river, is trans-

formed into an ornamental water with lilies and artificial islands; the ramparts turned into a fine promenade, and the bastions planted with trees, flowers, and exotic plants; the whole forming a large and beautiful park, which is kept in admirable order. Of the seven gateways four are standing, all kept in excellent repair.

Two leagues from Kampen is Zwolle, another fine town, the capital of the province of Overijssel, situated in a region which one might almost call hilly, a striking contrast to all other parts of Holland. Close by Zwolle was once the convent of St. Agnes, in which for sixty-five years lived Hammerken, better known as Thomas à Kempis, and where he wrote his "Imitation of Jesus Christ," which, it is said, has been translated into more languages than any other book except the Bible. Zwolle, like Kampen, once had strong fortifications, and nine gates. The works were completed in 1614 by the famous

Cochoorn, the rival of Vauban, and Zwolle was then considered to be one of the most strongly-fortified towns of Europe. Of its nine gateways there now only remains the Sassenpoort, which one might almost call a castle. It is a massive, square structure, with octagonal towers, rising high above the houses which have taken the place of the ancient walls. The towers, as well as the massive centre, are lighted with enormous windows, with large iron gratings, and over the fine portal is a niche which once contained a statue of St. Michael, which we suppose was broken in pieces in the iconoclastic rage which was so destructive a feature of the early days of the Reformation in Holland.

At Zwolle our month's tour upon and around the Zuyder Zee came to its end. Returning to Kampen, our voyagers parted with their tjalk and its pious skipper, and returned by railway to Amsterdam.

THE TUB AND THE PORTENT.

A STORY OF LIFE IN THE SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS.

THE following momentous events, which an inordinate love for the contemplation of the sublime-ridiculous induces me to relate, occurred in a remote district of the northern Highlands of Scotland, called Badenoch. The inhabitants of this country are Gaelic-speaking Celts, and, though extremely superstitious, they are a hardy, intelligent, and hospitable race. At one time, before the introduction of the Highland railway, the district was pretty thickly peopled by a few scores of frugal "crofters," or small farmers who cultivated the same wretched patches of land from generation to generation, raising scanty crops of oats, barley, and potatoes, rearing their own sparse stock of diminutive sheep and poultry, never rich, but never in absolute want; the men clad in rough kilted homespun and corduroys, the women in coarse "winseys" and cheap cotton; attending the same dreary, old-fashioned kirk Sunday after Sunday, with sober Sabbath countenances, to hear the same denunciations of "fiery wrath and judgment," and to listen to delineations of the nether world more often than to the revelation of Eternal Love. A letter from a relative in some distant land, or the quiet observance of their festivals of "Halloween," Christmas (or Nollie), and the yearly sacrament, when great "lights" from more enlightened regions came to infuse something of novelty into their customary spiritual fare, or, at long intervals, a funeral, the observance of which often resulted in something more potent than tears and cold water—these were the only incidents in the quiet tenor of their lives. A marriage was as nothing; the usual ceremony over, the small company betook themselves to a barn or other out-house, and there—occasionally refreshing themselves with oat-cake, cheese, and whiskey—they indulged in the inevitable "Highland Fling," Scotch reel, and "Tullochgorum," the bride

and bridegroom taking their parts in the violent performance, until the "wee short hour ayont the twal," when they all quietly betook themselves to their respective homes, and next morning the new Mrs. Donald sank quietly and unnoticed into the routine of household work, as if she had been married for twenty years.

In a certain deep valley of the Grampians, where are mingled in sweet and wild confusion stream and forest, leafy dell and woody eminence, the haunts of the wild-deer, the hare, and the woodcock, there is a solitary "loch," or lake, of three miles in circumference. This loch is nearly oval in shape, and surrounded on all sides but one by lofty hills, here and there dotted by patches of brown heather and clumps of stunted birch, in which the whirr of the coveted moor-fowl, and the bleating of hundreds of the small mountain-sheep, are the only sounds that break the universal stillness. Toward the south the mountains diverge, affording an outlet for the mountain-stream which, after rushing down the rocky crevices, flows tranquilly through the lake, bearing with it the young salmon and trout into a noisy, tumbling river, the swiftest in all Scotland. In this direction the prospect is surpassingly diversified and beautiful, affording, as many scenes in Scotland do, all the elements of a wild and beautiful landscape within a very limited boundary. Sheer precipices, crowned by miraculous woodland, overhanging the stormy torrent; here, a sharply-cut valley with tributary stream, bordered by greenish verdure; there, a bare hill destitute of tree or shrub—but its sides flashing all the colors of the rainbow—and, beyond all, the lovely woodland glades of the Laird of R——'s estate, yield satisfaction to eye and heart.

Into the lake—the scene of my narrative—juts a small and fertile peninsula, elevated and widening

toward the extremity, and thus forming a pleasant table-land of several acres in extent, the sides gently sloping to the lake, and terminating in a circle of thick brushwood, birch, willow, and broom. On this table-land are situated the parish church, churchyard, and minister's manse and out-houses, while on the narrow neck which joins it to the mainland, and through which runs a well-kept road, stands the country-side smithy, kept by honest Lewis Cameron, the best husband and the surest shot in the parish. His son, Alec, is between thirteen and fourteen years of age, tall and strapping, and daily accompanies the minister's son in a three-mile walk over a desolate moor to the parish school. Alec is lithe of body, with red hair, earnest gray eyes, and rather slouchy gait. His comrade, Quentin, is somewhat older and shorter, dark, inclined to *embonpoint*, and impulsive in gesture and bearing. Both are in the same class at school; both are what are called "good lads," loving their mothers, obeying their fathers, and well up in the Shorter Catechism. Quentin is unsteady and erratic in disposition, though true at bottom; Alec has more perseverance, and, of course, more forethought. In any unselfish, heroic course of action, we should not be wrong in attributing the inception of it to Quentin; for a safe and satisfactory consummation we should be more ready to rely on Alec.

Now those youths loved each other truly; they read the same romances surreptitiously; they assisted each other in difficulty, and they were the acknowledged leaders in classroom as well as playground. Everything went on smoothly, the years dealt tenderly with them, and promised fairly for them, when one wet summer afternoon—*O dies infelix!*—the country-carrier approached the kitchen-door of the manse, bearing under his arm a heavy square box, labeled in a scrawling hand, "To Master Quentin McKenzie, with best love from Aunt Doshie." On opening the box and inspecting the contents, they proved to be about three dozen of well-thumbed and brilliant-covered novels and romances, sent to him by an aunt more noted for her devotion to light literature than for her motherly discretion. They were principally of probable and improbable adventures by sea and land, and written by authors of all degrees of celebrity, from Grant and Mayne Reid to Marryat, Michael Scott, and Fenimore Cooper. Oh the mad enthusiasm, the shouting and jumping that Quentin, like one possessed, inflicted upon the astounded inmates of that quiet household! His mother alarmed, his sisters amused, eager, half-congratulating, half-reproving; the servant-girls, annoyed at such an interruption to their work, uttering subdued cries of "He's fair distraught; the laddie'll come to nae guid."

But Quentin, all heedless, flew off to carry the glad tidings to his boon mate, leaving the books strewn in disorder about the kitchen, and forgetful that, should his father be led to the scene by the uproar, there would be an end to his dreams of enjoyment. On his return, accompanied by Alec, the books were gone and silence and order restored.

His mother—wearing a look of covert fun—answered his eager inquiries with—"Ye didna think, laddie, that maybe your faither wadna thole (bear) sic glaicket (foolish) wylin' buiks?"

"Faither! he's no been in? he's no back, mither, is he?" asked Quentin, alarmed.

"Deed is he," replied his mother, and then stopped.

"Mither, mither," implored Quentin, the big tears in his eyes, "ye wadna hae the hairt to lat him fin' oot, for ye ken he'd burn the vera—"

"Hist, laddie, I tell ye!" interrupted his mother, whom this outburst of irreverence thoroughly alarmed; "ye needna fash sae muckle, ye'll fin' your treasure in your ain bit roomie, whaur I hae just carried it wi' my ain twa hauns: noo come and lat me gie you and Alec a bowl o' crowdie."

"Bless you, dear mither," was the grateful response, and after partaking hastily of the "crowdie," a composition of "broken milk" and oatmeal, he and Alec tripped lightly up-stairs. His kind-hearted and injudicious mother, who was far from being a guiding and restraining hand to his impulsive temperament, was unconsciously withdrawing him farther and farther every day from his father's stern but necessary and wholesome influence. Quentin was naturally wild and fanciful; no need to add fuel to his dangerous imagination by providing him with a class of books of which the distinguishing characteristic is that reality is kept carefully in the background, and every incident in the hero's life is endued with a *couleur de rose*, and made to be one of a thousand connecting steps leading surely and speedily to fortune and happiness. Alas, poor Reality (both victim and victimizer), whose only interpreter is experience, what pity it is thou canst not take a quarter's lessons of thy brilliant sister

The boys read and reread those books. Walking home from school in the long summer days they would fondly linger on the shady hillside at even; or when Saturday half-holiday came, after the recapitulation of the week's Catechism and other exercises, they would hasten home, gulp their respective dinners, and scamper off to a huge, gray, lichen-covered rock, overhanging the deepest part of the lake, in which was a natural cavity so situated that, while they were effectually protected from the sun's rays, they could recline at ease, and watch the sportive motions of the trout, pike, eel, and water-hen, and behold all the changeful lights and shadows of that wild landscape reflected in the placid water.

But what was the result of all this one-sided reading and self-absorption on these boys? A very natural one. Quentin became simply crazy, and, instead of preparing lessons and performing his other duties with his customary cheerfulness and promptitude, was transformed into a visionary who despises the dinner-bell, and grants but a grudging acquiescence to the vulgar demands of every-day life. Alec—lucky for him—having a very keen sense of his actual position and prospects, gave less scope to his imagination, and although, when opportunity served, and the occasion was not altogether madcap and

breakneck, he was not slow in seconding his friend's "romantic" propositions, he allowed himself neither to neglect his education nor to acquire a distaste for the honest trade which made his father so useful and so much respected, and his own position so comparatively comfortable.

Now the principal way in which Quentin's fervid ideas displayed themselves was, in adopting a nautical phraseology in his conversation with every one but his father (of whom at present he had a wholesome dread); in seizing upon every available bit of timber to be applied to the purpose of building a large yacht; in appropriating several articles of nappery in order to fit out his father's crank, flat-bottomed boat with sails; in furnishing his bedroom with a hammock, and various other articles of naval architecture, which he had contrived either to procure or to manufacture for himself; in sitting up o' nights in a damp hut built by himself of the shrubbery by the margin of the lake, waiting and watching, with double-barreled fowling-piece in hand, for the wild-ducks as they stealthily left the water to conceal themselves in the ripening corn; and, generally, in manifesting a growing dislike to all kinds of restraint.

That he shot numbers of wild-ducks, and even of partridges, teal, and lanerocks, and thus kept his father's table plentifully supplied, we must give him credit for; this, however, was the only useful result of his florid romance-reading, and it was more than counterbalanced by his other vagaries. For, in obtaining the means to gratify his ship-building proclivities, he scrupled not to resort to means which the great authorities from whom he drew his inspiration would be too dainty to attribute to even the meanest of their wonderful *dramatis personæ*. For instance, I grieve to say that he was once known to have on the boat already mentioned a square-sail of very fine texture and exquisite workmanship, and the same week his sister went about the house affirming that there surely must be a thief among the servants, and threatening to ransack every corner in the premises until her lost property was found. Besides, he one evening dragged into the lake the piece of oblong planking used as a thrashing-floor in the glebe-barn; actually crossed the lake on it—a distance of a mile—returned and left it soaking in the water all night, not soon again to be fit for the blows of the rebounding hail.

Now, had the youth—for he had plenty of good sense at bottom—met with some older, more experienced head, who could have sympathized with him, or had he even had judgment enough to choose the best books of his heterogeneous collection—Dana's, for instance, in which a sea-life is depicted in its true colors, or others in which a spice of romance and color is added to the rugged facts—I believe that the spur thus given to his imagination would have resulted in good; for a life of monotonous seclusion and Calvinistic restraint is not found to be conducive to mental growth or freedom and liberality of idea, even when it is passed near flood and forest, rock and stream, among the solitudes of the

everlasting hills. Nor are the imagination and sensibilities of such a person—as might be expected—either enlarged, refined, or softened; on the contrary, the uncouth asperity of mind and manner of a man whose life is passed afar from the throbbing of the world's heart is proverbial. In the circumstances in which Quentin and Alec were placed, the allopathic treatment in literature was the only one to counteract the effects of narrow training, but self-treatment in the case of Quentin was hazardous; for he instinctively devoured and "assimilated" those books alone which were written with the double object of suiting the gullibility of youthful cormorants of "the impossible," and of satisfying the craving demands of a necessitous writer's life. So the evil was left to cure itself in some way; and in order to show what this was, and to draw the few threads of our story closer together, let us glance for a moment at the minister's "man," and we beg of this dignitary to excuse us for neglecting him so long, considering what an important part he plays in our little drama.

Pryse Campbell was a gaunt, powerful man of about fifty. His hair was very thick and very white; his countenance white also, and morose; he had a mighty hump on his back—said by the neighbors to be the seat of his extraordinary lifting powers; and, in short, in his Sabbath suit of musty broadcloth, he looked so accurately clerical that it was difficult to conceive that the little, stout, hearty old man in the pulpit could be the master of so solemn a piece of mechanism. But Pryse's appearance belied his disposition, for he was genial, humorous, and entertaining, and, though profoundly superstitious—like his class—he was a faithful servant and a good old man. He was an old soldier, had been to the wars, and though he *did* happen now and then to fight in battles in which his regiment had never engaged, we must attribute this rather to his love of glory and devotion to his country than to bad memory or disregard to truth. Pryse was lieutenant-governor of the minister's peninsular "glebe" or freehold land. Of this "glebe" the Scottish Established clergyman is sole life-proprietor, and thus he is the only man in the country, besides the laird and the English tenant-sportsman, who has the right of shooting on his acres, or of fishing in the neighboring streams. Often this is an immense privilege, and an energetic parson—even with the invariable large family—can make both ends meet decently without ever touching his very substantial salary.

All this contributes to make the position of minister in the Established Church of Scotland a very enviable one; and the people, as well from those causes as from their own backwardness, regard him with a reverence hardly conceivable to the inhabitants of a leveling and progressive country.

One memorable night Pryse, who slept in an out-house, heard, while half-dreaming, prolonged in the night air, that slow, moaning wail which the credulous Highlanders rank as one of the "portents" foreshadowing a sudden death. From mountain-crag to

valley, from moorland to woodland, it was reëchoed mournfully, now swelling, now sinking, until at last it faded softly away in the distance. While under its spell, Pryse lay as one dead, with dilated eyes and breath withheld. All his senses seemed merged in that terrible one of hearing. When this dismal coronach had ended, poor Pryse—who with a superhuman jerk had brought himself to a sitting posture in bed—presented a most striking confirmation of Shakespeare's assertion that strong mental emotion is discomposing to the operations of the hair-dresser. Every moment he expected the dread denizens of the churchyard—which was separated from him only by a green or lawn—to marshal themselves in ghostly array before him, and to point with warning fingers to him as the earliest accession to their ranks. However, as all things come to an end, he got over this excess of terror, and fell into a troubled sleep, from which he did not awake until late in the morning. But ascertaining, on anxious inquiry in the kitchen after breakfast, that he, and he only, of all the souls in that household, had heard those doleful forebodings of doom, his terrors returned fourfold; and he was firmly convinced that it all pointed directly to him, and that, therefore, it behoved him to solicit his reverence's ministrations before he should look on his "last of earth." Accordingly, after morning-reading, or family-prayers—which came *after*, not before, breakfast (an arrangement that seems to me as pious as it is sensible)—Pryse, with a very troubled voice, took the minister into his confidence, indicating as correctly as possible his position on the road leading from the city of Destruction, and winding up by asking what chances he had of ultimate salvation.

Be it observed that the Highland Presbyterian mind is essentially conservative, and that in its progress toward the Holy City it prefers to regard the increasing distance from the city of Destruction, and to date thereafter, rather than to anxiously count the days that intervene before the pleasant land of Beulah is reached. The excess of this feeling, this haste to get away from the city at all hazards, neutralizes to a considerable extent the burdensome effect of the "pack on the back," and our Highlander Christian finds himself far past the Interpreter's before he feels impressed with the necessity of ridding himself of his incumbrance; and the way he gets rid of it is a decidedly awkward and ungainly one. Had worthy John Bunyan taken a Scottish Presbyterian as a model for his inimitable Pilgrim he would, I think, have placed the site of Christian's release from his burden much nearer the Dark River.

The worthy clergyman, after sounding to what depth his present morbid craze extended, and knowing how vain it would be to combat his superstitious fears at their present high temperature, exhorted him in Gaelic—always the medium of communication between him and his "man"—to be of good cheer, urging that living or dying we are the Lord's, and that such supernatural manifestations, so far from being evil omens, were rather voices from heaven reminding its chosen children of the necessity

of constant preparation for the arrival of the bridegroom. So Pryse, with his thoughts turned into a healthier channel, went to his daily occupations, consoled if not cured.

Meanwhile, airy-headed Quentin, as a stanch and loyal worshiper of the many-featured goddess; of her who had many temples erected to her honor, even in *one* city, when other divinities had to content themselves with one or none at all; of her with the wreath of laurel—vaunted Libertas, claimed by autocrat, aristocrat, and democrat alike—Quentin was in high dudgeon at the curtailment of certain privileges which he considered as his inalienable rights. His mother, thoroughly alarmed by his mad excursions on the water during holidays, had felt compelled to inform her husband of her fears, at the same time, however, with characteristic weakness, concealing from him the source of his son's disease. One error leads surely to another, and this worthy woman, who in other respects was strong-minded and sensible enough, treated her first-born with such mistaken indulgence that, although she was conscious of doing wrong in concealing the state of matters from his father, she still, with a blind and culpable stupidity, went on deceiving herself with the idea that the "puir laddie must have his play," and laying the every-day flattering unction to her soul that no evil consequences could ensue.

The reverend *paterfamilias* peremptorily ordered Quentin a fortnight's devotion to Greek verbs, and made him promise that he should not, during his hours of recreation, venture to use the boat until he should think him worthy to be restored to favor and confidence, which promise Quentin dutifully kept. But how many promises are made but to be broken, and broken so adroitly that the letter of the promise is not in the least infringed upon!

Whether it was a piece of willfulness on the part of Quentin, or an after-thought prompted more by ignorance of metaphysics than an evil heart, I know not; but Quentin returned to the water again, without literally breaking his father's command, although, since he had a conscience, it could scarcely have testified very loudly to the integrity of his courses. The following dialogue, which took place between him and Alec on the day immediately preceding Pryse's supernatural visitation, will manifest his intentions. They were sitting in a snug "lookout-house" composed of an empty barrel and a quantity of hay and broken branches, the whole perched securely near the top of a handsome larch-tree. This tree was tall and symmetrical as the main-mast of a frigate, and had been taken possession of in due form by Quentin some time before and furnished in this manner, ostensibly for the purpose of reading up for the approaching "bursary" competition at the university; really in order to revel in the unreal world of his own creating which monopolized all his energies now, and occasionally to study navigation and astronomy from an aerial point of view. Indeed, latterly the poor lad had made considerable progress in the latter studies; for idleness, at all events, was not one of his faults. Whatever fancy seized upon him,

he invested the object of it with a kind of glory and attraction that incited him to earnest endeavor instead of awakening slothful feelings. Given a worthy object and his spontaneous appreciation of it, and he might safely be trusted to prosecute it with energy and success. On the evening in question he conducted his friend to this retreat, in order to exchange confidences. After scrambling to the "look-out," Quentin, who was bursting to unbosom himself as much as if overwhelmed with the cares of a nation, broke out with—"Alec!"

Alec. "Weel, laddie?"

Quentin. "D'ye ken 'at I'm forbidden the boatie?"

Alec. "Ay, I ken. She'll win roun'."

Quentin. "Win roun'? What mean ye?"

Alec. "The boatie maun hae a rest. She's ower-dune; your daddie, honest man, is feared lest she come tae grief afore ye're fit to nawvigate her across the Atlauntic, and sae he maun lay her up for repairs. I heard him speer father anent her."

Quentin. "What said he?"

Alec. "He said she cost him five pun' sterlin' ten year ago, but that noo—"

Quentin. "Ay, ay, I ken. He'd as lief sell her fastenin's as burn the timmer o' her; but ye needna lauch at me, callant; ye're ower wise to live lang, I reckon."

Alec. "I'm no lauchin'; faither tell't me 'at ye suld burn a' thay buiks, for 'at they're like roarin' lions gaein' aboot seekin' whom they may devoor; 'at they're the breath of the bottomless pit; and, gin ye gang on stickin' till them, ye'll be like a rollin' stane 'at gaithers nae moss, unstable in a' thy ways."

Quentin. "Ay, ay, ye come o' a worthy faither! Man, what a fine minister ye'd mak'! ye'd gar the clachan ring on a saicrament Thursday; belike ye'll wear the bands afore your mother, noo. Harken till me—but maybe ye're grown sae douce, ye wadna grant a puir, feeless body like me a favor. Ye ken your mother's big wash-tub?"

Alec. "Oo, ay; what's comin' noo, I wunner?" (soito voce).

Quentin. "I had a gran' sail in her yestreen; she swung roun' a wee, but she only wants guidin' to mak' her a bonny ship. To-morrow my faither will be awa' veesitin', and I intend doing my exerceese the nicht, and settin' sail the morn, and gin ye wad like to come and shove her off, and tak' your turn, I'd be muckle beholden till ye."

Alec. "The Lord preserve us, laddie! Ye wadna dae sic a glaicket thing?"

Quentin. "Ay, wull I, though. Will ye stead me?"

Alec. "Na, na, laddie. I wadna be your friend to dae sic an evil thing. Supposin' ye got droont, folks wud ca' me murderer; we're gettin' auld noo, and suld hae mair discretion."

Quentin. "Ay, ye're getting auld, and pawky, too" (with spirit). "Ye're a runnin' commentary on the Scriptures—your heid's fu' o' holy lere."

"Quentin, my dear chiel," sorrowfully responded

Alec, "whiles a man must e'en withstand his best freen' and hairt's dear brither whan he's gaein' a wrang gait."

"Oo, ay, there ye're at your homilies again," quoth crusty Quentin, "but let's win' doon."

On regaining *terra firma*, Quentin, seized with sudden compunction for his unkind language to his oldest playmate, grasped his hand and said: "Ye'll forgie me, Alec? I didna mean onything to hurt ye; ye'll no tell?"

"No," incautiously replied Alec, glad at even this show of concession on his friend's part.

"Then I'll shove her off mysel'; guid-day," was the parting salutation of Quentin; and, having inveigled his scrupulous friend into giving this promise of secrecy, he made his way to the manse, while Alec remained behind, biting his lips with vexation at having suffered himself to be betrayed into such a dangerous promise. "I'll no tell, but I'll hae to watch the dear laddie mysel'," he thought, and with this reflection the honest lad went home, little dreaming of what was to happen on the morrow.

And it was not long before Quentin had grave reason to feel the force of his friend's sober remarks, for, years afterward, when he himself had learned to regulate his actions by Alec's honest standard, he was often heard to say, "Thus would Alec have done, and he was always right," and, when perplexed and baffled by the myriad complications of little duties, he would, before deciding on a final course, ask himself the question, "What would Alec have done in such a case?" Ah, how few there are whose lives and principles we can thus hold out before us as a glass, in which we can see the wrinkles and blemishes of our own souls, the incrustations of petty care and avarice, the surging of mean ambitions, the absorbing devotion to self! and alas! when we are blessed with such a one—God's best gift—how seldom we value him until he is lost to us, and his goodness is as a tale that is told!

On the morning of the day on which the events we are recording culminated in a disaster as heart-rending as any that the sober annals of the little parish can produce, matters stood as follows at the manse and "smiddy." The minister was going his weary miles of parochial visiting, which he always accomplished on foot; his wife was superintending and assisting in ironing operations in the laundry; Pryse was laboriously digging round the gooseberry-bushes in the manse-garden; the smith was hammering away on his anvil; Alec was perched in the "lookout" in the larch-tree, from which, unperceived, he could survey the whole surface of the lake, except that part of it which lay behind the manse, and on which the boat—the bone of contention—rode at anchor; and Quentin, as yet, did not put in an appearance.

I ought to have stated that that part of the loch which adjoined the left of the peninsula was much smaller than that to the right, and, being removed from the purifying effects of the mountain rivulet, it was stagnant, deep, with soft, sticky bottom, producing abundance of eels, pike, tadpoles, and leeches.

A belt of rushy water-grass, concentric with the irregular outline of the loch, extended from the shore to a distance of about eighty yards, terminating in a cleanly-defined border, and leaving in the middle a circle of clear water, so deep that the bottom could not be seen on the clearest summer day. At a spot on the land near which the water-grass had been cut away to a depth of a few feet beneath the water, the blacksmith's wife usually carried on her washing and bleaching, and here the necessary implements—including a huge tub, the source of so much grief—were kept in a small wooden hut.

Alec lay peering from his leafy elevation for several hours, and he was about to descend in order to fetch some dinner, when suddenly he spied Quentin walking slowly and deviously from the house, but evidently making in the direction of the unhappy washing-utensil. Without thought or care but for the safety of his friend, he remained in the tree, palpitating with excitement, for he knew well how ignorantly reckless Quentin could be at times, and how useless it would be to interfere until the proper moment had arrived. He decided to let matters take their course so long as Quentin confined himself to coasting, upheld by the water-grass, and in danger of nothing but dirt and temporary suffocation in the event of a capsizing; but should Quentin exhibit any signs of making for the clearing in the middle of the loch, he was positive in his determination to alarm the household, and so either to frighten Quentin from effecting his dangerous purpose, or to have the boat brought round as speedily as possible from its position in rear of the manse. But the latter, Alec knew, would necessarily be a slow performance, for the distance was considerable, and so he was obliged reluctantly to trust to Quentin's own very questionable discretion. All his good plans, however, were frustrated by the precipitate haste with which Quentin—who had, meanwhile, arrived at the water's edge—launched and rigged his craft, and pushed away from the land. Let us approach the latter gentleman, and examine his strange vessel.

The tub is certainly a large one; but, although it possesses to a certain extent the quality of *buoyancy*, it is quite destitute of that equally essential property of equilibrium, which is the characteristic of beast and bird, but which is often so sadly wanting in man and the work of his hands. It was neither round nor square, but a sort of jagged elliptic, of which the material composing one side was immeasurably heavier than that of the other. It was not an ordinary tub, built of ribs and hoops neatly fitting; but it was of patchwork, rough boards, osier, tin, nails, old horseshoes, cement, and putty, in glorious confusion—serving well enough its legitimate purpose, but a sorry shelter against wind and wave. It was the sublime emanation of Pryse's vivid brain, and the handiwork of at least a decade. But we know that he did not intend it for a merchantman—that he did not get it classed at Lloyd's A 1 for a term of years, and retain its denomination after the term was expired; and therefore we freely acquit him of that

specially fiendish sort of malignity that attaches to the characters of those suave and "honorable gentlemen who murder while they smile."

Quentin dragged the thing into the water—it was much too heavy to lift—and then, taking up a pitchfork which he had secured, he embarked and pushed vigorously off. Using the only handle which the article possessed as a rowlock through which he drew the end of the long pitchfork, Quentin sat down on one knee, and, while grasping the side of his vessel with one hand in order to steady himself, he managed to make considerable progress to sea with the other—thanks to the pitchfork, which served in the double capacity of propeller and director. His madcap purpose was but too evident—he was making straight for clear water. When within a few yards of the inner circle, a piercing scream was heard. Alec had alarmed the household, and lo and behold! the worthy minister's wife rushing down to the water. Now, the minister's wife was a doughty woman when roused; in her ordinary mood she was meekness itself, but when excited by opposition from her inferiors, by danger to her offspring, or by any other strong emotion, she was terrible. See her now, stout and tall and furious, with "mutch" thrown back, and black, streaming hair, with sleeves upturned, exposing a giant's arm, while in her hand she brandishes a long garden-hoe as she shouts warning to Quentin! Her son, put off his guard by this *contre-temps*, made a false move, lost his balance, and tumbled into the water. The tub filled and sank like a stone.

He stood there a moment up to the neck in water, surveying the position, and then attempted to make for land. He might as well have tried to fly. There, as in a nightmare, stuck his feet fast in the mud at the bottom, and although, after superhuman effort, he managed to extricate one leg, it was only to return it quickly again to the mire—and, of course, the attempt to swim with his legs thus entangled could only result in self-destruction. Meantime his mother, hoe in hand, gallantly plunged into the water, and slowly but surely made her way through all obstacles to the young rascal who, quite regardless of his own awkward and perilous position, stood convulsed with laughter at his mother's appearance and behavior. Inch by inch the noble woman gained until within a few feet of him, when, overcome by exhaustion, she halted, arm-deep in water, to take breath.

"O Lord!" (a sigh), "O Lord!" (a sigh) she shouted to him, brandishing her clinched fist in the air—"wait till I get ye oot o' that, ye young limb o' the deil, an' I'll teach ye maunners aff han'."

"Mither, hoo d'ye like the crawlin' things aboot your stockings? Haud oot your duds" (apron) "and ye'll maybe kep a gates" (pike), was the aggravating rejoinder.

"Laddie, I'll droon ye!" screamed the exasperated dame, and advanced to the fray. In four or five superhuman strides she was beside him, he up to the neck, she to the shoulders—for she had the advantage in stature as well as by virtue of the friendly

hoe, whose broad, flat extremity sank but little under the pressure brought to bear upon it. Storing her wrath till some more favorable occasion, she crisply told him to "lay haud o' the middle o' the hoe wi' his richt haun'," and to start off with his left foot, while she herself seized the hoe with her left hand close under his right, and led off on the return journey with her right foot timing with his left, and thus, after extraordinary exertion and sundry slips, they safely regained land.

No sooner, however, had they taken breath than, bedraggled and besmeared as she was, his mother, instead of embracing her beloved son with tears of grateful joy at his deliverance, for once conquered womanly weakness, and proceeded to belabor her darling mightily, all the while seasoning the performance with cries of "I'll gar ye lauch, my callant," and "I'll mak' a sailor o' ye," until he was fairly prostrate, and every aching bone in his body bore testimony to her prowess. Thus far courage, skill, and devotion, averted danger; but calamity often treads on the very heels of success, often appearing in a direction from which it is least expected, and turning merriment and rejoicing into consternation and mourning.—Where was Alec?

The poor lad, after first giving the alarm, had rushed madly to bring the boat round, but finding it half full of water, and knowing it would take too much time to bale out, he did not carry the attempt further, but, after wading quickly through the wide, shallow strait connecting the two bodies of water, he plunged into the smaller one on the side opposite to Quentin, with the view of reaching the spot where the thrashing-floor lay drying in the sun, and then, by pushing it before him in the water, to bring succor to his friend.

"But the best-laid plans of mice and men gang aft aglee," we are informed, and it was so in poor Alec's case. He was a bold and practised swimmer for his years, but he little knew the nature of that deadly circle, small as it was, through which he must pass before effecting his object. Heated and excited he plunged into the grassy water, and had just reached the clearing when he perceived that Pryse, who had only just learned how things were, had forestalled him, and was pushing his way on the thrashing-floor, with a long pole, toward the mother and son, who, engrossed with their own difficulties, and unobservant of everything else, were now making way to land. Pryse, glad to discover that the "portent" could not, under the circumstances, have foreboded any calamity to him at any rate, was now anxious to have the glory of falsifying its predictions utterly by snatching from the jaws of death those whom he now confidently considered to be the parties aimed at.

Alec, with a shout of approbation and encouragement to the old man, was swimming bravely on, and had nearly reached the opposite grassy part when he came upon one of those cold "springs" which are common in water of this nature, and was suddenly seized with cramp. Still he struggled without uttering a cry, but in vain; after a few agonizing spasms, and yielding a gentle, plaintive moan of

"Mither! mither!" he sank in the deepest part of the lake, never to rise again.

He was heard only by the terrified Pryse, who, seeing the imminence of the greater danger, turned away from the lesser, and pushed toward the fatal spot. But he was now completely demoralized with dread and anxiety at the suddenness of the catastrophe, and as soon as he urged the frail, light planking with an unmeasured jerk into the clearing it overturned, and he was thrown into the water. He was no swimmer, but, after giving utterance to some piercing yells, he managed to catch the side of the thrashing-floor again, and, luckily for him, he did not attempt to remount it, but supported himself by it, with his chin above-water. Still, however, it would yield to his great weight, and he had to make the best use of his legs he could in order to keep himself afloat. Meanwhile, he was paralyzed with terror; he forgot poor Alec, forgot everything but the "portent" and his own doomed condition, and uttered such wails as had never been heard in that quarter before. No one but him had seen poor Alec go down. Quentin and his mother's attentions were first attracted to his own circumstances by his horrible screams, but they could do nothing for him but wait for the blacksmith, who, hearing the awful yells, hastened with a few neighbors to the scene. While they were wearing the boat round, Pryse, whose strength was giving way more from mental agitation than bodily exertion, and who thought his last hour was come, kept on shrieking the most awful imprecations to the Almighty for his salvation, freezing the very souls of the listeners with horror. At last the poor, bereft blacksmith—who was as yet unconscious of his cruel loss—managed to bring the boat round and rescue Pryse just as he was sinking. There he lay, as they rowed to land, prostrate at the bottom of the boat, limp and cold, with eyes fixed and hands clinched, and trembling, scarcely realizing that he was saved. It was full an hour before he was restored to reason and memory, and then, with all of them standing round him, scarcely believing their ears, he cast one horrified look at the blacksmith, uttered a low wail, and in broken, shivering accents told them of Alec's fate.

So ended Quentin's first romance. Bitterly he mourned his loss, attributing all to his own headlong stupidity and selfish disregard of others' feelings. He—as his nature was—went from the one extreme to the other, burnt the ill-fated books, broke up the embryo yacht into material for fuel, dismantled the innocent and pretty "lookout," and went moping about with downcast, shamefaced look, talking to no one. He would sit for hours on an old tombstone in the churchyard, brooding over his grief, and gazing sadly westward toward the lonely moor across which he and Alec had traveled so many, many joyful miles together, dreaming, hoping, building into the unknown future. It was a long time, even with his temperament, before his buoyant spirits reasserted themselves, and then their tone was changed indeed. He now never alluded to his former passion, and, although he remained the same daring, ardent spirit,

his impulses fell more under his control, and he became a more dutiful son, a more considerate brother, and a more earnest and discriminating student.

Those first stirring events in his life happened exactly as I have described them—this is no fiction—exactly fourteen years ago. The fourteen years have added their history to the story of the ages, and Quentin is the energetic and popular pastor of a thriving western parish, where society is farther advanced in those arts which, nowadays, are found to be necessary to happiness, and from his snug manse he and his sweet southron bride can behold the tall ships going to and fro in the distance, and hear the solemn music of the mighty Atlantic.

It is needless to say that Pryse was thoroughly confirmed in his belief in omens, and, though confidentially informed by an unbelieving and irreverent acquaintance—a "Glessgie" wag—that he had only heard the wailing lament of a puppy bereft of its dam, he was incredulous, and exhorted his grinning tormentor to "turn unto the Lord," lest a judgment from heaven should alight upon him for his blasphemy. But, whenever he related the history of his extraordinary services in defense of his country's honor, it was noticed that he became more accurate in describing details, and that he even displayed a knowledge of chronology which, hitherto, he had not been known to possess.

PARISIAN TYPES.

BY WIRT SIKES.

AMONG the lower orders in Paris there are certain picturesque types of character for whom ever-active *argot* has always a characteristic name. The slang of the lower classes in that city is sometimes exceedingly suggestive, and has a grotesque appropriateness which is quickly recognized; but sometimes, too, it is blind and meaningless, to all appearances, or has a recondite signification which only the most skillful searching will find out. Why one's creditor should be called an "Anglais," for example, is a question not readily answered; yet it has been the fashion to so call the man one owes since as long ago as the fifteenth century. A guess can be made on the matter, of course, and it has been guessed that there is some connection between this slang and the ancient enmity between England and France. Many of the old slang words in use only among the *blousard* class are the language of tradition, just as in certain villages the *patois* now in use was the good French of four hundred years ago, the language being still maintained in its original condition in these villages, in spite of the changes it has undergone in the great centres. Thus "étrangouiller" (*étrangler*, to strangle) is a Romany word which easily recalls the Latin *strangulare*. "Cadenne" (*chaîne*, chain) and "pecune" (*argent*, money) are almost the pure forms of the Latin words *catena* and *pecunia*. No wonder Plato, in spite of his dislike for the lower orders, called them his "masters of language."

A Parisian character whose slang name is of the easily-recognizable sort is the "aboyeuse"—that is to say, the barker. If you have ever visited the old clothes-market of the Temple, in Paris—and it is a place which a good many Americans visit, either from curiosity or in search of bargains—you are aware that the most conspicuous feature of the huge mart is the woman who accosts you. Turn which way you will, you are accosted by a woman—generally a young woman, sometimes a pretty woman, but always a woman who is determined to entice you into some particular stall, that you may purchase there the bonnet, or the dress, or the other article you are in

search of. She is very much in earnest, is this woman, and she talks with a voluble self-assertion that is, to the last degree, trying; sometimes she goes so far as to seize hold of your garments in her efforts to detain you; but her tongue never ceases its clatter. This is the barker. She is in force at the Temple Market. As you promenade through that curious place, she assails you at every step; your ears are stunned with her noise; your dignity is ruffled by her familiarity of approach; your nerves are vexed with the perpetuity of her—for the instant you pass the territory of one you are pounced upon by another; and it will be a strong test of the amiability of your disposition if you can pass through the place without once throwing off the obtrusive touch of the barker with angry protest.

The barker is usually a virtuous person, I believe. Indeed, a dragon-like virtue shines in her eye, and brave would be the man who would venture to tamper with the feelings of that severely practical bosom. To approach the barker with an amorous purpose seems to an ordinary man an enterprise quite out of the question. It would not only be fraught with peril—though peril is not the thing that dampens a lover's ardor—but there would be involved an element of the awful, the terror-inspiring and soul-subduing, that are death to desire. I should as soon expect to see *Hamlet* make love to his father's ghost. But I have actual knowledge of a man who married a barker. I cannot swear that he courted her; but he married her. He was a "mastroquet," or keeper of a cabaret, and his wine-shop was in Old Temple Street, near the river.

It was a dingy room, lighted with a kerosene-lamp which had a tin reflector, and produced something the effect of a dark-lantern. It was not yet five o'clock, of a long summer day, when I chanced to go in there, but the lamp was burning, and burning with a light so dull that apparently it had been burning all day long. Its chimney was incrustated with dirt, and the whole room was uncleanly to a degree seldom if ever equaled in Paris. The floor

had nearly disappeared under layers of the accumulated dirt of centuries, for it evidently had never been scrubbed, at least in modern times. The walls, once white, were now black and greasy, and were decked with certain age-yellowed and fly-specked pictures of celebrated criminals, whose names were printed underneath—Papavoine, Elicabide, Sacenaire, and others—all murderers, I believe. The tables were enormous-limbed wooden benches, and were fastened to the floor, probably to obviate their being used as missiles in case of disturbance. There were no chairs, but low benches of a similar ponderosity of build with the tables, and, like them, firmly rooted where they stood. The ceiling, like the walls, had once been white, but age and tobacco-smoke had so stained it that you might have imagined it was hung with leather. The glasses, jugs, cups, plates, in a word, all the dishes required by the service of a cabaret—which is at once an eating-house and a bar-room—were of the heaviest description, but all more or less chipped, split, or injured, from long and no doubt vigorous handling.

Such was the abode of the *mastroquet* who married the barker. He was not at home at the moment, and, as I did not take the pains to call at his wine-shop again, I never saw him; but imagination conjures up a gigantic fellow like the Chourineur of Eugène Sue, whenever my mind reverts to him. The woman I recognized; she had sold me a curious piece of stage-jewelry at the Temple Market long before, and was noted for her eminence as a noisemaker among the noisiest. She appeared much subdued now, and poured out a glass of claret with the air of a martyr, after having received her pay beforehand—one of the formalities of the place, it appeared. It seemed to be the idle hour of the day, and there were no other customers present, a circumstance which did not awaken my special regret. It was one of the most sinister-seeming places with which my Parisian studies ever made me acquainted, and I hastened to depart.

The signification of "*mastroquet*" is simple enough, but is not precisely translatable. Literally, it means the man of the *demi-setier*, which is corrupted by *argot* into "*demi-stroc*," from which comes "*mastroquet*." The *setier* is an obsolete measurement, applied sometimes to acres, sometimes to bushels, but in this instance applying to liquids, in which case it means a quantity equal to about two gallons.

The signification of "*pitre*" is something of a mystery, but the character himself is a familiar study. In the Place Pigalle, the Place Clichy, or the open space where the Avenue des Gobelins ceases and the Rue Mouffetard begins, you may have chanced on a Sunday afternoon to see a crowd gathered around Le *Pitre*. It is a grinning crowd, but it grins in the quiet way that spectators of a familiar drollery adopt—not at all in the eager, excited way which greets a novel creator of laughter. The crowd is mainly composed of *blousards* (wearers of the blouse), with here and there a woman in a white cap, or a soldier of the *troubade-au-poste* order; and it stands at ease,

mostly with hands in pockets, lazily. The *pitre* is a clown in wooden shoes, blue stockings, and velvet small-clothes, wearing a gay jacket and a three-cornered hat, and he holds in his left hand a stick, while his right is thrust under the gown of a puppet with a wooden face. His little finger and thumb are in the sleeves of the puppet's dress, and his remaining fingers are hidden in the wooden head, thus enabling him to impart a semblance of life to the grotesque object. This he belabors smartly with his stick, and engages in conversation ventriloquially, with the stale jokes and well-worn witticisms of his race. Before him stands a folding-table, upon which are the cups, balls, bells, boxes, and other trick-contrivances of a street-juggler. He grimaces with his plastered face, and shakes his long, shaggy hair about his eyes, and varies his jokes with a profusion of snorts, whistles, and grunts; but he is only tolerated as the predecessor of better things, for the *pitre* is the juggler's raker-in of fools. His performance is called in *argot* a "*bagatelle of the door*," and is designed to draw the people together in sufficient numbers before the able performers begin their feats.

These follow presently. The juggler swallows his tow, and spits his fire and ribbons; he causes the egg to appear in mysterious places, and the double-bottomed box to exhibit its wonders; and gives place in his turn to the gymnastic *saltimbanques*, with their feats of strength and agility.

The open-air performers of Paris have recently been placed under a more rigid police surveillance than formerly. It was found that among these people escaped criminals were sometimes in hiding, the disguises of the business fitting their needs conveniently. Some of the ex-officers of the Communistic army were discovered hidden in the toggery of the *pitre* or the juggler. To abolish these open-air exhibitions entirely would be to give grave offense to the lower classes, who are much in love with this species of amusement, and would miss it greatly. The memory of the Parisian runs not back to the time when these market-space performances were unknown, and it is claimed that they had their origin in the "*mysteries*" of the middle ages. They change their character greatly from generation to generation, and even in modern times they have their periodical "*rages*" of popularity, just as the theatres do. In the theatres, now spectacle is the rage, now *opéra bouffe*, now burlesque; tragedy rules the popular taste in one season, comedy in another, melodrama in another. Tragedy is quite out of fashion at the present time; and in the open-air exhibitions sword-swallowing is no longer the vogue. Time was when no troupe was considered complete without the sword-swallower. His reign was succeeded by a dynasty of little girl tight-rope dancers; but there was such an epidemic of child-stealing at this period that the police put a stop to the fashion, and now a tight-rope-dancing child is seldom seen in the squares. Latterly there has been a rage for "*living phenomena*"—dogs with two heads, calves with three horns, sheep with five legs, learned pigs, and the like.

During the empire, when the imperial *fête* day approached (the 15th of August), the open-air performers, who at other times were distributed throughout the provinces, were wont to gather in enormous force in Paris. They sought for their rendezvous the largest open spaces in the city, such as the Champ de Mars, the Esplanade des Invalides, and the Place du Trône, driving thither in their great, lumbering wagons, and either giving their exhibitions there, or sallying thence into more thickly-peopled quarters of the town. They were required to make periodical reports to the police, and to obtain a license, for which they paid a trifling fee. To impose a heavy tax upon them would be to blot them out of existence, for their profits are of the lightest sort, sous being the only coin at all freely bestowed upon them by their auditors. To be without food to eat is a common enough experience among them. There are well-authenticated cases, however, of some who have grown well-to-do. The Nacuco family (a pseudonym, no doubt) and the *saltimbanque* Tresori are said to be rich to the extent of twenty thousand dollars. This is Rothschildian opulence for people of their class.

Forty years ago, the *saltimbanque* wagons licensed in France numbered no fewer than three thousand; now, not half that number are in existence. The human element following this poor trade is chiefly composed of men and women who inherited it from their parents; but occasionally the strangest stories have been told of the beings discovered hidden in the *saltimbanque's* dress. In France, it must be remembered, there is a police knowledge of every man's history and antecedents, such as is quite unknown in America; and it is from police-records that I have learned these tales of strange vicissitude. Among the *saltimbanques* have been discovered, from time to time, men who were formerly notaries; sub-officers who had been turned out of the army for insubordination; actors who once had standing in regular theatres; and even members of the legal profession. There are two well-authenticated cases of men who had received the "prize of honor" for high scholarship at French academies, who came to earning their living as open-air performers. One was Adrien Rieulet, who had received the *prix d'honneur de philosophie* at the Collège Bonaparte, and who was discovered to be the personator of a learned seal in a wandering troupe, uttering "papà" and "mamma" to the amazement of the *blousards*, and devouring biscuits and fruit in a way that seemed nothing less than human to the astonished spectators. Another was Léon Moreau, who received his diploma from the Collège St.-Louis, and who became a juggler, whose forte was swallowing a live chicken and immediately proceeding to gulp up eggs to the number of some dozens. Precisely what the circumstances were which drove these gentlemen into the way of life where they were found, is not explained—whether eccentricity, vice, or love. One case is known, of the son of a wealthy operator on the Bourse, who fell in love with a span-gled maiden at the Buttes Montmartre, and became

a *pitre* in order to share her lot. The thought occurs that he might have lifted her to his own level instead of descending to hers; but this was in France, where they manage matters differently—especially matters of matrimony; and the young man's course appears to have proved the wiser one, for three weeks in the company of his adored cured him of his passion entirely, and he returned to a life which has the advantage of regular meals.

The slang of "bettandier" as a name for a beggar (*mendiant*) seems to be purely arbitrary—as entirely so as the English "cheese it" for "be silent." The "bettandier" is a beggar who follows the business as his regular occupation. There can be no question that ninety-nine out of every one hundred beggars in Paris are such because they find the business a profitable one. A creature in that grade of *blousard* life where a choice of occupation lies between such employments as rag-picking, street-sweeping, petty thieving, and the like, has no pride to govern his course, and he turns to beggary as a business quite as willingly as any other, if he can see his way to success in it. There is a necessity of talent involved in the occupation of a beggar, however. A stupid person setting up as a beggar will not be likely to earn enough to eat. But, if one has some histrionic ability, it can be turned to good purpose in this business. A talent for getting one's self up picturesquely is of immense value. Mental qualities of a high order bring their own exceptional rewards, in this field as in others. An old beggar whose post was, and for aught I know still is, at the entrance of the Passage Vero-Dodat, was reputed to be a man of wealth. He was certainly a man of talent. In a moment of communicativeness this old *bettandier* gave his "code," as he called it, which is worth printing. It is as follows:

Never ask alms from—

1. A man who is coming from dinner; roast-beef renders one selfish.

2. A gentleman who is following a lady.

3. Men who are too fat; it annoys them to stop.

4. A lady who is alone and unobserved.

5. Gentlemen who are putting on their gloves.

But ask always from—

1. A man who is going to dinner; he sympathizes with the empty stomach.

2. A lady who knows she is being followed.

3. People who are walking two by two; their *amour propre* makes them give.

4. Officers in full-dress uniform.

5. Office-seekers going into cabinet ministers' bureaux; they give, in hope that it will bring them luck.

A hideous-looking beggar was arrested recently in the Rue des Boulets, a sinister street in the Faubourg St.-Antoine, between whom and the police commissary the following conversation ensued:

"Your name?"

"Ponton Jacques—nicknamed Eyes-for-Everything."

"Your profession?"

"Witness."

"Witness? What do you mean by witness?"

"As I have eyes for everything, I know everything that occurs in the neighborhood, and am called up every time there is a row or anything."

In answer to further questioning, the man stated that he belonged in the Quartier Ste.-Marguerite, and that by his profession he netted about forty francs a month, his pay being two francs a time. This information, if accurate, would indicate with precision the number of rows per month indulged in by the scoundrels of the quarter. In the intervals between rows, Pontron Jacques practised on the sympathies of strangers as a beggar.

During one winter that I resided in the Rue de Provence, in Paris, there was a woman stationed directly opposite my windows, across the street, who begged with a baby in her arms. She was there every day early in the morning; she disappeared for a little while at noontime, for the purposes of sustenance, it was presumed; and then returning remained until nightfall. She was a meek-looking, whey-faced creature, about fifty years old, and did a thriving business, for the street is a thronged thoroughfare, and her station was next to a public institution of some sort, where hundreds of *bourgeois* went in and out all day long. She was such a convenient object for study that I paid a great deal of attention to her in the course of the winter. The baby, it was found by close observation, was not always the same; indeed, she exhibited quite a varied assortment of infants during the season; but each was clad in the same garments, and there was a pocket somewhere in the small of the little one's back, where the woman deposited her earnings. Once I counted her benefactors for an hour; they were fourteen in number; and, admitting that they gave her no coin larger than a sou, her receipts during the day might be modestly estimated at one hundred sous. Probably it averaged more than this, for it is unlikely that every giver limited his contribution to a single sou. Now, in a city where *blousards* of the lower stratum, such as street-cleaners, rag-pickers, etc., consider eighty sous a day fine wages, it is easy to see that beggary such as this is a profitable trade. The fact that she was regular at her post, and that no other beggar ever intruded on her domain, went far to prove true the stories we have heard about beggars holding their positions as valuable franchises, and, upon retiring from business, selling them for a round consideration.

M. Maxime Ducamp, a gentleman who prosecuted his researches with great assiduity for many years in Paris, declares that "mendicity is a regular profession," and that those who follow it secure a comfortable living, enlivened by occasional oases of debauchery in the desert of work-a-day life. The Administration of Public Assistance relieves an average of three hundred and thirty-eight thousand persons a year, selected as carefully as possible in view of their right to rank with the "deserving poor." Among these there are some who have had their names on the books of public assistance for

generations, handed down to them by their fathers and grandfathers, and who abuse the charity of the public disgracefully. Among other things annually distributed are thirty-three thousand litres of Peruvian-bark wine, as medicine, upon which numberless vagabonds get drunk; and even the alcoholic tincture of camphor, which is intended for external use, is employed by the luxurious *bettandier* as an intoxicating beverage.

There are very many hospitals and asylums for the needy and infirm in Paris, but the professional beggar seldom resorts to them. Like other men, the *bettandier* likes his freedom, and he has his resorts where he is a man and a customer, spends his earnings in style, eats his comfortable dinner, drinks his wine, and sips his coffee and cognac while playing a game of cards or dominoes on a marble table. Once, while studying low life in the Rue Brise-Miche (Broken-bread Street), I saw an old rascal playing billiards, who had begged of me with tears in his eyes, "Pour l'amour de Dieu," at the door of the Gymnase the night before. He played a very good game, too. The price of billiards in the place where I saw him—called a "brewery"—was six sous the half-hour; not an expensive luxury, certainly, but hardly comporting with our prejudices concerning needy folk. That the *bettandier* saves money, too, in many instances, cannot be doubted. In Paris every class saves money, and the *bettandier* has to provide for his rainy day like any other man. The sunshine of prosperity may not always shine on him; and if people generally would accept as fact, and not fiction, the revelations from time to time made, he would find his sun going down in utter darkness one of these days. But people are slow to credit the truth in this matter. Moreover, most of us are selfish in our charities, and find it easier and pleasanter to put a penny in any outstretched hand than to bestow intelligent consideration on the case. We give because the beggar is in the way; his apparently suffering condition is a reproach to our prosperity; and we take the readiest mode of soothing our consciences. "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord," we remind ourselves, and make a virtue of the idle bestowal of pence which are of no importance whatever to us. It is perhaps too much to ask of the average busy man that he should give his time to looking into the merits of such cases of seeming want as are brought before him—in which event he would very often find there was no just occasion for giving; but it is at least his plain duty to aid in suppressing villainous impostures by refusing to give money to a street beggar under any circumstances. If this plan were universally followed, vast numbers of dissolute and worthless men and women would have to work for a living. A joke that was printed in the *Journal Amusant* had a keen point. "Ah, monsieur," said a beggar to a man who had given him a franc, "may Heaven reward you for having saved me from a desperate alternative!" "Indeed!" said the other; "what was that?" "Work," was the solemn reply.

A BIT OF OLD VENICE.

THE STORY OF BIANCA CAPELLO.

WE crossed the Grand Canal in a rusty gondola, rowed by a slender youth, with a red scarf about his waist and his olive skin gleaming through his ragged blue shirt. At the opposite *riva* we were hooked up firmly among the floating sea-weeds by a lame beggar, with the red-brown, corrugated face and long white beard of Spagnoletto's saints. The gondoliers, who, wrapped in their cloaks, lay dozing in the sullen black hulks clustered about the piles, opened their drowsy eyes upon us. Others, more active, were lounging on the bench under the vine-trellis, with their soft-eyed patroness over their heads, smiling down from behind the broken-nosed pitcher full of violets, and the dingy brass lamp that adorned her shrine.

It was one of those ineffable spring days when life and Venice seem to culminate. As you walk the streets, you feel a great pulse throbbing in the city's heart, that sets all your own beating in answer. A mysterious thrill runs through the serpentine bodies of the canals, which sways the shining green water, and, escaping through the uplifted bell-towers, rushes out toward the sky in a glad murmur. The very walls become sentient; the grotesque dragons and the monster heads smile tenderly upon you. The church-doors stand open, and the incense of the altar-lilies sweeps out on to the highways. The pale palace-fronts catch up their pearly-green tones from the sun-filled water. The people in the streets are as dewy and fresh and holy as Angelico's angels. Venice has unfolded, like the great white flower she is, has drawn the sun down into her bosom, and, folding her petals about him, will hold him captive for evermore.

We threaded narrow streets where it is always twilight, where only a line of blue shone above our heads, and where we had need to move warily for the sake of the strong-armed water-women from the mountains, who passed by with their overfilled coppers swinging across their shoulders and the water splashing about their bright dresses, while their long gold ear-rings jingled an accompaniment to their muffled barefoot tread.

The sunlight met us once more at the edge of a canal. Great black boats lay, like shapeless monsters asleep, along the slimy wall. Their masters hung about the little red-curtained wine-shops and chattered and swore, and studied the brown papers pasted up in the windows—the winning numbers of the previous week's lottery. A knot of tall houses clustered about a small court-yard, in which an old woman sat knitting under a dusty fig-tree, and a slipshod girl, with her mass of hair powdered, and a face like some antique marble, was drawing water from a well that was battered with age, green with damp, but had an angel at each corner that blossomed into a palm-leaf.

"One of those houses was Bianca's," said my companion. "This street was once all a canal. The *palazzo* stood on an island."

We turned a corner and came suddenly upon a great, brown, worm-eaten door. On the threshold basked two rosy, ragged children. They raised their lazy yellow heads at the sound of footsteps, and gazed dreamily at us.

"This is the very door," said my friend, "which the baker's boy had the indiscretion to shut that fatal morning, and thus caused Bianca's flight."

We entered a low, vaulted cellar, supported by short, massive pillars of gray stone. Blocks of dusty marble lay against the walls. A faded escutcheon on a painted board was all the color that broke the paleness of the arches, unless it were a flood of slanting sunlight and a space of bright, quivering water that gleamed through the wide canal-gate as it dimpled about the great harlequin stakes.

At the head of the stairs we were met by a woman who asked, in a cheery voice, what we had come to seek.

"Bianca Capello's house."

"There is not much to see, signori."

"Are there no relics of Bianca?"

"Nothing. That bad Bianca!" she ejaculated, with a curl of her lip and a shrug of her shoulders. "You can see her room, if you will."

She led us into a chamber so darkened that at first we could not distinguish the tall, gaunt figure that courtesied at our approach, nor the row of curly heads that shone along a bench against the wall.

"Ah, you have a school here!" I said, at last.

"Yes, their mothers leave them here while they work," answered the apparition, extending a ragged primer.

There they sat and drowsed and dreamed, a half-score of nurslings, in their rags and their dirt and their loveliness. Their poor little senses were overcome by the delicious twilight and the spring-time spell that a knot of white hyacinths in a soup-pot on the rude table had woven about them. Their heads were golden and tangled and unkempt, their innocent faces flushed with the warm air, their bare legs crossed over their weary knees, their coarse cotton garments half-torn from their shoulders.

I thought of one Gian Bellini, who, in the olden time, wandered about Venice and laughed with the children of the street, saw them splash their feet in the cool canals in the morning, saw them nestling to their mothers' arms at night, heard them singing about the windows or thrumming their old mandolins in the moonlight, crouching at a palace-door with their rags dropping apart. He gathered them all into his thoughts, this large-hearted man of the people, and, when he painted angels praising the heavenly hosts, what were they but little Venetian

children, singing and playing with that divine unconsciousness that you can see in their dream-filled eyes? They are lost in their own music, never thinking that the celestial multitude will care because they wear shabby serge and their bare brown legs are dingy with the miles they have walked, carrying their heavy harps, and because their hair falls tangled on their shoulders. A chanting angel in heaven and a young child dreaming at a threshold on earth were one to Bellini. He judged so wisely, the dear old master!

"They say there was once a secret stair here, by which Bianca went down to meet her lover," said the *padrona*, pointing to an empty niche between the two apartments.

We went out again into the great, bare hall, where there was only a table with a pitcher of foaming red wine upon it, and, on the walls, a few coarse prints of saints in yellow and blue surplices, with lilies in their hands. The sun streamed in through the great balcony-window, and irradiated the figure of the brown, sturdy *contadina*, with her crimson kerchief bound low and square across her forehead, and her scant garment of faded blue falling in straight folds to her feet.

If you go into a Venetian church at twilight, and sit awhile in silence, you will suddenly turn and look up at the neighboring altar, feeling that a pair of eyes have magnetized you into seeking them. You will know them at once, for they are brown, limpid, grave, with an innocent artfulness, a repressed merriment behind them, which matches well the forced demureness of the mouth. They look out complacently from under the dark hood that covers the brows. The features are small, but coarse and irregular. The figure wears rough homespun, for she is no lady, this Madonna of old Gian. She is the woman of the people, the hearty, sturdy peasant, who washes and mends, and tends her children, and sits in the market-place, and is glad of her holiday. Gian knew her so well, that simple, humble mother! He had watched her praying under a lighted picture at a street-corner; seen her rowing in a boat with heaps of vegetables about her; known her brave and grand with red handkerchiefs for a regatta-day; marked her in all the arch, shy pride of her young maternity; followed her through all her healthy, honest life, until her poor, tired limbs were laid to rest in the heart of that white sea-asphodel of San Michele; and painted her at last with all that grand humanity of his.

You may see her still, if you look closely through the streets. Sometimes she brings you milk and eggs from the country early in the morning. But, best and truest of all, there in Bianca's house, where the centuries have embalmed the old Venetian life of prince and people, I found old Gian's Madonna.

She led us out on to the balcony, and stood leaning over with us among the grinning stone heads. Behind her were some dusty geraniums in a macaroni-box, with one puny scarlet blossom that had forced its way up into the spring. Shirts, and towels, and stockings, hung above them in the sun,

and flapped from curve to curve of the window-lintel.

Below, a bridge spanned the canal—one of those graceful single arches that break the water into luminous shadows. The sun-saturated tide stole sluggishly on, and, as I watched the floating straws on its surface, I wondered whether the marvelous greens of the Venetian masters might not be traced back to these water-ways of translucent beryl. The canal, as it crept on, caressed the ruinous old walls, from which the pale plaster had dropped centuries before into its depths, leaving jagged hollows of battered brick, worn away by the long-fawning touch, and filled again with a wonderful ooze and slime, through which the tawny tones of the walls shone mellow and soft. It lapped the arches of the water-gates, and drew down the tangled sea-weeds from the rusty marble steps, and thrust an inquisitive hand under the iron bars of the low windows.

All Venice was asleep, wrapped in the velvet sunlight. There was no sound but the sharp cry of a gondolier turning a corner of some canal behind, and the faint echo of a bugle-call over the distant lagoon.

Suddenly a merry laugh broke the stillness. On the balcony of a neighboring house sat two young girls, the one dressing the other's hair.

"There is that very old Venice of Bianca's time for you," said my companion. "The beautiful patricians went out little, but placed themselves on their balconies and combed their hair where they might be seen of men. Here, where we stand, Bianca sat, and young Bonaventuri, sauntering across the bridge, saw and loved her. And there, do you see at the right, half hidden by this ugly Renaissance building, a *palazzino*, with the arches of its windows lost in the thick of the ivy that clammers up from the court? Do you not see two eager eyes peering out from among the leaves—a dark, graceful head lurking behind the old gray griffins? It is Bonaventuri, looking out from his uncle's window. The afternoon is drowsy. He cannot work at his accounts in the close banking-room. The canal steals along to Bianca's door in its sleep, and here, on her balcony, she sits in the spring-thrilled silence combing her hair like the very siren she is."

Stand here by my side among the dusty flowers, with those good, wondering peasant-eyes upon you, and listen to the story of Bianca Capello:

She basked away her first years in the square of sunlight that falls behind us on the marble floor. She grew up a haughty, imperious, beautiful child; led to mass every day by her nurse; passing the long hours in yawning over her embroidery; devouring every verse that fell in her way; nourishing her fancies with the gorgeous canvases that hung upon the wall of church and banquet-hall; stealing a wistful glance at the shadowy gondolas that crept by at twilight; lost in her sleep in the countless dreams of the Venetian night.

The blind, arrogant parents could not see the germs of passion and daring, defiance and ambition, that slumbered in Bianca's breast. They were very

proud, those old Capellos. My lord stood high in the confidence of the senate; my lady was the sister of a patriarch.

About that time a young man named Pietro Bonaventuri came up from Florence to seek his fortune. His uncle procured for him a situation as clerk in the banking-house of the Salviati, in which he himself held an important post. He was greatly pleased with his nephew's handsome presence and winning manner, and soon began to laugh and tell him that his face would make his fortune and perhaps captivate an heiress, and probably hinted that there was a beautiful girl in the opposite house, old Capello's daughter, who would be a rare prize for some bold youth. Undoubtedly, Pietro had the taint of the adventurer about him, but his uncle of course cheered him on. His practised commercial eyes recognized a capital chance for speculation.

Pietro began to steal across the bridge, feigning to watch the floating straws, and Bianca, with her heart full of repressed romance, began to give him glances and smiles and love-tokens in exchange for his own. At last Pietro prevailed upon her to meet him at night in Salviati's garden; and so, at many successive daybreaks, Bianca stole back to her father's house. One morning, as she gained the door of the palace, she found it shut. There was no hope of effecting an entrance without arousing the household. A baker's boy, passing to take his loaves from the oven, had noticed the open door, and, imagining it the work of thieves, had considerably closed it.

That moment changed Bianca into a resolute, energetic woman. For herself, discovery meant at best a convent; for her lover, it meant death. She, among whose ancestors were numbered kings of Cyprus and Hungary, who might have wedded the proudest noble in the state, cast it all behind her for the sake of her passionate, misguided, generous affection.

Bianca went back to her lover and told him that there was but one resource left them—flight. This may have been what Bonaventuri was waiting for. The baker's boy may have been his emissary. Certain it is that in his after-relation with his wife he showed himself a dishonorable coward. To him she was always the flesh and blood of the Capello, valued at so much an ounce.

They stole on to where the gondolas lay in the shadows, and bribed a gondolier to row them across the lagoon to the mainland.

I wonder if Bianca, in the days when she stood alone, friendless, persecuted, tempted, with her hand against every man's, never looked back to that midnight journey and thought of the fresh young hope that had seemed worth more than father or mother, or pomp or state? Down among the jewels and tapestries of the Pitti, at times when the weight of her golden misery dropped away from her, and left her naked heart face to face with the stern facts of her betrayed, distorted life, I wonder if she never heard again the plash of the oar that with every stroke carried her deeper into the great sea of the world, never

watched again the dank sea-weeds drifting by in the darkness, never saw the scattered lights of the forts slide back one by one, never heard the weird voices that echoed over the lagoon and made her shudder with their mockery?

The lovers reached Florence in safety, were sheltered by Pietro's parents, and married. They were very poor. Pietro copied law-papers for their daily bread, and Bianca sewed gloves.

Meanwhile the curse of old Capello had followed them. A price had been set upon Pietro's head. Bianca had been outlawed. The manœuvring uncle had been cast into prison, where, a few months later, he had the good taste to die.

Pietro and Bianca were rarely seen on the street. Even in Florence they were not safe from the emissaries of the outraged Capello. Yet I doubt not the Venetian was happier in her stolen rambles on the hills, in her humble peasant-dress, with her hands full of lilies and her lover's arm about her, than she had ever been in the family prison at home.

You may see just such faces as Bianca's in the streets of Venice to-day—loose waves of hair of that warm Titian blond piled high above the ivory forehead; the nose arched with that curve that implies command; the mouth and chin delicately chiseled, but very firm; the eyes cold and clear and self-controlled, languishing and fiery by turns, but oftenest superbly calm. The head is poised on a long, white swan-neck, and is carried as though the wearer were awaiting her coronation.

Such was the face that attracted the attention of Francesco de' Medici, Grand-duke of Tuscany. He set his spies to work to find out who this peasant princess was who sewed gloves for her living. He lured her into his presence through his sister, who formed Bianca's acquaintance, drew from the unsuspecting girl the story of her young love, her flight, her perilous position, her dread of her father's vengeance. She promised Bianca the protection of the duke against all the senators of Venice, and procured for Pietro a post at court. What wonder that Bianca, a girl of seventeen, whose only thought was one of love and care for her husband, who knew nothing of the world but that which her *quasi* conventional life had taught her, should have been plunged into an ecstasy of gratitude toward the beneficent Medici?

The duke treated her with the greatest delicacy and respect. They always went warily to work, those Medici. He showed the tenderest friendship for Pietro, encouraged him to drink and feast and gamble at a lordly rate, and when Bianca, who saw this idol of her youth cast down before her, remonstrated with tears and prayers, her husband taunted her with the favor the duke had shown her.

At last Pietro embarked on a full tide of intrigue, and Bianca was left alone in the wily Florentine world. Insinuations, hints, slanders—every means that the luxurious Medicean court could bring to bear upon a young betrayed heart—were used to undermine her courage. But Bianca was still so warmly attached to the weak profligate for whose sake she

had thrown away home, friends, position, reputation, that she could harbor no other thought.

At last Francesco threatened her with death. It was rumored that Pietro had sold her to the duke.

Thus, surrounded by liars, fawners, and traitors, consigned to infamy by her own husband, she yielded. She was only a sumptuous Venetian, who loved her jewels, her brocades, her serenades, and dreaded the cold, dark, silent earth.

The chroniclers are divided between the canonization of Bianca as a saintly, suffering victim, and apotheosizing her as the exponent of a tragic ideal, the lofty, invincible ambition which strides onward to grasp and wear a crown, and perishes at the moment of its triumph. I adhere to neither theory. To me, Bianca is simply a woman, young, ardent, beautiful, placed by that generous folly of her youth in a life-long falsehood of position—a woman as capable of good affirmations as of evil negations, but who, lacking the courage that could bear her high and pure above the mud of circumstance, could only take her fortunes as they came.

The Duke Francesco came of that race of men who made art their religion; who poured into their smelting-furnaces the gold they murdered men to procure; who stabbed a son or brother in the back as he left their banquet-halls, and wept tears of joy at sight of some Virgin or demi-god that their fawning painters and sculptors laid at their feet. Men of colossal purpose and execution, Titans scaling heaven on the ladders of their vile ambitions, and confronting the supreme principle of good with their insolent denials of its necessity, they stand out, across the centuries, as the eternal prototypes of that old leprosy of humanity—the substitution of the worship of intellectual creation for the higher moral law.

One day Pietro Bonaventuri was found dead, with a dagger in his heart. The murder was traced to a powerful family, whose dignity he had wounded. They were quaintly wrought, those Medicean crimes.

Her husband's death showed Bianca what the future had in store for her—a life of intrigues and toils and snares, of misery and heart-sickness, and at last a grave in the yellow Arno. It was a prophetic crisis. She shuddered and drew back.

She wrote to her father, to her brother, to the senate's self, entreating them to permit her to return to Venice. She told them how beset she was on every side—how every avenue of escape was closed to her but that of refuge in her native city.

The answer came back from those arrogant mouths, "In Venice a convent awaits you."

Fate was against her. She hardened her conscience and looked the world in the face. It was no time for tears and remorse and whimpering penitence.

Francesco had a brother, Ferdinand, a cardinal high in favor with the Holy See. He represented the papal interest in Florence, and his influence had brought about a marriage between the grand-duke and a pious Austrian princess. Bianca's influence over his brother had seemed to the wily cardinal

too powerful to forward the interests of the Church, for the Venetian outcast had been laid under a religious ban no less than a political.

The grand-duchess attempted to force her rival to leave Florence. This came to the ears of Francesco, and he swore to Bianca that after his wife's death she should share the throne. Soon after the Austrian princess died, perhaps of disease contracted with the scratch of a ring when her lord gave her his hand. Suspicions were aroused in the minds of the people, which the cardinal nourished in every possible way, for Bianca's marriage with the duke rendered his own succession to the throne a matter of doubt.

Bianca made a triumphal entry into Florence as Grand-duchess of Tuscany. Ferdinand paid her reverential homage, and, having been sent to Florence as legate of the pope, bearing his congratulations and apostolic blessing, was ever at her side. The state of Venice not only raised the ban of outlawry, but proclaimed Bianca a daughter of the republic and craved her alliance. And who, think you, was the ambassador? Old Capello himself, who, but a year before, had spurned his penitent daughter's prayer for forgiveness. Now he was but too glad to bend his knee before the powerful Tuscan duchess. But oh, the bitterness of it!—for her to look into the corrupt hearts of her kindred, and read there the avarice, the vile hypocrisy, the lie incarnate, that made them cringe to her where she towered above them on the heights to which she had climbed at cost of pride, of peace, of her soul itself; and then to think of the child whose love they had held the vilest disgrace to their name, because, forsooth, it wasted its brave young fires on a plebeian heart!

Ay, it was pitiful—that farce of fatherly forgiveness. Be sure, Bianca felt the ghastly satire. She knew that her life had culminated.

For several years she ruled over Tuscany with her husband—ruled wisely after the Medicean code. But she was neither happy nor secure in her position. The popular voice was against her, and her arch-enemy, Ferdinand, was ever at work. At last there came a day when he was present at a banquet with the duke and duchess. A little of that subtle Medicean elixir, which left no traces of its progress, found its way into the chalices of the royal couple. A few hours later they lay side by side, with the death-agony on their brows, and Ferdinand took the crown from his brother's heavy head and placed it on his own.

The life of Bianca Capello contains such elements of tragic situation and complex human passion that it is no wonder it should have been made the subject of dramas, poems, and romances. Of all the beautiful, high-born criminals that the corrupt civilization of the sixteenth century forced into bold relief, none occupies a more prominent place in the history of the Italian states than the fugitive daughter of Venice. It was in the study of such women as this that Tasso and Ariosto conceived their types of sensuous, pagan enchantresses, who won their heroes away from Christian truth and purity. She

is the embodiment of the *cinque cento*—that age of wanton splendor and luxury, and unholy exaltation of matter above spirit.

Bianca symbolizes as well the art of her time, that turned from its pale Virgins, with their bare feet and their dark serge robes, because it could not bear the gaze of the pure eyes, and made for itself goddesses that called themselves saints, and wore no reproach, but a smile, on their lips and pearls in their hair and brocades sweeping about them, and frowned haughtily upon the humble Christ who sat in their

midst and prayed—the art filled with the satanic principle of individual pride wrestling for power with the universal humility.

She is a superb figure, this self-sustained, indomitable creature, with her Venetian essentials of magnificence and craft, and silent, sure revenge. Inscrutable as its glittering water-ways, beautiful and mysterious as its summer night, violent as its storm-ridden lagoons, Bianca stands forth across the chasm of years as the worthiest exponent of the haughty city that gave her birth.

FALLEN FORTUNES.

BY JAMES PAYN.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

A LOVER DISMISSED.

ALTHOUGH Kitty strove to comfort her sister all she could, she was herself filled, not indeed with sorrow, for Jenny's plain speaking, for that had her secret approbation, but with apprehensions for the result of it. She felt that there was now a gulf between their late friends at Riverside and themselves, which it would require all her address to bridge over; and they were in such sore need of friends. And Jenny on her part was consumed with regret that she had distressed her sister. As to Mrs. Campden and Mary, she had washed her hands of them for good and all; and even with respect to Uncle George—she could never think of him as Uncle George again; he had shown himself weak beyond expression; whatever she had said (I am afraid she did not quite remember what she *had* said) fell short of his deserts, and she did not repent it; but she regretted having selfishly given way to her own impulses. She felt that others might be made to suffer for her audacity, who, unlike herself, would have preferred to be patronized, and humiliated, and laid under obligations, rather than starve. What right had she to indulge her passionate indignation at the expense of her sister, and poor Tony, and the unconscious babe? These bitter reflections occurred to her, as she lay upon her couch in the drawing-room, racked with pain, and trembling with the excitement of her late interview. Kitty had been summoned to the baby, and there was no one to interrupt her solitary thoughts. She had not wept since she had seen her mother laid in her grave that morning; the fountain of her tears was dry, and, where it should have been, there was a fire that seemed to burn up her very brain.

Where was justice—for it was idle to talk of mercy—where was barest justice fled? What had they all done to deserve so hard a fate? Could not the merits of that late departed one win for her beloved children a spark even of hope? (She had talked of hope to Mr. Campden in a momentary spirit of pride, but she had, in fact, next to none.) Was there no such a thing as genuine friendship in the world? friendship that would stand the test of—

"Jenny!"

"My dear Jeff, how you frightened me!" cried she, holding out both hands. "I thought you had gone home with the doctor"

"What! without having had one word alone with

you and Kitty? No; I only waited till my betters had had their say."

"You mean Mr. Campden?"

"Yes, of course. But why speak of him in such a tone?"

"Oh, it's a long story. I have been a little angry with him because he is rich and we are poor; that's all."

"Well, but that was very wrong. I am going to be rich, some day."

"Some day, my poor Jeff!"

"Now, don't call me 'poor,' whatever you call me," returned he, smiling; "people in the city don't like it. I was really in earnest when I said 'some day,' and I mean some early date, *proximo* (you have no idea how classical we are in our business letters). I have not told a soul save yourself, but I should not be the least surprised if Holt was to make me his partner."

"What for?"

"Well, that is scarcely complimentary, Jenny. How do you know that I have not exhibited a great commercial genius? Seriously, however, it is because he finds I am an honest man—quite a *lusus nature*, I assure you, in his particular line."

"But you are not a man at all, Jeff; though I must say you look very like one. How you are grown and filled out! You have got to be quite good-looking! and how becomingly you blush!"

"Yes; that is why I am so valuable to Mr. Holt. If one cannot blush one's self, it is something to have a confidential clerk who blushes. Of course I was joking about a partnership, at least for the present; but there is no calling in which a man can become rich early so easily as in ours. And, upon my word, I've hopes."

"Ah, dear Jeff, how I envy you!" sighed Jenny. "How I wish I could see any prospect of making a little money!"

"Well, well, don't despair. Of course, that depression in the lace-market—the unexpected alteration in the quotations—was very disappointing."

"It was worse than that, Jeff. Can you imagine anything so base as that woman's telling Mrs. Campden of my application, although I had put 'Private and confidential' upon my little note to her?"

"I can very easily imagine it, my dear Jenny. I have witnessed too many delicate 'operations'—though not in lace—to be astonished at anybody's baseness. However, you have another string to your bow, remember."

"O Jeff! have you any good news of that?"

"Not at present: but then there is no bad news."

"Good! I have been schooled to be thankful for small mercies. I shall ask no more questions.—Here is Kitty; perhaps you would like a word with her alone;" and Jenny was off in a moment. Kitty entered the room with a roll of flannel in her arms, which was the baby.

"My dear Jeff, I can't shake hands, you see.—Oh, you naughty boy!" For the young gentleman, since he could not shake hands, had saluted her with his lips.

"I thought that was what you *meant*, Kitty," said he, with simplicity.

"You thought nothing of the kind, sir; and I am very angry with you—or at least I should be, if I had the heart for it. How nice it was of you, dear Jeff, to come so far for a single day, just to—"

"Don't talk like that, Kitty; your dear mother was the kindest friend I ever had or ever shall have; and your poor father—"

"O Jeff, do not speak of him as though all hope was gone!"

"I did not intend to do so, Kitty; I only meant that he was to be pitied, as indeed he is."

"Ah, if he only knew! I scarcely venture to wish him to be alive when I think that, if he is not, dear mamma and he may be even now together. I know not what to hope, nor even to pray, Jeff. Things are very, very bad with us; and yet we are told that they will be so much worse."

"Who says that?" said Jeff, with a flash of his black eyes. "He was a brute, whoever he was."

"Well, it was a lady, my dear Jeff."

"Let us say a woman, Kitty. I can guess who the person was. She told you that it was her duty to speak the whole truth, did she not? We have people in the city who tell us the same, and who are not believed by anybody. If your father is dead, then, of course, things are bad, indeed; but, even so, there is some one else to whose care he confided you when he went away—a friend who will never desert you while life is in him."

"Alas! he has already deserted us, Jeff; or rather, I am afraid that we have seriously offended him."

"I think you must be mistaken there, Kitty."

"No, Jeff; it happened this very day. You must not speak of it, because it would hurt Jenny. But I feel that we can no longer count upon Uncle George—that was." And Kitty stooped down over her unconscious burden, to hide her tears.

"But I don't mean Uncle George at all," answered the other, gravely. "It was to another person that your father spoke these words when he left Riverside: 'Remember you are their only protector now.' Yes, it was to me, Geoffrey Derwent. I was a boy then; but those words made a man of me. They are engraved on my heart, so that no change nor time can ever erase them."

"O Jeff, dear Jeff, did he say that?"

"Yes, darling; and more than that (though I did not mean to tell you it for a long time—till I should be in a better position to speak of such things)—when he was going away—perhaps forever—and my heart was full for his sake, I thought it would be wrong to—keep it a secret from him; and I told it, Kitty."

She was sitting on the sofa, with her head bent over the child, so that he could not see her face, and that gave him courage—though his voice trembled, and its tone was hoarse and low.

"I told him how I loved you, Kitty; and—though I was but a boy, friendless and almost penniless—your father (God bless him for it!) was tender and gentle with me, seeing, perhaps, that I was speaking truth at all events. He promised nothing indeed; how could he? But he did not deny me. He said,

when he came back, we two should speak together about that matter. That was not much, you may say; but to me it was a great deal—for, Kitty, you are all in all to me. Don't answer me yet; don't treat me less kindly than your father did; only promise that some day—years to come—if it must be—that *we* two may speak together about that matter. But if you have—other views"—here the boy stopped, half-choked—"then tell me now, at once. I shall never blame you; I shall hope for your happiness with—with the man I am thinking of—in spite of hope."

She shook her head. "You are cruel, like the rest," she murmured.

"I cruel! and to you, Kitty?" sighed he. "Oh, no! Whatever seems good to you and right to you will be sufficient for me. If you say 'No'—just 'No' to the question that my heart is asking, I will ask no other. You shall never be troubled by me this way again. The purpose of my life, as respects you and yours, will be just the same. I shall still do all that in me lies for you, for Jenny, for Tony, for that poor little one that lies in your arms. I shall be always their protector, if not their only one."

"What is it you want me to say, Jeff?" said Kitty, suddenly. Her tears were no longer falling: she looked up at him without flinching, though her white face showed her pain.

"Can you ask me, Kitty? It is the simplest of all questions: Do you love me?"

"We all love you, Jeff."

The boy made an impatient gesture. "You are fencing with me, Kitty. Yes or no?"

"I am not fencing, Jeff. I will frankly tell you that, if I were my own mistress, without others depending upon my choice—others whose interests I am bound to consult before my own inclination—I might be foolish enough to say, 'Boy as you are, I will trust your love, and some day intrust my happiness to your keeping.' It would, perhaps, be folly in me, and certainly an injustice to yourself, to say as much; but you are so dear to me, Jeff, that I might have been tempted to do it. As matters stand, however, it is wholly out of the question. I might well say that on a day like this—the darkest in our lives, with the rustle of the earth upon our mother's coffin-lid still ringing in my ears—your topic is ill chosen; but I am willing to believe that your very love for my dead mother in a manner sanctifies your love for me, and excuses the expression of it. Let me say, rather, that neither to-day, nor for many days—nor perhaps for many years to come—is it likely that marriage will be in my thoughts at all. They will be occupied, dear Jeff, with very sober, very simple, and what most folks would call, with very 'uninteresting' things: the making both ends meet in a very humble household; the feeding, and clothing, and teaching them. If they ever get pudding, it will be either Jenny or I who will have to cook it. I shall not probably have the time or the opportunity even to read about love in a novel, much more to make it. That is the programme of my future life, Jeff. It is not pleasant; it is no use pretending that it is; but I mean to make the best of it. Pray don't make it harder for me by saying any more."

"I will not say a word more now, Kitty—"

"That's right," interrupted she, quickly. "It is close upon the doctor's dinner-hour, and you must not keep him waiting. I hope you will dine with us the next time you come, and pass your opinion on our pudding. We shall be always—always glad to see you, Jeff."

The baby was in her lap now, and she held out her hand for him to shake. Instead of doing so, he carried it slowly to his lips and kissed it.

"God bless you, Kitty!" he said.

"God bless you, Jeff!"

He looked so handsome, so honest, and so loving, that there was a struggle even in that self-sacrificing bosom to add something more; but she did not. She heard him run down-stairs, and Jenny call out "Jeff!" as he passed in vain, and Tony cry, "Jeff! Jeff! where are you going?" without reply; then the front-door was opened and closed very quickly, but gently too, as though he who went forth had not, even in his haste, forgotten it was the house of sorrow.

Kitty moved to the window, but too late because of her little burden; there was nothing to be seen save the thickening dusk and the slow-falling rain. He had gone.

When Jenny entered the room half an hour afterward—she had been talking tenderly and gravely to Tony in her own chamber—she found Kitty at her mother's desk. It had not been opened since her death, but now the neat little account-books and the memoranda of their scanty incomings were all spread out upon the table, with already a note or two of Kitty's own. Jenny took in the situation at a glance.

"Kitty!" cried she, with a burst of penitence, "I have been very wrong. It is you who have the responsibility, and the trouble, and the care of us; while I have only indulged my passion and my pride. If it is not too late—if the mischief I have done is not irreparable—pray, think no more of my opinion, of my prejudices."

"Hush, hush, my darling! you have done no harm, or at least nothing wrong, which is the greater matter."

"You are an angel; you are like our mother," answered Jenny, vehemently; "and I am unworthy to be your sister. Henceforward, I will never oppose what you think right.—How is it with us, Kitty? Are we very, very poor? Will it be necessary—shall you ask Mr. Campden for that money?"

"For some of it, darling; I am afraid we must."

"And Mr. Holt? We need not take that—that loan he offers; need we, Kitty? at least not yet—there may be brighter days."

"No, dear; we will not take Mr. Holt's money. No, no, no!"

There were a calmness and decision in Kitty's tone which were rare with her; her face was very pale, and wore a set expression which was new to it.

Jenny looked at her sister for a moment with wondering eyes, then rushed into her arms.

"O Kitty, I am so glad, so glad!" she cried, bursting into tears. "Dear Jeff will be dearer to me now than ever."

"Be silent, Jenny; don't speak of him; I can't bear it," was the unexpected reply, delivered with strange vehemence. Then, in gentler but firm tones, she added: "Forgive me, darling, but you have given me pain. You are wrong, quite wrong, in thinking—what you said.—Here are the bills and the banker's book; let us look over the accounts together."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

KITTY'S DREAM.

THAT cynical phrase about "not being able to afford to keep a conscience" has a solid foundation in fact. There are some, indeed, who would rather perish than do anything contrary to their sense of what is right (though even that is a sacrifice which varies with the value men set on individual exist-

ence); there are as many more who would perish rather than endure a humiliation—who would take poison rather than swallow their pride. It is only the popular religion—a very different thing from Christianity—that has made death so terrible as to be weighed against shame; but, when it comes to the pinch, Necessity, or what we choose to consider such, overrules the law of the mind. This is a matter upon which drawing-room philosophers and comfortable divines are no judges. It seems so easy—and *is* so easy—to be independent, chaste, and honest, when there is only a temptation to be otherwise; but when the temptation becomes an alternative—on the one side poverty, debt, ruin, for example; on the other hand competence, not only for ourselves, but for those we love—that is quite another matter. Conscience has then a new antagonist, the first of his own laws; a sense of right, almost as strong as himself, which, allying itself with these various opponents, generally succeeds in overthrowing him. That "second thoughts are best," among all lying proverbs, holds the preëminence; second thoughts in morals are never best, but only, as it is natural they should be, second best.

John Dalton had so left his affairs that, if he should now be dead and drowned, as it was almost certain he was, he had paid up his legal liabilities, as he imagined, to the last shilling. Even the scoundrels who had "floated" the *Lava* mine could never point at his children as the offspring of a defaulter. His shares would have been paid up in full to the last penny. But his efforts to effect this had left him impoverished, indeed; all that his family had to live upon was the interest of some two or three thousand pounds and a certain small sum which he had left for emergencies in his wife's hands. Moreover, he had unhappily omitted to reckon a few outstanding debts, such as always attend a rich man's expenditure, almost unknown to himself, and which he generally settles with a sudden check and a malediction upon his own forgetfulness. The creditors were of that agreeable kind—may I instance one's tobacco-conist?—who do not plague us quarterly, nor even half-yearly, for one's little account; but who, when we start upon a sudden for Brazil, and are likely not to come back again, get naturally nervous, and would like to see the color of our money. When I said that Mrs. Dalton's correspondence had much fallen off in number since the family misfortunes, I should have made honorable exception of these gentlemen, who had not failed to send in their bills to her with the remark that "an early settlement would oblige." Of course, she had acceded to these requests—which, indeed, were only reasonable—but in so doing had not left enough money behind her to defray her own funeral expenses.

This was the conclusion that Kitty was compelled to arrive at, after a careful study of the financial position of the family. Jenny did her best to assist her in the investigation; but she was not so good at figures, and chiefly confined herself to "approving" what her sister made of them, like any city director, except that she did not get five hundred a year for doing it. They had enough, they reckoned, to go on with in their humble fashion—especially as Lucy was going—but for the present ready money was indispensable. Under these circumstances, there was nothing for it (even Jenny owned) but to apply to Mr. Campden for some portion of that loan which he had voluntarily placed at their disposal, and which Kitty at least had certainly not unconditionally declined. She therefore dispatched a letter to the squire, very warmly and gratefully worded, but at the same time expressing herself as practically as she could with respect to

the money itself. If her father should return to them, he would, of course, himself become responsible for the repayment of the loan; and, if God had willed it otherwise, the insurance he had effected on his life would enable his children to repay it. A few days ago, she would certainly not have used so business-like a style in addressing her correspondent; but now—though without having adopted poor Jenny's views—she was less inclined to wear her heart upon her sleeve, even to Uncle George. By return of post a letter came from Riverside in Mrs. Campden's handwriting.

Kitty looked at the envelope with vague alarm. She had not put "Private" outside her note to the squire, though she had felt herself inclined to do so; and was it possible that her late hostess had opened it, and replied to it herself? She felt a flush rise to her cheek, for, whatever had been her need, she would never have applied for aid to Mrs. Campden, nor even to her husband, had she thought he would have made his wife a confidante of the fact. He had given Kitty distinctly to understand that the transaction would be a private one. The envelope was weighty, and contained, along with a pretty long communication, two five-pound notes. She had asked the squire for fifty.

"Dear Kitty," the letter began, "in the absence of Mr. Campden, who is in London, I took the liberty to open your note, thinking that it might require an immediate reply. Its contents have astonished me exceedingly. I am grieved not only upon your own account, but upon hers of whom you speak—for whose sake, as you would have me believe, you have thought proper to make your very singular application. I cannot think anything would have distressed your poor mother herself more than the step you have thus thought proper to take. Let us hope, in the sphere to which she has been removed by an all-wise Providence, that she is ignorant of the circumstance. What you have asked Mr. Campden is, in plain English, to *give* you fifty pounds. There is even an allusion to a larger sum, which it seems you have been trying to persuade him to promise you, or which he has promised you of his own head. To take advantage of my husband in such a matter is, as you must be well aware, Kitty, to take advantage of a child; and it is my duty to protect him against any such attempts. However, I will confine myself to the fifty pounds. You speak hopefully, and I hope you have reason for your confidence, of your poor father's return home; but, if he does return, have you painted to yourself what will be his true position? Have you—has anybody—the least cause to suppose that he will be in a condition to repay the debts of his family? One of his best friends—and *your* best friend, if you would permit him to be so—has assured me that he has gone to Brazil in pursuit of a mere chimera; that he will come back poorer, if that be possible, than he went.

"Now, Kitty, it is my bounden duty to speak plainly to you. It is this very carelessness of other people's money that has brought your father to this pass. He gambled away first his own fortune, and then your mother's; and now he seems to expect to use the money of his friends as though it was his own. I have good reasons for stating that he proposed to draw upon my poor husband—while abroad—as on his own banker! You are doubtless shocked at this revelation; yet, if you examine the matter, the difference between your present application and that most outrageous one is only in degree. Fifty pounds, a hundred pounds, two hundred pounds—so we go on when this terrible course has been once begun. You think, perhaps, my husband is made of money, and that it does not signify how much you

ask. The money, my dear girl, is nothing, indeed, compared with the sacrifice of principle that would be involved if it were given you, and to which I therefore, for one, would never consent. But even the money is something. Mr. Campden is no doubt what some people would call a rich man; but rich people have calls of which poor people have no conception; he has his position in the county to keep up—an imperative duty—and a thousand other sources of expense, which you would hardly understand should I enumerate them. With respect to the expenses of the funeral, I have made inquiries, and, considering the simplicity with which it was conducted, in accordance with your mother's wish—and which does honor to her good sense—I find ten pounds will be *ample*, and I therefore inclose that sum. I am very glad to find that by frugality and care you will for the future be able to make both ends meet; always live within your income, dear Kitty, and then, whatever it may be, you may account yourself rich.

"I am sorry you did not accept my proposition with respect to the baby; a home, however, will always await it at the lodge, should you alter what I must venture to call your ill-judged resolution.

"And this brings me, Kitty, to another subject, the importance of which must be my excuse for once more breaking it to you. Do you know what you are doing, and do you know whom you are *undoing*, in rejecting the advances of Mr. Holt? From him a loan of fifty pounds, or of five hundred, could indeed be accepted with a good grace, and would be advanced with something more than alacrity. If ever there was an example of a girl's 'sinning her chances,' you, Kitty, are surely now affording it. What excuse you can possibly make to yourself for rejecting what I may almost call this gift of Providence, I cannot imagine. You *may* have your reasons; but they are most certainly mere personal ones, and you must forgive me for adding, selfish ones. Do you reflect that it only rests with you to give to your little household a natural protector? (At present, I do not see how it is possible for you to leave home even to go out as a governess.) Some men—nay, most men—would hesitate to marry a penniless girl surrounded by incumbrances; but this man is one in a thousand; and yet you treat him as if there was another such to be picked up any day and anywhere—in Sanbeck, for example. However, I have said my say.

"Mary sends you her best love; she is making up a little parcel of things which I hope will prove useful to you: a dress or two that she has outgrown, but which we think will just suit your figure; and when the spring comes on, she will doubtless find other articles that you may make available.—Always your sincere friend and well-wisher,

"JULIA CAMPDEN.

"P. S.—I think it will be better that you should treat this note as private and confidential. Pray, consult *your own* good sense before replying to the contents of it. Jenny has doubtless many good points, but the state of her health must alone prevent her exercising a dispassionate judgment."

This letter was a terrible blow. There was nothing in it to give ground for absolute quarrel; but Kitty felt that it henceforth divided her and hers from the Riverside people, as by a great gulf. She even believed that it had been written with that express object; in which she probably did the writer wrong. A more acute woman than Mrs. Campden might, indeed, have expected to arouse some angry rejoinder, which would have given her a good excuse

for breaking with her needy kinsfolk altogether; but the mistress of Riverside saw nothing offensive in the letter she had composed. She meant to put her foot down with respect to any further attempt upon her husband's purse; and she used the opportunity without scruple of placing Kitty's hopeless position before her, and of pointing out the one way of escape; but she had no intention of deliberate insult. She had, nevertheless, the sagacity to understand that Jenny would view her letter as such, and hence she marked it "private and confidential." Though she had not hesitated to break the seal of a communication addressed to another, she gave her correspondent credit for more delicate scruples—and took advantage of them. The children of this world are not only wiser than the children of light, but they trade upon their simplicity. A rogue will often deny the existence of an honest man, to save his own credit, though well aware that he is lying; but, when he has found one, he will use his honesty for his own purposes.

Kitty too was well aware that Jenny would have at once designated the writer of such a communication as dishonorable, mean, cruel, and a number of other perhaps not wholly inapplicable adjectives. The gift of the cast-off raiment would have been especially offensive to her. Whereas Kitty, in her humility, and her consideration for those committed to her trust, was resolved not to take offense, even if it had been purposely offered to her. It was unnecessary upon Mrs. Campden's part to have been so energetic against any future application to her husband. Nothing, *nothing* would have henceforth induced her to ask help of Uncle George. If the worst came to the worst, she would rather sell herself, as this woman was urging her to do, to Richard Holt. It would be horrible, it would be shameful; but the humiliation could not be deeper, and the advantage to others would be great and certain. If those two five-pound notes had been the wages of shame, she could hardly have regarded them with a more intense loathing: her fingers closed upon them fiercely, savagely; she longed to tear them to pieces; most of all, she craved to return them, with a few civil but cutting words. That money, she felt, was as much given to her out of charity—and that a charity which had no love in it—as the cast-off clothes which were to follow. She felt like a beggar (though she had never been one) who has been refused the alms he asked, and has had the crust of bread flung at him instead. If she could only have done without the crust, and have flung it back to the giver! There was one way which would, she knew, have Jenny's hearty concurrence, namely, that they should sell some article of furniture in Bleabarrow, and pay the undertaker's bill with the proceeds. But Kitty, always just, reflected that such a course would excite country gossip, and bring great discredit upon the squire, who was not answerable for his wife's actions, and, indeed, hardly for his own. Another alternative was to borrow the money of Dr. Curzon. But they surely had had enough of borrowing—or rather of the attempt to borrow; and, moreover, they already owed the doctor for many a professional visit. No; Kitty felt she must take these two five-pound notes, and acknowledge their receipt with words of thanks.

She had retired to her own room to read the letter, directly she had recognized Mrs. Campden's handwriting, and now she meant to destroy it before she saw Jenny; so that she could honestly say, "I have it not" if her sister asked to read it. But, hearing Jenny's knock at the door, she thrust the letter with its inclosure into her pocket, and rose to meet her.

"Well, Kitty what news? I need scarcely ask, however; I can read it reflected in your flushed face. From a reason over which he has no control—if you can call his wife 'a reason'—Mr. Campden cannot keep his promise."

"My dear Jenny, you said you wouldn't—"

"I said I wouldn't interfere with what you resolved upon. I may surely flatter my own foresight by 'spotting,' as Jeff calls it, these good people beforehand. The squire is weak as water: he would if he could, he says, but he can't."

"He says nothing of the kind, Jenny. The letter does not come from him at all, but from Mrs. Campden. She opened my note, it seems, in his absence."

Jenny smiled.

"What luck she must have thought it! I can imagine her gloating over a letter meant for somebody else."

"O Jenny!" cried Kitty, reprovingly. The thought crossed her mind: "What strange bitterness possesses my dear sister! Three months ago—nay, ten days since, while our mother was yet alive—such sentiments would never have found harbor within her, far less expression."

"Well," continued Jenny, "of course she will not let her husband lend us the money, 'as a matter of principle.'"

"It is something like that," said Kitty, reluctantly. "She has sent us, however, ten pounds, which will, I hope, be sufficient."

"I am glad it was no more," said Jenny, "for two reasons: first, because it corroborates my view of her; secondly—But never mind 'secondly' for the present. Well, what else did she say besides how fond she was of us, and how it was all for our own good? May I see the letter?"

"It is marked private and confidential."

"That was foolish of her, because I now know what it was about. You do not wish, I suppose, dear, to talk upon the subject?"

"No, Jenny; because it would be of no use."

"But you have not made up your mind!" cried Jenny, eagerly. "Before you do that I must speak to you, darling; I must—I must!"

"No, dear; I have made up my mind to nothing—except that we must take these ten pounds."

"Was there no message from Mary—dear Mary, who used to hang about your neck so lovingly but a few weeks ago?"

"Well, no; nothing particular. She is going to send us some things that her mother thinks may be useful to us."

"What things?" cried Jenny, contemptuously. "A pot of marmalade; some shilling novels; a yard of flannel—such as they send to the hospitals."

"There may be some flannel," said Kitty, quietly.

"Oh, I see: old clothes that are too fine for the lady's maid. We are in the first stage of our descent, my dear; they will send us next year old clothes that are not fine enough for her. For my part, I always thought Mary a humbug."

"Don't say that, Jenny; she is not strong, that is all. You might just as well say half the world are humbugs."

"Half the world! I say nine hundred and ninety-nine hundredths of them are so! What saith the Scripture?—'One man out of a thousand have I known.' There is Jeff, for example; and there is the doctor. But 'one woman in a thousand I have not known.' Or, at all events, she was not Mary Campden."

To this outburst Kitty replied nothing; and further questioning upon Jenny's part was put a stop to by the entrance of Tony in a wild state of excitement. Something had come for him "registered"

by the post ; he had met the postman in the village, and gone back to the office to sign for it ; and what did they think it was ! They would never guess if they guessed forever : it was a watch and chain ; a beautiful gold watch and chain !

"Why, Tony, who could have sent it?" cried Jenny, delighted at the lad's delight ; then the joy faded out of her face, and she looked at Kitty, whose cheeks had become crimson.

"Well, I don't know," cried Tony. "I should have thought it was Jeff, only dear old Jeff could never have— The post-mark was Cornhill, too, and he said Mr. Holt's office was close by Cornhill."

"It came from Mr. Holt," said Jenny ; "I know his handwriting. We must send it back again."

"Send it back?" cried Tony, growing very red in his turn. "Why should I send it back? I think it was very kind of him. He has always been very civil to me ; and every fellow has a watch who goes to Eton."

"I don't think we can send it back, Jenny," said Kitty, gravely. "It is sent to Tony, you see."

"Yes ; that is so mean of him," answered Jenny, stamping her little foot. "He knew there would be a difficulty about returning it."

"It would be exceedingly rude to return it just because you don't like him," said Tony, confidently. "If you did, you may depend on it he would never send me anything again. See here : when you touch this button, the back opens, and there are the wheels and things. My dear Kitty, what are you at?—Jenny, Kitty is crying into my watch-works."

And indeed, while endeavoring to be interested in Kitty's treasure, poor Kitty had not been able to restrain a tear. She laughed the matter off, however, in a hysterical sort of way, and, before the afternoon post went, had helped Tony with his letter of thanks to the sender ; his tutor and literary adviser in ordinary, Jenny, having flatly refused to have anything to do with it.

It gave Kitty a pang, we may be sure ; but, since the present was to be accepted, it was needful that it should be duly acknowledged. That watch and its works cost her more than it cost the buyer ; it haunted her thoughts all that day, and even her dreams at night. This is what she dreamed : She was in a room full of figures like those at Madame Tussaud's, except that they all moved by machinery. There was her dead mother looking at her with pitying eyes ; and her lost father, with changed, remorseful face, his hair and clothes all wet. These and many others revolved slowly round her at some distance, but none approached her. She herself was borne slowly but irresistibly forward toward a figure with outstretched arms. It was Richard Holt. His chest was bare, and, where his heart should have been, she saw toothed wheels at work, all gold ; just as she had seen in Tony's watch, only larger. She heard them moving and clicking with a harsh, monotonous noise, louder and louder as she drew nigh. Then, as she came quite close, the arms—a picture she had seen in a "History of the Inquisition" at home no doubt suggested this—suddenly shot out knives and daggers, and were just about to enfold her, when, with a shrill scream, she awoke.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

AN AUTHOR AND HIS EDITOR.

ABOUT half-way between the Bank of England and Basinghall Street¹—a position somewhat typical

¹ In this street is situated the Court of Bankruptcy.

of many of its tenants—lies Abdell Lane—a street so narrow, although the houses are but three-storied, that in the sunniest days it is always dim and cool, except at noontide ; while throughout the winter and half the spring the inhabitants pursue their avocations solely by artificial light. Their callings are various, and in many cases would be difficult to explain to the public satisfaction ; and yet they have some right to be called respectable, since a rent of about two hundred pounds *per annum* is paid *per room*. Off Abdell Lane lies Abdell Court, connected with the larger thoroughfare by a huge arch (itself honey-combed by human tenements), through which the astonished passenger comes upon a tree, a pump, and a paved yard, in which for hours at certain seasons the sun is distinctly visible. The rents are higher here than in the lane, although the place is only approachable by foot-passengers. In fact, that is a circumstance which is a ground of boast to its residents, since it shows that the commercial element (in the shop-form) does not intrude itself. On the side of each door are painted, in black and white, the names of each occupant, as in Lincoln's Inn and the Temple ; but there are no lawyers in Abdell Court. They are chiefly brokers, with a good sprinkling of that mysterious class of gentry called "financial agents." Unpromising as the material soil appeared, the seed of many a goodly mercantile tree had been dropped in Abdell Court, to grow and grow, and to bear golden fruit ; also other trees, quite as promising, but which, never coming to maturity, were by many contumeliously termed "plants." On the ground-floor of one of these houses there sits, in what might be called, by contrast with its congeners, quite a spacious apartment, a gentleman, with whom we have made acquaintance under other circumstances. Black and gray are now his only wear, but the neatness and completeness of Mr. Holt's attire are almost as remarkable as they were at Riverside. Perhaps it is the effect of that sombre dress, but he certainly looks paler and older than when we saw him last ; the hair about his temples has thinned, and the lines about his mouth have deepened ; if we did not know that his investments are always made with sagacity, and have never given him cause to lose a wink of sleep, we should call his expression careworn. He has an open ledger before him and a pen in his hand ; yet he is not engaged in calculation. A letter, in a large, round, and rather sprawling hand, lies on the page beneath his eyes, and he is conning it attentively :

"DEAR MR. HOLT" (it runs) : "I cannot say how much I am obliged to you for your beautiful present ; the watch is much too handsome, I am afraid, for a boy like me, but I will try to take great care of it. I have just found out that it strikes the hours and the quarters. We have been in great trouble, as Jeff will have doubtless told you ; but my sisters are pretty well in health, and beg to be remembered to you.—I am, yours truly and obliged,

"ANTHONY DALTON.

"P. S.—Please give my love to Jeff."

Mr. Holt had read this somewhat bald epistle half a dozen times, and yet was as interested in it as ever. "It is cleverly written," he muttered to himself ; "but it is not all one piece. 'Much too handsome ;' and 'Will try to take great care'—that is not the boy's. I wonder which of the girls helped him with it? 'Jeff will have told you ;' that is like Jenny's touch. She pretends to believe that I only hear of their welfare through Derwent ; and then, again, 'Give my love to Jeff,' sounds like her sharp

tongue; she writes that to annoy me. But then she would never have made him say that they begged to be remembered to me. I am sure that's Kitty, dear, delicious, tender-hearted Kitty!" He heaved a deep sigh, and stroked his forehead with his hands.

"How nearly I lost her!" he went on softly to himself. "If things had not gone just as they have, she would be by this time out of my reach. What a frightful risk did that madman make me run!" He rose from his seat, and, pulling down the window, although the day was bitter cold, stood facing the draught. "Two months, three months, four months, and not a scrap of news of the ship. All must surely be safe now. The very stars in their courses have fought for me. However, it is the very last boon that I will ever ask of Fortune; hereafter, I am independent of her. If I were bankrupt to-morrow, my books would be a model. There is not a flaw from first to last. If it had happened otherwise, I wonder if I could have weathered the storm? With the world, perhaps; but with him, never. He would have been implacable, unmerciful. It would have been no wonder, poor devil! And *she*—yes, she would have loathed me. I can understand now how it is that men, who cannot possess those they love, are driven to kill them; as to killing themselves, that is the most natural thing in the world; and next to that—yes, I can understand it."

Besides the usual almanac in its frame, and one or two plans of estates, in the West Indies and elsewhere, there were several huge maps hung up in the room, to one of which he now directed his attention. This was a map of South America, showing a great deal of the ocean that lies between us and it, with the track of steamers marked out upon it. He had done so many a time before, and he now again took his pen, and with the handle of it traced out the course. So engaged was he in this occupation, that he did not notice a knock at his door nor the entrance of a visitor, until his voice—a rich, unctuous, and somewhat boastful voice—announced his presence.

"Holloa, Holt! how are you? Studying a sea-chart, eh? That looks dangerous for somebody, since you are a ship-owner."

"Yes," answered the other, coolly; "I was trying to fix upon the most convenient spot for scuttling a craft."

"Well, begad! you looked as if you really *were* when you first caught sight of *me*. South America, eh? Brazil, I suppose? Mines, for a hundred!"

"You are always right as a rule, Dawkins; and since this particular case happens to be the exception, that proves it. My mind was not fixed on the land at all, but on the sea. I was wondering whether, by any possibility, the Flamborough Head could be still above water."

"I'll bet you ten to one against it; come, I'll bet you twenty. You have not underwritten her, have you?"

"Not I. I was not thinking of the vessel at all, but of a poor fellow who sailed in her—John Dalton."

"Oh, indeed! Friend of yours, I remember. Well, I shall say nothing against him, then. But of all the overbearing, insolent fellows I ever met—without a penny to bless himself, too—he was about the worst. By jingo! you should have heard what he said to Lady Beevor, in my own house, under my own roof. We all thought he was off his head."

"Yet he was a general favorite, and thought very agreeable," observed Holt.

"Agreeable? Then I don't know what it is to be agreeable."

"Possibly," said the other, dryly; "or perhaps

you annoyed him. If Dalton was rubbed the wrong way, you saw sparks."

"Sparks, begad! It was a general conflagration. Lady Beevor has never forgiven my asking him to meet her. It would have been a liberty in Rothschild, but for a ruined man! For it was after he *was* ruined in that *Lara* mine. Curiously enough, I came to talk to you about that very thing. You never had anything in it yourself, I believe?"

"Why do you say that, my good sir, when you know I *had*?"

"Well, well, don't snap my nose off. It was a piece of delicacy on my part, because I knew you plumed yourself on never being connected with anything shady."

"Oh, I see! Why didn't you say you were going to be delicate? I could scarcely come to that conclusion from analogy."

"I don't know about analogy," said Mr. Dawkins, frankly. "I came here on business. There are people still inquiring about that mine, I hear."

"Indeed! Do you want to buy any shares? They are not quoted, but they can be got cheap—except for the liability they entail."

"Well, no; I don't exactly want to buy any—myself. But do you know"—here he dropped his voice to a whisper—"Beevor does not think so badly of them?"

"So badly of them as *what*?" answered Holt, contemptuously. "If he thought well of them, why didn't he buy some of Dalton's? he had an opportunity, you tell me: and Dalton, poor fellow, would have been only too glad to sell. You know what everybody else knows, I suppose, about the *Lara*?"

"Yes; but there's that fellow Tobbit, the expert"—Mr. Holt made a sign for silence, and touched a hand-bell.

There entered a handsome young fellow from the next apartment, where, indeed, he could have been seen sitting at his desk, throughout this interview, through the glass door which communicated between the two rooms.

"Mr. Derwent, you can take an hour, if you please; I shall be here myself till three."

"Thank you, sir." The young man was about to leave the room when his eye fell on Tony's letter; the color came into his face, and he hesitated, as though about to ask a question.

"I had news of our friends in Sanbeck, by-the-by, this morning," observed Holt, carelessly; "they desired to be remembered to you."

Jeff bowed, and passed into the inner room, from which another door communicated with the passage. Not until he was seen from the window crossing the court-yard did Mr. Dawkins speak again.

"You have a new clerk, I see, Holt; he has an honest face; but he is deuced young to be trusted."

"Yes; but I don't trust him."

"Oh, I see! Some relative, I suppose? Comes from the country, I think you said?"

"I didn't say so; but he does."

"Do you think he heard me mention Dalton's name?"

"No; and, if he did, it would make no difference. I only sent him out because I had no occasion for his services just now, and I know the lad pines for the open air. His life has been passed in it."

"That is very considerate of you. Where do you think he is gone? To Primrose Hill?"

Some people have no resources in themselves: Mr. Dawkins was not one of these. He could even laugh by himself—at a joke of his own making—and he did it now.

"My dear Holt, what a deep card you are!" said he, admiringly. "It is a wise man who has a fool

for his clerk." Then he proceeded to business. It does not concern us to know how these two gentlemen discussed the character of Mr. Tobbit, the great mining expert, or to what conclusion they came; let it suffice to say that Mr. Dawkins departed from Abdell Court convinced, despite the opinion of his millionaire friend, that speculation in *Laras* would be very unprofitable.

Let us rather follow the footsteps of Geoffrey Derwent during his hour's holiday. It was not the first by many that his employer had given him during the wearisome days he had passed in his new calling; he had really shown the consideration to him which Mr. Dawkins had suggested in irony, and had treated him with marked politeness at all times. Moreover, he had given him an insight into business affairs, for which Geoffrey was more grateful than for all else. It gave him hopes of making his own way in the world, when he came of age, and the slender fortune should accrue to him of which Mr. Campden was the trustee. It was even possible, he thought, that the money might be advanced to him by his good-natured guardian before that period. It is amazing how far a good introduction, backed by tolerable wits and a little money, will go in certain city callings which (like the ham in the sandwich) lie between the commercial and the official, and yet belong by rights to neither. Notwithstanding his speech to Mr. Dawkins, Mr. Holt did put trust in Geoffrey, for he had found out that the young fellow could hold his tongue; and, as he never confided to him anything discreditable, it was fair to suppose that the business of Holt and Company, though certainly of an heterogeneous description, was *bona fide* and respectable. Indeed, as Jeff reflected, how could it have been otherwise, since Mr. Dalton had been (as he understood) in some measure connected with it; nay, still more, had not Mrs. Dalton herself recommended him to his present employer? This fact alone had really given Jeff a certain respect for Mr. Holt, which, as we have seen, he had been far from entertaining at Riverside; and, being very sensitive to kindness, this feeling would in any other case, under the same circumstances, have grown to be regard; but it is quite possible to respect people without liking them—indeed, it is almost as common as to like them without respecting them—and Jeff disliked his employer very cordially. He would work for him faithfully, and consult his interests as though they were his own. But he could not return goodwill for what he felt was only a pretense of it. Every act of civility of his employer he, in fact, more or less resented, since he was well aware that he was indebted for it to Kate Dalton. He knew that the other calculated upon his telling the truth concerning his life in Abdell Court, and was resolved that he should have nothing but good to tell. He was not even afraid of that pretty constant correspondence that he must have been aware went on between his enemy Jenny and his young assistant. There was security in Jeff's honesty equal to any guarantee that could be got with sign and seal in the neighborhood of Abdell Court. Holt had not been sorry that his one invitation to Jeff to dine with him at his club had been respectfully declined, upon the transparent pretense of a previous engagement; business relations run comparatively easy even when folks are not *en rapport* with one another, but social intercourse is more difficult to be maintained. Mr. Holt had never so much as inquired where Jeff's lodgings were, and Jeff was not likely to volunteer the information; they were two very small rooms in a suburb of Islington, which had been recommended to him, through Mrs. Dalton, by Mrs. Haywood. They were cheap and clean, and he would be able

to see green fields from them when the spring came. In spite of his ardor for work, and for "getting on," which was immense, he pined for the country even in these winter days. But on the occasion of which we speak—his hour's holiday—he did not go, as was suggested, to Primrose Hill; he bent his steps to a spot which puts forth leaves at every season, Pater-noster Row. What would Mr. Dawkins have thought of his friend's sagacity had he guessed he employed a clerk who was not only a fool but an author? Yet so it must be since Jeff enters an establishment over which is written, "Office of the *Smellfungus Magazine*," and, passing through the outer apartment, which coarse minds would call a book-shop, knocks at a little door inscribed "Editor's Room." It is that knock which betrays him to us; any would-be contributor might have gone so far as to knock—but not like that. The knock of a would-be contributor, especially one of tender years, is a very modest one; it sounds like that of a poor relation, or of a little child who cannot reach the knocker except with the tips of his fingers. Now, Jeff's summons, given sharply with the knob of his umbrella, was the knock of an accepted contributor, and something more: of a contributor who hasn't been paid.

He did not even wait for the answering "Come in," but entered at once. "The City"—whose motto, like that of poor Dalton's traveling companion, is "Push"—had already done a great deal for Jeff. Besides, he was still in some respects that most audacious and irreverent thing in Nature, a boy. We have at present only seen him in the society of ladies, or of his natural guardian, or of his employer; but with the world at large Mr. Geoffrey Derwent was something more than at his ease. When he suspected that any one was imposing upon him, he was in particular free-spoken to the verge of rudeness. He had not the modest and retiring manners which good and charitable people are accustomed to attribute to literary geniuses when discovered young.

It must be owned that there was little in the sanctum into which Jeff thus impetuously intruded to excite veneration. It was a little stuffy room, lit by a skylight, and boasting of no other furniture than a bookcase filled with volumes of the *Smellfungus Magazine*, a table, and two chairs; but in one of these two chairs was a Being who ought to have commanded respect, for he was an editor. A small, plump man, of cheerful aspect, whiskerless and bald, he presented the appearance of one who had been endeavoring to get rid of all his hair for five-and-forty years, and had triumphantly succeeded. He so beamed with blandness and good-nature that it was like being at Brighton, or standing in front of one of Mr. Dyce's pictures, to look at him; you felt you wanted shade.

"How are you, Mr. Derwent? Delighted to see you," said he, holding out a podgy hand, and pressing Jeff's with fervency. "I have just been correcting your proof for next month's number. I never saw so rapid an improvement in so young a writer—it's marvelous."

"Yes; I thought that second one would fetch you myself," said Jeff, coolly.

"Fetch me? Oh, I see! Well, the quaintness of the matter of course goes for something. But, as I said to you before, I cannot but think that the mind which could grasp the salient points of so dry a theme—could so clothe dry bones with flesh and blood—might essay something original."

"The mind has done it," observed Jeff, dryly, producing a manuscript from his pocket. "Here is a story of old times: local coloring, archæological details, spirit of chivalry; in short, the whole boiling."

"The whole— Oh, I see! You mean it is all redolent of antiquity. Found in a chest, I hope, as I suggested, with a few words of introduction to explain the circumstance.—Good; and stated, I perceive, with great frankness and simplicity. You find it easy to be frank, Mr. Derwent, I dare say?"

"My nature, Mr. Sanders," observed Jeff, indifferently.

"Yes. Now, what astonishes me in your writing is its objectiveness."

"Ah! that astonishes myself," said Jeff, with a little yawn.

There was a long pause.

"Why, bless my soul," said the editor, whose face was now invisible behind the manuscript, "this is a satire!"

"I should rather think it was," replied Jeff, "and a deucedly good satire, too."

"Eh?"—Mr. Sanders looked over the top of the manuscript at Jeff; the young gentleman's face was imperturbable; he was tapping his right boot with his umbrella. "This is most extraordinary," murmured the editor.

"That is quite my idea of it," observed the other. "I never wrote anything half so good before."

"I was not referring to the manuscript," rejoined Mr. Sanders, blandly; "that is good, no doubt—in its way. But satires are scarcely quite the sort of thing for the *Smellfungus Magazine*."

"I didn't mean it for the *Smellfungus*," cried Jeff.

"Eh? what?"

The editor looked up again, but Jeff was only tapping his other boot.

"This is not for you. This is to go to some magazine that pays.—Pray, don't be angry, my dear sir; I am aware that your magazine is solvent—I mean that it pays its proprietor."

"Now, this is hard," said Mr. Sanders, looking at his book-shelves for sympathy; "for it was I who brought this young man out—correct me, if I am mistaken, Mr. Derwent, but I think I was the first—as editor of the *Smellfungus Magazine*—"

"And proprietor," interrupted Jeff. "That is where the shoe pinches. The literary side of your character is perfection; it is the financial side which is in fault. I have never seen the color of your money."

"So young," murmured Mr. Sanders, "and yet so grasping; this is quite a revelation to me."

"Very good," said Jeff; "I shall make no extra charge on that account; but I must have twenty pounds for the story."

"Youth is sanguine," observed Mr. Sanders; "and likewise full of high spirits. You must be joking."

But Jeff only looked in the fire, and repeated, "Twenty pounds."

"Well, I'll tell you *what*," said Mr. Sanders, clapping his knee, like a man who has resolved to do something regardless of expense—"I'll tell you *what*. In consideration of the two papers I have had for nothing, added to the cost of this story—for there must be no doubt for the future about the market value of such articles—I will give you five pounds. But it must be understood that you give the *Smellfungus* the refusal of your next work, and at the same proportionate price."

"I'll take the five pounds," said Jeff, after a little pause, "on account. Or, look here: pay me ten pounds down, and you shall have the story."

The deft celerity with which Mr. Sanders produced his check-book, filled in a check, and also a receipt upon stamped paper, was quite pleasant to see.

"Short accounts make long friends," said he, cheerfully. "And now, my dear sir, that business is over, let me congratulate you on having permanently joined the staff of the *Smellfungus*. I see before you a great—or at least a considerable future. You have the art—a very rare one—of making dry details palatable; of putting fire into old-world facts. All you want are materials. You must come and dwell in the shadow of the British Museum."

"I live at Islington," observed Jeff, simply.

"Then you must come by the 'bus to Bloomsbury. The British Museum has been bequeathed to you by the nation to furnish you with facts for the *Smellfungus Magazine*."

"Very good," said Jeff. "I will accept the legacy."

"It is wonderful to me how—out at Islington—you can have procured such materials as you have done. However, the whole affair is remarkable; that at your time of life your taste should lead you to grasp these details of the past—"

"So young, so grasping," interrupted Jeff. "Well, I must be off now. Ta-ta."

"Good-by, my young friend, good-by," said Mr. Sanders, impressively. Then softly repeated to himself: "Ta-ta. He said Ta-ta. That lad is a phenomenon. Antiquarianism is a passion with him, and yet how he talks! I wonder whether Chatterton talked like that? He reminds me very much of Chatterton—in some respects."

LOVE, AND BE WISE.

NOT on the word alone
Let love depend;
Neither by actions done
Choose ye the friend.

Let the slow years fly—
These are the test;
Never to peering eye
Opened the breast.

Psyche won hopeless woe,
Reaching to take;
Wait till your lilies grow
Up from the lake.

Gather words patiently,
Harvest the deed;
Let the winged years fly,
Sifting the seed.

Judge ye by harmony,
Judge ye by strife;
Seeking in unity
Precept and life.

Seize the Supernal—
Prometheus dies;
Take the External
On trust—and be wise.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

REMINISCENCES.

(GATHERINGS FROM AN ARTIST'S PORTFOLIO.)

BY JAMES E. FREEMAN.

I.

RECEIVING the appointment of United States consul for Ancona, I had hoped and intended that it should be of some advantage to me in my profession as artist, but it turned out very differently. The condition of Italy at this time (1841) was very shaky. The people were dissatisfied and ready for rebellion, and there was no certainty of what might be the result of an insurrection then momentarily expected.

Whatever might be the result, I supposed that my official position would protect me against molestation. There were no emoluments or profits attached to the consulship; for the twelve years I had the office there was never a cent of fees paid in; and I found the position was a severe drain upon my slender means of support, besides putting me to the expense of a wardrobe and outfit.

I went to Rome, received my *exequatur*, bought a horse (the most vicious devil in the shape of horse-flesh I ever saw), and, having sent my baggage on by *diligence*, rode him in the hot month of July to Ancona, a distance of two hundred miles.

That journey had some singular adventures—too serious to amuse, and not sensational enough to attract the reader's attention—therefore I shall pass it over and get on to my consular post, where, arriving *salvo e sano*, I hastened to deliver a letter of introduction to the Marquis Mancinforte. Passing through the lodge which led to his fine palace, I observed over its portals the arms of the United States (the marquis had asked for the appointment of vice-consul from our consul at Rome, as the means of preventing foreign invading troops being billeted upon him. This, he assured me, was his only motive). I found the noble gentleman in bed at three o'clock after mid-day. It was a moderate-sized, narrow room, with a preposterously high ceiling; the walls lined from that to the floor with shelves packed to suffocation with books. They lay in heaps on the floor, in disorderly piles upon chairs and tables, hedging him in on all sides (as he lay bolstered high up) on his bed. The marquis was a passionate lover of literature. He read all night, and slept surrounded by his beloved volumes most of the day. Nothing could exceed the cordiality of the greeting he gave me, save the amount of snuff he thrust up his nose; he insisted upon my taking up my quarters in his palace, and staying there forever if I liked: he took off his night (or rather day) cap, got himself quite uncereemoniously into his dressing-gown of many bright colors, and conducted me into the drawing-room to present me to the marchesa. She was a most gracious lady, with a very engaging Bacchante style of face, a charming neck and bust, and then she ap-

peared to melt away, as it were, into long, empty, limbless folds of gauzy drapery, a species of dry-land mermaid. The fact is, to call things by their proper names—the marchesa had no legs; and yet I discovered upon a later acquaintance with her that she rode on horseback, and was enabled to fulfill most of the elegant accomplishments demanded by society save dancing. She was the mother of two pretty girls, and a lady of superior wit and cultivation.

I became the guest of these two singular but amiable people in a grand palace, with a retinue of servants without end, it seemed to me. An immense bedroom was assigned to me with a bed, called by the Italians *letto matrimoniale*. It was big enough of a certainty for man, wife, and a large family. The window of my room overlooked the Adriatic, and the masts of a small fleet of fishing-barks reached up nearly parallel with my lookout. The weather was intensely hot, and the mosquitoes swarmed up from the piscatorial boats and trading-craft of every sort in clouds. I was obliged to leave my window open or suffocate, and the night that I passed in consequence is indescribable. Such a face as I carried to the breakfast-table should have moved the heart of the gentle marchesa, but she made no other remark than that she "hoped I had slept well."

I went that day to deliver a letter of introduction to Mr. George Moore, the British consul for Ancona, and, telling him my grievance in regard to the cursed mosquitoes, he recommended to me a plan to remedy the affliction: "Buy some powder," said he, "as you go home, and burn it in your room just before you get into bed, and you will have no trouble from the pests during the night." He did not state the quantity, and my experience of the article was very limited. I bought half a pound of the material, and about eleven o'clock of the evening I poured a lot of it with—it must be confessed—little discretion upon the beautiful, mosaic floor, laid a train to the door which opened into the great hall, touched my candle to it, and—there followed a report and a shake of the building, which made it tremble from the roof to the foundation. "Good Heavens!" I exclaimed, "what have I done? Nearly blown up the palace by my confounded carelessness and disgusting stupidity!" I bestowed upon myself several not flattering epithets which the "trying occasion" called forth. The density and stench of the smoke were fearful. I was determined, if possible, to confine the secret of my disgraceful experiment to myself. I closed and locked the door which opened into the large hall, opened the windows, and, as soon as I could see, held my light over the spot where the infernal powder had exploded. Merciful powers!

There was a spot of several feet in circumference of the costly floor blackened and ruined! Here was a "pretty kettle of fish." What to do? I took a towel in my desperation, poured some water on the abominable place; in one vigorous rub it was the color of ink. I then seized my night-shirt and scrubbed away like a maniac; it was soon as black as the towel. I was resolved to rub out the terrible witness to my disgrace, cost what it might. I went to my portmanteau; shirt after shirt became victims to the inexhaustible smut; last of all, I added my toilet-soap and a bottle of cologne-water, hoping an alkali might act upon the obstinate ingredients, and sacrificed two or three of my pocket-handkerchiefs in the contest—but the vile stains "would not out." Dead-beat with unsuccessful exertion, I went to bed, leaving the detestable marks to testify against me. That wretched night I suffered a double misery: first, from the stench of the powder; secondly, from the mosquitoes, whom the powder seemed only to inspire with more bloodthirsty intentions.

When I went to breakfast the next morning, the marchesa asked me if I had been disturbed by the *terremoto* (earthquake) late in the evening before. While we were still at the table, one of the upper servants came to announce to her ladyship that the shock had been most sensible in the room of *il signor console*, having damaged a part of the floor, and that there was a strong smell of sulphur in the apartment. I explained the cause of the earthquake to the marchesa, who laughed heartily at my adventure, and that night I found my bed shut in by a good mosquito-net.

I had delivered my proper credentials to the cardinal legate of Ancona, had been invited to a grand dinner—in short, all the honors tendered me (of which all small legations are usually prolific) under the circumstances, and I hoped that I had finished also with all the etiquette necessary to my installment as consul. I was impatient to be again with my pencils. The ceiling of the large hall was decorated by some admirable painter of the sixteenth century. Here I passed most of the hot days making sketches of such figures as pleased me most from the picture above. The heat was excessively oppressive, and, during the time the family took their *siesta* (which was generally several hours), I had the grand room all to myself. One day, taking advantage of this freedom from interruption, I had reduced my costume to my shirt, pantaloons, and slippers, and was lying upon my back, my pigments and brushes scattered about me, trying to copy a part of the splendid fresco on the ceiling. In the midst of my work, a servant came to announce somebody or something, which, I could not quite understand, and, before I could rise and ask further information, a pair of silver shoe-buckles and a pair of red stockings were alongside my head, and I heard:

"*Bravo! il signor console si diverte con la pittura.*"

It was the cardinal legate with a numerous suite, a visit of etiquette which I had not anticipated. I got upon my feet in the most humiliated confusion,

trying to make an apology for my unpresentable appearance in shocking bad Italian. The amiable legate came to my relief, slapped me on the shoulder, and said:

"I am also an amateur of painting, and love it dearly; don't incommode yourself."

I begged him to be seated and allow me to retire a moment and resume my proper garments, but he would not listen to it, pooh-poohed with a pleasant laugh at my discomfiture, signed me a seat beside him, and for half an hour talked about art more like a professional artist than a lofty churchman.

The day after the legate's visit I was again upon my back, busy copying from the ceiling, congratulating myself that I was now done with ceremonious attentions consequent upon being a new consul. While fostering this pleasant thought, and stippling earnestly upon my water-color performance, I was awakened from my dreamy occupation by a band of music in the court under the hall-windows, which struck up furiously the overture to "*Tancredi*." Shortly after in came the swell *maggiordomo*, saying:

"*Sentite, signor console*, the band of the *governatore* has come to play to you."

"What! do you mean to say that it is expressly for me?"

"*Sì, signore*, it is for you especially and no other. It is the custom here to entertain the new consuls in this way."

"Well, Carlo, as you seem familiar with the custom in these matters, perhaps you can tell me what is expected of these newly-arrived consuls for the compliment; am I to go to the window, take off my hat, make them a speech—ask them to drink—or what?"

"Oh, no, *eccellenza—una bagatella di regalo*; ten or fifteen scudi" (dollars).

"He calls fifteen scudi, for a poor fellow like me, a trifle" (I thought to myself). "It is rough, but I must not make a bad figure as the guest of a marquis;" and I depleted my small purse of fifteen round silver pieces, and sent them to the *capo bande*. I tried to console my regrets with the conviction that it was the last attention of the kind with which I should be honored. But alas! just one week after, at the same hour, there was the band again in full blast, and (excuse the pun) I said, "Blast the band!" The steward glided in to invite me to fork out another mere *bagatella*, and another fifteen scudi of my little store went. I parted with them with a heart-felt protest, and grew seriously alarmed at these weekly drafts, for a few more such applications would leave me without a scudo in my pocket. What should I do to stop the drain upon my badly-provided means? I rushed off to my friend Moore, and told him my dilemma.

"Well, for a Yankee," said he, "you are the greenest fellow I know of. You don't suppose the fifteen scudi went to the musicians! Your *maggiordomo* very likely put the most of it in his pocket, and would go on doing so as long as you would stand it. When they come again send them a scudo, and you will never be bothered with them after that. They

ried that sort of thing on me when I first came here, but it did not succeed." This time the English consul's prescription for a nuisance worked better than that for getting rid of the mosquitoes. The third concert, costing me but a dollar, was the last.

I had remained in the palace of the hospitable marchese six weeks, when I hired a place for the consular office, appointed a vice-consul, and packed my trunk to go to Florence, where I proposed to make amends by hard study for the time I had lost. I was now in another quandary, about "tipping" the retinue of servants in the grand palace. I had recourse again to her British majesty's consul. Moore said:

"I must tell you frankly, it is the custom in this country, where you are the guest in a nobleman's palace, to be very generous to all the servants. It is a great bore, as I have experienced myself, but I don't see how you can do less than give three or four scudi each."

I grew pale at the intelligence—"three or four scudi each," and there were some fifteen or twenty of them!

"Do you know," said I, "that there is a small regiment of servants in that house?"

"I presume so," said he; "there always is in the establishments of these Italian noblemen, and good-for-nothing hounds most of them are. You are in for it, my boy! The next time you come I advise you to go to an hotel—it is cheaper."

I returned to the palace, emptied my purse (leaving only enough to take me to Florence), kissed the hand of the marchesa, thanking her and her book-loving lord for their kindness, and went to Florence. I have never seen Ancona since.

Arrived at Florence, I took a studio. I here made the acquaintance of Hiram Powers, and formed a warm friendship with him, which was only interrupted by his death. Powers was a very remarkable man, not only in his art—for, had he turned his attention to the physical sciences, mechanics, or natural philosophy, he must, I think, have been distinguished in any of them. Our country should be proud of Powers's genius, if only on account of some of the busts which he executed. I think I am safe in saying that no finer works in that department (a high one) have ever been executed since the unsurpassed Greeks. What a splendid head and face Powers had! What a glorious eye! and to his friends what a delightful companion he was! What a refined sense of humor he had, and what a happy manner of telling a story, of which there were always lots in store! Some of the happiest moments of my life have been those spent with him and his amiable family.

Coming in contact with names like his which are honored by my country, I cannot resist suspending for a moment the trite narrative which concerns myself. A voluntary sense of good-breeding forces me to raise my hat to them, and show them that respect which is due them. Horatio Greenough was the first student in sculpture who came to study his art in Italy, and was still residing in Florence

when I went there. About the same period Cooper, the novelist, Vanderlyn, Allston, Morse, Longfellow, Weir, and Chapman, came there, and may be called the pioneers of literature and art from our land to Italy. Before them, however, West had been to Rome—had been presented to the blind pontiff—who, when the young painter was presented as an American, ran his fingers over his features and asked, "Is he white?"

This little band of art and literature pilgrims saw Italy under very different auspices from the crowd who have followed them. Greenough was a man of most agreeable and amiable manners, and, after years of study, still a thorough student of art. I never think of Greenough but there comes into my memory that absurd story about some fastidious Boston lady, who insisted upon having pantaloons put upon his charming chanting cherubs! I found in Greenough a kind and considerate acquaintance.

I remember dear old Ombrosi, who was recognized by our country as consul for Florence. He was a Tuscan, with a competent income, a bachelor, and proud, above all things, of being our representative as consul. It filled the full measure of his ambition. I doubt if the position was ever filled with more dignity. He was proud of the name of consul for that land of freedom which was his dream of political perfection. Whatever was American had in it a talismanic charm, and he devoted himself to the service of every American citizen who arrived in the beautiful capital of Tuscany, got them all indiscriminately presentations to the grand-duke, advised them *where to live, how to live, what to pay for it*, and stood between them and all impositions. The leading characteristics of the old consul were dignity and self-respect. Poor, dear old gentleman! I saw that over-sensitive dignity painfully humiliated one evening at the Caffè Doney, where he had been for many years a constant *habitué*. Ombrosi was of a portly mien—his cheeks very broad and fat, his forehead extremely small, his ears large, and his nose little short of immense, and which he saddled conspicuously with a pair of gold spectacles. The corners of his stiff, white shirt-collar reached the expanded sides of his nostrils, and, pressing up sharply under the lobes of his ears, looked as if its starched edges contemplated cutting them off. His dress, somewhat of an exploded fashion, was studiously respectable, and his gold-headed cane a conspicuous accessory to his general appearance.

On the evening to which I refer a number of English and American artists had happened into the Caffè Doney (the Caffè Greco of Florence for artists). Among the number were Bowers, and Elmore, an English painter now of note—then a student. We had seated ourselves at a round table all together; one of our party had ordered a bottle of beer; the waiter had brought it, and was trying to extract from it an obstinate cork. He was stooping, with the bottle held firmly between his knees, his left hand grasping its neck, while with his right he was making a desperate effort to draw forth the plug. At that moment the venerable consul, with his measured, old-

fashioned step, approached our table. I arose and introduced him to such of our companions as he did not know. The courtly old gentleman was bending over the waiter in a stately Sir Grandison style to acknowledge the "pleasure of the introduction," when the cork was wrenched out of the infernal bottle with the report of a pistol, and the pent-up liquid followed—the whole contents of the detestable brew bursting upward into the face of our punctilious representative just as his head had reached that declension consistent with his regard for solemn dignity and diplomatic civility. His eyes were blinded with froth and foam, and he stood motionless for an instant, as if petrified, the beer raining from his forehead over his glasses, down his cheeks, and dripping in a little cascade from his gigantic nose. As he appeared thus speechless and half paralyzed by the malicious explosion, we all simultaneously broke into an uncontrollable roar of laughter. His first movement was to lift his gold-headed cane and bring it down on the pate of the *garçon*; then, refusing to allow any one to wipe off the beer, he left the *café*, and never went there again. I doubt if he ever forgave the laugh indulged in at his expense.

There were many traits in Ombrosi's character which reminded me of Sterne's Uncle Toby, and many things in his personal appearance which continually brought to my memory Leslie's representation of Uncle Toby, especially the picture of him looking into the eye of the artful Widow Wadman.

Uncle Toby—I mean Signor Ombrosi—got me presented to the grand-duke, which procured for me invitations to the court receptions, balls, and other entertainments, thus giving me an opportunity to air my swell uniform if I chose. I did choose to do so upon an occasion which I will relate. I was only a humble student of art (though, in parenthesis, I may add that I enjoyed the flattering title of National Academician), and, as my means were very restricted, I was obliged to practise the most careful economy. To this end I had taken a studio and lodging together in what was once a convent, near the north-western walls of the town. It was called St. Barnaba—an immense going-to-ruin pile, inclosed by four streets, one of which was called La Via Maccheroni. At No. 3 of this street a small door gave entrance to a dark, unwholesome, tortuous stairs, which led to my studio and sleeping-quarters. It might be called a dreary abode with great truth; such as it was, however, I had hidden myself away there, and gave myself up to patient study and very unluxurious fare. One day in the midst of some very sombre thoughts there came a court servant in showy livery (how he found the place is a marvel) and delivered me an invitation for the grandest ball of the season at the Palazzo Pitti.

I resolved to go. On the eventful evening I took a world of pains to get myself up in my fine uniform, and at ten o'clock my one candle and a looking-glass of four inches by two and a half told me I would do. I looked out of the window to see what the weather was; it was raining, as the Italians say, "*Donne nude e gatti arrabbiati.*" What should

I do? What was to become of my varnished shoes—my light trousers with their stripe of gold braid? There was no servant or porter or any one else in the building upon whom I could call to get me a carriage. I waited half an hour, hoping it would hold up, and allow me to reach a coach-stand, but it would not do anything of the kind.

I was determined, all the same, to go to the great ball, cost what it might. I put on my cloak and overshoes, seized my umbrella, and ventured into the street. It was an awful black night. The lamps were almost invisible, and to keep on the narrow sidewalk out of the question. There was not a soul stirring—no one to inquire of if I was going wrong. I was, however, lucky enough to take the right turnings for the Piazza Santa Maria Novello, where I hoped to find a cab. Arriving where I supposed the place to be, it was so completely blotted out by the pouring rain and darkness that I got confused, and, instead of crossing, I found myself stumbling up the steps which lead to the church, when I should have been on the other side of the square, where the cabs generally stood. Guided by the landmarks where I had stranded, I took what I thought was the direction of the famous *loggia* opposite; I pushed ahead at random and brought up against something which proved, by feeling it, to be a wheel. "Ho! coachman!" I cried. No reply. I groped my way forward and vociferated still louder, "*Cocchiere!*"

A drowned sound, which might have come out of the ground, or from the inundated air above, responded "*Eccomi!*" Something in a human manner seemed to get down and open the creaking door of the vehicle, and a sepulchral voice asked, "Where, *signore?*"

"The Palazzo Pitti," I responded.

I endeavored to enter the coach. It shook as if it would fall to pieces as I stepped into it; the water was pouring through the roof of it nearly as bad as it was pouring outside. I roared out with all my might, "Stop!" After several attempts I made the coachman hear—he pulled up, and came to the door to ask me what had happened.

"I can't go in this dreadful machine," I said; "I must take another."

"There is no other," he responded in a ghostly voice. "I am the last man!"

"Well, then, go on, and Saint Antonio preserve us!" I added. I raised my umbrella as well as I could to defend myself from the cascades over my head. Not daring to sit down, I crouched and steadied myself as best I could. Heaven only knows how the coachman found his way that inky, fearful night. I could make out nothing until we passed through the gate which leads into the Boboli Gardens, and had turned the north wing of the stately Pitti when a blaze of light, blinding at first from its intensity, illuminated the entrance to the ducal residence. Just before us was the magnificent carriage of the Prince De H—, and the prince with his family descended from it, and ascended the palatial steps between a file of domestics holding burning torches, and then my cab presented itself before the royal portal and

stopped. I saw a strange look of wonder on the faces of the lackeys, and then broad smiles, which threatened outright laughter. I bolted out in haste, observed the number of the hack, and said to the coachman, "Three o'clock!"

It was only when I mounted the stairs, and turned my head back an instant, that I fully became aware of the sort of turnout which had brought me. With the strong light on the other side of it, and the stronger light in front of it, it was certainly the most weird and wretched-looking affair I ever saw in the form of horse and carriage. It was absolutely spectral and uncanny; the horse appeared nearly transparent with meagreness, and glittered unnaturally with water; the carriage an object which might have been reduced to a bundle of rotten sticks by a shake; the coachman a skeleton rigged up in a wet, ragged overcoat; in short, had I believed in phantoms, I might have thought I had been brought to the ball by some weird and supernatural means.

I was no longer surprised at the astonishment depicted upon the faces of the torch-bearers. Never had such a thing been seen before in face of the grand-duke's palace. I mounted the regal stairs with some singularly curious reflections, but it is best not to attempt to describe them—they were not pleasant, I will confess. I was making a pretty figure, but how the — could I help it? I deposited my cloak, galoches, and umbrella, with the *guardaroba*, received my check, was asked my name and title, and through the lofty, noble hall I heard it announced by the first usher, then it went on echoing from one to the others until it reached the drawing-room—"Il Console Americano"—with the broadest Tuscan pronunciation. In another minute I was in the presence of the grand-duke and duchess and the elderly, dwarfed sister of the duke, usually called, with unjustifiable disrespect, "La Gobbetta." I made the best bow I could command, was asked the same question by his *altrezza* which he addressed to all other inferior personages, "*De quel pays êtes-vous, monsieur?*" and then I passed into the crowd.

It is wonderful what buttons will do for a fellow. I danced with half a score of distinguished beauties, was introduced to two or three princesses, talked a lot of infamously bad French, flirted five minutes with La Gobbetta herself, and was getting in love with her; handed into the supper-room an old, stout English countess and her diamonds; drank bumpers of the choice champagne; was becoming more gloriously happy every instant; had returned to the ballroom, waltzed, polkaed, and was fast making an agreeable impression in the opinion of a beautiful English girl, and about asking her if she would dance the cotillon with me, when it occurred to me to consult my watch. It was half-past three—half an hour past the time I had fixed with my curious coachman. I had had what we Americans call a "tall time." The grand-duke had spoken to me, his sister smiled upon me; in short, I had achieved a great success in many respects—my ambition gratified, my conceit rampant, and my head not the least bit *heavier* for the gener-

ous draughts I had imbibed. I took one more lingering look at the proud, gay scene around, and felt, under the seductive influences, that I should like to have staid—*forever*—but the time had come when I must ride home. I tore myself away with a brave effort, hugged my *chapeau* firmly under my arm, walked through the long hall with a well-assumed military tread, and, as I reached the cloaking-room, heard the usher cry out, "*Il servo del Console Americano.*"

"My servant!—that's a good joke," I said to myself, and the cockade of my hat. I presented my check, managed to put on my overshoes and cloak without help, but to order my own carriage was more embarrassing. Most of the fine people were departing at the same time that I was, and I did not relish the idea of rushing about the Boboli in a storm to find my extraordinary transport; so I put a piece of gold into the hand of one of the duke's servants, and told him in a whisper to seek No. 699, a one-horse vehicle. I felt wonderfully rich and generous on the occasion. I never remember to have felt so rich before or after as on that delightful evening. I descended gayly the steps, and stood under the portico where half a hundred *grandees* stood awaiting their splendid equipages—the magnificent one of Lord U—had just received its noble incumbents, and was off when my "carriage stopped the way." The first thing I heard was, "O heavens!" from a beautiful English lady with whom I had danced; then I heard a lot of "*Mon Dieu!*" "Did one ever see such!" "*Dio mio!*" and ejaculations of surprise, if not of horror, from many mouths—but there was no time to wait and hear more. I made a plunge down the steps, rushed at the infernal coach, and disappeared inside it as I heard the coachman's demand of "Where, *signore?*" I feared the cursed thing would go to pieces there and then, but I ventured to poke my head outside the door and roar, "*Numero 3, Via Maccheroni!*"

I have a faint recollection that I heard something which sounded like the laugh of many voices as I was driven away. I was in a happy state of mind, and, I presume, laughed in response. Shortly I fell into a state of pleasant dreaminess. I imagined myself at sea; all was water, water; a little fairy figure, with a lovely hump upon its back, was sitting by me, its eyes looked fondly into mine; there was a golden diadem resting upon its lovely, scant gray hairs; it clung confidently to me for affection and protection. Yes, the fascinating Gobbetta had fled from the fraternal roof, and was flying with me, and we were to be married to-morrow; and who knew how soon I might be declared Grand-duke of Tuscany! I was awakened out of this delightful dream by a sudden *jerk* and a sense of wetness pervading every part of me. We were before the door of No. 3, Via Maccheroni. Another precious gold-piece absconded from my scanty purse, and I crept up the dark stairs to my studio and bedroom, knocked over my easel in searching for a box of matches, threw down a picture, lighted my feeble candle, and sat down, sobered, to muse upon two pictures—that of the gor-

geous palace where I was a moment (as it seemed) before, and the lone, drear, unfurnished, musty, monk-haunted place I called my studio and lodging.

One little incident more will be enough to indicate what profit I derived from my consular appointment. I had returned to Rome, and had given myself up body and mind to my art. Every once a month there came reports from my agent or vice-consul, with formal wax-seals and our arms impressed upon them, costing me double the postage that it costs me at present to send a letter to America. These reports contained the same intelligence, in the same stereotyped language: "I have the honor to inform you that no American citizen has presented himself at this consulate, and no American vessel has appeared in this port, since my last report." My own reports went to the department with a black line drawn diagonally from one corner to the other of the sheet through the divided spaces where there were headings for registering all that referred to the business of a seaport consulate. After seven or eight years of this *blank* reporting, one winter, when few of our countrymen had come to Rome, and those who had come expended little or nothing for pictures—I had not during the season sold a single work, and had no hope of doing so, with the prospect of a long summer staring me in the face before another winter might bring other of my compatriots to Rome, and I was already very much pinched for money—there came a report from my agent with a

more than ordinary heavy and pretentious seal upon it. I opened the document, and it read thus:

"SIR: I have the honor to inform you that the sloop-of-war Preble came into this port three days since. As soon as I was informed of the circumstance, I immediately hired a proper boat and oarsmen, and placed the United States flag in the prow of it, and went out to the vessel. I was saluted with four guns and invited on board, where I partook of a splendid collation. After these honors and civilities, I could not do less than invite the officers on shore, asking them to a dinner at the Hotel della Posta. The repast was magnificent, and went off charmingly; we were all very merry and social, and kept it up till late in the evening. I flatter myself that I discharged the duties which devolved upon me with credit, and did honor to the position which you have placed me in, and shall have your approval. Herewith I inclose you the bill of expenses, which I must beg you to pay by return of post through Welby Brothers."

THE BILL.

For boat and oarsmen.....	10	scudi.
For the dinner.....	60	"
For champagne.....	15	"
Total.....	85	"

Eighty-five dollars! It looked a mighty sum with my present means and discouraging hopes; still I felt that I must pay it at once. I paid it; but the draft upon me left me nearly without a sou in my pocket. Thank Heaven, no other American vessel-of-war ever came into the port of Ancona while I was consul!

A SHAKESPEAREAN STUDY.

BY GEORGE LUNT.

"'Aroint thee, witch!' the rump-fed ronyon cries."—MACBETH, *Act I., Scene 3.*

NO word in all Shakespeare's writings has given so much trouble to commentators as this expression "aroint!" They have never been able to discover any plausible explanation of its origin or propriety. As often happens, perhaps they look too far to find a meaning which might present itself close at hand. It is said that Mr. J. P. Collier, whose conjectural emendations of the poet's text are generally unpoetical enough, and often seem to me to confuse and distort passages which to a person of poetical sympathies need no gloss whatever, professes to know the real interpretation of the mysterious word, but refuses to disclose it. What a tremendous secret this is to carry out of the literary world with him to those Elysian fields in which the ghost of Shakespeare must reproach him for declining to enlighten an anxious public upon a point so obscure and yet so important!

There are two theories, however, which may tend to relieve Mr. Collier of the immense responsibility he has assumed. It cannot be rationally imagined that Shakespeare invented this word, or that he had not a definite idea in his mind of the meaning and propriety of the language he intended to produce

upon the stage. In order to approach the subject with due reverence, let me remark that it was the indispensable practice of witches in former times to besmeer themselves with some sort of oleaginous preparation before taking their nocturnal flights. This necessary preliminary to aerial expeditions was called "anointing," or, in the more familiar and perhaps more correct phraseology of those days, "ointing," from the French verb *oindre*. The effect of this magical application was to produce such a porosity or lightness of the physical system that they could mount and fly like a bird, or, if any external instrumentality was required, even a broomstick, as is well known, was a sufficient steed for a jaunt through the air.¹

Now, it seems to require no great stretch of in-

¹ "They" (witches) "could fly in the air, when they would, on a broomstick or a fern-stalk."—Thornbury's "Shakespeare's England," ii., 114.

"Satan taught them to strangle unbaptized children, or steal them from their graves and boil the flesh; of the fat they made ointment, which, when rubbed on their bodies, enabled them to fly in the air."—*Id.*

Both passages apparently taken from King James's "Demonologie."

genuity to conceive that, in that period of not always very decipherable manuscript, and especially when we know that Shakespeare did not take the trouble to correct his plays for the press, a single letter in the word in question may have become substituted for another; so that "aroint" may have originally read *anoint*—such a transformation in the case of the two letters referred to being one so easily made. The sailor's wife has but few words to say, and, taken by surprise, we may imagine that, instead of simply crying, "Be off!" or "Get you gone!" she reverts, by association of ideas, to that practice familiarly known among the vulgar, which she has always understood must precede the supernatural flight of such an old woman as presented herself, and hence in her haste exclaimed, "Anoint thee, witch!" equivalent to "fly away."

Or, on the other hand, this marine lady, approached suddenly and addressed thus abruptly by the witch with "Give me!" quoth I," might naturally use an exclamation in her surprise, and cry out, "Ah, oint thee, witch!" which, by a not at all uncommon mode of pronunciation among certain classes, when the "Ah" is followed by a vowel, as if it were *ar*, might readily run into "Aroint thee, witch!" on the stage, and be so written down in the various manuscript copies of the play, before it was at length printed. Thus, with some of our countrymen, and perhaps English people, too, *law* becomes *lor*, or *lor-r*. These suggestions may serve as giving at least an intelligible explanation to a word, the derivation of which has escaped the researches of all critics, though its meaning is so obvious, and which, if existing even only among the lower classes so lately as in Shakespeare's time, I can scarcely imagine to have been totally lost, or to have been used only by himself.

In illustration of the ceremony preparatory to a midnight excursion, to which I have referred, I would call the reader's attention to "The Witch," a drama by Middleton, a contemporary of Shakespeare, who survived the great poet eleven years, and who probably wrote his play after "Macbeth" had been produced. The following passage may be found quoted in "Chambers's Cyclopædia of English Literature," vol. i., page 214:

Enter HECATE, STADLIN, HOPPO, and other witches.

Stad. Here's a fine evening, Hecate.

Hec. Ay, is it not, wenchies,
To take a journey of five thousand miles?

Are you furnished?

Have you your ointments?

Stad. All.

Hec. Prepare to flight, then;
I'll overtake you swiftly, etc.

The word in question occurs also, in its application to witches, in "King Lear," the only two instances known of its appearance in English literature, as follows:

"Saint Withold footed thine the wold;
He met the night-mare and her nine fold;
Bid her alight
And her troth plight,
And aroint thee, witch, aroint thee!"

Now, here, too, we gain a certain illustration of the theory I am endeavoring to maintain. It is evident that the witch was mounted in some way when accosted by the holy man, bidding her "alight;" and probably, by exacting her troth-plight, enjoining her to commit no further mischief on that journey. Having thus restrained her, so far as a witch's pledge was good for anything, he desires no more of her company, but sends her away with, "Aroint thee, witch, aroint thee!" for the renewal of which operation, after alighting, in "a journey of five thousand miles" or less, witches must be supposed to have taken a suitable supply of ointment with them.

In Mr. Grant White's note on this word, in "Macbeth," he quotes "Rynt thee, witch, quoth Bess Locket to her mother," as a north of England folksaying. But this very form of the expression may be thought, upon consideration, rather to confirm than to militate against the suggestions I have made; for the word "rynt," pronounced, doubtless, with the *y* long, has no more apparent meaning than "aroint," and, in its present shape, furnishes us with no real elucidation of the subject. But all persons familiar with old-fashioned New England pronunciation of words, brought over by its original settlers, not long subsequent to the production of "Macbeth" (1610-1620), know that "oint" was pronounced *ynt* or *inte*, a manner of speaking which I have myself heard, years ago, used by elderly dames in applying a certain preparation to the skin of youngsters, for a disorder once thought specially prevalent in Scotland, but which, I believe, has become far less frequent there and elsewhere, under the influence of improved sanitary conditions of life. In Shakespeare's day, undoubtedly, "anoint" and "oint" would be pronounced *anÿnt* and *ynt*, just as in modern Greece, and perhaps in ancient Greece also (though I hope not), *πολυφλοιςβοιο θαλασσης* is pronounced, not as we learned it at school, but as if written *πολυφλησβοιο θαλασσης*.¹

In regard to the interjection "Ah!" it is defined simply in "Barclay's English Dictionary" (London, 1792) as "a word made use of to denote some sudden dislike, and occasioned by the apprehension of evil consequences"—just as the sailor's wife employed it; though we know that it is also often used, for instance, to enforce an appeal. The exclamation "Rÿnt," so irreverently applied by Miss Locket to her mother, may have been properly "Ah, ynt," easily converted, in Norfolk County usage, into "Arrÿnt," and hence, by contraction, into "Rÿnt."

Now, as a striking example of the facility with which very sagacious critics may sometimes fail in explaining words, a curious instance occurs in one of the notes to "Marmion." Sir Walter Scott quotes a passage from the works of Sir David Lindesay, in which, recounting his attention to King James V., in his infancy, he says:

¹ So in many old-fashioned parts of New England, and I presume elsewhere, joint is pronounced *yint*, point, *pint*, etc.

"The first syllabis that thou did mute
Was *pa, da, lyn*, upon the lute;
Then played I twenty springis perqueir,
Whilk was great plesour for to hear."

And Sir Walter singularly remarks that "any old woman in Scotland will bear witness that *pa, da, lyn*,

are the first efforts of a child to say, "Where's David Lindesay?" But it is evident that this is a mistake, since David Lindesay was, in fact, present, and the child was addressing him, and by *pa, da, lyn*, meant "*Play, David Lindesay*," a request with which he immediately complied, as he says, "Then played I," etc.

ON THE BORDER.

BY CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

ESTHER, O Esther, say where are we riding?
Turn, for your head is not withe-bound like mine;
The grass of the prairie seems gliding, green gliding
Away like long serpents beyond the straight line
The horse's hoofs keep; is his head to the westward?
I see but his feet. Oh, listen, and hear
The very grass growing, the very air glowing,
For John may be riding hard, hard in our rear—

After us, after us, swift as the wind is
Over the plains.—Yes—the children had gone
Away to a neighbor's—the wealth of the Indies
I'd give just to know they are safe!—They have
drawn
This withe-ing so tight that my wrists are all bleed-
ing—

'Tis nothing; don't turn, but keep listening, dear.
Is naught coming after? That horrible laughter—
The red-skins are laughing! O Esther, the fear

Is numbing my heart—for you see that fierce old one,
The chief on the right with the scalps at his belt,
Such a look he just gave us! I felt the swift cold run
All over my body—though icebergs might melt
Beneath this red sun, the sun of the prairies.
Don't cry, dear; the red-skins won't stand it. Thank
God,
My baby! I cried so when poor baby died—oh,
Now I am glad he is under the sod,

In his green little grave in the garden. The others
Had gone to a neighbor's.—Oh, what will John say
When he finds the house empty, no voice but poor
mother's—
Poor bedridden mother—to answer? Oh, pray—
Pray, Esther, pray, as we ride, that he may not
Come after *alone* in his rage; for if one—
One of us, Esther, must die, it were best for
The children—oh, yes, dear—it should not be John.

But may be he'll rally the neighbors—I pray it;
They're five, and I'd stake them as easy as not
'Gainst fifty Comanches! And then, though I say it,
There's no aim like John's. But, dear heart! I for-
got—

They'll use us for cover—they'll put us between them
To keep off the bullets—our bodies for shield—
E'en that than their revels is better, though—; devils!
Yes, devils of red-skins! 'Twas never revealed

Why God made the Injuns; a wild-cat is kinder,
A grizzly more human.—Say, dear, do you think
The children are safe?—My eyes have grown blinder,
I'm tied so, head downward; it's over the brink
Of a red gulf I hang—but don't mind me; keep dropping
Those small bits of cloth when the redskins don't
watch;
All gone? Then my hair here—keep dropping it where,
dear,
You think on the tall grass its curled ends might catch,

And hang; for John knows it—knows every hair of it.
Poor, dear, old John—how proud did I feel
When he said it was pretty! I took such good care of it
After, and now the poor curls may reveal
That we have been here. Can you catch at the grasses?
If we could but bend them! The prairie's so wide—
The horses leap over broad spaces.—They cover
Our track, dear. They're stopping—they've seen us!
they hide

All signs of our passing; their swift, crafty fingers
Bend back our bent grasses! O God! is there no
Hope for us, hope for us?—How the day lingers!—
Seems though the sun was unwilling to go,
And leave us here galloping over the prairie
Alone with the devilish Comanches! My heart
Is breaking, dear, breaking— Is that the ground shaking
Behind us, or only my pulses?—They start,

They wheel to the south—I feel the horse turning—
That old chief is startled—I see him look back—
Why, dear, there's life in you yet—you are burning—
One look, for God's sake, only one! It's the track—
The track, that's the thing—can they find it, or keep it?
The prairie's so blinding— You see them? What? On
The left, the oak-opening? *There?* But the hope may
bring
But swifter death— God! we're saved!—John! O
John!

EDITOR'S TABLE.

WE have at Philadelphia the vast exhibit of our art of doing. Were it practicable to place by its side a display of all those things in which we show our art of not doing, the Exposition would greatly multiply its lessons and enhance its usefulness.

This art of not doing, or of leaving undone the thing most essential to secure the end specially desired, is manifest in a thousand minor matters, and in some important ones. To enumerate a tenth of them would require too much space, and only be irksome to the reader; and, in truth, the art—if we may be permitted to continue this application of a term the essential meaning of which is skillful performance—the art of not doing is something that commonly every man observes differently, and our bill of complaint, therefore, would be likely to leave unmentioned many particular grievances of our readers. But if we suppose that an organized record of our social, industrial, and political deficiencies is to be set “cheek by jowl” to the Centennial Fair, we may be permitted to make our contribution to the depressing, perhaps, but still salutary exhibit; and, as we write this in torrid midsummer, with the mercury of the thermometer scaling the tube to unprecedented heights, our accusations shall be confined to those things that at this season peculiarly concern the public felicity.

The American river-steamboat is one of the things which we proudly point to as an illustration of the native art of doing. We must all admit that it is majestic in size and sumptuous in its fittings, and for night-travel can be bettered probably in its best examples very little. But let us sail up the Hudson on a hot summer's day in one of the boats specially built for pleasure daylight travel. We find it excessively thronged with a motley crowd of summer tourists—of those with many *impedimenta*, hying to Niagara, Saratoga, or the Catskill Mountains, and those merely devoting a day to the pleasure of a sail on this famous river. The trains that whirl along the iron track on the shore accomplish the distance much more expeditiously; hence it is safe to infer that the passengers have chosen the boat either because it was supposed to afford superior comfort, or a view of the picturesque shores of the river was desired. Let us see with what result. The boat is built very nearly after the model of the night-boats. That it is to be employed almost exclusively for summer pleasure-travel does not seem to have entered the brain of its builder. The day being excessively warm, as our July and August days so generally are, the traveler naturally desires a situation in which he can enjoy the breeze created by the motion of the vessel, and, at the same time, watch the superb shores between which it is passing. He soon discovers he cannot do so. The only place from which the river can be fairly seen, and the only place where there is the least breeze, is on the small upper forward deck—big enough to accommodate perhaps a hundred people, and lying unprotected in the direct rays of the July sun! It is

more comfortable, he discovers, provided he can find a place to squeeze into, to sit here under an umbrella, for the sake of the breeze, hot as the sun is, than to go elsewhere—and nowhere else can he obtain more than unsatisfactory glances at the shores. This, he soon feels, is the very mockery of summer pleasure-travel; it is a burlesque, he angrily reflects, of every right idea of a summer day-boat upon one of the most-traveled water-ways of the world. The traveler wonders, as a remedy easy at hand, why this deck is not extended forward to the bow as in night-boats, and surmounted by a high awning. This slight change would enlarge the accommodation somewhat, and enhance the comfort of the few gathered there; but, as the larger proportion of the passengers would still be defeated of the very end for which the steamer-journey is made, it is obvious that a radical remedy is needed. There should be an open but covered deck from stem to stern, over which the breeze could sweep without obstruction, and where the passengers could sit and obtain wide and ample views of the river. For lack of this kind of accommodation, the boats, on certain hot days this summer, have carried up and down the river crowds of half-suffocated and suffering persons, who have been arbitrarily deprived of all the felicity they had a right to expect. The art of not doing—of failing to adjust means to desired ends—could scarcely have better illustration. When one sails down the Rhine his boat is small, the style is simple, the accommodations indifferent; but he can at least see the river; he can accomplish the special purpose of his journey; but of those who ascend or descend the Hudson more than half are shut up in cabins, or crowded upon low-covered decks which afford but half-glances at the shores.

This dull perception of the conditions that should pertain to pleasure-travel is manifest in other things. The tourist who would fain fortify himself against the necessary petty annoyances of his journey by a good dinner is denied the opportunity to do so. He may obtain, it is true, a poorly-cooked and worse-served meal in the dark, close, and most uncomfortable lower cabin of the boat; but, if he is of an imaginative or a speculative cast of mind, he muses upon what might be. He thinks of the upper deck of the vessel, now an empty desert of painted metal scorched by the sun, and imagines himself there under an ample awning enjoying a well-served dinner, watching, as he tastes his delicate viands, the pleasant shores go by, and feeling upon his brow the cooling breeze from the water. Here might be delight for the eye, refreshment for the body, and serene comfort for the whole being, all because of the exercise of a little of the art of doing. How different is the real picture! In a subterranean—well, no! not exactly subterranean, but an under-deck cabin with a decided subterranean suggestiveness about it—here, in semi-darkness and a suffocating atmosphere, amid babble, confusion,

discomfort of all kinds, a hurried meal is snatched, cooked and served by men who have not the slightest idea of the æsthetics of the dinner-table, who really imagine that the pure and simple purpose of hungry people is to be fed, no matter how, no matter with what.

These are some of the daily experiences of the Hudson River traveler. What an opportunity is here for Yankee skill and genius in the construction of a boat that shall be adapted to its purpose! What an opportunity for men of knowledge to make, by the art of doing, a sail up the Hudson a thing of delight, something that men would come from afar to enjoy!

WE cannot consent to stop here without further enumeration of the art of not doing as it exists all around us. When the summer tourist has landed from the steamer it is possible that a coach waits to convey him to his rural destination. Here again is manifest the dull imagination, the incapacity to understand that which the traveler desires. He leaves the town for out-of-doors, for new scenes, fresh air, and the animation of movement. In the steamer he is shut up in a cabin, in the stage-coach he is offered another close apartment, stuffy, suffocating, dusty, hot, while he longs for the breezy spaces on the roof. There are, it is true, a few seats aloft, but so few for the number of passengers that they are hotly contested for, and a majority must perforce be driven into the dreary recesses of the vehicle. How is it that Yankee ingenuity has not remedied this? If we cannot invent a coach adapted for summer-travel, we might at least have the grace to borrow good ideas from other people. Some of the people who build stage-coaches must have traveled over the Swiss mountains in a *diligence*, and noted how in these vehicles all the passengers have seats on the ample roof, the luggage being thrust into the space where here the unhappy passenger is "cribbed, cabined, and confined." It is a tedious five hours' journey in the coach from Catskill village to the Mountain House. It might be converted into a pleasant and stimulating ride—for the progress is through a beautiful country and up fine mountain-roads—if the method of locomotion were adjusted to the requirements and comforts of the travelers.

The art of not doing pursues the summer wanderer at every step. The hotels are nominally conducted for the convenience of the guests, but they are actually administered according to the narrow, ignorant, or selfish purposes of the proprietors. Of the bad cooking and bad service at these places so much has been said that we refrain; but, assuredly, so simple a thing as rightly selecting the hour for dinner might be expected. This in many places is between two and four o'clock—just the time when many of the guests are off angling, or boating, or upon excursions to the mountain-passes, or on rambles through the forest, all of whom return toward sundown with appetites well whetted for dinner, to find nothing better for tired nature than a meal consisting of a dismal array of chipped beef, sour berries, and a thin liquid known as tea. Indisputably, a lunch-

eon should be served at noon for those who may wish it, and dinner for the hungry majority at six or seven o'clock; or, which would be much better, there should be a daily *table d'hôte* at about six, and a coffee-room in which a guest may have served him at any hour of the day the dishes he selects. This is the only rational way; our American method is the stupid adherence to a custom the original motive for which has long been outlived; and were our caterers really *en rapport* with their guests, did they attempt to understand the art of doing (other than the art of extortion), there would soon be a complete revolution in the methods of the dining-room at all the resorts. If these matters are declared to be little things, it is in little things that the art of doing contributes essentially to our comfort: large evils are vehemently assailed until they are overcome; minor annoyances are often borne because it is a greater tax on one's energies to combat than to endure them.

We have one more illustration of significant not doing, and then will close our bill of complaint. During the severe heat and prolonged drought of July the grass in all our city parks was woefully scorched. It had scarcely a semblance of its grateful native green. In the midst of these—we were about to say *green* inclosures, but this would be a mockery indeed—fountains continually play, the waste waters of which flow off into the sewers. Here, then, right in the midst of the parched grass, are the very means to remedy the effects of the drought—means flowing away to waste. Assuredly it would be a small tax on engineering skill to divert this abundant water upon the grass-plats, thereby keeping them perennially green. If the skill of the park-keepers is unequal to the invention of anything for the purpose, those obtuse persons could at least borrow the simple device of the Paris park-gardeners—a long, perforated hose, stretched upon small horses with casters, which are thus easily shifted from place to place. The water forced through the perforations pours a shower upon the eager grass; and by the occasional shifting of the hose a large surface can in the course of a day be covered. The grass in our parks is dying for water; the water is there flowing away unused; how promptly a competent art of doing would bring this wasted abundance to this sore need!

There is no method by which negatives can be exhibited: if there were, an exposition of things not done would rival in interest and exceed in usefulness, however much it might lack in conditions of vainglory, the best display of arts accomplished that we could make.

AMONG the host of misleading maxims which, sounding well, and having got credit by reason of their containing a grain of truth, have gained currency in the world, not the least erroneous is the one which tells us that "no man is a hero to his valet." The insinuation is, that men, appearing abroad in society and among their fellows, are so many bundles of pretense; that they pad and rouge their manners and professions, as it were, so as to appear what they are not; and that when, at night,

they retire to their chambers, the padding is loosened, the rouge is washed off, and the valet sees his master in all his naked littleness and wrinkles. In truth, every true man is a hero to his valet; not only to the visible and paid valet who does his toilet for him, but to those attending spirits who are said to watch over each of us, and may be called the valets of our spiritual existence. It is only the hypocrite and the pretender who exposes to his valet a second and inferior nature in the familiarity of the dishabille.

We know well, for instance, that the great Napoleon, with his many wickednesses and frailties, was a hero to his valets one and all. At least old Count Marchaud, who died recently in Paris, would have told us that the emperor was a man to be regarded as heroic, whether he stood in imperial regalia above his cohorts on the Champ de Mars, or whether he wandered, with his broad-brimmed hat and loose, homely sack, through the solitary valley of St. Helena. Old Count Marchaud had seen Napoleon in both guises; had, indeed, aided him to assume his robes of velvet and ermine, and had also assisted him to put on the plain garments of his island prison. Marchaud was the last survivor of those who were engaged familiarly about the ex-emperor's person, and probably the last who saw that stormy spirit pass from the world amid whirlwind, thunder, and lightning. He succeeded Constant as Napoleon's valet—Constant, whose name seems a standing satire on his historic inconstancy. For Constant was faithful to Napoleon just so long as Napoleon was powerful; and deserted him, and went over to be petted, then neglected, and left to die, by his enemies, after Waterloo.

It was Marchaud's boast that in Napoleon's humiliation and helplessness he clung to him the closer. No one could have known the "Corsican ogre" more familiarly; for he pulled off his boots, buckled his cravat, gartered his hose, lathered his face for shaving, kept his own Marseilles waistcoat full of snuff wherewith to help Napoleon when he needed that stimulant, held his coat for him to put on, and handed to him his sword and hat. Had Marchaud only affected a little of the man of letters, had he been a humbler Boswell, and jotted down what he heard Napoleon say and saw him do, what an interesting chronicle, more minute and more vivid than O'Meara's or Las Cases's, it would have been!

We like to dwell on such a character as old Marchaud; he represents an almost extinct era of devoted and self-sacrificing servitors of greatness. So entire, indeed, was his devotedness, that Napoleon speaks of him in his will as his "friend," and shows that he means it by leaving the worthy valet the goodly sum of eighty thousand dollars. There was no more pleasant gentleman to talk with living in Paris in our days than Count Marchaud. Happily he had no crutch to shoulder; he was a hale, hearty, happy old man; but he loved to fight over again the battles between Napoleon and Sir Hudson Lowe, and to describe with simple eloquence the grand qualities of "le maître." Napoleon told Marchaud to marry a widow or daughter of a soldier of the Old Guard; and

the faithful fellow hurried to France to obey the injunction as eagerly as if the unknown bride were already his dearest love. The title of count Marchaud got from Louis Philippe, who had a generous way of treating Napoleon's memory, which was an example for later French politicians to follow. Indeed, there are few characters of the Napoleonic times better worth honoring than this good old servant, whose title was a tribute to a sort of humble chivalry that is going out of fashion, and who so stoutly stood by the heroism of the man to whom he was valet.

CAN it be possible, as is very lugubriously alleged by an English paper, that people are getting weary of the "old masters?" Is Raphael, after a fame of four centuries, doomed to lapse into obscurity, outshone by the gorgeous canvases of the half-crazy Turner? Is Ruskin bringing the artistic world around to the belief that Michael Angelo was only "a professor of gymnastics?" Is the cynic who speaks of Murillo's cherubs as "podgy," of Rubens's nymphs as "red and portly," of Raphael's female saints as having "cricks in their necks," who contemptuously alludes to Poussin's "Silenuses" on their "eternal donkeys," and sneers at the red hair of Titian's beauties, to be enthroned as an authority? It would certainly seem to be the case in England, at least if we may judge from the results of some of the recent London picture-sales. Verily the spirit of skepticism is waxing alarmingly, if all the mediæval heroes of the canvas are to be thrown from their pedestals!

Lord Malmesbury is known as a connoisseur of great skill and large experience. His authority, which is not beyond question in politics, is certainly considerable in the world of art. No one could doubt that, when Lord Malmesbury vouched for the genuineness of an old master, it might safely be accepted as such. Yet at the sale of Lord Malmesbury's own collection, gathered by him with diligence and without regard to expense, through many years, the old masters were incontinently discredited by the prices which were offered and taken for them. We are told that Titian's "Danaë," a picture well known to persons learned in historic art, which once belonged, moreover, to no less a judge than Count d'Orsay, was actually knocked down for a matter of seventy-six dollars and twelve cents! One of Murillo's "podgy" heads fetched a little over a hundred. Worse yet, Titian's picture of "Tarquin and Lucrece," once the property of Charles I., regarded as in the great master's best style, and the genuineness of which does not seem open to question, only brought its noble owner a little over two hundred dollars! On the other hand, works of masters far inferior, certainly, to Titian or Murillo, commanded prices far more gratifying to the owner's pocket, if not so agreeable to his æsthetic taste. A Giorgione, for example, was readily purchased for over eighteen hundred dollars, while a Hobbema—to how many of our connoisseurs is this name familiar?—brought a round fifty-five hundred. The pictures annually marked "for sale" in the Royal Exhibition, many by artists whose names and

fame are just budding, for the most part bring better prices than did the Titians and Murillos which Lord Malmesbury offered an incredulous and unsympathetic public; and there is no doubt that a fair Turner would have called out four or five times as much on the first bid.

Has Mr. Ruskin really talked the English lovers of art out of their veneration for the old masters? Or have they only temporarily gone out of fashion amid the pro-

fusion of artistic products which is now being lavished on the English? Or is it that so many well-executed frauds have lately been exposed? We prefer either of the latter two suppositions to the suspicion that the old masters are actually going out of date, and are destined ere long to be relegated to the darkest corners and worst lights of the fashionable London galleries, while the latter schools take their places and filch their admiration,

New Books.

SOME RECENT NOVELS.

PERHAPS as difficult a task as any to which a critic could address himself would be to deal satisfactorily with one of George Eliot's novels in a brief paragraph or two. Whatever their merits or defects, they utterly refuse to yield their characteristics to the easy definitions and commonplace phrases which ordinary novels almost inevitably call to mind. Even in a long article the critic usually finds himself unable to do more than survey her work on different sides, and develop some few of its infinitely varied suggestions; and when his task is finished he will almost certainly find himself in doubt whether the points of view selected are most favorable to an accurate view, or the ideas insisted upon those which most thoroughly elucidate the author's purpose. The truth is, that George Eliot's survey of human life is at once broader and deeper than that of any other writer who has chosen the novel as a medium of expression. Ostensibly she aims at the same objects and uses the same machinery as fiction-writers in general; but the range of her vision is never confined to the group of individuals who "play their antics in the wide arena of her imagination"—extending beyond these to the larger life of the race, the destiny of mankind, the complex interactions of the social forces, the philosophy of mind, of religion, of the arts, and of scientific tendency. The reader finds himself confronted around the whole circle of his knowledge, however comprehensive it may be, and oftentimes he would experience a difficulty in deciding in what department of the philosophy of life the studies through which she leads him are most fruitful.

This is especially the case with "Daniel Deronda."¹ It is the best constructed of George Eliot's novels—being a work of art in comparison with the discursive inconsequence and cumbrous machinery of "Middlemarch;" but, while it concentrates the attention upon persons not unmanageable in numbers, and having a genuine dramatic relation to each other, it is also more comprehensive in intellectual scope, and more searching and subtle in its psychological analyses, departs more widely from the lines of a mere story, than any other of her works. The author—and this has always been a vice of George Eliot's art—maintains herself more constantly and prominently on the stage of events than ever before, making no pretense of disguising the fact that she is the *deus ex machina*; and her somewhat awful personality completely overshadows her characters—dwarfing even Gwendolen and Deronda to something like insignificance before her serene conviction of the comparative pettiness of all human creatures, her own creations included. This aggressive self-assertion on the part of the author is per-

haps the worst fault of "Daniel Deronda" from an artistic point of view. Her own mental atmosphere is so rarefied that, aware that she cannot maintain her characters in it without at the same time sundering the strongest chords of human interest, she paints them with a certain fine scorn, all the more penetrative because it is not only unconscious but resisted with continuous and watchful care. Few intellects, without the stimulus of keen sympathy, could devote themselves to constructing in such wonderful detail the mental processes which furnish the main currents of the story—delineating with such tireless precision the chemistry of causes and the complex reaction of effects; yet behind the panorama in which we are shown the revenges which the whirligig of time brought upon Gwendolen, the inspiring combination of lofty ideals and noble deeds in Deronda, and the exalted enthusiasm of Mordecai, we are conscious of a presence contemplating the scene from the point of view of one who has thoroughly realized that we—the wisest and best of mankind, as well as the most ignoble—

"... are such stuff as dreams are made of,
And our little lives are rounded with a sleep."

It is a curious illustration of the author's preference for psychological analysis over dramatic characterization, and of her tendency to estimate the importance of her characters by the opportunity which they afford her for exercising this faculty, that she has given the book the name which it bears. Whatever the permanent place which "Daniel Deronda" may secure for itself in literature, it is certain that the greater part of its enduring fame and nearly all its present attractiveness will depend upon the character of Gwendolen Harleth. The most loyal reader finds it hard to detach his mind from her person and fortunes sufficiently to share his suffrages in equal degree with either Deronda, or Mirah, or Mordecai, and probably no one has escaped the feeling that the episodes in which the latter exclusively appear are a clog upon the real interest of the story; yet the author is evidently sincere in her conviction that Gwendolen is on the whole a subordinate figure, and that Deronda, in whose person converge the two parallel movements of the drama, is the one upon whom the attention is naturally and inevitably concentrated. Not only so, but it is clear that she also regards the obverse of the side which Deronda presents to Gwendolen as properly his most interesting side; and it must be confessed that if supremely powerful writing could suffice, the chapters which she devotes to the so-called Jewish episodes would easily compel our allegiance.

Writing as we do without having had the opportunity of reading the latter portion of the story, it would be premature to say more about the plot of "Daniel Deronda"

¹ Daniel Deronda. By George Eliot. In Two Volumes. Vol. I. New York: Harper & Brothers.

than we have already said: that it is more compact in construction and more artistically managed than any other of George Eliot's novels—except, perhaps, "Silas Warner." The character-drawing, too, is at once more elaborate and more delicate than in any previous work; and her style has acquired, if possible, an added force, grace, and precision. Nevertheless, the literary result is somehow less satisfactory than in the earlier and simpler tales. The reason for this is elusive, and we cannot follow those who find it in the superabundance of learning, which shows a tendency here and there to degenerate into pedantry. We attribute it rather to the greater extent to which the author has yielded to the disposition which she has manifested from the beginning of her career to substitute analysis for delineation. Throughout the present story she seems to be laying bare the processes of thought by which she constructed her characters, rather than placing before us the completed product. Her method, now become habitual, of dwelling upon the *milieu*, explaining in minute detail all the complicated motives and influences entering into a given act, is very fine as psychological analysis, but it is sadly deficient in dramatic power.

We could hardly bestow higher praise upon "The Atonement of Leam Dundas"¹ than to say that, even taking it up after "Daniel Deronda," it seems to be bestowing scanty justice upon its merits to dismiss it in a single brief paragraph. No comparison, of course, could be instituted between George Eliot and Mrs. Lynn Linton which would not be greatly to the latter's disadvantage. Mrs. Linton has so long played the rôle of social satirist that it evidently costs her considerable effort and constant watchfulness to change her view-point, and she is sadly wanting in that "intellectual seriousness" which Matthew Arnold regards as the mark of the superior mind looking out upon life, and which is almost oppressive in George Eliot's work; but she has prepared herself carefully for her vocation, she grapples with the elementary facts of human nature, and is not content either to shun its surface or to grope amid its obscure and unwholesome recesses. She possesses strong powers of characterization, and she wields a pen of remarkable skill and grace. "The Atonement of Leam Dundas" is a novel so good in many ways that it is difficult to say in precisely what respect it fails of being first rate. Its story is so persistently tragical and melancholy that its effect could never have been otherwise than painful, and to this extent the art is defective, for the burden of the main plot is in no wise relieved by the agreeableness of the minor incidents or the nobleness of the characters. There is not a single personage in the story, from the rector down to little "Fina," whom we respect on intellectual grounds or esteem on moral; and where all are so contemptible we rather resent the excess of conscientiousness and sensibility with which the author endows Leam merely to increase her capacity for suffering. The *motif* of the book is substantially the same as that of Hawthorne's "Marble Faun"—namely, the disciplinary influence of crime upon a dwarfed, undeveloped, or unawakened nature; though Mrs. Linton goes even beyond Hawthorne in her sensitiveness to sin, and ignores the familiar principle both of law and ethics that the motive characterizes the act. Leam's fatal deed, though technically a crime, was essentially the irresponsible act of one who was not only a child but *exalté* at the moment to the point of insanity; and it is Spartan justice that Mrs. Linton deals out to her in that terrible after-experience

which is rather an expiation than an atonement. In spite of all drawbacks, however, Leam Dundas is a masterly piece of character-drawing, at once dramatic and analytical. The chief fault of the book lies in the depressing influence of the author's pessimistic philosophy of human nature, which is, in substance, that the heart of man is corrupt above all things and desperately wicked, and that of woman full of vanities and all contemptible and petty things. Her social outlook is still the same as that from which she sketched the "Girl of the Period," and she impresses us as having more keenness of perception than breadth of sympathy.

Anglo-Indian life has not usually been regarded by novelists as affording them more than material for a single episode in a complicated story, or as furnishing a convenient and plausible means of getting rid of superfluous characters or of securing the lemon-colored uncle whose blessing and ducats shall make forever happy the loving but impecunious couple; but in "The Dilemma"² the author of "The Battle of Dorking" (understood to be the late Colonel Chesney) has shown that it supplies all the requirements of a first-rate novel, the interest of which is enhanced rather than otherwise by the novelty of the social conditions which it delineates. "The Dilemma" is a story of the Sepoy mutiny, and belongs to the same species of literature as the inimitable "Charles O'Malley," which it suggests without in the least degree resembling. The narrative of the siege of the Mustaphabad Residency is a wonderful piece of realistic description, and all the warlike incidents are remarkably effective. At times it is difficult to resist the idea that we are reading a true history of actual events; and we have no doubt that the book has a real historical value as a *recensus* of the character, conditions, and main outlines of the most terrible mutiny in the annals of war. The author's skill, however, is not revealed alone in the descriptive portions of the work. A more life-like group of characters has seldom been brought together, and the masterly yet delicate strokes with which Yorke, and Colonel Falkland, and Kirke, and Miss Cunningham, are drawn, make us fear that by the death of Colonel Chesney we lost a potential novelist of the first order as well as one of the ablest military critics in Europe. Miss Cunningham, in particular, is well worthy of study. Without being strictly what is called a new creation in fiction, she possesses all the charm of novelty for those who are accustomed to see "heroines" substituted (in novels) for women. She impresses us at the outset precisely as a beautiful, cultivated, and amiable young lady would impress us in real life; and the process by which, through mere change of circumstances to which she proved unequal, our affectionate admiration of her is converted into pity not unmingled with contempt, is a singularly faithful transcript from Nature. Finally, "The Dilemma" was written with a true artistic purpose to entertain, and hides no double intention on the part of the author to preach, to prophesy, or to reform.

"Ida Craven"² also deals with Anglo-Indian life at a "station," and deserves similar praise for the fidelity and vividness of its military incidents. Though written by a woman, its pictures of soldiers' life and comments upon army matters are as good as anything of the kind in "The Dilemma," while the social characteristics of station-life in India are brought out with even greater distinctness. These features, however, are kept more

¹ The Dilemma. A Novel. By the author of "The Battle of Dorking." New York: Harper & Brothers.

² Ida Craven. A Novel. By Mrs. H. M. Cadell. Leisure Hour Series. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

¹ The Atonement of Leam Dundas. By Mrs. E. Lynn Linton. Illustrated. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

subordinate to the main purpose of the story, which is rather to depict the conflict of a soul with itself than to describe objectively events and circumstances which are interesting on their own account. The story is substantially that of a young girl who, at an age when she knew neither her own mind nor the nature of the relation into which she was entering, married a man much older than herself, and for whom she felt that sort of respectful admiration which, in the absence of a warmer feeling, is so often mistaken for love. Accompanying him to India, where he was speedily absorbed in official duties, the character of which she could not comprehend, and the responsibilities of which she could not share, she soon discovered that a mere desire to please was no adequate substitute for love; and, just when she was most deeply discouraged by the result of her efforts to "make things go right," she was thrown into the society of her cousin, a young ensign in the army, whom she had met when a girl in England, and who had then paid her marked attention. Circumstances seemed to compel their intimate association, and at last, almost unconsciously to herself, she finds that she has been betrayed into the most trying position in which a good woman can be placed. At once to save her self-respect and to escape temptation, she confesses all to her husband, and they agree that it is best for them to separate, at least for a time. She has a severe attack of illness, which nearly puts an end to her life, and while she is convalescing her husband is badly wounded in a frontier skirmish. Suffering reunites them on the basis of mutual need, and Arthur Craven's noble and forbearing love receives at length its due and well-deserved reward. It cannot be denied that Mrs. Cadell oftentimes approaches the perilous edge of subjects and motives which polite society has agreed to ignore; but no disposition is manifested to obscure the broad distinctions between right and wrong, and the general effect of the story is in a moral sense tonic and bracing. The fine character of Arthur Craven is excellent as a study and faithful as a portrait, and the benefits of his companionship are not confined to Ida alone.

In "Ellen Story" ¹ Mr. Edgar Fawcett attempts to show that life at our large watering-places is not altogether deficient in the elements of romance; but, to the inherent difficulties of his subject, the author has added others of his own by constructing a superfluously awkward plot, and fastening upon it incidents of gratuitous improbability. The idea of the bet in which the story takes its origin, and to a great extent its tone, is objectionable as a matter of taste, and the reader finds it hard to forgive it when he discovers that it is not only unnecessary but wholly foreign to the remainder of the story. In fact, the author, it seems to us, is at fault in all the sensational episodes with which he tries to lift the story above its natural level of commonplaceness; it is clearly apparent throughout that it was not requisite for horses to run away, for Archie to act as coachman to Miss Story's drunken escort, or for Miss Story's ruffianly brother to be shot by a constable before her eyes, in order for the love-making to reach its due conclusion. The best thing in the book is the character of Ellen Story, which is well conceived and not unskillfully drawn; and in these days, when novelists are content to repeat the conventional types, this is sufficient to render it worth reading.

¹ *Ellen Story. A Novel.* By Edgar Fawcett. New York: E. J. Hale & Son.

What Björnson has done for the Norse peasantry and Boyesen for the middle and upper classes, Jonas Lie bids fair to do for the sturdy fisher-folk of the Norwegian and Lapland coast—namely, to make them familiar to the imaginations of all lovers of good literature. Lie, though he has published but three books, has already become famous wherever the Scandinavian tongue is read, and "The Pilot and his Wife," ¹ notwithstanding that it is marred by unskillful translation, shows that his admirers have not exaggerated his merits. The story is of the simplest kind, and is told in a singularly direct and unpretentious manner; moreover, it is painful almost from beginning to end; yet it fascinates the attention and moves the feelings with a strange power, and when the book is finished it is easy to realize that we have been under the spell of a master. Nor is it difficult to say what are the sources of the author's power. He has no sense of humor, and exhibits but little of the poetic insight and refinement of method that characterize the work of Björnson and Boyesen; but he has a firm hold upon the springs of tragedy and pathos, and his style is curiously realistic and intense, while at the same time entirely free from any conscious straining after effect. Few writers have exhibited greater skill in impressing a scene or situation upon our minds with a few apparently casual touches; and the story of Salve Kristiansen, sketch though it be, might truly be called the natural history of a soul. As we have already intimated, the translation of the book is very bad, Mrs. Bull being apparently but imperfectly acquainted with the niceties of either of the languages with which she undertakes to deal.

The difficulties of writing an historical novel are not removed by selecting the theme from our own annals—the bearing of which observation, as Mr. Bunsby would say, lies in its application to Marian Douglas's "Peter and Polly, or Home-Life in New England a Hundred Years Ago." ² Miss Douglas's object was evidently to vivify the materials which recent researches into the social condition of our Revolutionary forefathers have brought to light by using them as the background for a story of those times; and in the fact that the disproportionate pains bestowed upon the elaboration of this background has resulted in dwarfing the characters of the story she has only encountered the fate of many abler writers who have essayed the field of historical fiction. "Peter and Polly" deserves praise for the number and fidelity of the details which it brings to the illustration of habits, customs, and domestic life in New England a hundred years ago, and it is written in a pleasing and graceful style; but as a story it is deficient in movement and animation, and the persons to whom it professes to introduce us are too palpably lay-figures, set up for a given purpose, to inspire us with any real interest. The book, in short, is dull, notwithstanding the apparent accuracy and undoubted painstaking with which it depicts the manners and modes of life of a period which is peculiarly interesting at this time. The author has industry, literary skill, a refined and graceful fancy, and a poet's susceptibility to the beauties of Nature; but she lacks that creative imagination which could alone breathe life into the dry bones of the past.

¹ *The Pilot and his Wife. A Norse Love-Story.* By Jonas Lie. Translated by Mrs. Ole Bull. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co.

² *Peter and Polly, or Home-Life in New England a Hundred Years Ago.* By Marian Douglas. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.



"There is a moment's silence, for all of these present know that this is Michael Winter's wife."

"As he comes up the Stair."

APPLETONS' JOURNAL.

AS HE COMES UP THE STAIR.

BY HELEN B. MATHERS,

AUTHOR OF "COMIN' THRO' THE RYE," ETC.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

CHAPTER I.

NINON.

"BAH!" said Rose Nichol, shrugging her shoulders, "he is besotted—mad; the winds would pause to hearken better than he. And all," she added, bitterly, "for a foolish, patter-brained, waxen white *doll*!"

"Nevertheless, it is a fine thing to be made of wax," said Martha, "if it gives you the handsomest man, the best cottage, and the longest purse in the village!"

Rose did not reply. She was thinking that not the best house, the largest heap of silver, aroused her envy, but the man who owned them, and who would have been beautiful in her eyes though he were a friendless, houseless beggar.

"That going away of his spoilt him," said Martha, wisely; "he went away a fisherman, just one of ourselves, and he came back grave and with his head full of learning and thoughts—though they did not prevent his going down before Ninon, like a foolish lad of twenty."

"Ye see," said Enoch, taking a pipe out of his mouth and speaking for the first time, "he'd niver been in love before, an' so—"

He did not finish the sentence, but resumed his regard of the sea stretched out before them, that seemed in the peace of the still June evening to be but a reflection of the faint blue-green sky overhead. A boat was putting off from the shore, a lugger was coming leisurely in; a snatch of children's laughter floated up from the beach below, from the fields that lay away to the right came wafted the clear, subtle fragrance of new-mown hay; over all was the nameless peace and repose of the evening hours when work is accomplished and laid aside, and the interval that lies between the cessation of one labor or duty and the resumption of another—and that may alone be termed rest, not idleness, and be reckoned worth the taking—begins.

"'Twill be a fine day for the weddin' to-morrow," he said, as Martha disappeared into the cottage, and looking up at the sky, not at Rose, or he must have seen the angry light that his remark about Michael had brought into her eyes. "Eh! but 'tis you an' I that should be climbin' the steps to the church-door, for we've been courtin', my dear, a matter o'—"

"Two years," broke in Rose, abruptly, "and we have not enough to be married as yet; while that Ninon girl, who only came here six months ago and has had more lovers than one, is to be married in a real silk gown—to-morrow!"

"Tut!" he said, laying his hand on her shoulder, "our turn will come in good time, an' 'tisn't always the married sweethearts as is the happiest after all, my dear!"

The girl's frowning face softened; although this man's love could not content her, it was nevertheless sweet, and his unfailing, trustful tenderness always came to her like a solace, hiding for a little while from her own eyes the restless, passionate, bitter-hearted self that she knew so well, and bringing forward the one, not beautiful, perhaps, or in any way noble, but honest and attractive, that Enoch knew and wooed.

"Thou wast never giddy, dear heart," he said, drawing her nearer to him. "I shall never have cause to fear for thee as Michael may for yon pretty heedless Ninon, an' when I go away from thee I shall know right well that thou wilt niver shame me in my absence, an' I shall come home with a sure heart of findin' thee gay and luv'in' in the old house-place at home."

The girl looked down for a moment ashamed; then suddenly exclaimed, and as though the words escaped her lips unconsciously:

"And will not Michael have that same faith in Ninon? Do you think so badly of her as *that*, Enoch?"

"I don't think ill of the lass," he said, slowly; "maybe her faults are more of ways than heart. You mind, dear, she is not one o' us, an' she lived most o' her life in a heathenish place—p'r'aps they weren't so particular over things there."

"But the strangest part of it all is," said Rose, who spoke very differently from her companion—for, though a fisherman's daughter, she had received with her sister a good education at the town-school up yonder—"that Michael, so strict and stern as he always was, so keen to find fault with a woman for even a word or a look, should be so blind about *her*, seeming to see not a fault in her, and thinking her (I do believe) too good to be moving to and fro among us!"

"P'r'aps he understands her better'n we do," said

Enoch, simply ; "he loves her, ye see, and love gives a wonderfu' knowledge of the heart. Maybe she was but a bit foolish after all, an' I don't think Michael 'u'd have gone on luvin' her if he hadn't found a wurd o' good in her."

"He is not a man to doubt without good reason," said Rose, looking down, "and she has given him no reason—all the other was before he came. You forget he was with the young master abroad when she was carrying on with Martin Strange, and when he came back and fell straight in love with her not one of the lads dared to warn him—they all knew what Michael is if any man crosses him."

"Peter tried to speak," said Enoch, slowly, "but before he'd got ten words out o' his mouth Michael bade him look to't that he niver tried such a thing again, an' nobody ever did—they was all afraid."

"Ah!" said Rose, drawing a deep breath, "if Martin only chose to open his mouth—do you think he *will* choose?" she added, abruptly.

"No, he luv'd her too well for that. 'Tis a pale face the lad carries always now, an' have you heeded it, my dear, a kind of desprit look sometimes?—I'm thinkin' the morrow 'ull be a black day for him."

"And she!" said Rose, "don't you see how ill and anxious she looks? As if she expected something bad to rush out upon her at any moment; and when she meets Martin—listen, Enoch—she trembles and turns aside. Yester-even I was comin' along the sands with father, and we met Ninon alone. While we were greeting her Martin passed. For once she did not move aside, but looked full in his face—oh! such a look, as though she were begging hard for something he would not give—I don't know which went the palest. And then we parted and all passed different ways."

"Was it growing dark?" asked Enoch; and something in his voice arrested the girl's attention. "Was you anywhere near the old chapel-stairs, Rose?"

"Yes," she answered, quickly; "at least *he* went toward them. Father and I turned homeward—"

"Then 'twas Ninon!" exclaimed Enoch, in a half-startled, wholly perturbed tone.

"You saw them together? She followed him?" cried Rose, swift as lightning. "They met, Ninon and Martin, all alone up there?"

"I don't know," he said, quietly; "maybe I wrong the lass; so I won't say anythin' about it, not even to you, my dear."

It was all in vain that Rose besought and cajoled and scolded; Enoch would say no more. He was a man—and rare indeed is it to meet with such a one in these days—who might be prevailed on to divulge a secret that concerned himself, possibly to his own disadvantage, but who was silent as the grave when a secret in which another had a share was consulted.

"Good-evening to you, Rose Nichol and Enoch,"

said a familiar voice; and, turning, Rose saw old Peter, the most inveterate gossip and scandal-monger in Lynaway, standing behind them.

"Good-even," she said, frowning and wishing him at the bottom of the sea yonder, for in another minute would she not have coaxed the secret from Enoch had not this meddling old busybody arrived?

"'Twill be a gran' day for the weddin' to-morrow," he said, almost in Enoch's words. But was not the coming marriage and the state of the weather on the tip of every tongue, as it was in every heart, this evening?

"Bah!" said Rose, shortly, "I am sick of the very name of it—one would think no one was ever married in Lynaway before! What is there so very uncommon about it, I should like to know?" Peter, turning his head a little to one side, deliberately winked; at nothing more particular than the sea, apparently—presumably, therefore, for the relief of his own private feelings. No one knew better than he the state of Rose's mind toward Michael Winter, and, in his feeble, inconsequential way, he thought Enoch a fool for not having found the matter out—which opinion hurt nobody, least of all Enoch; for, can it be said in truth of any man, though wisest living, that he has not, at some period or other of his existence, been dubbed fool? It is a safe, pleasant, but opprobrious epithet that recommends itself favorably to human nature, that loves, above all things, to assert its own good sense while announcing the folly of its neighbors, and, while delighting in calling names, prefers the use of such ones as will not recoil dangerously on its own head.

"Folks don't get married every day in Lynaway," said Peter, aloud; "an' Michael an' the girl bein' so handsome an' all makes it a bit uncommon—not but what," he added, in a discontented tone, "but 'twill be all show, an' no joy for the lad, or I'm wrongin' that Ninon sadly."

What could there have been in this poor Ninon to set even the men, those sworn friends to beauty in distress, against her? Was it that here, as in many other places advanced by civilization to a position infinitely beyond this primitive fishing-place, men must either condemn utterly the mere suspicion of lightness in one of their women, or, by accepting it, and making excuses for it, place her and themselves on a lower moral platform altogether? To the honor of these Lynaway men be it said that they were free of one of the worst vices of our great cities, and that consists in the ignoble pleasure taken by men in amusing themselves at the expense of women, in drawing out their frivolity, their lightness, their vanity, beckoning them onward step by step to the abyss that, once overleaped, no woman ever recrosses. And this, too, when a few words of warning, an attitude of steady scorn and reprobation, might warn the poor, heedless butterfly from the path along which she flutters. . . . They know nothing, these homely, simple fellows, of the zest bestowed by a look or a word, because it had delighted

another man yesterday and might delight another to-morrow; they could no more have condoned the levity of one of their women for the sake of what the future might possess for either than they could have set themselves to slay a comrade in cold blood. Out yonder, in the great town of Marmot, many a gay young blood would have taken up the cudgels gladly enough for beautiful Ninon; here, where hearts were true and minds had not been obscured and defaced by the world's casuistry, there were found but two men who had any belief in her.

"He is content," said Rose; "what would you have more? He will open his eyes wide some day, though, and then—"

She paused abruptly.

Two people were coming along the path that lay between the shingle and the irregular line of cottages and houses that formed the village of Lynaway—a girl and a man.

"Ninon," said Rose, below her breath, lifting her hand to ward off the rays of the setting sun, and marking, with jealous, unwilling admiration, the peach-blossom face of Michael's sweetheart, the gracious curves of the youthful, lovely figure, the very poise of the pretty, slender feet, and the love, sincere and warm, that lit the blue eyes turned full upon the dark ones of her lover.

"It is no wonder," said Rose, half-aloud, and hating her own dark face passionately, almost as swarthy, every whit as handsome in its way, as Michael's.

"There is Rose," exclaimed Ninon, stopping short, her hand still thrust through her lover's arm, his left hand keeping it there as though it were a bird that he feared to see flutter away out of his reach.

The two girls had been no ill friends in the early days of Ninon's coming among the fisher-folk, and before the man Rose vainly loved had grown to covet the sunny-haired, half-French, half-English girl. They were friends after a fashion still, if a friendly feeling on one side and none on the other can constitute friendship.

Enoch removed his pipe, Peter made his greeting, Martha came out and joined the party, Ninon crossed over to Rose with some woman's question about needle-work. . . . It was a pretty enough group, since all the women were young and handsome, and Peter alone, of the men, was old and withered.

All at once Michael, grown impatient, caught Ninon's hand under his arm, and, with a gay "Good-night" to them all, hurried her away. "Good-by," she said, looking back; then, moved by some unaccountable impulse, escaped from his side and fled back to the group that looked after them.

"Won't you wish me a good-luck?" she said, her broken English sounding quaint and charming with its French accent; "you will see me never any more as Ninon Levesgne, for to-morrow I will be Ninon Winter!" and that young and winsome face, so imploring, so sweet, so tender, touched every heart there save one, and they wished her all "good-by

and God-speed"—all save Rose, whose lips moved with the rest, though there issued from them not one syllable.

CHAPTER II.

MICHAEL.

"WHY did you do that, Ninon?" said Michael, as the girl came back to his side. "Why should it matter to you whether Rose, or Enoch, or Peter, wish you good-luck? You need care for no one's words or wishes now but mine."

The jealousy of his voice—nay, the very impatience of it—announced him emphatically to be under the delirious influence of that folly yclept love. Probably no healthily-constituted man ever dreams of love, or speculates as to its probable effect upon him, until he is brought under the direct influence of woman, and thereby is made to experience emotion, strong in proportion to the power of the attraction she holds for him; and of Michael it might truly be said that upon the subject of love he had never bestowed a thought, much less a dream, until Destiny brought him face to face with Ninon. When one who is always more or less troubled by ill-health takes a fever, or any other violent and dangerous disease, he oftener than not recovers; but when one who has never had an illness in his life, and does not know what pain means, being strong and sound throughout, is attacked, it is more than probable that he will die. The disease but takes the firmer hold upon him from the very strength of the resistance it meets, and the old fable of the oak and the ash recurs to the memory, where the comparatively worthless and weakly tree saves itself by bending and swaying to the mischievous blast, while the sturdy oak, refusing to yield, is uprooted and hurled broken to the earth.

"I know that it is not for me to care," said Ninon; "and yet I will not help it; they have all been so good to me, and Rose—I did always like Rose."

Michael took her hand—such a fragile, fair little hand, so unlike his brown, weather-beaten one—and kissed it. That was as it should be, for had she not gentle blood in her veins, while he had none? It was twenty years ago that Ninon's mother had stolen away one winter's morning with the fair-spoken, gentle-faced Frenchman, whose greatest injury to her had consisted in marrying and leaving her in a distant land without one sou to support either mother or child.

The sea and sky were melting into each other in that indescribable gray tint that in Devonshire heralds the advent of twilight when Michael and Ninon paused before a cottage that had little beauty save the honeysuckle that covered it as with a luscious golden mantle, and the great bushes of roses, white and red, that stood one on either side of the lintel. Like all common things, they were prodigal in their abundance, and in the falling light the snowy clusters seemed countless. . . . It recurred to Michael

many times in the days that came after how the white-rose bush had been on her side as she entered, the red one on his; and that it had passed through his mind how like, in her purity, she was to one of those blossoms. Would he ever again compare her to anything unsullied and stainless through all the years of his life?

No faith or love, however great, can ever be the same after the shadow of doubt has once fallen upon it.

As she stepped over the threshold on this her first visit to his home, he gave her sweetest welcome with word and lip, and, all unwedded though she was, this, I think, was her real home-coming, at this moment and no other; and she entered into her kingdom, and to-night, and not to-morrow, she felt the vague joys and delights of her maiden days falling away from her, and a new and exquisite promise of secure and wifely happiness stirring at her heart. They went hand-in-hand, like two happy children, into the sitting-room, cool and orderly, and gay with the favorite flowers that Michael's darling loved; trod on tiptoe as they passed the high-backed chair on which his old mother sat, fast asleep and bolt upright, spectacles on nose, and her knitting-needles pointed toward each other, ready to take up (when she should awake) the stitch where it had been dropped . . . peeped into every room, even the kitchen, that was beautiful in their eyes, since it was to belong to them together, and sat down at last to rest in the arbor that Michael had built at the end of the queer little old garden behind the house. And, as the dusk crept closer and closer till they could scarcely see each other's face, the man took his sweetheart in those strong and faithful arms that had never wearied for the burden of any other woman, and bade her tell him from her heart if she were content—if she would have aught undone or refashioned—if she had one doubt of the new future, alone with him, that she would begin on the morrow—if there trembled in her soul one fear of his devotion, one pang of regret for the happy, innocent days of her maidenhood, that she was so soon to cast behind her forever—and she put those soft, tender white arms, that were ever as great a matter of wonder to him as of love, about his neck, and kissed him of her own will, and bade him love her always—always . . . cried to him, as one in fear, to tell her that it was all real and no dream, whether she could be his wife—*safely* his wife—by the morrow at that hour . . . whispered to him that he must never leave off loving her, because she was his foolish, unworthy little wife, not his sweetheart, whose faults he could never see . . . and there came not even the night-cry of a wandering, homeless bird to break those soft, passionate love-words; and they two, hovering, as they believed, on the brink of a new and more perfect existence than either had ever yet experienced, knew not that the promise had, in its sweetness, outsped the fulfillment, the dream outstripped the reality—that never again, in spring or summer, autumn or winter, should come back to them the unalloyed, unbroken trust and happiness of this one hour out of the silent, dusky, passionate midsummer night.

CHAPTER III.

"MARRIAGE-BELLS."

THE bride came stepping through the dark and frowning door of the old village-church, and at her side came the bridegroom, while a dozen rosy lasses dressed in whatsoever seemed most good in their own eyes, followed after, each with a sweetheart as blooming and rosy as herself. Until the moment of Ninon's appearance at the door, it had been a matter of doubt whether the assembled crowd would give forth the ringing cheer that so fine a fellow as the bridegroom, so lovely a maiden as the bride, assuredly deserved on this their wedding-day; but no sooner was that dainty little apparition in white visible than a hearty and simultaneous shout burst from the throat of every man present, bringing a blush to the bride's cheek, and a smile to the lips of the bridegroom. Such a beautiful little bride as she made, with such shiny, twinkling little feet, and such a happy light on the blushing, delicate little face, as could not surely fail to warm all hearts toward her, whether they would or not! And yet in two breasts lay stones, not hearts—but a little way apart, too, in the eager, excited crowd; and two faces alone were pale, and cold, and set—the faces of Rose Nichol and Martin Strange. His looks might surely have drawn those of Michael's wife, *his* eyes might surely have compelled some answering glance to his intense and steady gaze; but, as though some talisman in her heart turned aside the evil that had until now been potent to molest her, she did not once look toward him, did not even notice that her gown, nay, her very hand, on which the plain gold ring shone, brushed against his garments as she passed him slowly by. They took their way down the hill and along the familiar path above the shingle, and the homely procession followed after, man and matron, youth and maid, coming anon to Ninon's late home, where dwelt the cold, proud, faded mother, whose youth had passed so quickly into middle age, and who found nothing, not even her daughter's marriage, a matter of interest or rejoicing.

Of how the wedding-feast was spread and held in the open air, abundant, simple, and hearty—of how all Lynaway was there, save one man and one woman—of the number of times the bride's and bridegroom's healths were drunk, while all forgot their suspicions of the former, now that she was an honest man's wedded wife, with an honest wedding-ring on her finger, I need not pause to tell; only relate how the poor little wife, who had grown paler and paler through the hot hours of the interminable afternoon and evening, slipped away with her mother, and, being despoiled of all her fine and bridal garments, set out with her husband on the homeward walk. They met not a soul by the way. The very house was empty when they reached it, for the maid was up yonder with the rest, and the mother had gone to a dwelling of her own; and so they entered once again their home, and on the threshold Michael

kissed and welcomed her with the new and sacred name of wife.

All too soon he left her there alone to dispatch and bid the many guests up yonder good-night, leaving her with a willingness that he had never shown had not the knowledge lain burning at his heart that he was returning to her immediately. Oh, that we could call him back as he goes away, away to the cottage up yonder! Oh, that the twelve-hours-old wife, who leans out of the upper window just to catch an uncertain glimpse of him as he goes, to hear the echo of his steps on the footpath, could cry to him, with that voice that he had never learned to disobey, to remain with her, and let the revelers linger as long as they list . . . but she does not call his name—she only turns back to the lamp-lit room, thanks God aloud for making her so blessed a woman, so happy a wife . . . Blessed! . . . Happy! . . . Poor, hapless wife, thank God while you may!

Below her window, half hidden, half revealed, stands a man whose face, livid, frightful even, by reason of the intense emotion that convulses it, gleams out from the partial screen of leaves formed by the young beech-tree planted in the centre of the square bit of garden laid out between the cottage and the shingle. Though her eyes fell upon it, she would scarcely know it for the face of Martin Strange, the man who might have worked such deadly mischief between her and Michael, and who had forborne, as she had once with sick fear believed he could not forbear. She guesses not how out yonder one watches her shadow pass and repass the blind as she lays aside the silken kerchief, and chain and cross, Michael's gifts all . . . who can even see the deft movement of her fingers as she loosens the dark-blue bodice from the snowy, beautiful neck . . . marks her uplifted arms as they unbind the rippling, heavy masses of her bright hair, for one lock of which, he thinks, he would barter ten years of his life . . . all this, I say, he sees and notes, neither stirring one hair's breadth nor moving one step toward the house, though she is there absolutely alone and at his mercy. So he can have no thought of harming her, and after all it may be but the uncertain and fitful light that makes his face appear so ghastly, his air so wild.

So he stands, immovable, his face uplifted, his hands clinched, and sees not how a woman flits behind him and vanishes, nor hears later a man's rapid footsteps approach him, slacken, and pause at his side.

CHAPTER IV.

MARTIN STRANGE'S ANSWER.

"It is you—Martin Strange?" said a voice beside the watcher, that made him to turn, starting violently. He had taken up his position here after Michael left the house, and believed him at that moment to be with his wife in yonder room. Albeit no coward, he was incapable of speech, thoroughly thrown

off his centre by Michael's sudden appearance, and looked the very image of detected shame and guilt.

"I would have speech with you," said Michael, in the voice of a man who is divided between a mad desire to slay the thing before him, and an equally violent and imperative need that compels him to trample the longing for the time being under foot.

Unconsciously, and in the throes of that paroxysm of desire and urgency of inaction, he tore off a bough of the tree by which they stood, his right hand closing convulsively over it, as though thus, and thus only, could he stay that hand from clutching in murderous gripe the throat of the man who stood opposite.

"I have a question to ask of you," said Michael, very slowly, and his voice was strangled and as that of a stranger. "A quarter of an hour ago I discovered for the first time that you are a former lover of my—wife's. I charge you as before your God that you tell me if you know of any reason why I should not have made Ninon Levesgne my wife to-day!"

No reply, only the sound of what might be a far-away footfall, or the patter of a leaf falling to the ground, or the stirring of a sleepy bird in his warm brown nest.

"A quarter of an hour ago," said Michael, still in that slow, painful way, as though he had learned a lesson by rote and feared to forget some important words of it, "as I was coming toward my—home, I overheard certain words between Stephen Prentice and William Warly, honest men both as I have known them, therefore to be believed even in their cups beyond the belief that I should have given to Peter the gossip or Seth the scandal-monger. They spoke of my wife—of me, lastly of you. Enough that I listened—far more that I understood. I said to myself, 'There is Rose Nichol passing by, she was always my wife's friend—my wife loved her'—(it was strange to hear how he said "my wife" at every opportunity, as though the very name hurt him)—"and I said to her, 'They have been speaking ill of her. . . . You know my dear's spotless heart and mind and ways; you know that this thing is impossible, that it cannot be; tell me of it, assure me of it, that I may go back to her without one doubt of her in my mind, without my being forced to insult her purity with one question, or look, or word.' . . . But she only fell away from me like water, saying over and over again, 'I know nothing—nothing; go to Enoch, *he* knows.' . . . I left her there, and, finding her lover, said, 'Rose has sent me to you that you may tell me that my Ninon is the pure, innocent maiden that I loved, and Stephen and Seth are liars.' . . . And I told him, as I could not tell his girl, the words they had used."

He paused and looked upward at the lamp that shone like a beacon in Ninon's room.

"The man I honor most on earth," he went on, still in that unnaturally stony way, "the truest, the most upright, the best, looking downward and with bent head, gave me for reply, 'God grant she may be all ye think, my lad!' That was all. 'There is only one man on earth,' I said to myself, as I left

him, 'whose words can heal or poison me now;' and while I sought you in vain, Rose Nichol crossed my path once more, and, as if she read my need on my face, bade me come hither, where I should find you, she said. And now," he cried, his voice (monotonous and slow no longer) leaping forth like a sword from the scabbard, "answer me this—are these words that I have heard to-night but tipsy rumors, false as the hearts and tongues that bred them, or, before your God, is there any reason why she should have been your wife this day, not mine?"

He leaned forward, his hand still clutching the bough, his very pulses and heart standing still, the very life in him seeming to be suspended until the answer was spoken.

Martin's eyes, straying upward, rested on the window-blind, across which was flung at that moment the grotesque and exaggerated shadow of Ninon's exquisite neck and arms; then scarcely above his breath he uttered one damning syllable—

"Yes!"

Ninon now came to the window, and, lifting one corner of the blind, looked out toward the path by which her husband should by this time be coming to her. "He is long away," they heard her soft voice say; then, and without one glance toward the two men whose faces glared upon each other below, she dropped the blind and vanished. With a terrible sound that in its intensity reached not so high as a cry, Michael hurled himself upon Martin Strange, and, lifting him from the earth, dashed him downward, as a man may take some noisome, hurtful thing whose loathsomeness of existence is to some extent expiated by the violence of its end.

"It is a lie!" he cried—and his voice was scarcely above a whisper—"a lie!" he repeated, although he knew he was speaking to deaf ears, that his words were idle as the winds; and then, though his very soul thirsted for the life of this man, he found himself stooping down and looking anxiously for breath or movement—nay, discovered that a thrill passed through his frozen veins and heart as Martin presently stirred, sat up, and rose unsteadily to his feet.

"Come with me," said Michael; "come into her very presence and there repeat this lie if you dare." He suddenly broke off. Remembering the straightforward, honest traditions of the Lynaway men, it flashed through his brain that Martin Strange dared not so belie his name and calling any more than he possessed the wit to conceive so frightful a falsehood as the one of which he now stood accused.

"It is true?" said Michael, and in those three words was an appeal to the honor, good faith, and to that nameless *esprit de corps* that subsisted between every Lynaway man, and that would outlive injury, treachery, and even the foulest wrong, that the man addressed understood to the inmost fibre of his nature, and, gathering up the whole forces of his nature to meet the tax imposed upon them, answered for the second time to-night, the one word, "Yes."

A peal of awful laughter broke from Michael's lips as he lifted his hand and pointed upward to Ninon's room.

"Why do you not go to her?" he said. "She was your light o' love once, let her be your light o' love again. A marriage ceremony can count for little between such as you and she. Do you hear me?" he cried, with the echo of that unnatural laughter still in his voice. "Go to her and tell her that I sent you, hark you—that I *sent* you—and tell her that I have found out before it is yet too late that she stood at the altar with the wrong man to-day. Tell her that, if but now I could have killed you and gloried in the deed, I now thank God that I have not stained my soul with murder for such as she—that what you were to her once you can now be again; that I thank you for being the instrument by means of which I have discovered her vileness *now* instead of hereafter—for if she could come to me at the altar what she is, she would have betrayed me afterward, and it is better now than then. Who was it said that I loved her? A lie, a lie!—the woman I loved was pure as Heaven . . . she is dead; that which remains, Martin Strange, is yours, and yours alone."

Then he turned on his heel and went away without another word through the night.

CHAPTER V.

THE MIDNIGHT SALLY.

THE bride, listening in vain for the sound of Michael's foot on the stair, passed from surprise to doubt, from doubt to fear, and from fear to a chill and deadly foreboding of evil, that swept like a dimming, destroying mist between her heart and the restful, perfect happiness she had known since Michael placed the wedding-ring upon her finger.

"Martin could not have the heart to do it," she said aloud, her hands clasped in agony, her eyes wild and tinted with a more than common fear, the glorious tangle of her bright hair half veiling, half revealing the fairest neck, the most exquisitely-shaped shoulders in all Devon. "Michael would not believe him—he would be sure to come straight away to me and say, 'Ninon, is it *true*?'"

"Perhaps they are together now, and Martin is telling him." An idea seemed to flash across her brain, as, turning to the looking-glass, she began to fasten up her hair with rapid fingers, put on bodice and petticoat, herchief and shoes, then crept softly down-stairs to the house-door, that stood wide open against the return of the master. As she stood there, doubting for a moment whether or not she should take the path along which Michael so strangely tarried, she heard voices on the beach below, and, straining her eyes, made out the indistinct outlines of figures moving about; could even catch the occasional gleam of the weapons they carried as they busied themselves with the boat in their midst. One voice, rising above the rest with startling clearness, made her heart bound in her bosom, for even at this distance could not the ear of love distinguish it as that of Michael Winter, Ninon's bridegroom?

"What can he be doing there?" she thought, her cheek blanched with fear and horror, for did she not know that yonder were the custom-house officers, bent on one of those dangerous, almost desperate errands that had brought death to so many Lynaway men, that at last it had come to be understood that no man with others dependent on him, or who was not reckless or over-bold, should take his life in his hand in such fashion as this?—and as to the bold and stubborn smugglers, if they chose to follow a lawless existence at the sword's point, why, they might be left safely enough to the officers who had put salt on a good many tails, and meant to pickle a good many more.

Ninon, passing almost as quickly as a shadow chased from the hillside by the sun, crossed the garden and the shingle, but as she drew nearer saw, to her dismay, that the boat was already on the water, the last man in the very act of leaping in, and that as she approached it receded rapidly, although yet so near that she could make out among the custom-house men the face, strangely pale—or so it appeared to her—of Michael.

"Michael!" she cried, stretching out her arms, and never heeding how the sea was flowing over her feet and ankles. "Are you going away? Will you not speak to me?"

She saw that the rowers shipped their oars for a moment, and in the momentary silence that followed her sudden and unexpected appearance she heard one man say to another:

"He must be mad—has he forgotten that yon is his wife, and that this is his marriage-night?"

But Michael sat there like a stone, and said never a word.

"Come, come," said the one in authority among them, "there is no time for parley—we are late as it is—will you go back to your wife, Michael Winter, or do you remain with us?"

"I have no wife," said Michael Winter.

The master shrugged his shoulders, gave the word of command, and in another moment the long, swift strokes of the rowers had carried the boat out of ear-shot.

Ninon stood immovable, listening to the faint splash of the muffled oars that were even now dying away in the distance, gazing upon the receding shadow that stood to her for Michael, while her poor, pale lips kept repeating over and over again without sound her husband's words—"I have no wife." What did it all mean? Why was he leaving her in this violent, unnatural manner? A different parting from this, I wis, had been the parting of little more than an hour ago . . . had her weary fears borne the bitter fruit of reality at last—had *he* spoken to her husband? Looking down at the waves murmuring and creeping about her feet, a sudden and complete consciousness of the terrible thing that had befallen her came to her childish, tender heart, and for one delirious moment her brain seemed to turn. And since the one overmastering thought of which she was alone conscious was that she must get to Michael somehow that very instant, and tell him the

whole truth, it would have been no matter for wonder if she had there and then cast herself into the water, finding death while the poor, half-crazed brain believed itself to be compassing rest and safety. . . . Gossiping, ugly old Peter, who had, from the distance, espied the unusual commotion on the beach, and naturally set off thither as fast as his legs would carry him to ascertain the meaning of it, rubbed his amazed eyes on discovering the bride of the morning standing like a frozen nymph in the sea all by herself, and not a sign of Michael the bridegroom anywhere about.

"Mistress Winter, Mistress Winter," he said, "have you taken your shoes and stockings off just for the pleasure of staring at the sea and the sky? or have you forgotten that you were married at eleven o'clock this morning? . . . O fie! What will Michael say at your running away from him like this?"

"Michael is gone," she said, in a whisper, "with the custom-house officers, and before he went, while he was just yonder, he said that I was not his wife."

"Hey!" said Peter, scenting a scandal, and opening his eyes and ears greedily for the same, "are you joking? Did he tell ye to your face that you were not married to him?"

"Yes," said Ninon, "he said that—just that."

Peter, misled by the calmness of a manner that might well have deluded wiser men than he, cried in high glee: "Is the lad mad? Did we not all see him place the wedding-ring on your finger to-day? He is teasing you, Mistress Winter; he couldn't resist the notion of goin' with the men to-night, so he pretended to be a bit angry with you afore he went, just to prevent you scoldin' him when he came back!" But to himself he said: "A pretty story this for the lads to-morrow—goin' off like this on his marriage-night!"

"I think it is I who am mad," said poor Ninon, pale and cold. "Did I dream it all, Peter, or was not I married to Michael this morning? And did not he leave me at home, saying he would be back in five minutes?"

"O' coorse he did," said Peter, deeply interested and overjoyed at getting the story in its integrity instead of having to pick up a bit here and a bit there, and all the trouble afterward of dovetailing it into a respectable whole. "An' so he did not come back, my dear?" he said, pressing a little nearer to her, and looking into her widely-opened, fixed blue eyes that seemed to be looking far, far beyond him.

"No," she said, still in that slow, monotonous voice, and as though she were a sleep-walker under some mesmeric influence that compelled her to utter her thoughts and secrets aloud. "Do you not know—can you not tell me," she said, laying her slender hand upon the old man's, "why he went? Did he meet and have speech with either of the men—with Martin Strange—after he had taken me home?"

Peter, looking down upon that lovely, imploring young face, felt that out of her own lips was she condemned, and sighed, for his heart was not a bad one, and he thought he would even forego the repetition

of this highly-spiced story to know that Michael had no just cause to leave her in this fashion, to know that, flighty as she might have been, there was no real harm or disgrace in her past history.

"I bid him good-night at your mother's cottage," he said, drawing his arm away from her touch, and his voice carried a weight of reprobation (all worthless and disreputable though he was) that would have fallen heavily upon any woman who had a better knowledge of the practices and penalties of evil than Ninon had.

And so it had ever been that, with her mind possessed by one great fear, she had never noticed the questioning glances, and even words, that had been cast upon her by the Lynaway folks for the past three months.

"Ye had better go home, Mistress Winter," said Peter, not unkindly. "That boat'll not be back till break o' day, an' when 'tis in your good-man'll go up to ye yonder, an' if aught's amiss between ye mebbe 'twill all come right the morn." But in his heart, and knowing Michael, he thought nothing of the kind.

"At break of day," said Ninon, repeating his words to herself, "and maybe 'twill all come right between you. He is quite sure to come back, is he not, Peter?"

"Ay," he said; adding, aside, "if he's not killed, as poor Jack Spiller and Tom Masters were last fall."

"Three hours to the break of day," she said, looking upward; then went a few steps back over the shingle and sat down to keep her watch. Paying no heed to Peter's remonstrances, for he was one of those (there are nineteen such out of every twenty people living) who could give pity to the discomforts of the body, while the infinitely greater suffering of the mind he considered worthy of but little or no consideration, Ninon sat with straining eyes looking out to sea, to all intents and purposes blind until the black speck upon the waters that meant life and salvation to her should appear.

She could have had but little pride, this poor Ninon, to wait here so humbly, so faithfully for one who had treated her with such bitter scorn, and in truth with her perfect love had cast out pride, as it does in all purely faithful gentlewomen. . . . The love that can suspend itself or wax cooler by reason of the neglect or cruelty of the thing it loves is not worthy of the name of love at all, but may be called a bastard imitation of the divine passion, compounded of love of admiration, satisfaction at being adored, and a cold and practical adjustment of the scales on the give-and-take principle that accords but ill with the whole-heartedness, the lavish abundance of the gift of perfect love.

Peter withdrew himself to the shadow of a neighboring boat (for it was against the traditions of his existence to march off in the very midst of this exciting little story, and leave Providence to put the *finale* into his hands) and fell fast asleep. And Ninon—who shall succeed in portraying the state of a human soul (that feels, yet has no power to utter those feelings aloud) immediately after it has been smitten with the greatest earthly calamity that can befall it?

To say that in the first few moments or even hours after the blow has fallen intense agony and conscious suffering ensue would be false, these come afterward, and are the result of a certain and absolute recognition of the thing it has at first steadily refused to accept; rather is the soul in this its early stage of misery in a state of confusion and excitement, fearing all things while accepting none, and therefore not yet within the iron and remorseless grasp of certainty before which fear, doubt, and surmise, will flee away like shadows.

Thus Ninon could scarcely be said to have yet entered into her heritage of woe. She was as yet borne up by an intensity of forward lookout that at any other time, and if colored by happier anticipation, might have stood for hope. "At break of day," so her lips murmured over and over again, while Peter snored heavily, and the receding tide moaned and whispered itself farther and farther away from her.

The coolness of the midsummer night deepened for the space of an hour or so into cold. About the same time the lamps faded out of the sky, the uncertain moonlight died away, out yonder in the east the red-colored sky took on a clearer, lighter hue, as though the sun while yet a long, long way off sent forth some pale and chilly message of his coming.

It was in this hour, gray and unbeautiful in sky, and land, and sea, that there came over the water six or seven or eight echoes, very faint and indistinct, yet Ninon knew them in an instant for what they really were, the firing of shots. These sounds, with their suggestion of violence and danger, gave a new turn to the girls' thoughts, if such they might be termed; and, strangely enough, for the first time the image of Michael in danger, Michael wounded, passed like a flash of lightning before her eyes. Here she had been dreaming of Michael estranged, remorseless, full of hatred and loathing for her; and now in the space of one instant she was fearing nothing from his words and looks, only desiring with the whole force of her heart that he might come back to her, angry and cruel as he would, but *alive*. O God, alive! It was the old triumph of reality over imagination, the old healthy victory of things actual over things unreal, the inevitable supremacy of circumstance and event over the intangible diseases of the mind. . . . Do we not all and every day fret ourselves over some imaginary evil, some mental trouble, occupying ourselves with the splitting of straws, the arraignment of Fate and Fortune; and when in our midst falls a thunder-bolt of real disaster or accomplished ruin, do we not fling our mental worryings aside and, bowing to the prosaic catastrophe, acknowledge that we, being for the most part creatures more of flesh and blood than brains, are capable of being far more heavily punished by what may be said to pertain to the former, not the latter—viz., sickness, death, starvation, and

"The thousand ills that flesh is heir to"—

than by any purely mental sufferings, howsoever acute or bitter they may be?

How long Ninon stood by the edge of the freshening waves she never knew—time was not for her, nor had she any actual existence until in the distance, and by the light of the now struggling day-break, she discerned a black and distant speck that her leaping heart told her was the home-returning boat. . . . Footsteps came across the shingle, but she heeded them not ; a voice sounded in her ears—the voice of Martin Strange—but it went past her like the foolish cry of a bird at even ; she saw not his haggard, shamed face, shamed through all the new-found honor of a strong and good resolve written upon it ; her life, her soul, her eyes, were concentrated on one object—the advancing boat, and the feat of ascertaining whether among the men who filled it was her husband, alive and unhurt.

The boat, seemingly heavily overladen, came but slowly ; the rowers, pulling hard and well, were getting plainly distressed ; there certainly was not one man less yonder than started three hours ago—nay, there seemed to be more !

They are near enough now for Peter, who has awakened, to exclaim that the men are splashed with blood, and that no less than half a dozen of the smugglers lie secured in the bottom of the boat ; but Ninon looks not at them, only gazes first on one face, then on another, seeking but finding not ; and now, as the keel of the boat grates against the shore, and Peter and Martin catch the ropes flung to them, she steps forward and utters two words—

“ Michael Winter ? ”

There is a moment's silence, for all of these present know that this is Michael Winter's wife ; but one of the captured men, his face gashed and bleeding, his right arm broken and hanging by his side, cries out with a terrible oath from the place where he lies :

“ Shot through the breast, woman, an hour ago, fell overboard, and was lost—served him right ” (an oath), “ for meddling in other people's affairs instead of minding his own business.”

[END OF PART I.]

OUT OF LONDON.

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

CHAPTER III.

SETTING.

I.

A HOUSE foreordained to be our home for an indefinite number of years ought, in strict poetry, mystically to obtain our recognition at the first glance. “ This is the place ! ” we should exclaim, pausing as our eyes rest upon it, and knowing by intuition that it contains the right number of rooms, and that rent, soil, neighborhood, and associations, are precisely what we must approve. Furthermore, the discovery ought to be made by a seeming accident—by a fatality vanquishing ostensible improbabilities. We should have taken a wrong train, or alighted at a wrong station, and thus have come upon our goal involuntarily ; or, having ended our day's search, we should be impelled by a subtle perversity to dodge round an unpromising corner, or to walk yet another hopeless quarter of a mile, when lo ! the predestined spot.

Is the fault in ourselves, or in the nature of things, that this poetical consummation is so seldom realized ? There must always, unquestionably, be a predestined spot, as well as a moment when we first catch sight of it ; but, so far as my experience goes, there is no instantaneous recognition. The house did not seem at all suitable ; the fact that the landlord lived within a stone's-throw of it was an additional argument, if any were needed, against its occupation ; and when I returned that first evening of my discovery to St. John's Wood, it was with the conviction that, wherever my lot might ultimately be cast, it would not be in Byemoor. Yet a few days afterward I repaired thither once more, and tried to

think that, if the place had been a little different, it might have answered ; subsequent visits revealed the existence, in the immediate neighborhood, of an American gentleman who was said to be, like myself, addicted to literature ; in process of time I began to think that among many unsatisfactory localities Byemoor was perhaps not the worst ; and, finally, rather through weariness than choice, I yielded to my landlord's blandishments and signed my name to the lease. There was no symptom of romantic intuition about all this, and up to the day of occupation I entertained a secret expectation that some incalculable occurrence or other would upset my plans. No such matter happened, and I settled down in due course. Am I therefore callous and impenetrable by the finer influences of things ? or is there no such influence ? Or is the poetical idea never to be realized in this world, but only meant to serve as an encouragement toward another ?

The suburban village on the outskirts of which destiny had established me does not really bear the name of Byemoor—not, at least, to the apprehension of any one save myself. England is so small and so old as to make it seem impossible that everybody in it has not visited and become familiar with its every acre ; and hence an indisposition on my part, in the ensuing descriptions of my chosen abode and its environs, to adopt the nomenclature authorized by the present ordnance-survey, and current among the population. And, after all, the oldest names are arbitrary and transient ; time has been when they were not, and time to come shall see them forgotten. Byemoor, to all critical or literary intents and purposes, is as serviceable an appellation as Blackheath, Hampton, Isleworth, Hampstead, or St. Albans, would

be; and in some aspects it is even better. For, whereas the latter places could not be intimately and impartially treated of without risk of giving offense, whether by flattery or disparagement, to their worthy inhabitants, Byemoor, which may or may not be either one of them, can be enlarged upon to the fullest extent with no danger of the kind. It is pleasanter for all parties to be typical than to be photographic, and very likely there is more essential truth in the former way of looking at a thing than in the latter. No detached specimen is complete; it needs to be rounded out with the lights and shadows of the entire species, if not of the genus and family, before it stands forth in full and recognizable relief. Epigrammatically, we must look through the lens of the whole world in order truly to see a pebble or a flower. I shall not attempt quite so much as this in describing Byemoor, nor shall I engage invariably to adhere to the typical method at all. The reader, therefore, if he finds anything to agree with in the following chapters, will be at liberty to generalize its application; while objectionable passages will kindly be ascribed to the writer's temporary relapse into particulars as exceptional as disagreeable.

The reader has the best of it, for, unfortunately, the typifying process cannot be applied to real life; it is not easy to idealize a brick-and-plaster house, or to generalize a butcher's bill, except from the vantage-ground of pen and paper. There is an irritating awkwardness and rigidity about material objects which contrasts unfavorably with what may be termed their literary plasticity. By a stroke of my pen I can annihilate that square, ugly building across the way, and open up a charming view of brook and meadow and clustering trees, with perhaps a church-tower in the middle distance and a blue hill in the background. Such an arrangement might have existed without in the least violating the modesty of Nature or the local proprieties of Byemoor; yet to bring it about would be a job not lightly to be attempted by any giant less brawny than he of the imagination; and even his exploits, immeasurable though they are, are prone to dwindle into nothing beneath so seemingly harmless a test as ocular inspection. It is the writer's lot to endure things as they are; but he may take a sort of revenge upon them by representing them as he would have wished them to be—guarding himself only against overstepping the limits of a reasonable might-have-been.

II.

I HAVE incidentally alluded to a certain American gentleman of a literary turn, who was settled in a house nearly adjoining my own, and who, unknown to himself, had to some extent influenced me in selecting Byemoor as a residence. From such little information as I was able to pick up concerning him during the first week or two of my arrival, I should have judged him to be a person of more than English reserve and somewhat unconventional habits, who had tucked himself away in this secluded and yet suburban retreat for the sake of enjoying that choicest privacy which nestles upon the brink of pub-

licity. The churches, whether orthodox or dissenting, knew him not; he gave no entertainments, he made no calls, he visited London not more than once a month, and even then he was as likely to go afoot as by the train. There were living with him a library, a wife, and a couple of servants. He received a good many letters, and in return was in the habit of dropping an occasional large blue envelope into the post-office box on the corner, which was believed to contain his contributions to literature. He kept a revolver, a cat, and a monkey. He was said to keep in-doors during the greater part of the day, but after sundown, in rainy or fair weather, he was often to be seen striding rapidly out into the country, clad in a roundabout pea-jacket and brandishing a short, thick cane. Although not a subscriber to *Mudie's*, he took in most of the leading weekly reviews, and, when anything of especial interest in the political or social world turned up, he generally sent down an order for a daily paper. He was of a grave and rather forbidding cast of countenance, yet when spoken to he answered pleasantly enough, and in pretty tolerable English. He was an inveterate smoker, but drank less than a man of his apparent means and good health ought to do in a climate like that of England; he sat up terribly late o' nights, and was suspected of taking a cup of coffee and a cigar before arising in the morning. Although understood to have lived for many years in England, he did not appear to have profited as he might have done by his opportunities; for he was still a heretic in religion, a republican in politics, and the harshness of a Yankee accent was perceptible in his speech. His build, however, was rather English than American. He was somewhat under forty years of age, yet his hair and beard were already streaked here and there with gray. He was very fond of flowers, and his name was Jabez Hedgley.

I have been thus particular in describing Mr. Hedgley because we by-and-by became acquainted; and his conversation, being that of a typical Anglo-American, interested me by its representative quite as much as by its intrinsic qualities; and it is my purpose in these essays largely to temper my own views and criticisms by exhibiting them side by side with his. I may stand for the raw Yankee, as yet unacclimated to the mother-country, and full of undigested prejudices, obnoxious or favorable, as to every novelty that I encounter. Mr. Hedgley, on the other hand, must answer for the resident whose opinions have had time to mature, who has been able to consider the insular manners and customs from a conservative as well as from a republican standpoint, and who has learned to be extreme neither in his likes nor dislikes. Probably his judgments may obtain more general acceptance than mine; nevertheless I am by no means sure that there is not sometimes a certain virtue in a first glance which is apt to be absent from a longer and more deliberate inspection. The mind becomes so quickly accustomed to new conditions as ere long to forget their novelty; and, though the insight may grow more penetrating, it abates something of its discrimination. I have

now myself been for some years upon English soil, and opportunity has been afforded me to reconsider my first hasty prepossessions; yet I doubt whether ignorance, provided it be of a curious and receptive kind, may not have a useful mission in the world. It is a motor to put productive machinery agoing. I must not, however, seem to recommend my lucubrations to an intelligent public solely on the score of the ignorance displayed in them. My trust is in Hedgley; it shall go hard but he shall ever and anon strike out a judicious and respectable sentiment. But let it not be forgotten that my own levity may sometimes have been the provocation of his wisdom. It is by dint of such opposing yet mutually stimulating elements that the fire of life is made to burn. But for him my crudities might have lacked correction; and but for me the extent of his knowledge might have remained hidden even from himself.

III.

I HAVE little or nothing in palliation of the indiscretion—if such it be considered—of dragging my friendly interlocutor into print. I may observe, however, that my purpose so to do was known to him, and that he was indifferently acquiescent. "Nine people out of ten, he used to say, "will take me to be a fictitious character—an artistic foil for your own personality; and, as for the tenth fellow, who cares for him? Most likely he won't read the book at all! Moreover, there is a certain side to every man which is public property; no one has exclusive right to his own opinions; nay, if they be honestly formed, he himself will generally desire their publication. In the case of a woman it would be different; she does her thinking in her heart, and a woman's heart is a delicate matter to meddle with. But use me as much as you like, provided you can invent a decent anagram to cover my nakedness withal." I could scarcely have contrived a veil more impenetrable than that smoky one wherewith my friend would envelop himself the while he spoke.

Jabez Hedgley is no longer, unless in the spiritual sense, my neighbor. It is not very many weeks since he gathered together his household-gods, and emigrated—of all places in the world—to Florida! He has built a lodge in the wilderness there, and writes me that he is cultivating oranges and bananas, and puffing cigarettes in a hammock swung beneath the shade of palm-trees. Meanwhile, his English dwelling stands deserted; but so soon as the lease of my own premises has expired I intend moving into it. It is a much more attractive place than mine; and besides, when I sit at nightfall in the study, before the candles are lighted, I shall sometimes peer doubtfully through the cloudy incense of my own tobacco-pipe, half fancying that I can discern the dark outlines of his figure sitting with one knee thrown across the other in yonder roomy easy-chair. What is Florida, and six thousand miles? I tell you he still sits there occasionally, and we converse together in our old strain.

The house, as I first remember it, wore an aspect of quiet and cultured picturesqueness which distin-

guished it from most of the surrounding edifices. The latter were uniformly square, hip-roofed structures, with a clustered chimney rising from the centre of the ridge-pole, and a street-face washed with white or buff-colored plaster. They could not have been uglier without becoming grotesque, and therefore perversely agreeable. The bricks of which they were built were of the yellowish-brown hue which prevails in England, and which it seems impossible that a healthy mind should not detest. The houses, nearly a dozen in number, were ranged on opposite sides of a little private road, each one provided with a small rectangle of front-yard, a flight of steps up to the door, and a plaster fence on the street, made to misrepresent stone. They stood two and two, in a condition of so-called semi-detachment—a kind of relationship which, though common in England, is a device of petty economy unworthy of Englishmen. Seems to me I would rather openly live in the same house with a man, avowing my position, than cheat myself into a delusion of privacy by interposing a flimsy partition between his set of rooms and mine. The same roof still covers us both, and the smoke of the fires that warm us issue from the self-same chimney. "For the matter of that, however," as Hedgley once replied to me, "the same sky roofs all mankind, and they are shone upon by the same nebulous star we call the sun. It's nonsense attempting to be entirely independent of one another, and we might as well begin to draw our line at the semi-detached house as anywhere else." Nevertheless, the greater part of these particular semi-detached dwellings were unoccupied, and staid so in spite of the "To Let's" posted in every window, and the big sign-board at the head of the street which obtruded its weather-stained announcements upon the notice of all who walked upon the highway. The "Fairmount Estate" would have been more popular, I contended, had the builder been wise enough to keep his houses at a decent distance from one another. To be cheap is commonly to be extravagant.

Fairmount, however, was thickly planted with trees, most of them of comparatively recent growth, but many-leaved and shady nevertheless. The little front-yards often contained hedges of laurel, which kept their greenness through the year; and in one or two instances the plaster fence was overshadowed by an embowering canopy of flowering ivy. Poplars flourished in this locality with especial luxuriance; I have not seen elsewhere specimens of this tree which would have formed a graceful and picturesque feature in a landscape. They grew, besides, with surprising rapidity; my landlord, Captain Sleasby, late of the Byemoor militia, still points out to me, at least once in the course of every conversation we have together, a certain well-grown poplar in the centre of his garden, which, he assures me, was brought thither on his son's shoulder only ten years ago. "Ha! I tell him," says the captain, taking snuff with a peculiarly knowing and humorous expression—"I tell him—don't believe he could carry it out again to-morrow—or yesterday—ha, ha!" And the gal-

lant officer blows his nose and chuckles. And the joke grows better and better every day; the tree is sixty feet high already, and by the time it reaches a hundred the captain should pose as a second Joe Miller.

This abundance of verdure, at least during the summer, goes far to conceal the architectural deficiencies of Fairmount even from itself. Houses in England are generally leasable at Michaelmas, which seems to me an ill-judged custom. In the early days of June any person of sensibility would be willing to pay double the rent that could be extorted from him in the leafless fall or winter months: for English foliage bears a charm which not all the practical and matter-of-fact spirit of the English people, operating during a thousand years, has been able to dispel or scarcely to modify. "Do you imagine," demanded Hedgley, "that the English people wish to get rid of their foliage? On the contrary, they are particularly proud of it, and are at considerable pains and expense to make it as effective as possible."

"Nevertheless," I replied, "the worker in brick-and-mortar, or he who employs him, holds the first place; and afterward the landscape-gardener is at liberty to assist Nature as much as he may in the often successful attempt to hide the hideousness which he of the trowel has perpetrated."

I wonder, by-the-way, why it is that the utilitarians always have precedence of the disciples of natural beauty? If beauty is divine and ugliness only human, one would expect the supremacy to incline the other way.

IV.

HEDGLEY'S house—to return to the spot we started from—is neither semi-detached nor otherwise offensive. It stands in an inclosure by itself, and is screened from all observers (except those who look from the upper windows of the neighboring edifices) by high and compact hedges. It is situated at the very end of the short *cul-de-sac* of a street which bears the name of Fairmount, and its northern bedroom-windows overlook a meadow two or three acres in extent, sloping downward to a murmuring brook. The house is four-square, but its angularity is relieved by a wide, two-columned porch over the front-door; while a bow-window on one side lends a pleasing unevenness to the façade. A small conservatory is wedged in between the southern side of the house and the garden-wall; there are four chimneys, two of them much higher than the others; and they, as well as the rest of the structure, are built of sound, old-fashioned red bricks.

"Captain Sleasby thought the red a disqualification," my friend once observed to me, "and I made him deduct ten pounds from the rent for the very feature of the house that most pleased me. I guess he added it on again, though, for the ivy, which he values quite as highly as I do. Englishmen like their homes to be ivy-covered, not so much because ivy makes them beautiful as on account of the assurance of antiquity it gives, and the presumption that the family of the occupant is antique, too. Another thing, it takes the damp out of the walls, instead of

putting it in, as you might suppose it would do. I like ivy; I sometimes think I would be willing to exchange our autumnal tints for it!"

The whole front of the house, in fact—it is but two stories high—is draped in perennial green from base to eaves. The columns of the porch are bound about with hairy stems and shaggy with leaves. The windows show like dark, glistening pools embosomed in sedate verdure, and somehow prevailed upon to disregard the laws of gravitation. The bow-window is the only exception; it is a comparatively recent addition of Hedgley's, and is not yet entirely overgrown. On its northern end the house is bare; but the ruddy nakedness of time-worn brick is more picturesque than any dress it can put on, save one. The building is at least ten times as old as any other in Fairmount, which accounts for its not being yellow-brown and plaster-faced like the rest. On the southern side the outlines of the bricks are marked by green lines of moss; and an adventurous ivy-stem has climbed above the conservatory, and so on up the projection of the chimney, spreading fan-like, and seeming to hang its weight upon that which it helps to uphold. The sills of all the windows are fitted with trough-like boxes, in which grow dense little embankments of scarlet and white geraniums.

The front lawn is perhaps half an acre in area, green and mossy and deep of turf. Along the borders of the path which skirts two sides of it grow a succession of crimson, standard roses, each in a little circular bed by itself. The other two sides are inclosed by a crumbling brick-wall, about seven feet in height, held together, as it were, by knotted bands of ivy, which, however, are nearly bare of leaves except along the top. Just inside of this wall is planted an impenetrable holly-hedge, rising about three feet above the outer barrier, and certainly offering a much more formidable defense against intrusion. It is kept carefully trimmed, and looks smooth, solid, and glistening all over. I am not sure that holly makes the handsomest hedge imaginable; but it seems to be more prized in England than any other; probably because it takes so many years to grow, and when grown it is so practically efficacious. In the angle of the wall is a little summer-house—a segment of roofing, merely, supported by a single column at the outer edge, and climbed over by a white and a pink rose-vine. The northern side of the garden—that toward the meadow already mentioned—is without a hedge; and the wall has loopholes cut in it, through which you obtain glimpses of the prospect outside as you walk down the path. A flower-bed, narrow but rich in bloom, runs along the base of this wall; and a couple of broader ones extend beneath the windows on either side of the porch.

Such, to the outward view, is Ivyside, a very favorable specimen of a certain class of English houses. Its only fault—and that, to a man like Hedgley, is one of its main attractions—consists in its comparative remoteness. Fairmount is more than a mile beyond the village of Byemoor, which is itself about fifteen miles out of London, and Ivyside is at the last

extremity of Fairmount. The only callers there are the tradesmen—the butcher, the grocer, and the fishmonger, in the morning, and the baker in the afternoon. On Saturday evenings, also, a haggard woman, attired in dingy black, comes up the path, accompanied by a small, dingy boy; they lug between them, with short steps and outstretched arm, a huge basket piled high with some snow-white substance, whose spotlessness presents a remarkable contrast to their own impurity. On Monday afternoon, the same sombre pair again make their appearance, this time to 'bear away a nameless, shapeless something in a capacious black bag. Who are these mysterious persons, and what is the nature of the burden which they bear? They are the laundress and her little boy, and the basket and the bag contain the incoming and the outgoing wash.

V.

If you alight at Byemoor station and ask for Fairmount, the porter (if he happens to know anything about the matter, and to be in a communicative mood besides) will tell you it is opposite "The Foive Oawks." If you ask where they are, he will look upon you as too ignorant for information to be of any use to you, and will saunter away.

"The Foive Oawks" is, in fact, a public-house, and public-houses are a sort of guide-posts all over England. All distances, all localities are referred to them, and whoever shapes his course by them may be sure of arriving, sooner or later, at his destination. If an epidemic were to occur among them, blotting them out from the face of the country, the greater part of the British populace would have great difficulty in finding their way home, or, being there, would hardly think it safe or worth while to venture abroad again. Sir Wilfrid Lawson, and the other advocates of abstinence, do not seem to have given any heed to this aspect of the question, but it really deserves serious consideration. It would be of no avail to multiply milestones, guide-posts, and maps; such helps appeal only to the eye and the intellect; but the public-house is connected by vital ties with the British heart; and all moralists agree that it is by the heart, and not by the brain, that mankind is led.

The number of these institutions throughout Britain is astounding; I have not counted up how many lie within a mile radius from Byemoor centre,

but I am tolerably safe in saying that there are more than a hundred. Any man who should start from "The Foive Oawks," and take his half-pint of beer at every tavern between that and Byemoor church, would never know how he finished his journey. It seems incredible that all of them should be able to command custom enough to pay their way, yet, as a matter of fact, the business is almost always profitable, and no one of these numberless beer-taps could run dry without making a great many people thirsty.

It is not my present intention, however, to enter upon the great public-house question, but only to direct the reader the nearest and surest way to Fairmount, should he ever desire to verify my description of it for himself. As he comes along the asphalt sidewalk from the railway-station, he will observe that the land gradually trends upward, so that, by the time he reaches "The Foive Oawks," and stops in there for further directions, he will have ascended nearly to a level with Thompson's Hill, whence is obtained the finest prospect in the neighborhood. The country, nevertheless, has a somewhat wearisome appearance of flatness, which the multitude of trees and the minor irregularities of surface can do little to relieve. We must make up our minds to be satisfied with the beauties close around us, and not attempt to impress ourselves with the grander enchantments lent by distance. There are half a dozen quietly agreeable little walks within a few miles of Fairmount, but I cannot promise anything imposing in the way of scenery. As is inevitable in England, there are twenty spots near at hand which possess an artificial interest due to historic associations; but I shall not lay especial stress upon these, because that phase of England has been treated of too often and too exhaustively by other people.

In short, I wish to conduct myself here very much as a native Englishman might, who had nothing particular to do, and concerned himself more with small affairs and homely interests than with what a stranger would consider more important things. Important things are so interesting that the sap very soon gets sucked out of them, and then they are no better than husks; whereas petty things are always cropping out in fresh, humorous, and piquant lights, and when we study them we feel as if we were at any rate learning something which not everybody knows.

CHIARO-OSCURO.

THE garden, with its throngs of drowsy roses,
Below the suave midsummer night reposes,
And here kneel I, whom Fate supremely blesses,
In the dim room, where lamplit dusk discloses
Your two dark stars of eyes, your rippled tresses,
Whose fragrant folds the fragrant breeze caresses!

White flower of womanhood, ah, how completely,
How strongly, with invisible bonds, yet sweetly,
You bind, as my allegiant love confesses,

You bind, you bend, immutably yet meetly,
This soul of mine, that all its pride represses,
A willing falcon in love's golden jesses!

To me such hours as these I breathe are holy!
I kneel, I tremble, I am very lowly,
While this dear consecrated night progresses,
And faint winds through the lattice-vines float slowly
From all high starriest reaches and recesses—
Night's heavenly though unseen embassadresses!

EDGAR FAWCETT.

A DAY AT DUTCH FLAT.

BY ALBERT F. WEBSTER.

WHILE searching for places of interest to visit in California, the curiosity-hunter is sure to hear, sooner or later, of Dutch Flat. The uncouthness of the name brings to mind at once the rough days of the State's history; and, with the hope of seeing at least a remnant of the original life and manners, one is easily induced to journey that way.

The town is spoken of familiarly as a mining-camp, hydraulic mining being almost the sole industrial interest, and "camp" the old-time designation, though the early canvas has long since changed to timber.

If one approaches the place in the evening, as he will in all likelihood if he starts from Sacramento, he will be deeply impressed, in spite of the surprising descriptions he has received, at the havoc that this peculiar method of mining has made with the face of the country. It is torn up everywhere. Pits and jagged holes appear on every hand, and where the fierce water has once been used not a spear of grass nor a trunk of a tree remains. Nothing but dreary acres of whitish gravel and ugly bowlders are left to show where fair regions once were; and these viewed in the twilight seem inexpressibly desolate.

The town is situated upon the edge of one of these dismantled and deflowered regions, and the traveler dreads lest the settlement participate in the unhappy scene, and that a sojourn in it may be a day of discomfort.

The wagon from the railway-station turns into a road behind the building, and goes rapidly and with fearful jolts down a long hill to the westward. You do not see the town at first; nothing but shorn hill-sides of very red earth near by, and, in the distance, a broad, washed-out valley, with dark hills at the edge of the horizon. The air is cool and revivifying, and the general outlook has that ample breadth which permits the beholder to seem twice himself from sympathy.

Some hundreds of feet lower down you come upon the Chinese quarter of the town, showing numberless lights at the windows, and a few lanterns tied upon poles at the corners of the alleys. Upon the porches and upon the door-steps are seated the shaven, blue-clad inhabitants, chattering like black-birds. High up upon a hill to the right you just catch, by the failing light of the western sky a glimpse of a lofty roof supported by slender pillars, beneath which are two or three platforms decorated with inscriptions in gilt, and with long, sweeping banners of reddish cloth. It is the Chinese church. A little farther on and still down the hill you reach the outskirts of the town. Several gardens with low fences, a few white cottages surrounded with trees, a number of young men and young girls, clad mostly in white, strolling and laughing along the sidewalks, meet your gaze, and you afterward recall that it was

just at this point that you unknowingly laid your ideal of a mining-camp aside.

A little farther still you see in the gathering dusk the square tower of a church whose long windows are aglow with yellow light. At the open door are a few lounging figures, those irresolute who doubt whether appearing at the door of a sanctuary is not quite enough to ask of a man. Across the way is a schoolhouse three stories high, with some gold letters on the front which glisten upon their undersides with the light below.

Beyond are a few more cottages; then the street narrows, and after a sudden plunge it ascends a steep incline amid a few trees whose overhanging branches make it dark. All at once you pass into a lighted thoroughfare filled with people, and stop at the porch of a two-storied public-house, whose chattels, to judge from the noise and hubbub that are going on within its offices, are in process of sale by auction.

It is not until morning that it becomes at all clear how the land lies, for, no matter how far you wander after tea, a certain confusion that exists among the streets is not to be simplified; the ascents and descents are numerous and precipitous, and the ways are often blind alleys that lead you face to face with banks of earth.

You breakfast with forty or fifty miners at six o'clock. Most of the men are exceedingly powerful—both physically and in the use of language. That one of these giants should in the name of all the terrors ask that his meat be well done, or that he call upon the devil and the Lord to witness the truth of his statement that last night was the hottest that he had experienced since he had been born, is not altogether surprising. And if among them is a man of tame demeanor, you determine that he is fictitious—not a gold-hunter at heart. Upon a side-table is a large number of dinner-pails already packed with food. As each man goes out he grasps his own, seizes his shabby hat from a peg, and passes out-of-doors with a noisy tread, as if giving notice that he is bent upon a fair day's work.

At an early hour the little town is almost deserted. After seven o'clock few people are to be seen, and the dogs go out and play together unmolested in the street. This is the time to make your first excursion, for the heat of the sun is not yet oppressive, and there is a fresh, earthy odor in the air. The main street, you find, runs up and down a steep hill. It is lined with the ordinary village-shops on either hand, each abutter having a descending flight of steps at the end of his sidewalk to connect him with the premises below. Thus, going down-town is equivalent to a descent from the attic to the front-door. At the bottom of the street a road runs off to the right and left, and beyond is one of those torn and hapless expanses already spoken of.

Near the middle of the descent—that is, close to the corner where you alighted last evening—is a tall liberty-pole a little storm-eaten and half dismantled, like the liberty-poles of old country-places in the East; a town-pump which yields the very sweetest of water; a gilded public-house sign swung in the old-fashioned way at the corner, so that it may be read from four approaches; and a number of fresh, green locust-trees whose thrifty leaves spread a grateful shade all over the narrow way. So neighborly is the place that, when the butcher has occasion to know the time, he hails the watch-maker across the street, who, putting his head over his glass screen, says, half-past eight and be hanged to him; at this pleasantry half the street bursts into a loud laughter, which is increased to a roar when the butcher is heard to reply that if he hung he didn't know what would become of the watch-maker, giving the town to understand thereby that the artificer was a steady debtor to him, and would die of starvation if he (the butcher) were extinct. A trial of strength between two dogs is sure to bring every shopkeeper out, and, if a half-drunken tippler sings a rollicking song or a hasty mother scolds her youth in the privacy of her back-yard, the chances are excellent that Dutch Flat hears every word.

The town has no fire-engine. For defense against conflagration a heavy head of water is laid on from the mountains, and is brought into the streets by means of small iron hydrants, similar to those used in the cities. At about noon on each hot day, "Ike," a lean, self-contained man, who always has a portion of a cigar in his mouth, brings a short length of hose into the main street, and adjusting it to all the hydrants he can find, one after the other, beginning at the bottom of the street, he sprinkles everything that he can reach with the stream, producing a grateful change in the heated air, and creating something of a breeze. If a saloon-keeper is desirous of a little more water than common, he simply guesses out loud that "that piazzar up there 'u'd stan' a duckin';" and if a good lady has a favorite tree that needs reviving, she presents her smiling face above the top of her gate, and charmingly wonders if Ike could "jest play a stream onto that pore sufferin' thing to git it out of misery." No one presumes to give him orders. He is on a level with the best, and shares the great politeness that is characteristic of the place.

As you ascend to the upper part of the town, you are likely to be pleased and a little surprised at the neatness and prettiness of the cottages you find there. Built mostly in the midst of little lawns, shaded with trees and running vines, they are models of what they assume to be—houses of people in moderate circumstances. It is not likely that any one of them cost more than three thousand dollars, yet a little good taste having been employed, and Nature having been invited, they fill their measure thoroughly. From their trellised porches roses of all hues hang in the utmost profusion; the windows are screened with lace; garden-chairs are placed in the grass beneath the locusts, and the

doors are open through and through, permitting the breezes to sweep everywhere. You are sure to hear the voices of children and the songs of hidden birds at any hour, and the air is always fragrant with the odor of flowers. Were one to descend upon this spot from the clouds, he would never guess that he was in Dutch Flat, in California.

It is natural to dwell upon the graceful feature of the town after one has caught a glimpse of its surroundings, for it may be fairly doubted if there is in the country another place with features in close juxtaposition so utterly dissimilar, so startlingly in contrast, and yet belonging so intimately to each other.

Keeping on up the hill, you soon emerge from among the houses and the grateful shade-trees, and suddenly find yourself in a hot and glaring desert. All about you are stones, heaps of whitish gravel, boulders of immense size, and high cliffs of bare earth full of seams and gullies. Here, for the first time, you find yourself upon mining-ground.

The method of hydraulic mining is briefly this: From some lofty point a head of water is let on through iron pipes of varying diameter, and is projected in a thin stream against the bottom of a hill of gravel known to contain gold. The earth falls in loosened masses, and is washed into channels which lead to sluice-boxes. A sluice-box is a narrow trough made of planks and provided with a false bottom. Over the upper surface the current of earth and water passes, the finer portions of the gravel, together with what gold there may be, falling through apertures upon the real bottom below. Here at intervals are cross-pieces a few inches high, in whose angles quicksilver is placed. The particles of gold, great and small, draw to this, while the worthless earth is washed on and out of the way. These sluice-boxes are watched night and day, and are "cleared up," that is, the amalgam is taken out, at intervals which vary from ten days to three months or more, just as the earth is more or less rich in metal.

The pipes which convey the water are made of thin iron hardly thicker than box cardboard, and vary from some forty inches to fifteen in diameter. They are smooth, round, and black as jet. They are led across depressions in the ground upon trestles, and, where the surface is favorable, they are laid upon sleepers like the tracks of a railway. They are often miles in length, and, though their general tendency is downward, yet they make many rises and turns. The pipe near by you disappears a short distance off, behind a low hillock; it comes into view again two or three rods farther on; then it is lost for a quarter of a mile, and you see it climbing a hill like a serpent, bending itself over the crest, and vanishing once more; then, perhaps, you may see it in the faint distance curving like a hair-line, still doing its tremendous duty, yet with so little suggestion of the great power contained within it.

You bend down and apply your ear to a little orifice you find upon the upper side of one of these

pipes, and you hear the furious rush of the water ; at the same time your hat is blown from your head by a back-handed current of air that bursts from its imprisonment within the tube. A mile farther on you may be startled to hear a loud continuous roaring and hissing. You look about and discover another of these pipes surcharged with water, which seeks to escape from every joint and pin-hole in the entire length. The ground is wet beneath it, little pools forming here and there, while jets of spray shoot in all directions, catching the rays of the sun most delicately.

The water issues from the pipes at the place where the mining is carried on, with astonishing force. Lofty hills, broad plains, and long cliffs are washed away, and their ruin completed by nothing else than a shaft of water a few inches in diameter, thrown violently and persistently against them. Nothing can withstand it: trees, gnarled stumps, rocks of prodigious size, are whirled hither and thither like bubbles in the wind, and the softer earth is melted like frost before a fire. A stream having a fall of two hundred feet, and being forced through a two-inch pipe at its head, is a weapon of appalling force. It will cut into banks of packed clay that a pick-axe cannot penetrate, and tear out of their fastnesses rocks half as large as a railway-car, and whirl them about as easily as a garden-jet does its silver globe. Were it to strike a man it would literally tear him in pieces ; not stun him, or simply kill him with the shock and the suffocation, but it would rend him limb from limb, as an explosion would.

Having arrived upon the mining-ground, you look about you for a point of interest. Five miles off there is a scanty fringe of dead pines upon the edge of a cliff, that a few years ago was clearly the centre of a great hill. In another direction is naught but a great rolling desert, similar to the one you stand in the midst of. In still another is a range of lofty mountains. Perhaps at the moment you are there a faint rumbling will be heard far above ; you look up at an angle of sixty degrees and see sweeping along the edge of a precipice, two-thirds up the rocky height, a train of red-and-yellow railway-cars, drawn by two wood-burning engines, the sound of whose bells and whistles seems like the small diversions of very little children, so diminished are they by the distance. Upon a closer inspection of what lies before you, there appears a square red flag erected upon a pole a mile away. Comprehending that it is the danger-signal of a quarrying-party, and that mining must be going on, you look for a path that may take you in that direction.

One begins at your very feet, and, with an invocation against sunstroke, you step into it and travel as it leads. After an hour of as fine exercise as you ever took, you reach the first sign of the presence of human beings in the region. It is a little shed, beneath which are a number of empty boxes marked "Hercules Powder," and a few coils of fuse, together with a lot of ropes and drills. A quarter of a mile farther, and the land sinks. You descend

with caution, following a huge black pipe all the way, and you suddenly come upon the verge of an enormous pit five hundred feet in width and two hundred in depth. Its torn and jagged sides converge and meet where a gloomy shaft sinks into the earth. The upper portions of the banks are of the same whitish earth that forms most of the land thereabout, but the lowest portions are of blue gravel—an earth famous among all miners for its richness in gold. It may be that just as you reach the edge of the pit you hear from below a cry of warning, and catch sight of a dozen men or so moving carelessly to a place of safety. You secrete yourself behind a bowlder and await the blast which you fancy is impending. It comes in a moment—a dull, lazy roar, which climbs by echoes up from out the pit ; and then the miners lounge back again to their tasks. Some sit down, and, holding huge drills in their hands, turn them slowly round and round, while others beat upon them with sledges, making a noise that is not altogether untuneful. There is no more spirit in the work than there is in the work of a granite-quarry. The same weary lifting of the feet, the same languid blows, the same non-communication, mark the gold-hunter as mark the simple hewer of stone. Moreover, you see no gold ; not an atom of it meets your eyes anywhere. Were you other than a scientific man or a very practical miner, you could find more wealth in your vegetable garden at home than in the whole mining country hereabout from one edge of the horizon to the other. The main color of the earth is white, as I have hinted too many times already, but to the south and west there are many places where it is of a dark, heavy, Venetian red. Even many of the white banks are tinged with this at the top, and some contain pale veins of it inclining in all directions. These are the prevailing hues, but in many places the stroller finds patches containing sand of some fifteen or twenty more colors and shades of color. If you examine some of your footprints you will find in them little stripes and dots of color that are truly astonishing for their number and variety.

Yet, remembering that you are upon a gold-field that is exceedingly rich, and that fortunes upon fortunes have been extracted from it, also that millions of money are now invested in appliances to work it, you feel a sense of injury that, after having come so far, the gist of the whole thing is beyond your reach—that not a straw's worth is to be found even if you go upon your knees all day long. You pick up handful after handful of earth that appears to you to be "pay-dirt," only to sift it away again out of your palms without a shadow of satisfaction for your pains.

You abandon this dull, hot, unseemly place with willing feet, and, knowing that they are washing some banks away two miles farther to the south, you turn your face thither and begin a tremendous journey over rocks and sand, with the unblinking sun pouring down upon you with consuming fury. Your eyes half close themselves, your face burns, your shoes crack, and you breathe something very like a flame.

When you arrive, you hasten to one of the pipes and thrust your wrists into an escaping jet of bitter-cold water and look around. There are six or seven men present. Two or three shovel, one or two pick, and the others apparently await an event. Twenty yards off is a slender nose-piece, eight feet long, attached to the end of a fifteen-inch pipe. This nose-piece is governed by a set of pulleys, by which it may be raised or depressed or swung from side to side as occasion may demand. From its end there is now shooting, with a series of sharp, cracking explosions, a narrow shaft of water, which is hurled some forty feet straight upon the sides of a wall of earth thirty yards high. The base of the cliff is bored with holes ten or twelve feet in depth, and the earth all around is a bed of mud. The men look up at the sides of the bank and watch for fissures. At last one or two appear. A few large stones, loosened by the gradual shifting of the surrounding earth, fall suddenly and make a terrible stir in the mire. Finally, an artist in mining, impatient at the delay, goes to the pulleys and drags the nose-piece a little upward and a little to the right of the mass that is expected to fall. The water strikes like a cannon-ball; the gravel flies in every direction, and the whole face of the cliff is seized with a tremor. The fissures widen, the top is seen to totter

and the bottom to sink. The men cry out and run back a few paces. Then the great mass comes careering downward, roaring and grinding, leaving an awful gap behind and filling you with a sensation compounded of awe and terror.

After a brief period of silence, such as always follows occurrences of this kind, the men begin to talk and to shovel again, the stream of water is turned upon a new spot, and the demolition of the hill goes on. That portion that has fallen will find its way into the sluice-boxes before to-morrow night, and the quicksilver will take away all that is valuable in it. Then the remains will be thrown out and an acre more will be added to the already vast waste.

You wait until you are sure that nothing novel is to be done, and that what you have seen is repeated with little variation day in and day out for months and years; then you turn your face in the direction of the little hotel in the shady village street with immense satisfaction.

You arrive after an hour's tramp, with parched face and hands, burning eyes and aching limbs, and, after ordering a bath and a small jug of iced claret-cup, you take out your pocket-book and write down that you are glad you have no thirst for gold, and that you are content with the even and modest life your gracious stars have allotted you.

A MODERN LAMIA.

I.

"WHY, Ulric Brandon! what in the name of wonder brings you to Biarritz?"

"A truant disposition, good my lord," is, I suppose, the appropriate answer—a desire to study the flora of these regions, and to verify certain facts connected with their geological formation, is the real state of the case."

"And what about your patients? How many poor nervous creatures have you left to worry themselves to death for want of the 'great specialist in nervous diseases, Dr. Brandon,' as the *American Register* styled you the other day?"

"I have given up practice for the present; I mean to devote the next five years of my life to study. My present journey has been undertaken for purely scientific reasons, and I mean to remain at this place merely long enough to take breath. My means, as you know, are quite ample enough to permit a confirmed old bachelor like myself to fashion my life at will. And you—where are you going, and what brought you hither?"

"To the first question I will make answer, I don't know; to the second I will reply, caprice and a love of change."

The friendship between Ulric Brandon and Horace Temple had always been a matter of wonderment to their mutual acquaintances, so dissimilar were the two men in tastes, pursuits, habits, in all

save years, for Dr. Brandon was but a few years older than his gay and brilliant companion. At the age of twenty-five the young physician had already conquered, by his devotion to study, the clearness of his arguments, the force and solidity of his mind, the esteem and respect of the leading members of his profession; and a few years later some remarkable cures in the difficult and perplexing specialty to which he had chosen to devote his studies—namely, that of nervous diseases—had already gained for him a certain celebrity. Devoted no less to the scientific than to the practical part of his profession, he had resolved, on inheriting a fortune sufficiently large to enable him to carry out his own views, to devote several years to the study of Nature in all her varied forms, in the hope of winning from her inexhaustible storehouse certain remedial agents of which he felt in need, and which were still lacking to the pharmacopœia. He was a man of noble and untiring *physique*, tall and powerfully formed, with a striking though not regularly handsome countenance. His dark, deep eyes flashed from beneath the shadow of a massive, dome-like brow, from which the heavy masses of his dark hair, already streaked with gray, were pushed back in careless fashion. A thick, dark mustache veiled closely-set lips with strength of will and firmness of character in their every line; and the same characteristics were visible in the square, sturdy outline of the closely-shaven chin and jaw.

Entirely and altogether his opposite in appearance was his young companion. Horace Temple's fortune, handsome person, and gentle and graceful manners, had made him from his earliest youth the petted favorite of society. That he had passed unspoiled through so trying an ordeal spoke volumes for the natural strength of his character and sweetness of his disposition; he had been a little inclined, it is true, to flirtation, but that was because no woman had ever seriously touched his heart.

"And what are your present plans?" asked the doctor, at length.

"I have none. I am a mere waif and stray, borne hither by one breath of caprice, and liable to be whirled away again by another."

"Then come with me. I am going to make a tour of the Pyrenees on foot, and should like nothing better than to have you for a companion. We will start to-morrow morning early. Is it agreed?"

"I like the idea, of all things. I will go with you gladly."

"Come, there is much of the right stuff in you yet, Horace. We will explore the whole chain of the Pyrenees, and, if we like, we can push our investigations as far as the mountains of Galicia and Aragon."

"Agreed! And now let us go take a walk somewhere. This horrid rain has kept me in-doors for some days, and I think if I had not met you I should have started off to-morrow, somewhere or anywhere, out of sheer ennui."

"Is there anything specially interesting to be seen hereabouts?"

"Nothing except the scenery, I believe."

"Well, there are minerals and flowers everywhere, so now that the rain has ceased, and the sunset promises a fine day for to-morrow, let us go in search of adventures."

The evening promised to be magnificent. Everybody quitted the hotel and started off for a stroll. A cool breeze, whose breath chased far away the last vestiges of the flying clouds, soon dried the rocks and the paths. The waves shone in the setting sun, and their foam-crowned crests were tinged with rosy fire.

The two friends paused at last, after a lengthy ramble, beneath a cluster of oaks which grew upon the side of a little hill. Thence the eye could follow the sinuosities of the coast as far as the frontiers of Spain, where the chain of the Pyrenees inclined toward the sea. On the summit of the hill a circle of low walls of stone, which were broken in many places, and hung with creeping plants, marked out the space occupied by a small and almost deserted village-cemetery, whose low and scattered tombs, half hidden in the luxuriant grass, were shaded by dusky cypresses and graceful weeping-willows. Here Horace halted and sat down, and, scarcely glancing at the charming landscape spread before him, he began idly to throw pebbles down the hill. Dr. Brandon, meantime, amused himself by culling sundry blossoms which grew among the rocks and herbage, and by examining their structure.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, at last, in a tone of great

satisfaction, "here is a *Hieracium nobile*. I shall put that in my herbarium."

Opening the cover of a tin box which he carried slung over his shoulder, he added the plant he had just discovered to several others which already garnished its interior. Then drawing a small steel hammer from his pocket he commenced to break in pieces some fragments of rock which were strewed around.

"Quartz—silix," he murmured.

While Ulric was thus absorbed in his pursuits and Horace in his thoughts, a young girl approached the cemetery from the other side of the hills. She came lightly and swiftly through the high grass, and she laughed when the branches which she pushed aside sent showers of water-drops over her cheeks and forehead. The breeze toyed with her white dress, whose simple folds betrayed the graceful outlines of her slender figure. A smile curved her rosy lips and displayed two charming dimples in the fair young face, bright with gayety and animation. Her long, fair tresses escaped from beneath a light knitted scarf which covered her head. An elderly gentleman who followed her seemed scarcely able to keep up with her animated movements.

"Not so quick, Alice—a little slower, pray," he called to her. But the young girl ran on and bounded lightly over the low rampart of stones and bushes. When she reached the rock which marked the very summit of the hill, she paused and gazed abroad upon the prospect with delight.

"How beautiful—how beautiful!" she cried, clasping her hands.

Her sweet face glowed with admiration, and became suddenly serious. The old gentleman joined her on the height, where her white figure stood out against the luminous depth of the horizon. She passed her arm in his, and leaned toward him.

"Is it not beautiful, father?" she asked.

He looked, not at the vast and beautiful panorama spread before him, but at the face of his daughter. All trace of animation had fled, to give place to an expression of pensive thoughtfulness. But the wind freshened, and, submissive to the impulse given by the arm she still held, Alice quitted the summit of the rock.

They passed together into the cemetery by one of the breaches in the wall. Beneath their steps rose low mounds, hidden in grass and shrubs.

"Graves—these are graves," murmured the young girl.

Her features no longer wore an expression of thoughtfulness, but one of sadness—the lustre faded from her eyes, the smile vanished from her lips. Her eyes wandered over the turf at her feet as if she would have interrogated that grassy plain beneath which slept so many human beings already forgotten. Passing near one flat, half-sunken stone, she drew aside the trailing branches of a wild-rose bush which half concealed the moss-grown surface, and slowly deciphered the characters traced thereon. It was the tomb of a young girl of eighteen. A shudder passed over Alice's frame.

"At eighteen," she murmured; "only eighteen."

"Come, daughter, come; the sun is setting, and the wind is growing chill," said her father, in a slightly imperious tone.

She followed him slowly and in silence.

Half hidden beneath the clump of oaks, Horace had been a witness to this little scene. The father and daughter crossed the cemetery to take the opposite road, and passed near the dreamer, but without perceiving him in the gathering shadows.

"Eighteen—dead at eighteen," murmured Alice again.

As she descended the path, a fold of her white dress swept across the face of Horace Temple. Scarcely knowing what he did, he caught it in his hand and pressed it to his lips. A last ray of the setting sun shone through a cleft in the clouds and illuminated the delicate form and thoughtful brow of the young girl for an instant. It was but for a moment; the sunbeam disappeared, and her white dress alone was visible for a minute as she passed away into the gathering darkness of the night. When she had disappeared, Horace rose to his feet, amazed at the indefinable sensation which thrilled him. He felt that, now that Alice was gone, he was alone.

A voice aroused him from his reverie; it was that of his friend.

"Well, Horace," he said, "I do not know if you are aware that it is growing late, but certainly you have forgotten that we are to start early to-morrow, and that nothing is ready."

"To-morrow!" cried Horace, with an air of surprise.

"Why, certainly—did we not agree to set out on our pedestrian tour to-morrow?"

"There is no hurry—let us wait."

"Wait!—and what for? I have traced out my route, packed up my books and instruments, and engaged my guide. I only wait to learn your final decision. Will you come with me?"

"I—I cannot decide. To-morrow—"

"I will wait, then, till the day after, but not an hour longer. Changeable, capricious being that you are, no wonder that you are eternally getting into scrapes. I believe I am the only person in the world who has any patience with you."

"Have you any belief in fatality—in irresistible impulse—in fate?"

"Not a particle. Every man who merits the name of man is master, not only of his actions, but of his sentiments, which he submits to the inflexible logic of reason, and to which he imparts the direction indicated by his will. Beyond that, there is nothing. But why do you ask?"

"For no particular reason, but— Did you see the young girl who passed us just now?"

"I did, and noticed her particularly."

"What did you think of her?"

"A curious case which I should like to study.—But come, it is growing dark, let us return to the hotel."

The following day Dr. Brandon busied himself

with his final preparations, while Horace, disquieted, uneasy, undecided, seemed unable to make up his mind whether to go or stay. A second glimpse of the unknown, whom he met the next morning promenading with her father, decided him. He imparted this sudden change of resolution to his friend. Dr. Brandon bent his brows as he listened.

"Is this decision the effect of one of those irresistible impulses—that fate—of which you spoke last evening?" he asked, fixing his keen, dark eyes on the face of Horace.

"Perhaps," answered the latter, coloring deeply as he spoke.

Ulric shrugged his shoulders.

"Fatality in a white muslin dress! Ah, Horace, Horace! Well, I will give you one last chance. I will relinquish my pedestrian tour for the present, and will make some excursions in the neighborhood. Perhaps in a week or so destiny or fate, or whatever you call it, will permit you to accompany me."

The following day he left; and Horace, who felt an involuntary sense of relief at his departure, at once commenced a series of investigations relative to the young girl whose beauty had produced upon him so strong and singular an effect. He learned that her father was called the Baron de Mera, that he had arrived at Biarritz some six weeks before with his wife and his daughter, and that he had taken a charming country-house situated at a certain distance from the town, and near to the sea, and known by the name of Cedar Villa, from the magnificent evergreens which surrounded and protected it from the too sharp visitations of the sea-breezes. M. and Madame de Mera received but few visitors, paid visits but rarely, and seldom accepted invitations, on account, it was said, of the health of Madame de Mera, who was not strong enough to endure the fatigue of society. As to Mademoiselle de Mera, she went nowhere without her mother.

At a watering-place it is easy for persons to meet, even if they do not lead a very gay life. Horace, therefore, had the pleasure of seeing Alice de Mera almost every day. A sort of attraction, of fascinating charm, led him to place himself incessantly in her way. Sometimes they met on the narrow mountain-paths, and he would then turn aside, hat in hand, to let the young lady and her unfailing companion, her father, pass, a civility which Alice would acknowledge by a slight bow, and the baron by a more formal salutation. As yet no word had been exchanged between them, but it was impossible that Mademoiselle de Mera, no matter how little of a coquette she might be, should not have remarked the young man whom chance or intention placed daily in her path during her morning promenades.

It was not till the occasion of a ball, given for the profit of some poor persons ruined by a conflagration, that Horace was able to obtain the desired introduction. Contrary to all expectation, the De Mera family were present at the ball, and Horace beheld Alice, sparkling and charming in her delicate ball-dress. Her mouth, curved with the radiant smiles of youth, had the fresh scarlet of a newly-

opened pomegranate-flower, and all the sunshine of youth sparkled in her azure eyes. She was no longer the pale and pensive maiden whom he had beheld in the cemetery, and whose image had left so deep an impression on his heart, but a brighter and more beautiful, though scarcely more fascinating, being.

Alice did not dance, and the guarded rules of French etiquette did not permit of much conversation, but Horace's point was gained—he had made her acquaintance, and the rest seemed comparatively easy. There was so much mental charm about Alice, so much freshness and originality of thought, revealed even in this first brief interview, that he left her presence more fascinated, more deeply in love, than ever. For he had been forced at last to acknowledge the truth to himself—he was in love—madly in love, with a fervor and intensity compared with which all his previous *penchants*, nay, even the most serious of them all, had been but as the glow of a taper by the side of the flames of Vesuvius. And this all-absorbing passion he experienced for a young girl whom he had conversed with but once in his life. Truly he had been right when he spoke to Ulric Brandon of destiny, which is only another name, too often, for the irresistible impulses of an undisciplined heart.

Some days passed before he ventured to join M. de Mera and his daughter in their daily promenades, but, this point once gained, it was comparatively easy for him to obtain admission to the villa. Madame de Mera seemed to form a particular friendship for him, and it soon chanced that he was an almost daily visitor there, and apparently a welcome one. But the restraints which French etiquette throw around the intercourse between young men and unmarried girls chafed his spirit sorely, and, while becoming more and more enamored of Alice with every passing day, he felt that his position was almost intolerable.

It was, therefore, after a comparatively brief acquaintance that, in accordance with the rules of French society, he sought a private interview with M. de Mera, and, after a brief peroration, setting forth his fortune, his prospects, and his family connections, he ended by formally offering his hand to Mademoiselle Alice de Mera. The father listened with an anxious and disquieted air.

"I had hoped, sir," he said, at length, when the young lover had concluded his little speech, "that the difference in character, in customs, and in nationality, might have preserved you from this unfortunate attachment. I was wrong to permit your visits. I see it now too late. Alice can never be yours."

"Never?" cried the young man, in a tone of anguish.

"Never. I thank you for the frankness and loyalty of your conduct, and I believe in the sincerity of your words, but you must relinquish this vain and hopeless suit. My daughter will never marry."

Horace was about to speak, but M. de Mera checked him with a gesture.

"I will detain you no longer," said the old man,

rising. Horace was forced to bow and to withdraw, feeling as though the whole edifice of his future existence was crumbling around him. The authoritative gesture, the expression, the accent of M. de Mera, had forced him to comprehend that this determination was irrevocable.

What, then, was he to do? Should he return home, thus placing the ocean between Alice and himself? Should he hasten to rejoin Ulric, and to undertake with him interminable journeys with Science for a guide? He could not bear to go, feeling that perchance he might never see Alice more. He lingered, therefore, and spent his days in watching for a glimpse of her form, passing afar off along the paths, and his evenings in lingering outside the villa, and in listening to the music of her voice, or to the melodies which her fingers called forth from the ivory keys of the piano. He waited, not knowing for what. He had neither the strength to quit Biarritz, nor the courage to relinquish all thoughts of Mademoiselle de Mera. He avoided all society, and scarcely even interested himself in the letters and newspapers which came to him from his native land.

II.

LATE one evening Horace, who had wandered out oppressed by a vague sense of *ennui*, found himself in the garden of the villa. The moon was at its full, and all objects, the trees, the turf, the flowers, appeared bathed in a flood of silvery light. The heat was oppressive, and from time to time a sudden gust of wind shook the branches of the trees, and drew from them vague moanings, and then as suddenly was still again. A band of dark and heavy clouds, traversed from time to time by flickering gleams of lightning, hung low upon the horizon. Scarcely knowing what he did, he directed his steps toward the house, from the open window of which streamed a brilliant light. He reached the piazza and stepped upon it, and as he did so a strange sight burst upon his gaze.

In a corner of the large drawing-room where his last interview with M. de Mera had taken place stood the aged gentleman, his arms hanging inert by his sides, his countenance contracted with agony, a living image of terrible and powerful grief. His wife, crouching rather than seated in an arm-chair at a little distance, her face buried in her hands, and her whole frame shaken by the violence of the sobs she was vainly trying to suppress, seemed the prey to unutterable anguish. Before them, extended on the ground, her form enveloped in a long white dressing-gown, her breast pressing against the carpet, her disheveled head erect, her limbs writhing with the graceful undulations of a serpent, crawled their daughter Alice. A singular fire sparkled in her eyes, her dilated nostrils, her mobile eyebrows, and the threatening expression of her mouth, gave to her features a strange aspect of ferocity. From time to time a hiss escaped from her parted lips, and the tip of her tongue appeared between her pearly teeth. She went thus two or three times around the room, tracing amid the flowers of the carpet a track un-

dulating like that of a snake, coiling and twisting her delicate form, which seemed to yield itself entirely to the impulses of her will, and which appeared to have thrown aside its human attributes to perfectly assume those of a serpent.

A prey to a fascination which did not even permit him to reflect, and filled with a blended sentiment of terror and pity, Horace, still scarcely conscious of what he did, crossed the piazza and entered the drawing-room by one of the wide-open windows. On beholding him, M. de Mera drew himself up, and indignantly cried :

"Sir! by what right do you intrude—"

Horace stopped him with a firm yet decided gesture. A thought, rapid as an arrow's flight, had shot across his brain.

"Chance only led me hither," he said ; "but will you not pardon my intrusion if I come to save your daughter?"

As he uttered these words the wandering glance of Alice fell upon him, and a wicked smile curved her lips ; she drew up her feet under the flowing folds of her dress, raised her head, around which floated the scattered masses of her hair, and assumed the attitude of a serpent which is about to strike ; but at the moment she was going to spring forward she sank back upon the carpet, her outstretched arm fell languidly at her side, her whole form became relaxed, her eyes closed, and in a moment she was asleep. Two servant-women, their eyes filled with tears, then entered and bore away the slumbering girl in their arms.

M. de Mera approached Horace, who remained as though stupefied by what he had just witnessed, and said, in a voice tremulous with emotion :

"You know our secret now ; dare you speak to me again of saving her? I hope no longer ; my child has suffered for over four years with this horrible and mysterious malady, and during that time I have exhausted all the resources of science. Wisdom is powerless in the presence of this strange affliction ; and we, her parents—what have we not suffered? Heaven remains to us, but that is all!"

As he spoke, Madame de Mera rose softly from her chair and glided from the room. In a few moments she returned.

"She sleeps," murmured the poor mother. Then she regained her place in silence, and, clasping her hands, she closed her eyes and seemed absorbed in prayer.

"M. de Mera," began Horace, after a moment's pause, "I trust that you are convinced of the depth and ardor of the affection with which your daughter has inspired me. I have a friend profoundly versed in medical science, and in whose wisdom I have implicit confidence—a confidence founded upon actual facts and upon the opinion of the most competent judges. A word which he let fall one day while observing Mademoiselle de Mera causes me to believe that he penetrated with one glance the secret of her malady. His studies have been specially directed toward that branch of medicine which treats of disorders produced by a lack of equilibrium in the ner-

vous system. In several important cases he has, by means of a new treatment, been able to overcome certain of those incomprehensible phenomena which, without ever imperiling life, seem by a perversion of intelligence to yield up body and intellect to what our forefathers called 'possession.' Will you permit me to bring hither my friend, Ulric Brandon ; and have you sufficient confidence in my opinion to be willing to place Mademoiselle de Mera's case in his hands? I answer for his secrecy as for my own."

Madame de Mera rose from her chair, and, lifting to the face of Horace her eyes, swollen with tears yet radiant with hope and gratitude, she waved her husband aside before he could answer.

"It shall be done," she said. "Go!"

The next morning at daybreak Horace started for the Pyrenees. He found his friend in a miserable hut surrounded with piles of minerals and sheets of paper, whereon were spread plants prepared for drying in the sun.

"Here you are at last!" cried Dr. Brandon, whom the sound of the horse's feet had attracted to the door of his abode. "Have you come to share my free and happy life?"

"I have come to take you back to Biarritz," cried Horace, springing from his saddle.

Ulric started back laughing.

"Where are your gendarmes to arrest me?"

"One word will be enough. I need your aid."

"The deuce! and for what? I was so happy here. No women, scarcely any men, and abundance of stones and plants. Are you serious?"

"The happiness of my life is at stake."

"That *is* serious ; but explain yourself."

"The affair is very simple. I want you to cure a poor young girl deserted by all the most famous physicians, and who is suffering from a terrible malady."

"You know I have given up practice. Besides, I am meditating a journey to Madagascar, whose flora is almost entirely unknown ; thence I shall probably pass from island to island to the Philippine Archipelago."

"You shall not go. I ask of you to undertake one of the noblest duties of humanity ; besides which, for my sake, Ulric, in the name of our long friendship, come."

"I understand. Your life is wrecked if hers is in danger. Always extravagant and excitable. And you say she has been given up by the most learned physicians. But what are her symptoms?"

Horace described in as few words as possible the fearful attack which he had witnessed, and Dr. Brandon listened attentively.

"Very good ; I understand," he said ; "it is an acute form of nervous disease or hysteria."

"And you think you can cure her?"

"I would not undertake the case were I not certain of doing so. Come, let us be off at once."

III.

TWENTY-FOUR hours later they arrived at Biarritz. Ulric went to the hotel, resisting all his friend's

entreaties that he would go at once to see Mademoiselle de Mera.

"Go yourself, and then come to tell me how she is. I have a few notes to write out which will take me some time, but tell her father to summon me as soon as an attack declares itself."

As soon as possible Horace hastened to Cedar Villa. He found Alice seated at the piano, while her father, book in hand, was pacing up and down the piazza. The old man greeted him cordially, and Alice received him with a timid yet joyful smile. Her countenance bore no trace of the terrible agitation that had contorted her delicate features when he had last beheld her. M. de Mera drew Horace aside, to question him as to the result of his journey.

"Ulric Brandon has consented to return with me. And how is Mademoiselle de Mera? Does she suffer from exhaustion?"

"Not at all. She remembers nothing of her attacks, and she knows nothing about them. We never question her when she awakes, and the fearful scenes which so terrify us do not even leave the impression of a dream upon her mind. You saw how sleep seized upon her. She slept like a child and awoke to salute the morning sun with a smile and with a song. And where is the doctor? Is he with you?"

"No; he judged it best not to approach her till the moment of an attack."

"Alas! perhaps he will not have long to wait."

Horace shuddered and turned toward Alice, who, seeing her father engaged in conversation with him, had quitted the piano and descended to the garden, where she busied herself in culling a bouquet. She moved among the flowers with all the grace and the vivacity of a bird. Vague recollections of a song hovered upon her lips in sweet but uncertain notes, that rose and sank alternately as she glided to and fro. Her lover could scarcely believe that this bright, gentle being could be the crawling, disheveled creature he had so lately beheld, and, as he gazed fascinated upon her, she came lightly up the steps and offered him a rose.

"Take it," she said, "in remembrance of our last meeting."

Horace started.

"Our last?" he said—"where?—I do not remember—"

"By the stream when I was walking with my father the other day. Have you forgotten the wild-roses you gathered for me?"

He took the rose and pressed it to his lips. M. de Mera threw his arm around his daughter, and his eyes met those of the young man with a sort of vague promise in their depths. Horace quitted the villa more in love than ever, and more intoxicated with hope and happiness than he had formerly been maddened with grief and despair.

The attack which M. de Mera had foreseen was not long in taking place. A few days later a messenger from him brought to Mr. Temple a letter containing merely these words:

"Come at once, and bring your friend."

In a few minutes Ulric and Horace reached the villa. It was a dark and gloomy night. Heavy clouds traversed the heavens, chased by the savage breath of a coming storm, and a dull, suffocating heat weighed upon the atmosphere.

"A bad night for nervous sufferers," said Dr. Brandon. Horace made no answer, and quickened his pace.

They found Alice prostrate upon the floor in an apartment next her bedroom, which communicated with her mother's bedroom by a door constantly kept open. She was clad in a long white dressing-gown, closed at the throat and at the wrists. She had assumed the same serpent-like attitude which rendered her so strange and so formidable, her tongue darted from time to time between her red and hissing lips, and her limbs had strange, serpentine contortions beneath her garments. A single lamp illumined the vast apartment with its feeble rays, and left its remotest depths plunged in obscurity. Into these shadows passed Alice from time to time, and then emerged, a white form, into the light.

Dr. Brandon observed her for some moments in silence. Then, laying his hand on the arm of M. de Mera, who was anxiously watching him, he asked, in a low tone:

"Is she always thus?"

"Oh, you can speak without fear. When she is under the influence of one of these attacks, my poor child hears nothing and recognizes no one."

"Well, then," said Ulric, "has this phenomenon, which is not entirely new to me, always the same manifestation?"

"Always."

"Good!" said Dr. Brandon. He stepped forward to meet Alice face to face. Their eyes met, and an expression of irritation passed suddenly over the young girl's face. Her eyes seemed to flash fire, and a sharp and malignant hiss escaped from her lips, while to her fiery glances he responded by a fixed and implacable gaze. There seemed to be a sort of silent combat between those two natures, the struggle of two wills. Alice crept slowly toward her adversary, she writhed backward like a snake about to spring, but at the moment she was about to throw herself upon him, Dr. Brandon sprang toward her, and, seizing her by the wrists, he forced her to fall upon her knees. She struggled, but she was vanquished. Thus master of her movements, Ulric permitted her to arise as if for a new combat, but, seizing her wrists again with invincible force and quick as lightning, he threw her backward upon the sofa. She fell, uttering a cry of pain.

"You hurt her!" exclaimed her father.

"I know it," said the doctor, coolly.

And, profiting by the state of temporary prostration into which Alice had fallen, he quietly and rapidly surrounded the arms of the invalid with a strong cord which he drew from his pocket.

"See," he said, when she was reduced to a condition of immobility.

"Ah, doctor, this is horrible!" cried M. de Mera, with a shudder.

"It is the battle between two energies, the one exasperated by the fever of disease, the other armed to cure. I use my strength to break her will." Then, looking at the young girl with a profound and impassable glance, he added, "It is thus that pain conquers."

A few plaintive moans escaped from the lips of Alice. Then increasing gentleness proved that the attack was nearly over. She shuddered slightly from time to time. She felt confusedly that she was conquered, and her struggles to escape grew weaker every moment. When she was perfectly calm, or rather inert, the doctor untied the cord and released her arms, reddened and marked by the pressure. He then laid his hands upon her brow. A sudden tremor shook her entire frame; she half arose, but Ulric never turned his eyes from hers, and she sank slowly back upon the sofa like a child overcome with sleep. Her eyelids soon commenced to quiver like the wings of a bird, a smile flitted over her countenance, and a long sigh heaved her breast. The doctor passed his hands once or twice over her languid form; when he ceased, Alice was asleep.

Madame de Mera, whom her husband had just summoned, leaned over her daughter to embrace her.

"Do not touch her!" cried Ulric. "A single kiss might throw her into a convulsion. She knows me only, and I alone dare touch her hand or her brow. When she wakes from this sleep she will be restored to you."

A sudden pang shot through the heart of Horace Temple, who had been a mute spectator of the scene. He was her master, then, already. What would he not be later—what terrible influence might he not exercise over her destiny!

The whole party remained silent for some time, watching the tranquil slumber of the invalid. Suddenly she started and extended her arm, like a person disturbed by a dream who seeks for some one. Dr. Brandon hurried forward and took her hand. A smile beamed upon her countenance, and Horace beheld its sweetness with a sigh. In an instant Ulric had awakened her, and, as she gazed around with vague, unseeing glance, he drew from his pocket a phial, from which he poured a few drops into a glass of water, which he then presented to his patient. She drank the potion with the unquestioning docility of a child.

"What have you given her?" asked M. de Mera.

"Morphine," answered Ulric.

When Alice had once more fallen asleep, Dr. Brandon drew M. de Mera into the garden.

"You understand, sir," he said, "that it is necessary for me to know all before undertaking this case, the cure of which will demand much time and attention. It is too grave to be treated lightly."

"Ask what you will, and I will answer," said the baron, with a sigh.

"How did this malady, from which Mademoiselle de Mera is suffering, begin? Was she attacked with it in her infancy, or was it caused by an accident, and, if the latter, how or when were its manifestations first produced?"

"You have recalled one of the most fearful recollections of my life," answered M. de Mera, with a sigh. "No; my daughter's health in infancy and early childhood was perfect. She was sixteen years old when her terrible affliction first seized upon her. We were spending the summer at Vevay, and were accompanied by a young girl a few years older than Alice, who was her dear and chosen friend, and whom she loved as a sister. One evening Mina and Alice were walking on the shores of the lake, when Mina—how or why no one knows, nor why Alice did not accompany her—got into a fisherman's boat to accompany him some little distance from the shore. Suddenly there arose one of those furious squalls of wind which make navigation on those lakes so dangerous. The boat was overturned, the fisherman saved himself by clinging to it, but poor Mina sank beneath the waters. My daughter, from the bank, had witnessed the whole scene, and you can imagine her agony. She resolutely refused to quit the spot till her friend's body was found and brought to land, and she remained in that state of suspense and anguish for some hours. When at last the form of her beloved companion lay extended before her, cold, pallid, and streaming with water, she could no longer restrain her feelings; she threw herself upon the body and passionately kissed the icy brow. As she did so, a water-snake crept from Mina's streaming garments, and glided swiftly away in the direction of the lake. At this sight, Alice sprang to her feet with a piercing shriek, and then fell insensible to the ground."

"That was the beginning, was it not?"

"Alas, yes! For twenty-four hours she remained in an alarming state of nervous prostration. A few days elapsed, and we were beginning to hope that the effects of the shock were parting away, when one night her mother, who was sleeping beside her, was awakened by a strange noise. She looked around: Alice's place was vacant, and by the light of the night-lamp she beheld, for the first time, the horrible spectacle that you have just witnessed. Since then all remedies have been powerless to check the progress of her singular and terrible malady."

"Good!" said the doctor, who had not lost a word of the baron's story; "then it was not an organic malady, but was caused by a moral shock. Our chances, therefore, of overcoming the evil are all the greater."

"May Heaven assist you!" sighed the unhappy father.

From that evening Ulric became a daily guest at Cedar Villa. There soon seemed to be a sort of magnetic current established between Alice and himself. She felt his approach, and could indicate, without ever being mistaken, the distance at which he was when she spoke; she counted his steps and described his actions, saying: "He is coming, he halts; he is not alone, he is smoking a cigar, he crosses the lawn, he is here!" She never pronounced his name, it was always "he." In their daily intercourse there was always something of a contest. In speaking to him, Alice's voice took a peculiar ac-

cent, and her manner often revealed resistance and sudden rebellion. She was surprised at herself, and wondered what could be the cause of these singular impulses. She knew that the doctor had been summoned to attend her, and she accepted his visits without understanding what could possibly be the malady he sought to cure, but she disliked his attentions even though she submitted to them. She felt vaguely that he was striving in some way to conquer her. This latent animosity took form, and became violent at the moment of her attacks. Though she had never seemed to notice or recognize any person around her before, at such a time she knew Ulric and would single him out and pursue him with all the malignity of the serpent nature which seemed to possess her. He, on his part, would await her approach with imperturbable calmness, and would then make use of his vast strength to repress and overcome the manifestations of her fury.

In a few weeks Dr. Brandon, at the solicitation of Baron de Mera, took up his residence at the villa, so as to give all his time and attention to the case. Being thus constantly at hand, he could be summoned at the first symptoms of an attack, and he often succeeded in repressing the evil in its germ. In a short time a sensible improvement was visible in the condition of the patient. The attacks became lighter and less frequent. There was less tension and absorption in her expression, more clearness and decision in her glance. A new life animated her, and her existence became regular and natural. Music still impressed her strongly, but she listened to it like a person who loves it, and not like a somnambulist. When she sang, her song was a study, a recreation, a pastime, not the explosion of morbid and unhealthy excitement. Alice was becoming herself once more.

And Horace Temple—what of him during that period of anxiety and of hope? He suffered, yet strove with a noble unselfishness to forget his own aspirations of happiness in his rejoicings at the approaching recovery of Alice. Yet he could not forbear to ask of himself what was to be the destiny of this newly-restored existence. What was to become of this soul which had returned to its true life? Was she about to escape from him, to bestow herself upon him who had saved her? Ulric maintained toward him impenetrable silence, and he dared not question him, fearing thus to compromise the health of Alice by a single word which could irritate the susceptibility of her physician.

IV.

ONE evening Horace, depressed, troubled, anxious, set out for Cedar Villa. He arrived there just as the setting sun threw a veil of soft and roseate lustre over earth, and sky, and sea. He paused upon the piazza. Alice was seated at the piano; her beautiful uplifted countenance was bathed in the rosy sunset light, and her voice arose in a sweet and thrilling song, that seemed like a dirge for the departing day. Outside one of the large windows stood Dr. Brandon, leaning against the framework, his dark,

deep eyes fixed upon the singer in mute and passionate absorption. The fiery intensity of that gaze revealed to Horace the truth. It was as he feared—Ulric loved Alice. Scarcely knowing what he did, he seized him by the arm.

"Come," said Horace, in a deep, low tone—"come with me. I have something to say to you."

Dr. Brandon frowned at this sudden interruption of his ecstasy, but he followed Horace to the garden without opposition. When they were far enough from the house, and without waiting for his friend to speak, he began at once in a harsh, decided tone:

"Well—and what have you to tell me? Did you fancy that I did not know what you were going to ask me? You want to know if I love Alice. Yes, I love her—madly—passionately. Are you satisfied?"

"You love her—you?"

"Yes, I—Ulric Brandon! Oh, I know what you are about to say to me. What has become, you will say, of all my fine theories about woman, my devotion to science, my scorn of all softer emotions? Well, I am changed. What then?"

Horace did not reply, so amazed was he at the doctor's speech and manner, and after a brief pause Ulric continued, with increasing violence:

"Nor is this all. There is something more. Where, you will ask me, is our ancient friendship, my sworn faith, your betrayed confidence, and the frank and loyal appeal which you made to my skill? I see the words upon your lips. Words—words—and nothing more. You alone are the guilty one."

"I?"

"Yes, you. Why did you bring me in contact with Alice? Why did you not leave me in my solitude, with my plants, and my minerals, and my happiness, having no other love than that of science in its varied forms? You brought me here, you placed me in the presence of the fairest and most bewitching of women, one in whom was united the double fascination of youth and of suffering. You held the taper to the flame, and then you are amazed because it ignites."

"Brandon!"

"Yes, I am Brandon—Ulric Brandon—once your devoted friend, and now your rival. For ten days past I have wished to have this explanation with you, and I know not what strange influence withheld me. It is over now. Are you satisfied?"

Horace seemed as though thunderstricken. In the very violence of Ulric's manner he read the strength of will, the energy of the passion against which he was forced to contend.

"And what next?" he said at length. "So much for the past—what about the present and the future?"

Ulric shrugged his shoulders.

"Do you not understand," he answered, "that I love Mademoiselle de Mera, and that nothing on earth will induce me to give her up?"

"And I—I love her more than life itself."

Dr. Brandon passed his hand over his brow.

"Listen," he said; "the question is a serious one, and merits a serious explanation. I do not act

thus without reflection, and my decision is irrevocable. Think of me what you will—I care not—I care only for the love of Alice. You say that you love her more than life itself. How do you imagine that I love her—I, whose heart has not been, like yours, worn out in a hundred passing *penchants* and flirtations? I struggled against this passion, but in vain. It seized upon me with the suddenness of the lightning-flash, which scorches and consumes almost before it is seen. I loved before I knew that I loved. That would be my excuse did I seek for one, but the very violence of my passion is its own absolution."

He paused and drew a long breath. From afar the song of Alice reached the ear in waves of sound. The sun had set, a bluish pallor replaced the rosy flush that had shone upon the landscape, and the trees gave forth aromatic odors at the approach of night. Brandon laid his hand heavily on the shoulder of Horace.

"You said just now that you loved Alice better than life. It is not your life but hers which is at stake."

"What do you mean?" cried Horace.

"I mean the truth. If I desert her now, she is lost!"

"Alice?"

"Yes, Alice. Although on the high-road to health, she is not yet cured. Were I to disappear for a few weeks or a month, the slightest accident, the smallest shock, would throw her back into the condition from which I have just rescued her."

"Would you dare—?"

"I would and I will. I would rather see her dead than the wife of any man but myself. I can render her life free, healthful, and strong, but only on the condition that you will give her up. Choose."

Their eyes met in a glance of mingled hate and defiance.

"You are a villain!" cried Horace.

"I am a *man*! The physician, the philosopher, the friend, that you once knew, is dead! If you had wished to keep him safe and secure, you should have left me to my mountains. You have cast me into hell, and its flames and its furies possess me. Did you think that I meant to save Alice to give her to you? She shall belong to suffering and to death, or she shall be mine!"

"What if I were to kill you?"

"It would be the same as if you killed Alice herself."

"You are a fiend!"

"And you a child. Reason a little, if you please. I have saved Alice from an abyss; did you think it was to throw her into your arms? I have given to her my science, my brain, my devotion, all the noblest gifts of my nature. I have snatched her from the shadows by the strength of my will absorbed in a single thought, and now shall I give her up, solely because you love her and she loves you? Nonsense!"

Great drops of perspiration stood out upon the brow of Horace Temple. Dr. Brandon paced hurriedly to and fro, passing his hands through his disheveled hair. Suddenly he paused.

"Have you decided?" he said, in a sharp, curt tone. "I think that is all there remains to say."

The heart of Horace Temple seemed to pause in its hurried throbbings. The voice of Alice was heard no longer. To his excited fancy it appeared that the cessation of the far-off melody that had accompanied the wordy war wherein all the advantages had been with his adversary was like an omen. A thrill of mysterious fear shot through his veins.

"I am waiting," said Dr. Brandon, in a cold, hard tone.

"If I give her up, you will save her?"

"Yes. If not, I will leave her to her fate."

A livid pallor overspread Horace's features, and he closed his eyes for a moment. Then, with an effort, he said:

"So be it. I give her up."

"You promise?"

"I swear it!"

"Then farewell!"

And Dr. Brandon turned from him and directed his steps toward the villa, while Horace, with all the bitterness of despair in his soul, returned slowly to his hotel.

V.

DURING the days that followed the health of Mademoiselle de Mera improved rapidly. She seemed to hasten the progress of her cure by an effort of her will. She perceived quickly that Horace came no more to the villa, and she had a vague idea that there was some connection, some mysterious link, between her recovery and his return, and she drew new strength from that thought wherewith to aid the skill of her physician. Her newly-awakened moral energy opposed, so to speak, a sort of barrier against the attacks, which she was at last enabled to overcome without any external assistance. Dr. Brandon himself was astonished at the progress of her recovery. Her eyes had the transparent beauty of an untroubled spring, her smile the brightness of a summer morning, and a new strength animated her graceful form.

One beautiful morning Ulric perceived Alice wandering among the flowers in the garden. She had the light and free step of a young fawn in its native forests. She was the very picture of youth and health and beauty. Her father, seated on the piazza, was watching her every movement with anxious yet smiling attention, and, turning toward Dr. Brandon, he threw on him a glance wherein could be read all the impatience and all the trembling hopefulness that filled his heart. Ulric understood him, and crossing the lawn he took the astonished girl by the hand and led her to her father.

"M. de Mera," he said, solemnly, "embrace your daughter, and give thanks to Heaven." Then, while M. de Mera folded Alice to his heart, he leaned over him and whispered in his ear, "The serpent is dead!"

For a few days Alice, in the full radiance of health and youth, appeared to forget herself in the

enjoyment of a serene tranquillity. But one evening, as she sat working in the *salon*, she turned, as if with a sudden effort, to Dr. Brandon, and said to him :

"What has become of your friend Mr. Temple?"

"I do not know."

"Does he intend to return to Biarritz?"

"I cannot tell."

The embroidered canvas fell from the trembling hand of the worker; she stooped to raise it, and asked, in a low tone :

"Did he tell you where he was going?"

"No."

And, as she remained motionless, her eyes bent upon her work, and her fingers toying mechanically with her needle, Dr. Brandon added :

"I believe it was his intention to go to Spain and to Portugal, and then to return home."

"Ah!" she said, in an indifferent tone, but the sound passed into a sigh, and, rising, she quitted the room.

Ulric did not dare to detain her.

"And this is love!" he muttered. "Could I act otherwise if I hated her?"

The next day Alice appeared to be as calm and cheerful as usual, but an unwonted pallor overspread her features. M. de Mera, who could not help being uneasy about her, consulted Dr. Brandon, who assured him that this change was caused by the sufferings of the past, and that it would soon pass away. But it did not pass away. Alice became sad and thoughtful, and melancholy seemed to have replaced the nervous agitation of her days of sickness.

One day Ulric, who had left the villa and again taken up his residence in Biarritz, met her at the extremity of the avenue which led from the garden to the road.

"I was waiting for you, doctor," she said.

His heart gave a sudden bound, but the tranquil glance and friendly manner of the young girl repressed the sudden hope that had sprung into being at her words. She took his arm with the gentle familiarity of a child.

"What can I do for you?" he asked.

"I have a great favor to ask of you—something which I want you to do for me, and which you alone can do."

"What is it?"

She directed her steps toward a shaded alley, and a sigh heaved her breast.

"I want you to accustom my father to the idea of losing me."

"Losing you?"

"Yes; but not in the ordinary sense of the word, my kind friend—I may call you that, may I not?—you have been so good to me and so devoted."

She spoke with effort, and her breathing seemed oppressed.

"Listen to me," she continued, while Brandon gazed mutely upon her. "I am happier now than I was some months ago; I am freed from an indescribable suffering which distressed me, and yet something is wanting to my life."

"Are you ill?"

"No," she answered, "but I have taken a great resolution. I have thought it over for several days, and now my mind is made up. I want you to obtain from my father permission for me to enter a convent."

"A convent—you—so young!" cried Ulric, in a choking tone.

"What matters it how few the years of one's life may have been when its happiness is over? The only thought that shakes my resolution is that of my parents. You have great influence with them, and you will prepare them, will you not, for our approaching separation?"

"Have you never thought of marriage?"

"Yes," she answered, turning her eyes toward the glowing horizon—"yes, I have dreamed of it, but the dream merely crossed my life, and then faded away, like that golden cloud which you see yonder, and which is melting into vapor in the light. Now all is over—quite over."

This gentleness, as of a lamb led to the slaughter, smote Ulric to the heart. A terrible struggle took place in his soul.

"Wait but one week longer," he cried, "and I will then undertake all you ask."

"As you will," said Alice, with a sigh; "but what difference will one week more or less make?"

VI.

AND what had become of Horace Temple while these events were taking place at Cedar Villa? Faithful to his promise, he had appeared there no more, but he still lingered in the neighborhood, and at night he might have been seen wandering around the villa, his eyes fixed upon the windows of Alice's room. Once or twice he had seen her pass by on horseback with Ulric beside her. The gossip of the neighborhood revealed to him the fact that she was entirely freed from the malady whose nature and intensity were but vaguely guessed at, and it was also reported that she was about to bestow her hand on him to whom she owed her salvation. These reports were torture to Horace's soul. He hoped no longer, and still he lingered and waited, for what he did not know.

Meanwhile, Ulric passed the days in inexpressible agitation and torment of mind. The last day of the week's delay which he had requested of Alice had arrived, and its dawn found him promenading his room with unequal and restless steps.

"So be it," he muttered to himself—"so be it. If she takes the veil she will be the wife of no man, since she will never be mine. And yet, when she first told me of her project, some remnant of humanity in my nature protested against it. She is about to enter a grave—living, she will close upon herself the gate of a sepulchre. And it is I—I, whom she called her friend—I, who pretend to love her—that have slain her happiness."

He flung open the window, and the cool breath of morning came to caress his burning brow.

"Nature—Heaven!" he cried, "have you both

deserted me? Those who suffered from the malady of which I have just cured Alice used in olden times to be called possessed—possessed by a demon. And am I not also possessed? The serpent that I chased from out her life—has it not taken refuge in my soul? A demon has taken possession of me, the demon of love, and what strength will drag me from his grasp? what power can break my chain? Would I not rather let her perish than yield her to another? I would—I would—and yet—”

He paused before a table covered with books and papers, with scattered minerals, and with portfolios filled with dried plants.

“These were my world once; with these I was happy. My notes, my studies, my books, my profession, filled up my life.”

A sudden gust of wind from the window blew an unopened newspaper from the table and whirled it to his feet. He took it up and opened it mechanically. His eyes fell upon an article, and he glanced over it, at first listlessly, and then with eager and interested eyes. It was an appeal made by the Geographical Society of London for men of science to join a new expedition fitting out to explore the western provinces of Africa.

“There,” he cried, throwing down the paper—“there indeed would salvation be found were I what I once was. What precious observations, what invaluable discoveries, might not be mine! And Alice once plunged in her living tomb, what then will life have to offer me? Friendship—I have betrayed it. Love—it has betrayed *me*. Nature—science—study—I have deserted them. I have driven forth the serpent that was poisoning the life of Alice; who, in turn, will release me from the demon that possesses *me*?”

The door slowly opened, and Horace Temple appeared on the threshold. Ulric rushed toward him.

“You come to reproach, to threaten, to curse me!” cried Ulric, hoarsely. “Begone!”

“I come to say farewell,” said Horace, extending his hand. And, while Ulric gazed on him in speechless amazement, he continued:

“I quit Biarritz to-day and forever. You have saved Alice, and she is yours. I leave behind me all the hope and joy of my future life, but I bear with me one thought that consoles me: you have freed the only woman I have ever truly loved or shall ever love from a doom of unspeakable horror, and that through my means. For the wrong done

to myself—for the treason to our friendship—I bring you my free and full pardon. Give Alice only happiness as you have given her health, and I shall be content. And now, by the memory of the past, will you not shake hands with me? Let us part, if not friends, at least not as enemies. Ulric, here is my hand.”

A fierce, inward struggle convulsed the stern, pale features of Dr. Brandon. It passed; and, seizing Horace by the arm, he muttered in half-stifled accents:

“Come with me.”

M. de Mera, with his wife and daughter, was seated at breakfast when Ulric entered, followed by Horace Temple. On beholding the latter, Alice turned pale, and half rose from her seat, but sank back blushing and radiant. Dr. Brandon went straight to M. de Mera.

“Sir,” he said, in a firm tone, “if you think that you are my debtor for any service that I have ever rendered you, will you permit me to name my recompense?”

“Ask what you will—the debt of gratitude which I owe you is such that I never shall be able to repay you.”

“Then, sir, I request you to bestow the hand of your daughter Alice upon my friend Horace Temple.”

“Blessed be the hand that restores you to us,” cried M. de Mera, pushing Horace toward Alice, who had hidden her tears and blushes in her mother’s breast.

Dr. Brandon turned without a word and left the room. The first emotion past, Horace hastened in pursuit of him. He came up with him on the high-road.

“What do I not owe to you, my friend?” said Horace, trying to grasp Ulric’s hand.

“I your friend? I hate you!” replied Brandon, with a glance of fury.

“What—you love her still?”

“I do not know if I love her,” he answered. “And what is that to you since she loves you, and since I depart? But this much I know—were I to stay here I should kill you. Farewell! Cease to remember me, for you will never see me more.”

With abrupt and hurried steps he went upon his way, and, without turning his head, disappeared in the distance, a black speck upon the dusty whiteness of the sunny road.

PERFECTION.

BEFORE the bud is ripe, the infolding leaf—
A pale-green signal of alarm—
Hides the sweet thing from Nature’s wandering thief,
In fragrant chamber, close and warm.

No amorous touch of vagrant air may fall
On pulse of rosy heart at rest;

No dews may steal within the emerald wall,
To melt upon its virgin breast.

Hidden it lies, till blossom-form be grown
To symmetry, in chaste repose;
Then open wide its passionate heart is blown,
And earth receives the perfect rose.

MARIE LE BARON.

A DAY IN THE FOREST.

BY M. E. W. S.

I HAVE concluded to spend this summer day in the forest. As there is one "convenient," as the Irish say, here I am—

"My throne a mossy bole,
My canopy a tree."

Yes, thirty thousand of them, more or less. Wishing to add on all the new sensations which should accompany such a movement, I have risen early, and am here at the hour of eight, having breakfasted. My forest is on a steep hill; so, by walking a few feet in any direction, I command a view of the valley, and then, if I wish to shut off all visions, and hold communion with Nature in her visible forms, I can retreat into a primeval solitude as dense and as leafy as Vallombrosa.

I am on the verge now, looking down. Well, really, it is very pretty; the river, as Willis once said of it in his affected, gay manner, "goes waltzing down the valley, perfectly conscious that the old mountains are peeping over each other's shoulders to see her." The mists are rising from the valley; there are the cows munching the freshest of breakfasts; there goes the farmer with a disenchanting mowing-machine, not half as poetical as a scythe, but how much more grass it levels to the minute! I am getting utilitarian: let me retreat to the innermost depths of my forest, not linger here on the perilous outer edge. There goes the dismal shriek of the engine! I dive deeper and deeper—anything to get away from that.

Now I am in one of Titania's fastnesses. "Green to the north of me, green to the south of me, green everywhere."

The solitude is supreme. I am in a cathedral; long Gothic aisles of trees retreat from me as I look in every direction. Once I thought the nave of Chester Cathedral vast, its dimensions lofty; what was it to this? And here I am with my pew cushioned with green velvet, my *prie-dieu* yon mossy stone, my altar that once lofty tree, now gone, but left his splendid base, which Nature has decorated with plumes, and ferns, and mosses, as no city altar is decked even at Easter-tide. Surely the first sensation in a forest is to pray. It is "God's first temple." I hope the invitation is not lost on me.

After the first half-hour of solemn contemplation the forest grows more familiar. The birds have sung my morning hymn for me, and I find I have several friends calling to see me.

Two squirrels arrive first. They are so astonished at me that they behave like people of good society, and give me a long, familiar, and surprised stare. I, like another person of society, return it with an unmeaning, immovable, mirthless smile. It is very well done on both sides, I am convinced, only we have no spectators—no one to see us "go by," which is the necessity of good society. What were half our little games without an audience?

Yes, I have an audience. Two queer things are looking at me from the top of a decayed stump. They have eyes in the middle of their foreheads. Eyes, did I say? One eye to each individual. How horribly it intensifies their gaze! Two insect Diogeneses; two concentrated scorns; two embodied stares. It is horrible; either they or I must move. It must be I; for, although I try staring with my two eyes, although I try my coldest society smile on them, it has no effect. How embarrassing! I ask the society question, "Who are they?"

No one answers, and then I remember my ignorance. Here I am in a new country, and do not know the language. I am like the American ambassadrice in Paris who could not say "Comment vous portez-vous."

Now, Agassiz—if he were alive and here—would address my one-eyed friends in their own dialect, and tell them more about themselves than they know. Than *they* know? I should think so! What do animals know about themselves, and what do they care? After all, is it not very aristocratic, and proud, and scornful, and high, and mighty, not to know anything? The Turk thinks so, and he is very much of a gentleman, your Turk, when he does not take to being assassinated, and such like tumbles, which are undignified.

As I know nothing of natural history, I shall assume, at least for to-day, that it is more comprehensive to *not* know anything. "A little learning is a dangerous thing," "Nothing so bad as imperfect education," "Where ignorance is bliss," etc., etc.—all those comfortable poultices with which ignorance has covered its bruises in all ages. *Quien sabe?* What is the use, after all?—what *can* we know compared with what we ought to know? and so on.

I wish I *did* know about the acorn-worm, for here is one. I heard the younger Agassiz tell a beautiful improbable story about one once, and here I see the real thing; now, if I could only remember what he said! But I cannot; I only look and wonder, and think how Nature offers me on every side pictures, fairy-tales which are true, lovely and new combinations that would outdo a Chinese puzzle, curious and complicated mechanisms far more elaborate than the Corliss engine, and I have never turned to examine them. I am a cit pure and simple, watching the performances of my own kind (which, to tell the truth, have grown very monotonous), when here is a great book full of pictures of undying interest, full of comedy, full of tragedy, into which I rarely look.

And, now I think of it, my two squirrels, who have scampered on and off several miles, and have come back to look at me as if I were the most amusing, absurd thing they had seen this morning, are doing comedy and tragedy for me. One looks like Salvini, the other like *Lord Dundreary*. The Salvini one is very impressive. I shall call him by the

name of the great tragedian. He has the same solemn eyes; he is like the *Gladiator*, and for a squirrel moves slowly and impressively at times.

Lord Dundreary, with his whiskers, is perfect. Ah! dear little rodent, are you troubled with impossible conundrums? Are there things in a squirrel's experience "which no fellar can find out?" There are always nuts enough, and hollow trees abound. You have not your part to learn; it comes to you without any effort. As for exercise, which seems to be one of the fine necessities of your being, you can take it with great ease, for you have a very light body, and four strong little legs to carry it on. I cannot believe you suffer from cold, for your jacket is neater than any seal-skin. As for heat, your instinct takes you where it is cool—into the fastnesses of a decayed stump. If you have vanity, you can look at your curly tail, which is very pretty; or view your bright eyes in yonder brook, which has dammed itself up into a convenient mirror for you. So, little dandy *Lord Dundreary*, I do not see why you are not the possessor of all the wealth of the universe.

Salvini looks sad. Have you lost a fair daughter, like the *Gladiator*, little brown tragedian? Are the stumps too hollow, or not hollow enough? Are the nuts scarce, or has some wandering bullet hit you, and planted a foreign pain in your furry side? What are the sorrows of a squirrel-existence?

Had I Thoreau here, he would tell me. But he has gone beyond the squirrels. He was the faun of the nineteenth century, and spoke the language of the animals. Happy in being the only cultivated savage which Harvard College has ever turned out, its one educated Indian, the great university has made much of him. He has had Emerson and Lowell to interpret him to the animal man, the one species for which he did not care. Like the Marble Faun of Praxiteles, he has been twice blessed—first in his original self, then in the Hawthorne who had described him. How delightful to have him here, as an interpreter, in the depth of this cool forest! I should not be wondering now which fern this is, with the new kind of frond, the queer blossom; nor would yonder vine agitate me, lest it is poison. I could taste these inviting red berries, without fear of instant death, if he were here to tell me what they are.

But to return to the animals. A new green monster has arrived, small but terrible. From a cursory glance I should say he had been an elephant in a previous state of existence reduced to a minimum for his sins. Perhaps he was the elephant in "The Surgeon's Daughter," or the still worse one in Charles Reade's story who killed every keeper. He looks unhappy; he misses his size and state, and his brown skin, his Eastern consequence. Once he carried an Indian monarch on his palanquin; now he is a poor little green insect-elephant, condemned to a solitary forest. Does any such transmigration await me for my sins? Shall I remember what I was, and wish I were it again?

Horrible thought! I will read up a work on natural history to-morrow.

Wishing for Thoreau and Agassiz has reminded me of books, and I look down in my lap to see that I have brought with me the last number of *Temple Bar*, London's richest, most comprehensive monthly. How far off it seems from this forest—*Temple Bar* and the rich, full, illimitable life of London!

Yet here it is in my hand. Thanks to the art of printing, I touch civilization at its latest, highest point. I read of Sir Joshua, and of "The Last of the Connoisseurs," and of "The First of the English Satirists." Some scholar has been sacking the British Museum, and writing these good papers all for me: Here in my lonely forest I wave my wand (it is a very dry stick!), and culture, intellect, wit, and knowledge, come at my bidding. I glance over the list of the published books entitled "Books for the Seaside and the Country" (you see, they were thinking of you and me, over there, dear reader), and I take in at a glance "The Dead Cities of the Zuyder Zee," Guizot's "Life of Cromwell," Mignet's "Life of Mary Queen of Scots," "The Day after Death."

Gracious powers, what a comprehensive sweep! Who by seaside or in country can master all that range of human knowledge, human infirmity, human suffering, human and superhuman speculation? One of the books alone gives me cause for thought for all time—"The Day after Death." Dare I read that book, dare I enter into that shadowy world, and walk with my own spirit which I know so well (or think I do), but which in its new form may be a stranger almost to itself? I have learned to know its weakness in its garment of the flesh—how much more have I to learn of it? No; *Temple Bar*, with your wealth of wisdom, your much making of books, your pride of human intellect, I throw you away for an hour, and return to this book of Nature, which I cannot read half so well as I can you, but which disturbs me less.

Here are two "shard-bound beetles" having a fight. They are Nature's iron-clads. Shall I name them the Merrimac and the Monitor, and bet on them? No. I will remove them to English waters and christen them the Devastation and the Thunderer.¹

How they fight! how they resist! how they pause and go at it again! Not more valiantly would their two namesakes have tried their rival prowess of attack and defense. Sir William Armstrong and Sir Joseph Whitworth are outdone. Captain Cowper Coles's revolving turrets are nowhere. My Devastation and my Thunderer can fight all day, as if Portsmouth Navy-Yard were looking at them, and every one of her ships loaded with spectators. Yes, as if a princess were among them waiting to reward the victor with a smile. They fight, too, and leave off alive; nor do they blow up, nor go down, with all hands, like the ill-fated Captain or the Vanguard. No. Nature's iron-clads cost nothing; they are perfect; they have conquered the secret of attack and defense.

¹ It chanced that this was written on the day when the terrible explosion occurred on board the Thunderer, upon her trial-trip.

And that sets me thinking of a defect in human administration which has always troubled me. Why will men and nations fight so clumsily? Why not do it on a chessboard, or a slate, or a map? Wherefore this great commanding brain of which we are so proud, if we must go on forever knocking against each other, like these foolish beetles, only not so well? England builds a ship which displaces nine thousand tons of water, puts thirty-eight-ton guns on her, each carrying a seven-hundred-pound shot. She clothes this monster with armor twelve inches in thickness, the cost enormous. The next year this monster is disregarded, because, of course, France, Russia, the United States, build one bigger, stronger, heavier; so Woolwich proceeds to build a ship with a hundred and eighty thousand pounds of iron and steel in each gun, costing *only* five thousand pounds apiece! The inflexible is to cost five hundred and twenty thousand pounds, enough to relieve every poor clergyman and every poor governess in Great Britain; and, ten to one, she blows up on the trial-trip! I am ashamed of the stupidity of my race, and look admiringly down at my beetles. They are fighting still, and I suspect Thunderer of showing the white feather. Devastation is pushing him badly, but they hurt no one but themselves; they cost no nation five hundred and twenty thousand pounds. Let us each select a champion, and let the one-man power prevail. Ah! Devastation scuttles off triumphant; Thunderer is on his back, whipped, but he will be all right this afternoon.

Afternoon, did I say? What time is it now? I have left my watch at home, wishing to be sylvan, and to judge of time by sensation. Here it comes, the best timepiece in the world—appetite.

I am conscious that Nature palls upon me. I care less for ferns, beetles, one-eyed monsters, birds, squirrels, etc., than I did. I am very hungry.

I wonder if Patrick will forget to bring up my dinner? He belongs to a forgetful race. He comes from green Erin, and has the light-hearted *insouciance* of his race. Strange concession to his Celtic origin, that I must use a word of Celtic origin to describe him! He is a young giant, a cormorant of work; he would dig up young trees and build stone-walls for pastime, would Pat, so I know that it will be forgetfulness, and not laziness, if he neglects me. It *must* be twelve o'clock, and I told him to come at twelve.

And how curious for me to be hungry at twelve—I, whose normal dinner-hour is seven in the evening—seven! "Tis twenty years till then!" I recognize the agreeable fact that I have come to the right country for an appetite. I am like the mediæval people who went hawking and hunting, and dined at eleven. The noble pair (I see them now), Sir Launcelot and Lady Guinevere, with their falcons, off at early dawn, no doubt; and she with her red-velvet hat and feather, "a beautiful and foreign lady," is as hungry, no doubt, as the hawk which perches on her slender wrist. Pretty, and picturesque, and healthy time! She is the only heroine whom you can bear to think of as being hungry.

Ah! here comes Pat, with my dinner! I would

rather see you, Pat, just now, with your gypsy dark eyes, your white teeth, your Milesian countenance, your straw hat, shirt-sleeves, and basket, than to see Sir Launcelot, *cap-à-pie*, if he came without my dinner, gallant knight though he was. Pat is smiling with pleasure at my delight over the basket, and waits to see if I have further commands. "Yes, Pat; fill this cup with water. Is there a cool spring, clear and clear, about here?"

Pat thinks there are five or six within easy distance. He brings my cup, filled and dripping with water as cold as ice. Where has Nature hidden it, this very hot day? In this mountain-country she keeps her reservoirs very cool. "Thanks, Pat; you have given me a champagne which has no brand, but which puts all others out of the market."

Pat, who regards the forest as the place where trees are to be cut down in depth of winter, and much unwelcome duty to be done in finding stray cows, looks at me as a sort of harmless lunatic, that I should wish to stay here, and evidently says to himself that he will keep an eye on me. He ventures one remark:

"Ain't you lonesome?"

The kind-hearted Irish lad! I dismiss him with an assurance that I am all right, and, telling him to come back at six o'clock for the empty basket, I send him home, and hear him whistling and singing as he goes gladly back to the weeding of turnips, and the destruction of the potato-bug.

Now, to see what my landlady has sent me. Tender chicken, toothsome tongue (grateful viand to a woman who has not had any use for hers all day), freshest of butter, whitest of bread, and a cherry tart, with cream cheese, which crumbles as I look at it. Thanks for these cherries, from some belated tree; these cherry-pits give me a treat for my squirrel friends. Come, Salvini! Come, *Lord Dundreary*! Take dessert with me!

I throw the stones about me cautiously. Ah! my comedian and tragedian have arrived, with all their respective troupes. As many cherry-stones as I choose to throw, so many squirrel friends have I.

If you want an animal to love you, feed it. And is it not so with our human race? How many come for our dinners, our suppers? how many for ourselves? But that is not an appropriate after-dinner thought—it savors of dyspepsia; this fine atmosphere, this noble forest, shall not be disgraced by any such distrustful thoughts; perhaps that cream cheese—but no, I will not doubt it, I will read awhile in *Temple Bar*.

And I fall upon the record of a man who went through life very patiently eating other people's dinners—Dr. Donne, who always lived in the house of a patron.

How impossible that seems to the nineteenth-century mind! Imagine any one daring to say to one of our independent and brave literary men, "Come and live with me and be my dependent; bring your wife and all your children!"

Yet "Sir Francis Wolly, of Pirford in Surrey," could say that to Dr. Donne and his beautiful young

wife, and they could accept it and go to live in the noble house, "where a child was born to them every year." One wonders if there was a Lady Wolly, and how she liked it. One must remember, too, the rambling old mansion, such as one sees many of in England, where several distinct houses go to make up the grand old pile, for we know that in America no house is large enough for two families. Then, again, this easy-going pair go and live with Sir Robert Drury in the stately Drury House in London, with its great gates and lovely gardens.

To us, the hospitality and its acceptance are alike impossible; and yet who does not wish that there were a permanent Drury House, where the weary and impecunious man of genius could retreat, and think out his novels, or his poems, or his satires, or his essays, with no thought of the morrow? Who has not been haunted with a terrible sense of one's own ingratitude in looking at the furrowed brow, the emaciated form, of the poor scholar, poet, thinker, remembering all the while the enormous debt we owe him?

As an author well says, in speaking of Dr. Donne, "The days of patronage brought forth works of solid learning and perfect form impossible in these times of mere writing for bread."

This gentlest and first of the English satirists, this perfect lover, this wit and scholar, Dr. Donne, died at fifty-eight, of consumption, leaving the noblest memory behind him; and yet he seems to have taken no thought of the morrow, not even concerning himself for the future of his children, of whom he had twelve. One hopes that the patrons took the same care of them as of their father.

These human butterflies—is it too hard to enumerate Dr. Donne among them?—these Harold Skimpoles, exist even now—men and women, too, born to be taken care of, people who throw themselves confidently into the arms of their hard-working brethren, and, while doing nothing, are done for.

I will go and look at these real butterflies, fluttering over this little pool, where a ray of sunshine penetrates the forest.

Here are swarms of yellow beauties, each more perfect than the ballroom belle; here is an *Archippus*, there an *Aphrodite*, here a *Papilio asterias*, all black and yellow, like an Egyptian queen. These small, yellow fellows are the *Hipparchia*. They have no idea that they have so learned a name, poor little things; and, really, here is a superb *Antiope*! early-comer for July, for he is not due until October; purplish-brown, with a broad, buff trimming, he is very stylishly dressed for autumn, rather too warm just now. And here is an *Hipparchia alope*, very soberly arrayed in brown and black. This little pool must be a favorite butterfly watering-place!

And here is the true butterfly for an author, the *semi-colon*. He belongs to the genus *Vanessa* (you see I am learned in butterflies; it is the only kind of natural history for which my city education has fitted me), and he is as handsome as they make them. Tawny orange and brown, and on his wrong side beautifully lined with different shades of gray,

he keeps his golden semi-colon on his wing. "Silence is golden," he seems to insinuate, and flutters away.

I do not see the *Cynthia Huntera*, which ought to be beautifully dressed in gray and pink. They have names as pretty as themselves, these butterflies—the *Argynnis Idalia*, *Argynnis Aphrodite*, *Nymphalis*, *Ephestion*, being poems in themselves; and a very easy and pretty study it is to catch them and find out about them.

Here I have been now three-quarters of a day in the forest, and have not thought of the trees. Monstrous ingratitude! how human, how natural!—though what thought have we of the hand which feeds, the house which shelters, the heaven which covers us all, the laws which protect us, the country which is our home, our abiding-place? How all of us awakened to a new feeling, which we called patriotism, about sixteen years ago! We take all these things as a matter of course, until we are deprived of them, as we take health, sunshine, food.

We go on selfishly, appropriating them and gazing in on ourselves, our musings grave or gay, or the pleasures and pains which, half self-inflicted, we create.

These trees have been making the air in this grand *salon* cool and delightful for me all day, and I have not thought of them.

Splendid giants! seventy feet high and more, I salute you! Old pines, gray and lofty, a thousand years old, I dare say, "Fit for the mast of some tall admiral," how unworthy I am, even to sit at your feet! Grand elms, graceful and feathery; sturdy maples, with untold sweetness in your sap, unpretending goodness hidden behind health and common-sense; trembling aspens, lady-like ash-trees, fragrant birches whom I love best when dying (they, I mean, not I)—they must burn on my hearth-stone some winter evening, while I sit and inhale their delicious wild-wood flavor. Shall I remember this day, and how softly the zephyrs kissed my cheek, when next December's winds are howling outside, and the birch crumbles into coals, as I look at it dreamily? No, I dare say I shall be human, inhuman, ungrateful, and forget all about it.

Here is a fallen tree, curly-maple, and the wood-sawyer has polished a piece roughly, so I see its fine lines, its lovely involutions, its mottled, curious, cloudy grain; what a nice toilet-table it would make!

You are too good society for me, lofty trees; too much above me. I cannot ascend so high. I keep coming back to earth. Yonder there is a study for Palissy the potter—a toad, a green snake, and a lizard on a log. No majolica in the great Exposition is so good as that single piece; and I am getting it for nothing! What browns, and greens, and yellows! They are all keeping still; even the snake is sleepy.

How drowsy one feels in the forest! the branches swing heavily, the hamadryads are taking a nap. If I look long up into that dense, leafy solitude, in the elms, I shall be sleepy myself. It is very warm. It must be ninety-four degrees down in the valley. How soft and dry this moss is! quite a velvet pillow,

I declare. That old pine must be seventy or a hundred feet high. Ah! I am almost afraid that I have been asleep, and awakened by a furry something running across my face. Was it a squirrel? I hope so. I dare not inquire, for it might have been something worse; however, I am not much injured or frightened. I know it was not the snake; that would have been unpleasant, cold, and clammy.

But I must wander back and find my *Temple Bar*; I left it on a log like this, I am sure.

But I do not find it so easily. Butterflies have led me on, trees have whispered, secluded and beautiful aisles have tempted me to wander farther than I thought. I do not hear the sounds of the valley; I cannot see the openings. Am I lost? and, if I am, what woodcraft have I to help me out? I do not know the points of compass. Donatello Thoreau is not here to find *his* way by instinct. Agassiz is not here to stoop and pick up a leaf, and by its veins find a ready-made compass. No; my only hope is in Pat, who will come for the basket, which is my only connection now with civilization.

But where is the basket? That and *Temple Bar* must be somewhere together, but am I with them? No; I am in the depths of the forest primeval; the murmuring pines and the hemlocks must console me with their hexameters.

Now in my utter loneliness I begin to hear the sounds of the forest. It requires a fine ear to hear stillness.

I find that what I have been calling silence is really the best music; every tree has its note. The wind makes of each one a new *Æolian* harp; a thousand insects add a chorus, and occasionally a solitary prima-donna bird—the Nilsson, the Jenny Lind of

the forest—gives me a *cavatina*. In all this concert there is no false note, no intrusion, over-loud trombone, no blare of trumpet, no squeaking flute—all is harmony. There is a woodpecker, all in clerical black and white, playing the 'drum for me, like a music-mad parson, and he plays it well; he has been at it all his life.

Wandering on, listening to my concert, I suddenly find my basket and my *Temple Bar*. What is this delicate covering over it?—a spider's web!

Thank you, Dame Nature! You have paid me the prettiest compliment: wishing me to read *your* book instead of a printed one, you have dropped your finest, most delicate handkerchief over my *Temple Bar*. It is a charming hint, it shall not be lost upon me; would it not do for a play? A young wife, jealous of her student husband's devotion to his books, drops her little, embroidered, sweet handkerchief over the page. He comes back to his work, to be met by this delicate reminder of her! I commend the idea to Mr. Boucicault, who, having plenty of ideas of his own (one likes to give them to such), may put it in a play.

We always like to give ideas to the rich, in fact all sorts of presents.

Nature's handkerchief is so delicately, so beautifully woven, that I hate to disturb it, but, tenderly as I touch my book, it breaks—it vanishes in a moment. Will it be so with my memories of this day in the forest? Sweet, intangible visions; dreams of rest and quiet; day of repose; healthy return to the life of Nature, and the high society of the trees—shall I go back to gossip and detraction, and ignoble and small views of my fellow-creatures, and forget you? *Quien sabe?*

AVICE GRAY:

A STORY IN THIRTEEN CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER XI.

A FRIEND AT COURT.

WHITECHESTER was greatly excited over its trial for murder. That appetite for the marvelous and the horrible which forms, it is much to be regretted, part of all but the highest and best-regulated human natures, received so little sustenance in the ordinarily quiet little town that the utmost was made by minds and tongues of the present opportunity, one such as had never occurred before, and might not for long occur again. Public opinion was very strong against the prisoner; all the evidence that had satisfied the coroner's jury was gone over afresh, and no suspicion was entertained of the all-important testimony which at the eleventh hour had been obtained, and which when brought forward was to change the whole face of the case.

Nor was the poor girl herself aware of what had happened in her favor. Dr. Wells was too busily occupied with the lawyer to be able to fulfill his

promise of being with her, and, knowing how soon she would be at liberty, he did not care so much as he otherwise would have done that he could not keep his word, and perhaps considered too little the tortures of anxiety she in the mean time would suffer. Mrs. Harmer, in spite of her endeavors to be early, was detained by so many household matters that the time was past when she could have had access to the prisoner, and the court had actually opened when she arrived; and thus it happened that none of them saw Avice on that eventful morning until she stood not only before them, but before the assembled multitude, in the character of the accused.

Her aspect, as she so stood, might have moved, and did move, every heart that was not marble hard. So young, so pale, so fragile—so childish in appearance, so timid and so shrinking in her demeanor—was this (those who had never seen her asked themselves and others) the terrible woman charged with so unnatural and black a crime? There must be

some mistake—it could not be. As for those who had seen and known her, to them the charge could not well appear more incredible than it had seemed before.

To Mr. Foster she was an object of deep interest. He had not been the whole of the previous evening with Mrs. Harmer without learning all her history, to which he had added some very unexpected particulars of his own. He had known her father well; had esteemed him a worthy man in life, and lamented his premature death; he expressed sorrow for her mother's fate (the fate of, alas! too many); but most of all he took to heart the cause of the helpless girl who had endured so much false aspersion, whom he had in so strange a manner met and spoken to at the very moment when his doing so was of such vital importance to her, and in whom he had even then felt an interest, though but a passing one, in her young flush of beauty and her evident happiness. Where was the flush now—where was the happiness? His heart ached as he looked at the pallor that had taken the place of the rose-pink cheek she had shaded from the July sunshine; and days of weary watching and waiting, and nights of weeping, had dimmed the smiling eyes—eyes which seemed to see nothing in all the crowd they wandered over now, until she caught a glimpse of Mrs. Harmer's well-known features among the witnesses arrayed against her, when she covered her face with her hands and did not look up again. But there were no sobs, no tears; she stood very calm and quiet, and a resolution, partly formed before in Mr. Foster's mind, took root and grew.

If Avice listened while they made out the case against her, if she heard the charge and the evidence that seemed to confirm it, she gave no sign. Would she have remained firm, if needful, to the resolution she had expressed to Dr. Wells? Would any gratitude to her benefactress, however deep, have enabled her to hear herself convicted of, and condemned for, the murder of him who had been dear to her as her own life, without an attempt to rebut the accusation and to lay the guilt where she believed it belonged? Scarcely, perhaps. Human fortitude could hardly be expected to bear such a strain as that. Happily for Avice, hers was destined to be so tried.

It was as much as Mr. Burnside could do to keep his triumph out of his face as the case for the prosecution was gone through. "Let it take the regular course," he had said, in the morning. "It is too late for anything else now. You have saved me a great deal of trouble, and, if you have deprived me of the opportunity of making a very telling and affecting speech, I must overlook that in the satisfaction of having my verdict secured. I shall call no witness but you, Mr. Foster; your evidence is amply sufficient, and, when you have given it, the case will be closed. It may remain as much a mystery, as ever who did commit the murder; all we have to do is to prove that the prisoner did not."

Nevertheless his brother lawyers thought, as the trial proceeded, that Mr. Burnside had taken leave of his senses. One after another the witnesses were

dismissed with the quiet words, "I shall not cross-examine," and the opportunity of shaking their testimony was lost. The behavior, too, of some others concerned, was a puzzle to those not in the secret; Mrs. Harmer, who at the inquest had spoken unwillingly and with agitation and tears, was now self-possessed and apparently careless; Dr. Wells had lost the anxious line that had for weeks marked his brow, and was seen once furtively to rub his hands; while the lawyer on whom the issue of the trial depended showed no disposition to exert himself, and wore a confident air while doing nothing. People could not understand it; but it was soon explained when the opposite side had their turn, and Mr. Burnside rose to defend.

"I shall make no speech," he began. "Words, however eloquent, are inferior to facts, and I shall let undoubted fact speak for and clear my client. We will proceed to the examination of our witness. Call Alexander Foster."

Alexander Foster answered the call, and was duly sworn.

"Mr. Foster, look at the prisoner at the bar. Have you ever seen her before?"

"Yes, I have both seen and spoken to her."

"Please to state when and on what occasion."

"About two months ago. On the 14th of last July."

At the sound of his voice the first sign of agitation became visible in Avice Gray. She uncovered her face, lifted her eyes, and saw before her the man whom she so well remembered, the man whom constant longing for had kept ever present to her mind, the man who now held her fate in his hand. Over the pale, wan face there dawned a light of intelligence and recognition, and even the faint reflection of a smile; her lips parted as if to speak, but in the supreme moments of life words do not come freely, and though she stretched out her hands imploringly, and they, and cheeks, and eyes, spoke eloquently enough, her lips were silent.

The sudden change in her demeanor, her unaffected recognition of the stranger, the hope that took possession of her and beamed in her face, helped to turn the tide of feeling in her favor before another word was uttered. But Mr. Foster spoke again, and every syllable was listened to with breathless interest.

"My name is Alexander Foster. I am partner in the shipping-firm of Clarke & Foster. I am a Canadian by birth, but I live now in Detroit. On the 14th of July last I was in this neighborhood. I was traveling on business, but, having a visit to pay in the vicinity, I left the train here in Whitechester, and, as in former years I knew the country very well, I walked across the ridge to Bleekman's to take the stage there to Almeida, where I wanted to go. The day was very warm, and I sat down to rest in that part of the wood-road which crosses the corner of Mrs. Harmer's farm; while I sat there the prisoner came by, on her way home. She gave me some of the water she was carrying to drink, and we had some conversation. We were together about

fifteen minutes. The time at which this occurred was a few minutes after noon."

This was all Mr. Foster's evidence, but it established the innocence of Avice Gray as completely as a volume could have done. The edifice of circumstantial evidence raised against her crumbled to dust before the one touch of actual fact. What mattered Philip Mason's certainty that a woman had been present on the scene of the murder? It could not have been Avice Gray. What signified Duncan Ray's repetition of Stephen's dying utterances? They only proved that Avice had filled his last living thought, as her name had been the last word on his lips. No cross-examination could shake Mr. Foster's positive testimony that, at the moment Stephen Vanvannick died (which must have been, as Dr. Wells and other authorities asserted, but a few minutes after the wound was given which caused his death), Avice was standing, fresh, innocent, and blooming, and in cheerful converse with him, four miles distant from the fatal spot. The certainty remained that some hand must have dealt the blow; it might have been the hand of a woman, but it could not have been the hand of Avice Gray.

To all intents and purposes the case was ended. The few remaining formalities were gone through, and the jury returned a verdict of "Not guilty!" without leaving the court.

Mobs are as unreasoning as they are unreasonable. Sympathy for Avice was now as strong as prejudice had been against her, and the multitude applauded her acquittal as loudly as they would have expressed their satisfaction had she been condemned.

The poor child cared as little for their applause as for their contumely. Scarcely as yet realizing that she was free, she saw nothing but Mrs. Harmer's familiar face, she felt nothing but the touch of her arms about her, she heard nothing but the low and hearty words of delight and congratulation that faithful friend breathed into her ear. Not from Avice were to be expected rapturous demonstrations or passionate outbreaks of emotion. She had grieved wildly for the death of her betrothed, but her own safety could evoke no such expression of feeling. Besides, the gentle spirit had been too severely tried to recover all at once its natural tone; quiet, rest, and kindness, must be the lot of Avice for some time before she could be herself again. She clung to Mrs. Harmer as to a recovered safeguard, and whispered, "Take me home!"

"Presently, dear. You are safe now. Are you not happy?"

"I am glad they know I did not do it; but—it cannot be undone—and I cannot forget. Oh, I have suffered—let us go home."

Mrs. Harmer, in her own joy, had lost sight of that. Avice might be free, and her fame cleared, but her loss and her sorrow remained. She soothed her, but she did not know what to say for the best, and was glad when Mr. Foster came up and spoke to her.

"Will you not number me among your friends, Avice? Do not you remember me? Suppose my memory had been no better than yours?"

"Remember you!" She remembered too much. She remembered the day she had seen him, and also the other events of that fatal day. She remembered her last words with Stephen, his last kiss, the last touch of his hand upon her hair, all the brilliant promise of the morning, and the midnight darkness in which that day had closed; and the recollection was too much for her just then. She broke into a flood of quiet tears.

"Hush, my dear! I did not mean to hurt you," said Mr. Foster, grieved and surprised.

The tears did her good, and, when she had suppressed her sobs, she spoke calmly. "I remember you very well, sir," she said, sweetly and gratefully, "and I owe you a great—I wish I could ever hope to pay the debt."

"You can do so. I will tell you how before long. In the mean time will you let me be your friend? I never knew your mother, the parent you loved, but I was a friend of the father you never saw. Poor Davie Gray!"

"Did you know my father, sir?"

"Yes, my dear, and liked him well. I little thought he left a daughter, or that I should ever be called on to perform such a service for his child. I will care for you for his sake, Avice, till I do so for your own, and you must try to like me."

"There is no need for me to try," she said, softly. "What would have become of me but for you?" She looked up into the weather-beaten face which the kindly smile rendered beautiful in her eyes, and, reading aright the benevolent expression, took his hand and raised it to her lips. The childish and, confiding gesture won his heart completely; he stooped down and kissed her pale cheek, and his growing resolution put forth bud and blossomed.

But Mrs. Harmer was becoming impatient, and the parting came. With a promise to come and see her the next day, Mr. Foster said good-by. The popular excitement was over, a fresh interest absorbed the attention of the crowd, and Avice and her protectress departed in peace and with thankful hearts to their home. Avice shed some tears on the way; her loss was not forgotten, her grief was still fresh. But she was only eighteen; and at eighteen the world is all before us, and life and liberty are sweet.

CHAPTER XII.

THE BLACK MARE.

IN less than a week after the favorable result of the trial at Whitechester the household at Mrs. Harmer's had returned to its normal condition of unruffled quiet; at least as much so as was compatible with the still-continued absence of Fred Harmer, and the subsidence of the ripples caused by the departure of Avice Gray.

For Avice was gone; her accustomed place knew her no more. Mr. Foster's resolution had borne fruit the day of his promised visit to Mrs. Harmer in his proposal to take Avice with him to his own

home; and though at first the proposition was rejected by the good woman and treated as one not at all to be entertained, it was, nevertheless, accepted by the person most particularly concerned, and acknowledged to be the best for all parties, for more reasons than one.

"What can the poor girl do if she remains here?" Mr. Foster had said. "If, before this last business, she was looked on shyly, and led a life none of the happiest, what can you expect now? For we all know that, however innocence may be proved, suspicion leaves a stain and a sting."

"I shall be as kind to her as ever," said Mrs. Harmer.

"No doubt—you have been her true friend, and will be so still; but what of others? You may be much to her, but you cannot be all; and allow me to ask if every one under your roof is as kindly disposed toward Avice as yourself?"

Mrs. Harmer paused; she could not answer in the affirmative. In truth, short as the time was that had elapsed since her return home, the signs of discord had manifested themselves between Avice and Dorade in a manner quite unmistakable, though to her, who possessed no clew, quite incomprehensible. She understood neither the haughty disdain of the one girl, nor the shrinking avoidance of the other; but she had seen enough to be aware that if they remained together the result was not likely to be conducive to either her own peace or that of others.

"I must confess," she replied, "that Dorade don't seem very glad to have Avice back again; but she'll get over her humors, and I wonder Avice should mind them. I always knew Dorade wasn't overfond of Avice, but I can't imagine why Avice should take spite against Dorade."

Poor, simple woman! happily ignorant woman! how little she guessed of the story of the past—how little she foresaw what was yet to come!

Mr. Foster was not quite so uninformed. Dr. Wells had said but little to him; after Avice's acquittal the less said the better, he thought; but from that little he had gathered that there might be feelings between the girls which would render Avice not unwilling to quit the place which had been to her the scene of so much sorrow. And he pressed the point.

"There is another thing. What will you do when your son comes home? How can he and Avice go on living in the same house after what has passed? Depend on it, it will be best for all for Avice to come with me. I am far from a rich man; but I have not many to provide for; child and grandchild have dropped away from me," he sighed, as he had done when he had said the same thing to Avice on the ridge, "and I am almost alone. She is the child of an old friend, she is unprotected and unfortunate; let her come to me, to a new home where she may forget what has gone before, and in time learn to be happy again."

"Well, of course she can do as she likes," said Mrs. Harmer, somewhat shortly.

"You will leave it to her, then? She may make her choice?"

"Why, how can I hinder her? She has a will of her own, I suppose?"

It was not very graciously said, but, on the strength of the permission, Mr. Foster laid the choice before Avice, and asked her decision. She was not long in deciding; though she expressed her heart-felt sorrow at leaving her dear and true friend—though she implored that friend not to think her deficient in gratitude for past services and promises of service in the future—she accepted Mr. Foster's offer, and was glad to go. How could it be otherwise? How could she do else than wish to leave a place where she had suffered so much? Setting aside the scorn of the outside world—leaving out of the question the regard in which she might be held by those comparatively indifferent to her—how could she, even with the suspicion of what she believed, accept the shelter of the roof that covered Dorade?

"The world has used you hardly hitherto, my poor child," Mr. Foster said, when she gratefully expressed her thanks for his kindness; "very hardly for one so young. We will see if we cannot change its doings a little in the future. Davie Gray's daughter must be good, I know; it shall not be my fault if in time to come she is not happy."

So Avice said good-by to her one friend with a true sorrow that melted the anger Mrs. Harmer could not at first help feeling.

"Some day, perhaps, you will know I could not help it, that I was right to go. God will reward you for all you have done for me and all you tried to do; I can never pay you what I owe. Kiss me and say 'God bless you!' then I shall know that you forgive me and believe that I am doing what is best for us all."

Mrs. Harmer could not resist; she gave the kiss and the blessing. And the time came all too soon when she acknowledged that Avice had been right indeed.

Avice Gray was gone with her new protector to her new home. Of those to whom she had been known few missed, and fewer still regretted, her; it mattered little to her. To her new abode it is not our intention to follow her; but we may trust that after so stormy a commencement of her voyage of life, after such fierce buffeting on the waves of trial and temptation, she may enjoy a more peaceful progress and reach in time a safe haven, now that she has drifted into calmer seas.

September passed away, and the reign of October, with its gorgeous foliage, its calm, cloudy days, and its threatening stillness, had begun. The year makes a pause then; the joy and hurry of harvest are over, but we have not lost its sweet remembrance. As in the delusive hush before the thunder-storm, Nature in autumn tries to deceive us; she gives us this breathing-space to blind us to the time fast approaching when she will assume the tyrant's aspect and bind us in the chains of winter; and we enjoy the brief holiday alike whether we remember or whether we forget that it is the last.

On one of these still, shadowy afternoons, Dorade Harmer's youngest brother came hastily into

the room where she sat at work. Another change was visible in Dorade now. Since the acquittal and departure of Avise she had been calm and quiet, though nothing could make her gay. It seemed as if a weight of dread had been removed, and she again tasted the blessedness of rest of mind. As one wearied with physical toil thinks not of recreation, but only of repose, so Dorade seemed content to do without happiness if she might have but peace.

"Hurrah!" burst out her brother Ben, on his entrance. "Good news, Dorade: the black mare's mine at last! Come and fetch her home."

"What do you mean, Ben? You haven't surely—"

"Yes, I have surely. What was the use of her to old Vanvannick? I guess Steve himself could hardly hold her now. But I'll give her something to do."

"Does mother know what you've done, Ben?"

"Of course she does; but I daren't let her know what I've paid, for it was an awful price. But that don't matter now; it *is* paid. Come with me; I'm going to fetch her home."

"Don't talk nonsense. I don't want to go."

"But I want you. The mare's over on the ridge, and I want to drive round and take the saddle; and you can bring our own horse home again. Come, Dorade, it's early yet."

Was it presentiment that made Dorade hang back—that prompted her to answer:

"Don't tease, Ben. You can do without me, I'm sure?"

"No, I can't. Ah, come, Dorade, like a good girl. You ain't often cross with *me*."

Dorade smiled faintly.

"Well, I'll drive you if you don't ask me to go in the woods."

"How long have you been afraid of the woods? What do you think you'll see? Steve's ghost, poor fellow?"

Dorade was fastening her hat as he spoke; she turned from him so that he did not see the shudder that shook her from head to foot, or the clinching of her hands and teeth. The emotion was as momentary as it was violent; it passed and left her as calm as before.

If he thought her very silent during the drive, he talked enough for both. If she remembered the last time she had been in that direction, he never guessed her thoughts. The afternoon was very soft and still; not a breath ruffled the painted leaves, a few of which fluttered down here and there from pure decay; there was no sunshine, but a warm light mist brooded over the distance and melted all the prospect in an harmonious glow. There was little resemblance in the scene to either the buoyant summer noontide or the starlit night.

When they reached the fence of division, and Ben had fastened his own horse to a convenient tree, he addressed Dorade.

"Well, are you going to sit there all the time? You'll find it dull, for I may be some time catching the beast—she's wild; and I may not perhaps find

her at all. You can't go home yet; you'd better come with me."

Dorade answered by jumping to the ground. "Go on!" she said. "I'll wait about here, and go to meet you when I hear you call."

Her brother went off, bridle in hand, and Dorade walked slowly, with clasped hands and downcast eyes, through the fallen yellow leaves that rustled beneath her light step. It was very still; the faint song of a lingering summer bird came to her ear; she could hear the voices of men at work who must have been a mile off; and it was very lovely—here on the edge of the wood the trees were glorious in autumn dress, a crimson sumach and golden maple flaunted their bright banners till they made her eyes ache. The scene was too gay for her, but within the wood there reigned a solemn quiet, and her wanderings soon led her within the verge; then, as if by some invisible attraction, she went on and on till she reached the very spot she had determined to avoid—the solitary pond!

Here she came to a stand—round it, to the place where *he* had died, the spot where *he* had been found, she would not go. She sat down on the bank, in almost the same place where Wells had seen her, and looked in the same direction. The scene was the same, and yet changed.

The waters of the pond were still deep and dark, but, in the summer's heat, from the edges they had a little sunk away; the rushes had grown higher, and their golden blossoms were brown and sear; the purple and amber flowers were faded and gone, and in the sober autumn light the secluded place looked very sad and dreary. Dorade gazed over its desolation until its mournful aspect was too much for her overcharged heart, and she could not resist a flood of tears.

But she dashed the drops from her eyes; she must give way to no weakness. It is not the least painful part of the ordeal of those who, like Dorade, have secrets that there is no relief, no relaxing guard. "After all," she said to herself, "why should I cry now? I have learned to bear the sorrow, and I have only that to bear. I have escaped that temptation and crime, and escaped confession. I ought to be content; and when Fred comes home—"

She sank into reflection, from which she was roused by her brother's voice, and, looking up, saw him approaching with the coveted black mare by his side. He had almost rounded the pond and reached her when the mare suddenly stopped, and Ben spoke.

"Ain't she a beauty? Could I give too much for such a beast as this? Won't Fred be pleased? Ain't you pleased, Dorade?—Come, get up, Jet, come on."

But the black mare planted her feet, and refused to stir.

"Why, what's the matter, Jet?—She's been as quiet as a lamb ever since I caught her.—What's the matter, old woman? Come, come on."

He patted her neck, soothed her with words, and tried to draw her forward, but Jet only laid back her

ears, snuffed the air, and stood like a rock. He struck her with the end of the halter, and spoke sharply; she reared, and then stood trembling, but she never stirred.

"She's frightened at something, Ben," said Dorade, coming forward, stroking the terrified animal on the face and speaking gently. "Can't you see she's scared? Let her alone."

"What should scare her? There's nothing here but what she's seen a hundred times."

But all attempts to move the mare were unavailing, and at last Ben was forced to look round for the cause of her obstinacy and terror. "I see nothing," he said; "hang her, she *shall* go—wait—what's that under them bushes? That's what she sees."

Dorade looked. "Where? What bushes do you mean?"

"There, just under where you were sitting—under the willow, among the duck-weed. It looks something like"—he stopped suddenly.

"I—don't—know!" said Dorade; but her brother would not have known her voice, and her face had gone of a ghastly whiteness.

"Here; take the halter a minute while I go and look."

She did not seem to hear him; her starting eyes were fixed on the object he had pointed out, which, as she gazed at it, assumed horrible shape to her sight; but she never answered, and she never moved.

"Are you deaf or blind, Dorade? What's come over you? You're as bad as the mare. What's to scare you? I'll bet it's only a log."

He hastily fastened the black mare, who was now quivering with fear, to a branch, and made a few steps forward. Dorade followed, but she did not know she was moving. As they neared the spot, her brother put out his hand suddenly to keep her back.

"Stop!" he said, in an altered voice. "I believe it's no sight for you, Dorade. It looks like—like—by Heavens! it *is* a man!"

A man? It might have been one once; but he would be of bold judgment who pronounced *that* to be a human being now. On what lay there among the weeds and the slime, time and the elements had done their work, and little semblance remained of the pride and glory of manhood. One of the horror-stricken spectators stood in wonder and amazement, but to the other the discovery brought no surprise. *She* never doubted who lay before her—*she* felt that she looked on what had once been her brother—*she* knew that the reason of Fred Harmer's long-continued absence was made clear—*she* knew that the dark secret which the pond had kept so many weeks was disclosed at last, and that its black waters had given up their dead.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE TRUTH AT LAST.

THAT same night, when, worn out and exhausted by fatigue of body and anguish of mind, Mrs. Har-

mer had fallen into something like a troubled slumber—when thoughts of the dread contents of the closed coffin watched by awe-struck friends below were lost in oblivion, or only came back as the fragments of a startled dream—when the night was far advanced, and silence and moonlight held sway alone in the upper chambers, Dorade softly opened her door, listened in vain for any sound below, and crossed the narrow passage to her mother's room. Her step was so noiseless, her entrance so silent, that her mother never stirred, and, unchallenged, the daughter moved forward and sat down in the moonlight, on the side of the bed. Mrs. Harmer had fallen asleep, weeping; in the pale moonbeams, Dorade could see the undried tears still glisten on her eyelashes, and slumber had not altogether medicined sorrow, for the brow would now and then contract with a furrow more than time had set there, while occasionally, from the parted lips, there came a labored sigh. Dorade looked down on her, half in mournful tenderness, and half in a kind of scorn.

"And she thinks she grieves!" she whispered. "She believes that no one ever had better cause to mourn! Poor mother! I hope you may never know any worse misery than sorrow unmixed with remorse. I hope you may never have to bear a load like mine."

She sat motionless for a few minutes, and then, as her mother gave no sign of waking, extended her hand and laid it gently on the sleeper's forehead. Mrs. Harmer roused herself with a start.

"Who is there?" she asked, hastily. "Dorade, is that you, my child?"

"Yes, mother, I am not my own ghost yet. I wish I was a ghost, if ghosts cannot look forward and never look back."

"What are you doing here, dear child? Why do you not try to sleep?"

"I would sleep quickly enough, mother, if I thought I was never to wake again; but what is the use of forgetting pain for a minute if it is only a thousand times worse when you come back to it again? And that's the way with me."

Mrs. Harmer raised herself and put out her hand. Dorade, divining her intention, removed the lamp beyond her reach.

"Please, no, mother; there's light enough. I came to talk to you, but I couldn't do it with the lamp shining on my face. Mother—shall I tell you just how it was?"

"As you please, child," moaned her mother. "I can guess a good deal. But you'll have to tell it all to others besides me, so spare yourself now."

"Do you know me so little yet, mother? It is because I will never tell any other living soul that I am going to make the whole truth known to you now. You can do with it as you please."

"But, Dorade, to-morrow—"

"Mother, do you think I have learned nothing the last two months? Do you think I have pretended so much and cannot pretend a little more? Do you think I am one to be cross-examined, sus-

pected, blamed, and pitied? To-morrow! Twenty to-morrows will get nothing out of me."

"Dorade," said her mother, "you frighten me. Is this a time to speak and act like this?"

"Forgive me, mother dear; but remember what I have been bearing, and for how long; and that I have been hiding it and learning to harden myself instead of being able to give way to my grief. Listen, mother; if I don't tell you now, perhaps my courage may fail me altogether."

Mrs. Harmer did not answer; Dorade could hear that she was weeping.

"Mother, did you never guess—did you never think—how I—how much I cared for Stephen?"

The mother raised herself, and fixed her eyes in amazement on the daughter's face. Even in this moment of anguish, and even to that pallid face, there had come a blush with the confession of unsought love; but the eyes were cast down, and their expression veiled from sight.

"You! Dorade? Did you care for Stephen Vanvannick? Then Dr. Wells was right, after all. And I would not believe him! How blind I have been!"

"My poor mother, you have been blind all through, happily for you. Yes, mother, I loved Stephen—if I had not, things might have been different. Perhaps not—I try hard to think not—but still, if it had not been for me it *might* have been different, and that *might* will haunt me till I die. Don't speak, mother; let me say it all now:

"I did not give up at once; I knew he did not care for me. I said to myself I would be too proud to try for what had been given, without trying, to Avice Gray. But it was no use—his life seemed to be my life, I seemed only to live to love him, and I said that he should love me. I hoped it would be so—I believe it would have been so—but for Avice Gray. Do you wonder I hated her? Do you wonder now I was glad to find Fred liked her, and persuaded you to look favorably on the match? Do you see that what you thought affection for her and desire for Fred's happiness, was only anxiety to get a rival out of my way?

"But I knew the reason she would not listen to Fred; I knew why she did not take at once an offer that was so wonderfully above what she deserved; jealousy made me quick-sighted, and, besides, could I wonder that she liked Stephen best? I thought Fred was too slow—that if he pressed more earnestly he might make more impression on her—and—and—why should I delay to say what must be said? I told Fred he had better not wait too long, for Stephen was courting Avice again; and, for fear Stephen might do so, I hinted to him one day that Avice was engaged to Fred. I was frightened when I had done it, when it was too late; and I tried hard to think no harm would come; but now—now I feel as if the blood of both of them was on my head.

"You can guess how it happened, mother; do not make me say it all. We went on the ridge by mere chance; Fred had often promised to take me

to see the pigeons—when we met *him* we had no idea any one else was there but ourselves. I know, from what they said, that they had quarreled before, and oh, I tried so hard to quiet them and make peace! That, at least, I can think for comfort.—Comfort? Ha, ha!

"It was the merest accident—Fred had the knife in his hand that he had been cutting some blossoms with for me. He never meant to use it—but who think what they do when they give way to passion? One hot word led to another, till at last—Stephen struck Fred—I own he gave the first blow—and Fred struck back—with the hand that held the knife—Stephen fell—I screamed, but still we never thought he was hurt—until—"

The girl stopped; and in the silence was heard the beating of two hearts.

"Mother," she said, at last, "if Fred could speak he would tell you, if it was his last word, that he never meant to give that blow. It is all I can do for him to say that, and I say it as I shall say it on the judgment-day."

"But—you have not told me—how did—how came my boy—" the mother could not finish the question; the sister, whom long torture had steeled, could reply:

"I don't know what we did or said—who could remember?—but just as we tried to do something for Stephen we heard the shot, and *he said*, 'Go, hide, you'll be blamed for this;' and we *did* hide, like fools and cowards, instead of facing the truth and fearing nothing. We heard the steps coming, and I went into the juniper-bushes, while Fred ran down to the pond.

"When the men were gone I went after him; he had been in the water to hide, and was wet through. I would have come home at once, told the whole, and braved the consequences, but he said we had already done what we could not undo, and having begun the concealment we must carry it on. Well, he overruled me—I agreed against my own will, and never thinking how much it would be likely to bring on us both. He said we must get on to Whitechester as fast as possible, and sent me to where we had left the horse for some dry clothes; I ran and brought them, but when I came back Fred was nowhere to be seen. I searched—I called as loud as I dared—I looked in vain; he was gone.

"After waiting some time I thought he must have been alarmed, or feared discovery, and left the wood, and that the best thing I could do was to go on, on the chance of finding him, or at any rate to cover his absence. So I went to Whitechester; I went to the station in hopes to find him there, and when I did not see him, I still paid my visits, said he had gone by the train. I laughed and talked and was merry, when all the time I was thinking of Stephen dead, and Fred—where? Do you wonder I kept my senses that day, and many days after? I do."

"And where—how did—"

"God knows, mother; we never shall till we know everything else besides. Perhaps his foot

slipped on the treacherous bank—perhaps he himself was hurt and turned faint unawares. We shall never know. But I *think*,” and her voice sank to an awestruck whisper, “that a swift judgment overtook him, and was accepted as expiation for the unintended sin; and I *know*,” she added, lower still, “that he is happy to have escaped what I have borne.

“You can guess the rest; you can imagine all the suspense, all the torment of uncertainty, that I have gone through—how I have never known what a day might bring forth—how I have been always on the watch—how I have had to plot and plan to hide the truth from you and all others—how I have waited for a word from Fred—how I have sickened with fear when that word never came—how I have dreaded to think what might have happened, though never, never, did I imagine the reality; and, besides all this, have had to bear alone the burden of my own sorrow, and to wrestle with the horrible temptation of my hatred for Avice Gray. Mother, the Bible says, ‘There hath no temptation taken you but such as is common to man.’ Are such trials as mine common? If so, how does the world go on?”

Mrs. Harmer had listened to this confession almost in silence—a silence broken now and then by a sob or a groan. Now that it came to an end, should she not have rebuked the sinner? Alas! for the lax tenderness of woman, for the weakness of motherhood! She threw her arms round the rigid figure, she drew the tearless face to her breast, she smoothed with gentle hand the cold cheek, she whispered, “My poor child!”

“There is but one thing I can say for myself,” said Dorade, submitting to but not returning her mother’s caress.

“I never meant to allow the blame to rest for good on Avice; but, while I thought Fred was living and might at any time come back, how could I speak? I take no credit that I do not deserve—I hated her, I hate her now; she robbed me of all I desired in this world, she is the cause of all I have done. I should rejoice in any harm that came to her independent of me; but if nothing else had happened to clear her, if that man had not come, I should have told the whole truth at last.”

“My poor child, do not lay the blame on others that belongs to your own willful heart. It may be my fault—if I had ruled you better—”

“Do not think so, mother; the nature I have was born with me, and will be mine till I die. I have told you the truth as if they were my last

words; remember that when you have to tell it again. And now, mother, can you forgive me?”

“Forgive you, Dorade? Are not you as unhappy as myself?”

She slipped from her mother’s hold, and fell on her knees, throwing her arm round her mother’s neck as she knelt in a rare and passionate yielding to affection.

“I hope you may never know what I feel, mother; you never can. I *did* no wrong, my wickedness was all in thought, and in those few malicious words; oh, if my life could have blotted them out or undone what came of them, how gladly would I have paid the price! Mother, I am in earnest; I want you to tell me that you pardon my share of this—I want you to *say*, ‘I forgive you, may God forgive you, too.’”

Her mother drew her to her breast and kissed her solemnly.

“God forgive you your evil thoughts and help you, my poor child! it is not for me to forgive you that have been so neglectful and so blind. I must care for you more in the future—we cannot undo the past.”

Dorade made no answer to that, but pressed a long kiss upon her mother’s face.

“I will leave you to sleep again,” she said. “It is near morning, and you will want all your strength, so try to rest. I wish there was any rest for me!” She paused, as if she had yet more to say, checked herself, turned away almost suddenly, and was gone.

Gone! When, the next morning, Dorade Harmer was asked for, she had vanished and left no trace. Search was useless, inquiries were vain, though search was long and careful, and inquiry widely spread. Her mother, dreading to think what might have happened in her grief and remorse, caused the fatal pond to be examined again, but its black waters revealed no further secrets. The confession she had made to her mother became public, and was too probable, and too much in accordance with the known facts, not to be accepted as the truth; but it gave no clew to her disappearance, except such as the known pride of her stormy nature might suggest. Some time afterward a black-bordered letter came to Mrs. Harmer, but whether it gave news of Dorade or brought the tidings of her death, the mother never told, and no one knows. Whether the wounded and passionate heart is at rest forever, or whether it still beats and years will calm its tumults and subdue its pride sufficiently to allow Dorade ever to return to her home, is a question which remains unanswered, and which time alone can solve.

TOGETHER AND ALONE.

WE walked together, my love and I,
When the waning moon hung low—
The tide, like fate, crept up the sand
Resistlessly and slow.

I walk on the barren beach, *alone*,
The moon is pale for woe;
And, like my hope, the waters ebb
Reluctantly and slow.

C. A. S.

BEAUTIFUL WOMEN.

BY FRANCIS GERRY FAIRFIELD.

RECENT writers have predicted that the fusion of types in America will finally eventuate in a brown woman. She will blend, they say, all that is sensuous, musical, emotional, passionate, in the African races; all that is imaginative and spiritual in the Asiatic; all that is intellectual and perceptive in the European. They prophesy of her hair as brown and wavy; of her eyes as dark, sleepy, liquid, and languishing; of her form as full and supple—a trifle panther-like, perhaps. Destiny—or climate, which amounts to the same in this instance—is to avenge the fading aborigines by transforming the conqueror into the image of the conquered.

The question whether the blonde is gradually disappearing with the progress of civilization, as has been contended by many observers, is thus one that naturally occurs at the very outset of this inquiry. "The transition from blonde to brunette," says one of our ethnologists, "appears to be going on in America with even greater rapidity than elsewhere." A writer in the *Anthropological Review* supports the same hypothesis in a recent article, and offers a solution of the phenomenon in the principle of conjugal selection. His observation is that Englishmen generally prefer brunettes; that fair-haired women are growing rarer and rarer with the progress of English culture; that the blonde is in process of extinction. In a similar manner, the late Mrs. Somerville concludes a dissertation on the subject with the remark that fair hair is rarer among her countrywomen than she remembers it to have been when she was a girl. The statistical aspect of the argument appears to be equally in favor of the hypothesis so ably supported by observant ethnologists. Dr. Beddoe, Physician to the British Royal Infirmary, reports, as the result of observations extending over a period of some years, that the law of conjugal selection operates very decidedly in favor of brunettes. He has collected and sifted the statistics as to the color of the hair and the social condition—whether married or not—of 737 women treated at that institution. Of these 22 had red hair, 95 had fair hair, 240 had light-brown, 336 had dark-brown, and 33 had black hair. Classifying the red, the fair, and the light brown as blonde, and the dark brown and black as brunette, the totals were nearly equal—367 of the one and 369 of the other. Of the blondes 32 per cent. were unmarried, and of the brunettes only 21½ per cent. Not only was this the case, but among the brunettes themselves the probability of marriage was found to be in proportion to the darkness of the hair. For example, out of the 336 having dark-brown hair 22 per cent. were unmarried, while of the 33 having black hair only 18 per cent. were unmarried. Dr. Beddoe regards his observations as convincing evidence of a law of conjugal selection in England that favors brunettes over blondes in the ratio of four to three.

My own observations as respects the New England States, with the population of which I am thoroughly familiar, are curiously coincident with Dr. Beddoe's. Lounging the summer away under the maples by the Willimantic River, in the year 1874, I was at some pains to observe the predilections one way or the other of the eligible young men with whom I came in contact, and, as I was a native of that section, and knew almost every family for leagues about, it was not at all difficult to collect data on the subject. I find by reference to my diary that, in one manner and another, I gathered during that summer a budget of memoranda specifying the predilections of 329 young men between the ages of eighteen and thirty-two, of whom 187 decidedly preferred black hair and black eyes, 101 had a preference for blondes or semi-blondes, and 43 didn't care particularly. All the corroborating data support the general veracity of these statistics.

Among nearly all classes here, with very few individual exceptions, I found that black eyes and raven hair in women were regarded as the highest development of beauty; and the more shining, metallic in lustre, and deficient in softness, the more decidedly beautiful. Blue eyes and gray eyes, however soft and lustrous, were not considered as having any claims to beauty, and, as to those masses of auburn hair that artists run mad over, they shake their heads sadly, old and young, and remark that she would be a very pretty girl if it wasn't for that. This is the rule with the uncultivated classes. The striking, the salient—that which offends the cultivated eye by its lack of mellowness and tone—are regarded as beautiful. As to form, such a thing as a beautiful arm—something for a Phidias to dream of—or a pair of ravishing shoulders, or a swan-like neck and throat, would pass unnoticed in that part of the country, unless the owner had shining black eyes and masses of raven hair.

The blond girls of Boston, Springfield, Hartford, and of the cities and villages of New England in general, are like spirits for willowy slenderness of form and refined softness of expression. Having the delicate fragility of blossoms, they commence to fade at twenty-five. But while they last they are beautiful after an angelic pattern that is found nowhere else on earth. And when they happen to have gray eyes, with the dash of enthusiasm and spirit that pertains to such, they gossip of literature and art with a fascinating liveliness and piquancy that are rare among women elsewhere. Margaret Fuller—the Coleridge of her sex—was such a woman, a typical New England girl, of the gray-eyed, demi-blond style. I have met many who were like her, although never one who equaled her in Platonic monologue. It is only in Virginia that the correlative of the New England girl occurs as the prevalent type, with something less of slenderness, perhaps; with a

fuller and more voluptuous form, but with the same delicate moulding of the extremities, the pink nails and finger-tips, and the same pink-tinted palm. The predominance of blondes over brunettes is in proportion of four to three; the semi, with gray eyes, forming about one-eighth of the whole.

Notwithstanding the fact that novelists and poets have generally associated the tragic spirit with the slumberous and passionate black eye, the demi-blondes supply the real *tragédiennes* of the world, whether on the stage or in actual life. Cleopatra had auburn hair, and was freckled. Her eyes were not black, but of the tawny and tigerish yellow that is so often found in conjunction with terrific passion and a desperate spirit. Brinvilliers, the beauty and tragedy-woman of her age, was of the Cleopatra style. Mr. Kubisse, the story runs, was so fascinated with a portrait of her in possession of M. de Langes that he trembled visibly.

"What is your opinion of it?" inquired the owner, breaking the spell, after Kubisse had stood before it for some minutes in silence.

"A beauty and a devil; who is she?"

"Brinvilliers, the wickedest woman in France," replied M. de Langes.

Again, Joan of Arc, the beautiful enthusiast, was a gray-eyed blonde, with a tinge of the neurotic temperament about her, and such golden hair as artists weave into their dreams of the ideal woman. Lucrezia Borgia, too, had tawny hair, according to travelers who have studied the tress preserved in the Ambrosian Library, at Milan. Byron appropriated a single thread of it, which he gave to Leigh Hunt, one of the best judges of color that ever penned an essay. "If ever hair was golden," writes Hunt, "this is. It is not red; it is not yellow; it is not auburn. It is golden, and nothing else, and, though natural-looking, must have had a strange appearance in the mass." Others speak of it as tawny and straw-colored, which, conceived in masses, justifies Landor's beautiful description—

"Calm hair meandering with pellucid gold."

Helen of Troy, and Poppoea Sabina, had masses of tawny hair, and so had Milto, the beautiful Ionian, as well as Sappho, who has passed from memory, except as a spectre of the tragic passion and a tress of golden hair. But one need not draw arguments from the ancient as to this point. All our great modern *tragédiennes* have been demi-blondes, with the gray eyes peculiar to the demi, that turns a shining sea-green in passion, or darkles lustrously with love.

But is the blonde really disappearing? Were it possible to accept the testimony of ancient authorities without reservation as to the prevalence of blondes in Europe two thousand years since, on comparing their statements with our own observations the question would have to be decided in the affirmative. But to what extent ancient women were in the habit of coloring their tresses is a factor in the question that cannot be exactly defined. In the days of Solomon men powdered their hair with gold-dust; and, in Ælian's compliment to Atalanta,

that the yellow of her tresses was not produced by art, there exists a pretty conclusive intimation that the ancients had some process of dyeing the hair with a golden tint, the prescription for which has not been handed down; for Tertullian taxes the Carthaginian women, who had black hair, with being constantly employed in giving it a golden color; and Jerome, two centuries later, reprimands the Roman women for cultivating auburn tresses—a fashion introduced probably by Claudia Rufina, who was the society belle of that city. Claudia was a British princess, and that the Britons used dyes very extensively to give brilliancy to their tresses is a well-ascertained fact. The conclusion is, then, that the manufacture of blondes was carried on pretty extensively in days when Rome was the social centre of Europe. The Venetian women, for example, have for ages been in the habit of taking sun-baths in *solaria* erected for that purpose, in order to absorb the peculiar sheen of the solar beam. They used washes also; and Mrs. Jameson says that the Venetian tint in old paintings, with their pale-golden masses of hair, was decidedly an artificial product. Ah me! what an enemy to romance is real investigation!

A candid consideration of the facts tends to the conclusion that there is no such convincing evidence that blondes are disappearing as the advocates of the hypothesis have assumed. In our cities blondes are rarer than they are in the country at large; and, as respects the preferences of men, while in New England, as a rule, the preference is for brunettes by about thirty per cent., probably, in the South and Southwest it is decidedly for blondes; so that, striking an equitable average throughout the United States, it is likely that a blonde's probability of marriage is rather in excess of that of her dusky-eyed rival. Nor is it true that our descent is so exclusively deducible from fair-haired races that the percentage of brunettes must necessarily be explained by resorting to Dr. Beddoe's hypothesis. Our ancestry, so far as it was English, involved seven distinct races—the long-headed, dark, and heavy-shouldered Gael, who forms the substratum of the English stock; the square-headed, broad-browed Cymrian, of Cumberland and Cornwall; the tall, convex-faced Jute, of Central Kent; the light, straight-featured Dane, of Yorkshire, Lincolnshire, and Cumberland; the almost white-haired Norwegian, and the phlegmatic Frisian, as well as the dominant Saxon. And behind all these lay, according to Huxley, the swarthy, short-statured, dark-eyed, prehistoric races of Europe, to the absorption of which the occasional outcropping of short, dark men among the light races is due. At least one prominent family in this country, of pure English descent, furnishes a perfect illustration of Huxley's view. The Washburns, for example, are either tall and light-haired, with blue eyes and very fair complexions, or they are very short and swarthy, with heavy frames, and black eyes and hair; and it is very frequent that the two types, most extraordinary in their physical contrasts, occur under the same roof-tree.

Our American types of beauty claim a brief de-

scription, since it is very evident that the beautiful that will be by-and-by lies *perdu* in the beautiful that now is. And here, let it be remembered, I am talking of beautiful women, not of the feminine raff raff that men style more or less pretty.

In Delaware, a blonde occurs which is referable to the Scandinavian. Miss Nilsson represents the type in its purity. The Delaware belle has light-blue eyes that are full of calm. She has straw-colored hair with a golden lustre upon it. She is rather tall, with straight and delicate features. She is slow and calm in her movements, and statuesque in her attitudes, but not with sensuous and voluptuous languor.

In Maryland, I have sometimes met a peculiar blonde, with flaxen hair and an alabaster skin, that seldom or never blushes, but with dark eyes—eyes very large and very dark. An inexperienced observer would style them black, but they are rather a deep, strange gray, not subject to such lights and shadows as other gray eyes are, but always calm and shining, like the antique jewels set in Parian statue-stone, to which Mrs. Browning refers in one of her poems. She is full in form, but not so tall as her Delaware sister; has full, well-rounded, nervous hands, and delicate feet; and her long, slender fingers are tipped with pink finger-nails.

I have often met another type of blond beauty among the Talbots and other old families of Maryland. She is of light, lithe, supple, and very girlish figure. Her eyes are generally blue, but sometimes light-gray; and her face is one of wondrous delicacy, with spirited nostrils and temples streaked with veins. She has the softest and most delicate little hand that was ever imagined of a fairy, but it is a hand of tremendous nerve and grip—one that could grasp a throat and throttle its owner, if necessary. You will see such women often in Baltimore.

City of brunettes as New York is, a Broadway promenade or the *entrée* to our best society reveals the fact that our city has more types of blond women than any other in the world; rarer ones, too, than London, Copenhagen, Vienna, Berlin, Vénice with its beauties of the tawny hair, or Naples with its modified Grecian women. I have seen all types here, with the single exception of the large-eyed and Junonian blonde of Lombardy—a fusion of Italian passion and suppleness with German rest and sentiment, according to Mariotti.

There are two styles of tall, golden-haired blondes that I have frequently met in New York society. The hair of the first is tawny, and looks in the mass like raw silk. Her head and face are like the best pictures of Nell Gwynne, but not quite so round and rosy as those of the dashing Nell must have been. The complexion is like mother-of-pearl, with a light shining through it, but never coming to the surface—an incipient blush always, but one that seldom attains maturity in those flitting and delicious surges of rosiness which I have sometimes been tempted to denominate the *aurora facialis*. Such transparency of complexion, faintly suffused with pink, with a forehead high and alabaster when the nose is curved

a little, and low, white, and Greek, when that organ is straight! The hair of the second has more sunshine in it, and partakes of the brilliant red rays, more than of the tawny yellow; and in the complexion the pink comes fairly to the surface instead of merely smouldering beneath. The contour of the head and face is that of Isabella Albrizzi, set in abundant masses of waveless golden hair; for, while the tresses of the first fall in tawny ripples, those of the second drop down in limp and heavy masses. Both have an inclination to slenderness and perfect civilization of the extremities. The first descends from the Irish⁶ blonde, except when the nose has been curved by intermarriage with another race; the second is of English ancestry. Both generally have large blue eyes, that open long and lazily—day-dreaming eyes I sometimes call them. But with the first you will occasionally find a pair of light and very limpid gray eyes that it is dangerous to peer into too long.

There is a style of blonde that is very peculiar and noticeable, though small as an elf, that one occasionally observes in lounging along Broadway. The hair is between tawny and golden, of silken texture, and always wavy, with an extreme disposition to escape in rippling tresses at some unguarded point and defy the conventionalities. Her eyes are seldom blue, never gray, but generally of a deep hazel, rayed from the pupil to the perimeter of the iris, and having a reddish light in them, like the flicker of firelight in a darkened room. The face is almost round, and laughs, dances, and dimples, with exuberant vitality. Her form is rounded, and every movement has something of the twinkling waviness associated with the facial muscles in genuine laughter; for, when penetrated to its *motif*, the Latin poet expressed one of the subtlest conceptions of modern physiology when he applied the word ridiculous (*ridere*, to laugh) to the quick and vivid movements of the mouse; and it would be graphic were I to travesty Horace and style the woman under description the little ridiculous blonde. You cannot help laughing as you look at her, although it is not because there is anything provocative of ridicule about her, but because there is an infectious laughter in her movements. She is an incarnate dimple. Her complexion is bright and inclining to sandy, and is spotted here and there with large freckles of the same color, but of a deeper shade. Generally there will be two or three on her saucy little nose that wondrously contribute to vivacity. And that nose is not Grecian, but a trifle shorter. Her hands—and her feet also, I imagine—are soft, rounded, delicate, and dimpled; and there are life, magnetism, and thrill, in their slightest pressure. Her nails have not the suffusion with pink that is regarded as so beautiful by connoisseurs, but her mouth is a half-opened rose-bud when she smiles, and her teeth have the softened lustre of rows of pearls.

The little ridiculous brunette, with her laughing dark eyes, rounded form, and vivacity of movement, represents the same type of *physique* in duskiest coloring.

I come now to a type of blond beauty which is the high-bred Barb of them all. She is no taller than the little ridiculous, and equally well-rounded and vitally exuberant, but not in the same manner associated with laughter. For the purposes of nomenclature, this type may be styled the nervous gold-blond. At eighteen her gossamer hair is like sheaves of gathered sunbeams, but it darkens with years, and finally puts on the smouldering swarthiness of gold-bronze. When the light falls athwart its ripples, the gold is visible to the last, but in the shadow it is bronze-color, with a dash of golden, always wavy, never curling. Gray eyes, with a pupil that dilates and contracts with every passing emotion, rendering the eye velvety-black sometimes, and sometimes very gray, with the smallest possible point of black in the centre, belong by right of inheritance to this type. She has the pyriform face of Dante's Beatrice, and her ears are two pink shells that one is tempted to cut off and preserve as curiosities. Her features, cut with cameo distinctness of definition, have an aquiline tinge that is mainly noticeable in the slightest possible prominence of the nasal bridge. Her complexion is roses and lilies, her skin of the texture of the finest satin. The parietes of the nostrils are thin, mobile, and almost transparent, and, when she is excited, two pink spots, about as large as her finger-tips, are visible. Ah! then beware! Indeed, every aspect of the whole organization indicates brain and *verve*, temper and spirit, rather than softness; and yet she can purr like a cat when it suits her, or spring like a panther when the occasion calls for it. Pity the unsophisticated beau who imagines that he can flirt with her with impunity! He is certain to be ensnared, bewildered, then laughed at, with such bubbles of rippling and musical laughter as an amused seraph could scarcely imitate, overflowing her firm but feminine lips. No rose-bud mouth is hers, but one in which beauty and decision meet, each modifying the other.

"She has hair of golden hue,
Take care, beware!
She can make love as well as you,
Take care, beware!"

Longfellow says that she has eyes of laughing blue; he means eyes that dance with tantalizing laughter; but in this the poet commits an error of observation. I know of only two women in this city who are the perfection of this type, with the beautiful and highly-emotional gray eyes that pertain to it. One of them is an old lady, who is constantly engaged in ambitious projects, and succeeds by splendid tactics where most men of reputedly great abilities would fail. The other is a young woman with whom an intellectual triumph is of more value than the adulation of her hundreds of admirers; and yet, if she once gave her mind to it, what a fascinating coquette she would be! Sensitive, imaginative, dazzling, delusive—a brilliant talker, and one who can create semblances of poetic dreams, without troubling herself to dream them—if you are not impressionable, an hour's gossip with a woman of this type is like sipping an infusion of ambrosia. Her deli-

cate little hand, with its pink nails and rosy finger-tips, is a magneto-electric battery with five delicately-tapering poles. Her complexion is white satin suffused with pink. Miss Brontë, the author of "Jane Eyre," had the forehead and mouth of the nervous gold-blond, but her eyes were hazel-gray. This blond is the sweetest and truest wife when her master comes; but woe to the dolt who tries to tame her!

There are two types of the auburn-blond, as there are two types of the tall gold-blond previously described. The first has hair of a deep and smouldering auburn, with tropical eyes occasionally, but more frequently with deep orange eyes that have a reddish light in them, sometimes sullen and dangerous, but more generally shining and amber-like. Ancient Egyptian blondes were of this style, which may as well be termed the Cleopatra. The complexion is alabaster, suffused with pink, and dotted with an occasional freckle. And, ah! what a beauty there is in a series of delicate and well-distributed freckles! They are to some faces what dimples were to the ever-laughing Aphrodite, who, according to the fable, sprung in the full blossom of her loveliness from the sun-tinted foam of the Ægean Sea. I must confess that to my mind the fable is absurd, although it has answered for poets as a classical allusion from days immemorial. It was, I have heard, the sad-souled Sappho, the first nervous gold-blond that ever made her mark in literature, who invented the legend, and gave it everlasting currency in—

"Stray notes of Sapphic song that blew
Through Mitylene."

She is not tall, but always of middle stature, with an inclination to *embonpoint*. Antique sculptors have left such faces as hers in Greco-Egyptian beauties, with their low foreheads, straight eyebrows, and Grecian noses a trifle longer than Greek. Here you have ripe, red lips in girlhood, that grow heavy and sensual with age; a woman given to voluptuous and passionate imaginings, but a little too vehement to be described as languishing.

The tresses of the second type are less lurid in their hue, and accompany blue eyes and a Parian skin, with a smouldering blush, sometimes, just beneath the surface. She is tall and slender, with a sculpturesque Greek face, and that wavy movement in walking that the ancients associated with divinity. Her hands are of long, slender, and graceful mould. Her palms are pink shells. Her nails and finger-tips are pink. There is only one definition that describes her, and that is the statuesque auburn-blond.

There is a lymphatic blond, with a complexion like opaque opal and masses of raw-silk hair, that occurs so frequently as to have some typical significance. She has a beautiful voice always, and her laughter is like the trickle of music. Her eyes are large, blue, long-cut, and have an expression of wonder in them. She is not very tall, nor is she supple and elastic, and the inclination to obesity that makes her soft and round at twenty renders her a shape-

less mass at forty-five. She descends from the German. Her nails are white, not pink, and her complexion is always pallid, with a certain milky opacity that might be styled opalesque if such a word existed.

Examples of the true Jewish blonde, a rare type, with blue eyes, masses of golden hair, and a rapt spirituality of expression, are seldom met with in America. Imagine Constantinople, with its mosques and minarets, and you are within the very paradise of Jewish blondes. They are almost celestially beautiful at twenty, but a fatal tendency to obesity gradually obliterates the spirituality of the maiden, and evolves a puffy, waddling, middle-aged woman.

There is an eye that Professor Shedd styles the tropical, which belongs especially to the American brunette, and distinguishes her from all others. But, as a rule, brunettes are not to be classified into types with the same facility as blondes—owing, perhaps, to the fact, first pointed out by Huxley, that they are mainly derived from the prehistoric dark races of Europe, or rather from their absorption into the several fair-haired Aryan stocks from which the modern European is descended. Hence, while the blonde falls

naturally into types such as the Teutonic, the Saxon, the Jute, the Scandinavian, and so on, the brunette, with occasional modifications, is of one prevailing type, although the same tendency to slenderness and spirituality that appears in American blondes is visible in American brunettes also.

There is one style of brunette, however, that is distinctively American. It is the creole woman with her soft, cream-color complexion, her form of exotic suppleness and fullness, and her dark, slumberous, almond-shaped, gray eyes. Such sensuousness, such suggestion of passion-dreams! On earth there is no rarer brunette face. It is among such what the *Calla Ethiopica* is among leaves—a face for many men to run mad over, but not a face to be trusted as the angel of one's home. The octoroon brunette has a similar skin, often a shade swarthier, with blue eyes and Saxon hair sometimes, but sometimes with true orange eyes that are magnificent in their velvety lustre; eyes in which lustre is strangely interlinked with an expression of brooding and sorrow.

"There is no excellent beauty," says Sir Francis Bacon, "without some strangeness in the proportion."

ON THE BALTIC.

IN THE SEA AND ON THE SHORE.

HOW cold it is this morning in the Baltic! I am told that the wind shifted last night, and brought cold currents of crisp waves from the shore of Russia. Nine degrees Réaumur! It takes courage to make the plunge, but now that I am once "in, in, up to my chin," like the old woman of the nursery-song in the buttermilk, it is glorious. I can easily believe this morning the well-authenticated accounts of the freezing of this almost inland sea. About once every century this has taken place, and people have actually journeyed on the ice from Germany to Denmark. There were such great freezes in 1545, 1676, and 1740. The nineteenth century has not had one yet; and I hope it will not until I leave Pomerania for a more southern land. Once only has the whole sea been a solid sheet of ice: that was four hundred years ago, in 1459. It is a curious circumstance that the German Ocean never freezes far north of these parts of the Baltic which have been solid ice-sheets. Even at the North Cape no ice forms. I believe this is accounted for by the fact that that beneficent visitor from America, the Gulf Stream, has freer access to the German Ocean than to her sister sea.

A curious peculiarity of the Baltic is that, although like the Mediterranean it has no tides, its waters have a habit of rising unexpectedly about three feet and sometimes more on one coast, and falling an equal depth on the other at the same time, as if some great hand had suddenly *tilted* the cup in which these waters are held. The winds, however, are the mighty magicians who do this con-

juring; for it has been noticed that the water rises thus on the Russian coast when a west wind blows, and on that of Denmark when there is an east wind.

How delightful this morning is the *Wellenschlag!* the "wave-strike"—there is no legitimate English name for it. The waves are very short and broken, and follow one another heels-over-head, like a party of school-boys playing at leap-frog. They say this peculiarity of this sea is owing to the many islands thickly sown in it, which break the long, massive swell of the water into these short wavelets. Few seas are so rich in islands; the Gulf of Bothnia, which I must visit before I bid farewell to the Baltic, is said to be, on a bird's-eye view, the most wonderful and beautiful mingling of white billows and green fields in the world.

I feel venturesome this morning; the sea is in such a frolicsome humor that he inspires me with the same. I will venture beyond the last post which holds the friendly rope for timid bathers. This is against the rules, I believe; but the sea is so shallow here that there is really no danger. The Baltic is not deep anywhere; generally it is between fifty and one hundred feet, and nowhere more than two hundred; still, even those depths would be a little more than I desire to try this morning, as I do not happen to be clothed with the magical suit of my countryman Captain Boyton. But here, as on most parts of the coast, one can go two hundred steps at least without any fear. Even as I am thinking this to myself, and pushing on farther against the plunging, tumbling waves, I remember having read in an

old last year's local paper, which happened to lie in my room, under the head of "Distressing Accident," an account of an old sailor and several girls, who were out boating on the water here, suddenly being over-set and drowned, close to the shore, in sight and sound of many who tried in vain to save them. It was thought that a whirling undercurrent, what the boys call a "suck-hole" in our American rivers, must have caused the accident, especially as one of the same kind had formerly happened very near this place. I do not care to have my name figure under the same title-head in the *Colberger News*, or the *Bade-Zeitung*, the *Bath-paper*, and turn to re-trace my steps; as I do so, an impertinent billow taunts me with my sudden change from audacity to prudence, by giving me a good splashing salutation in the face: eyes, ears, and mouth, are full of water; fortunately for the last, the waters of the Baltic are very slightly salt, for more than two hundred and fifty rivers are constantly striving to keep them fresh by bringing new supplies, and their success is not inconsiderable. As I think further of the strange accident of the last season, I wonder whether the sand at the bottom of the Baltic ever assumes the fearful qualities which the sand on its shore sometimes does. For, just on the edge of the beach, where the wet sand forms a fine smooth road for foot-passengers, horsemen, and vehicles, the dreaded quicksand sometimes suddenly discovers its presence by swallowing up the unfortunates who happen to be passing over it. It does no good to set up warning inscriptions over the places where these misfortunes occur; for, in an hour or two after such an accident, the spot where it happened is as hard and firm as any other part of the shore, and probably the quicksand may the next time make its appearance in quite a distant place. Some years ago a merchant from Dantzic was going to Redlan in a one-horse carriage, accompanied by two friends; other persons in vehicles were coming on behind him. Suddenly, before the eyes of the horrified travelers who followed, the foremost horse, carriage, and occupants, sank as if by a miracle into the sand, which had become in one moment fluid; all efforts to help were in vain. In a short time the soil was again firm; and before night many a vehicle had safely passed over the grave of the perished unfortunates. However, I am thankful to say that there is no tradition of any such accidents in the immediate neighborhood of Colberg. If there were, the sandy strand would hardly continue to be such a favorite resort. No student of Nature has yet discovered a quite satisfactory explanation of this strange phenomenon, which seems to repeat before the eyes of the modern world the Old Testament miracles in which the "earth opened her mouth and swallowed them up quick"—that is, *alive*, in the old English sense of the word.

But how cold—how very cold it is! I have to keep up the liveliest gymnastics even during my most abstract meditation not to get quite numb. Once upon a time, the wise folks say, it was still colder in this sea; for, instead of being belted, as it now is, on all sides by inclosing coasts, it was

joined to the North Polar Ocean. The remains of this former channel of connection are still to be seen in the series of lakes Ladoga, Onega, and multitudes of others, which make almost a continuous chain of water between St. Petersburg and the White Sea. In those distant days that corner of Russia, together with Sweden and Norway, formed a great island—"the wondrous island of Thule," of which poets told so many wild tales; at least, there is one theory that places this unknown land here instead of in Iceland.

I should like to pass a winter on the coasts of the Baltic, and even still farther north than I am now. I have been reading lately descriptions of winter life there that it would cool one to peruse even on the brink of a crater.

But the hands of the clock in front of the *Badehaus* show that my eight minutes are over, and the old *Badefrau* is beckoning warningly to me; so I must run through the billows to her for a mantle and slippers, and hasten to my *Zelle*, as the little rooms which are not, however, the least in the world like *cells*, are called.

Now that I am again dry and re clothed, I hasten down the long veranda that runs in front of the rows of *Baderellen*, and pass through the centre of the building to the back. There, after indulging in the usual luxury of a cake for a groschen from the unfailing cake-woman, we pass over the wooden bridge that connects the stilted bath-house with the dune. Now we must manage in some way to get warm before returning home, for the *Badearzt* has said it; but, instead of taking a walk through the park to effect this end, I will do it to-day in a more luxurious way, by seating myself in the warm sand at the foot of the dune, on the landward side, where I am sheltered from the strong sea-breeze. What curious things dunes are! Have we any on the coast of America anywhere? I am not geographer enough to answer the question; I only know there was no sign of them on the American coasts which I have visited. I should like to climb this dune and collect some of the plants that are growing on its sides and summit, in the pure white sand, but a warning inscription painted on a board tells me that "the treading on the dunes is forbidden, under fine," so I remain where I am, and satisfy myself with looking and thinking. How did the dune come there? So much I have learned: the waves on a stormy coast do not come empty-handed to the land. Not only shells and weeds are borne along by them, but a heavier burden of fine sand. They take away with them, of course, much which they bring, but not all, for the retiring wave has much less force than that which comes plunging and bounding impetuously onward; so each time something remains. Then comes the wind, that bold playmate of the ocean, takes up his comrade's playthings, carries them still farther from him, and leaves them lying, when he is tired of them, far up the shore. When a beginning has once been made, in this as in other things, the further progress is easy; the ridge of sand catches and holds fast on its projections and indentations the

new accessions. As Heaven has hidden germs of life even in the sand-beds, vegetation soon appears; a sort of grass, the sand-oat, which seems to delight in such soil, shows its green blades almost immediately. New floods of sand bury these from view, but they are hardy little fellows, and soon struggle up again to the light. Firs and pines also do not disdain this soil, and even the graceful birch will at last wave her slender stem and light tresses above it. The inhabitants of the shore know of how much worth such a natural wall will be to them to guard them against the attacks of the sea in its wild winter storms; and, when they see the beginning of such a sand-rampart, often hasten to help on its progress. Willows, alders, or birches, are intertwined to a sort of lattice-fence on the top of the ridge, and these, also, help to catch and hold the coming sands. They also shelter the fertile land behind the dune from being flooded with the sterile sand-flood. The sand-ridge becomes constantly firmer through the rapid-spreading growth of the sand-oat and sand-barley; these grasses have the power to take root at every joint, and the parts which grow old and decay give gradually fertility to the sand. It is after this that the forest-trees—firs, pines, and birches—begin to spring up of themselves, or to be planted by the careful coast-dwellers. This does not take place, of course, until the dune has reached such a height that it is above the reach of the waves. The dunes are generally from twenty to fifty feet high; I think the one at whose foot I am reclining is about the latter height; it has been much injured and worn away of late years, and great precautions are now taken to prevent its disappearing entirely, which would be a great injury to this bathing-place. The dunes are often as broad as one thousand feet and more. When the waves have thus built up a rampart against their own might, since its sloping ridge extends into their domain, they can no longer advance so far as before, and so they begin to leave the new treasures they bring with them at a new point. Here another dune is often formed, parallel with the first, and not very far from it. This, in its turn, drives still farther back the power that has created it, and a third and fourth sand-rampart arise, while the sea is ever pressed farther and farther back, and its waters become shallower and shallower. At Swinemunde, not far westward from this point, so many of these parallel rows of dunes have thus been formed by the sea that its waters have been pushed back for about three miles. It is a strange contest, like that of a monarch against the great princes whom he has himself created, and who use the very power he has given them to make encroachments against him. Nature has here done just exactly what man has done in Holland and on some parts of the Baltic coast. Where the rivers had brought rich soil with them, and formed large areas of fruitful alluvial land at their mouths, the intelligent inhabitants, chiefly those of Holland, have exactly imitated these natural dikes by their artificial ones, having driven back the sea, step by step, by parallel rows of artificial dunes. These are often joined together by side-dikes running at right angles

with them. The spaces between these dikes are generally regular squares containing each from about three hundred and fifty to six or seven hundred acres. They are called *Polder* or *Groben*.

But the artificial dikes do not excite my wonder very much; it was, no doubt, very praiseworthy in the Dutch and the North Germans to build them and keep them up, as we were told when we studied geography; but it was a natural enough thought on the shores of a sea where Nature had often done the same before their eyes.

The highest and widest dunes in the world are those on the coast of the province of Prussia, that province from which this whole kingdom takes its name. On the map of Prussia one sees near Königsberg, at the mouth of the Vistula, a large harbor separated from the sea only by a long and very narrow peninsula that runs in a curve between the fresh water and the ocean, looking on the map as if it were a mole artificially constructed. This whole strip of land is a dune, and, as the harbor is called the "*Frische Hafen*," or "*Fresh-water Harbor*," this is called the "*Frische Düne*." It is two hundred feet high, and so steep and abrupt in some places that one wonders how the light, rolling sand can remain stationary in such shapes at such exposed heights.

Farther along the coast, near Memel, one finds again exactly such an appearance; this harbor is called the "*Kurische Hafen*," from its proximity to the Russian province of Courland. Here, however, the interference of man has spoiled the beneficent operations of Nature. The long ledge of sand was once, like many other dunes, covered with trees, and served then as the best possible natural protection to the large harbor behind it. That economical monarch, Frederick William I., the father of Frederick the Great, was once in need of money; and one of his advisers, a certain Herr von Korff, offered to find it for him without additional taxes. The king gave him permission to carry out his plans, and Von Korff began cutting and slaying among the Prussian forests, and selling the timber. Among others, the woods of this long dune were sacrificed. The operation brought the king two hundred thousand thalers, but the government would give millions now to have the forests back again. The sand, being no longer kept moist and fine by the forest-growth, became loose and mobile, and has driven most of those who had fixed their dwellings on the dune to seek other homes. On this ridge, more than sixty miles in length, and formerly thickly populated, there are now only three villages; and the mail-coach which makes its journey from Königsberg to Memel, along its shore, must have very long distances between its various stations. This is not the worst, however: the rolling sand, driven hither and thither by every wind, has been blown back into the harbor in such masses that the latter is gradually filling, and the rushes and grasses, extending ever farther into the shallow water, threaten to form vast swamps not only useless but injurious. The fishing interests also have been injured. Every possible effort has been made by the government, by planting willows, sand-

oats, and other things, to hinder this process of destruction, but without much effect. It seems as if Nature is always resolved to finish her work, whether it be one of creation or destruction.

But the nurses in flowing white head-tire are beginning to pick up their charges from the warm

sand where they had deposited them while they gossiped together, and are departing homeward, so I judge it must be time for *Mittagessen* and I will also leave my couch of sands and go home to see what the Frau Pastorin has provided for our dinner to-day.

"THE WOODMANSEE PASTUR'."

ONLY a lonely bit of New England hillside, sloping gently, with many a pause, eastward.

Not a Woodmansee remains in the region for miles round about, nor was the name ever borne here save by two women, the last of whom was dust fifty years ago, but on this hillside these women dwelt, and "The Woodmansee Pastur'" it is still to the youngest child who strays in it, though no earthly traces remain of the only human inhabitants the spot ever had except an old cellar half filled with the tumbled stones of the house's one great chimney, and up-grown with brambles, sumachs, and tall tufts of catnip, a smooth-worn door-stone deeply imbedded in the turf, a mossy clump of privet, two or three sagging, hollow, half-dead apple and pear trees, and, not more than a child's stone's-cast beyond their shade, three hillocks which so many generations of sheep have scrambled over they are now scarcely recognizable as graves.

A fine, dark old chestnut-forest crowns the hill-top, and warmly shuts the pasture in upon the north and west. The hill-foot is springy, and through a little reach of tussocky bog, where cranberries grow, the springs trickle to feed a brook, one as lovely as which, as it loiters and dashes, gurgles in subterranean ways, tinkles over stony shallows, deepens into black, still, cowslip-set pools in the vine-hung depths of the maple and hemlock wood that bounds the pasture on the east, every child worth the rearing ought to have for a playfellow.

South, orchards, fields, and other woods and pastures, must be crossed before one reaches the old State road, beside which stood and stands the great, gambrel-roofed, pre-Revolutionary farm-house where my own earliest years were spent—a solitary, orphaned city child, drawn eagerly into the warm shelter of grand-parental wings.

An especial haunt of my childhood, uncompanied by other children, was this Woodmansee Pasture. Within its twenty-acre limits grew all aromatic herbs, the whole summer list of berries, wild-grapes, white and purple, barberries, chestnuts, hazel and hickory nuts, and the pretty bunches of key-fruit of the ash, like fairy table-knives. On the bed of an old charcoal-pit was a rank growth of giant poke, splendid with carmine stems and crowded racemes of shining blackberries. Patches of sweet-fern and fragrant bayberries crowded about the twisted junipers; wild-indigo repeated, beneath the clumps of white birches, their lightness and grace; in the fence-angles, and smothering the tumbled walls, was a profusion of the wild beauties we neglect—sumachs, azalias, black

and white alders, button and elder bushes, pink and white spireas, bittersweet, and wild-clematis.

Mulleins and checker-berries attest the poverty of the soil. I suppose no farmer would give ten dollars the acre for this inclosure, but then what farmer could rightly appraise this sweetest air, this profitless color and verdure; these neighbors and tenants at will—woodchucks, rabbits, chattering squirrels, crows, and partridges; this solitude that is not savage because it bears traces of human occupation and subjugation, nor desolate, since beside the forest folk there are always here two or three anxious mother-turkeys come nutting or grasshopper-ing with their numerous broods, and sheep are lying about in groups, nibbling here and there, or coming, at first timidly, then importunately, to discover if, perhaps, a suspicion of salt may not attach to the biped invader; or this pungent everlasting that one crushes at every step, and of whose odor, was it Thoreau who said it had the flavor of immortality?

Of course, I early knew why my beloved resort was called "The Woodmansee Pastur'" — Woodmansees had lived there.

"Who were they, grandmother?" I asked.

"The Widow Woodmansee and her daughter Patia—or Patty, as she was always called."

"But there's a *little* grave there, too, grandmother. Whose was that?"

"Poor Patty! I always liked her," replied my grandmother, somewhat vaguely. "No one could help it, she was so pretty and so sweet-way-ed. It's a sad story; don't talk about it, child," and it was years later when she finally told me the tale. "I never knew rightly where the Woodmansees came from," said grandmother, "for they were living in their little house in the old pastur' when I can first remember, but I know they were not born hereabouts. They were some way akin to old Governor Dixon—he owned what's the Thurber place now—but the relationship was never much talked about. When Mrs. Woodmansee first came into this neighborhood with Patty, then a weakly slip of a girl, nobody thought she'd ever raise. They lived a year or two at the governor's house, and might have staid there always, one would have thought, for there was plenty of room in the house, and money enough in the Dixon purse, but, after they'd been there a year or two, Mrs. Dixon seemed to get kind of uneasy, and made the place so cold and unwelcome to them that Mrs. Woodmansee, a high-strung creature, declared she must leave, and the governor, kind to everything when he'd a chance to be, but not much

force, poor man! deeded her the old pastur', built her a little house there, a cow-stable, and gave her one of his best cows.

"So there they went to live, woods all round them, this house their nearest neighbor. But they never seemed to mind the loneliness a bit, mother said, and she reckoned that to have a little place of their own was such happiness after Mrs. Dixon's cross looks and their dependence, that their privations were easy enough to bear. For, of course, they were very poor. For years they never had a dust of wheat-flour in the house, not much sugar, nor any coffee and tea, unless these were given them. But the tea and coffee didn't matter much, then; *we* never had tea more than once a day, and people made coffee of barley, hickory-nuts, and burnt bread-crusts. Mother said Patty came once to borrow a needle because Mrs. Woodmansee had lost theirs the day before!

"But their cow was a great help, they had a garden, kept a little poultry, and they were so shut in by themselves, and everything so friendly and peaceable, that the cow and hens, even the birds and squirrels, seemed like part of the family, and they took a world o' comfort. At any rate, it seemed the very life for Patty. Mrs. Woodmansee was a great cook, and used to be sent for to cook at weddings and funerals for miles around, and she went, besides, out spinning and weaving by the day, so that a good part of the home-work fell on Patty; and the stirring about, their simple, healthy fare, and she being outdoors so much, soon brought her out of her delicate, languid way, gave her a quick foot, a bright pink in her cheeks, and made her as plump as a pigeon. She had the darkest blue eyes I ever saw, and a great mop of long curls, but their color spoiled them for me—they were red—a dark-red, and somehow her forehead and neck used to look more like pearl against her hair than any complexion I ever saw, but I never could abide red hair.

"When Patty was a little past seventeen, she declared she would learn the tailorin' trade. Mrs. Woodmansee was dreadfully opposed to it. She wanted Patty at home, and I suppose she thought so pretty a girl was sure to marry well and early, and until then they could get on as they had done.

"But Patty was like most other girls—clothes counted for as much as food and house-room, and she wanted something to prink with like the rest.

"Then everybody, girls and all, had a riding-horse in those days, and Patty had set her heart on earning a horse and saddle for herself, so there was nothing for her mother to do but yield, and Patty set off to Hanford to learn her trade as gayly as if she had come into a fortune. She was gone two years, and by-and-by—for Hanford was a very gay place, with an academy, a bank, a great tavern; they had trainings, 'lection was held, and the court sat there)—a good deal begun to be said about a pretty tailoress there—the 'Hope country beauty,' as they called her. Of course, it was Patty, and the other Hope country girls weren't always so well pleased when there came news of her being the belle at some election-ball,

dancing with General So-and-so and 'Squire That, or standing up with some nabob or other at a wedding where the bridesmaid was vowed to be a hundred times prettier than the bride; to think that all this ado was made over little Patty Woodmansee, who lived in the poorest of small brown houses when at home, breakfasted and supped, when there, on porridge, and ate rye-crust for her pastry!

"But Mrs. Woodmansee was wonderfully set up with it all, and no great marvel, either. She talked of the attentions her daughter received, the offers she refused, the grand marriage she was sure to make, the different way they should live in the future; but of one report she never spoke—the one that linked Patty's name oftener with Phil Dixon's, the governor's oldest son, teaching winters in Hanford Academy, and studying the rest of the year at Brown University, than with that of any other of her numerous admirers.

"But, poor woman! everybody knew she kept still about this because Mrs. Dixon was so furious when any of these stories reached her ears. The governor took things more easily.

"'Sho! sho!' he would say, when somebody brought a very direct account of Phil's having waited on Patty on some very public occasion or other, 'no great need to make much o' that, as I see, gitting the wimmen-folks by the ears, and the old boy to pay gin'rally. Phil knows a pretty face when he sees it, as his father did afore him, but the boy's no fool; and he knows, too, that if he's goin' to make the law his trade when he gits through college, he's got some stiff work ahead for some years, and'll have to let the courtin' wait.'

"There was no open outbreak between the families, and after a while Patty came back to begin work in the home-neighborhood. There was plenty for her to do, for people had what you may call families then—in every house five or six great boys whose jackets and trousers were forever crawling up their arms and legs—and she was soon busy, a week here, a fortnight there, a month or six weeks yonder, wrinkling her pretty forehead over a scant pattern, stitching, pressing, making 'auld claithes leuk amaisa as weel's the new,' proving beyond question that one needn't be fifty years old, with a tongue like verjuice, and a clothes-frame of a figure, to know and do one's business perfectly, though it would never have done to have said that before old Miss Dorcas Tripp, who'd been tailorin' here for thirty years, and who naturally thought Patty's good looks accounted for her great popularity. Dorcas was particularly spiteful about the great number of young men who required Patty's services, and it was true that most of the young farmers who'd always gone to Hope, or Milton, or even to Hanford, for their clothes, suddenly needed to be fitted out with complete suits by Patty. And somewhere about this time she (Patty) came here to make clothes for father. I've heard mother tell of it a great many times. When, in measuring him for the suit, she was ready to take the size around the waist, she quietly pinned one end of her tape to his vest, and be-

gan to walk around him, but father caught hold of the tape and stopped her.

"Now, Patty, thee knows better than that! Who ever heard of taking a measure that way?"

"Patty blushed, but was ready for him, too.

"You see, if people *will* be so large, Mr. Rawson—"

"Large! Me, at one hundred and ninety-five pounds? Well, how if I was fifteen years younger, Patty, and a hay-pole like Tom Salisbury?"

"Oh! I measure all alike, sir. It's a little new fashion I brought from Hanford;" and father chuckled all day over the disappointment Patty's 'little new fashion' must be to some of her younger patrons.

"Toward the end of her first year of work at home, it came time for commencement at Brown, and commencement was then our greatest holiday. People went, whether they had sons or brothers in college or not, from all over the State, and for two or three days the roads would be full of carriages and farm-wagons going or coming.

"This year Phil Dixon was to deliver the valedictory, and mother had a brother in the senior class, so there was quite a turnout from Hope to see the young men launched.

"Patty wanted to go, but the Dixons, who, of course, were going, never offered to take her. So mother asked her to ride in with father and herself. The child was delighted, and mother said a prettier creature than she looked that day she never saw.

"Her curls were caught up over a comb, little short ones ringing up round her forehead in spite of smoothing; her life in-doors had made her complexion pure as a baby's. She wore a gown of chintz—'patch' they called it there—a white ground sprinkled with pale-blue flowers, a wide, blue belt, with a monstrous silver buckle, an embroidered mull cape, tied with blue ribbons, over her bare neck, and the round arms were only partly covered by long, white-lace mittens.

"There was a deal of whispering, little calls of 'There! there!' and turning of heads to gaze at her; but Patty seemed as unconscious of the admiration as if she were in the yard among her chickens at home, and when mother at last discovered her getting red as any rose, it was only because Mr. Phil Dixon was jamming recklessly through the crowd to get at them.

"The young man was nearly wild with happiness.

"Almost a year!" he said to Patty, and then he nearly wrung mother's hand off, declaring he should never forget her goodness in coming to see him turned off.

"My goodness in bringing some one else to see it, I think thee means, Philip," said mother, in her straightforward way, "and—"

"Both, Mrs. Rawson, both!" the young fellow answered, laughing, and finishing with a last reckless wring of her hand.

"When he came forward upon the stage to deliver his address, mother thought Patty would faint, she grew so white; but, as she heard him speaking, quite

cool and composed, she got over her fright, and found both smiles and tears before he ended.

"Does thee think Philip is quite so sorry to part from them all as he makes out, Patty?" mother whispered.

"O Mrs. Rawson! how *can* you, when he spoke so beautiful?" Patty answered, in a little tremble of indignation.

"It was a white-stone day for the child altogether, for she met numbers of her grand Hanford friends, all eager to show her every attention, and it was Miss Woodmansee this, or Miss Patty that, constantly; then, best of all, there was Philip at her side every moment he could get; it would have been quite perfect had not Mrs. Dixon, in the two or three times they encountered her, looked black as midnight, and turned her head carefully away, that she might not be obliged to recognize father and mother.

"I hope you will let me ride home with your party, Mrs. Rawson?" Mr. Philip said to mother.

"We should like thee company, Philip," mother answered, 'but don't thee think it would be better not to forsake thee own people?'

"Oh, father and mother stay with Sister Ruth a few days, but they brought in my horse, and I want to get home at once. I've only a fortnight's play-spell before coming back to the city to begin work.'

"Thee's going to learn, then, to be a master-squabbler, Philip?" father asked.

"Yes, sir; I'm to read law with Latham and Burgess. There are worse names, sir.'

"I suppose that fourteen miles' upward climb of the hills to Hope, in wood-shadow and clear, moonlight spaces, was a bit right out of paradise to the young people. The older pair were too busy talking over the day's events and meetings to bestow a troublesomely close attention upon their companions, and Philip found it the very time to tell Patty he loved her; she knew he had done so for years; and if he might not have the hope of her being, some day, his wife, the world might, so far as Philip Dixon had any likely concern about it, end at once, and so on, and so on.

"Patty tried to be prudent—spoke of their youth, her own and her mother's poverty, the anger with which it was evident Mrs. Dixon beheld Philip at her (Patty's) side, but—

"One more such cold word, Patty," cried Philip, 'and I shall believe you do not love me, or have not patience to wait for me. You would rather listen, perhaps, to one of your Hanford adorers—General Nutting, or 'Squire Hovey; they could marry you directly!' at which artful and hideous speech simple Patty broke utterly down, of course, and I dare say that one of the horses, seizing presently a tempting chance of a friendly nip at his fellow-beast's neck, ended a soft scene in a little fracas of snorting, plunging, and a few moments' wild careering along the dewy road.

"From Philip's constant following after Patty during the time he remained at home, people began to guess that he was to be the conquering suitor, but

no one knew positively, for it was not the fashion then to proclaim the very hour and spot where the young man said, 'Will you?' and the young woman answered, 'Perhaps,' before question and answer were fairly cold.

"Not even Mrs. Woodmansee knew, and she of late had zealously favored the cause of the 'Squire Hovey of whom Philip spoke—"Squire Hovey having persisted, spite of Patty's gentle coldness, in constantly coming to Hope, on one pretext or another, to see her.

"Other eager admirers followed Patty to the little, unpainted house—an unheard-of number for this simple neighborhood and those simple days—but then no such beauty as Patty's was anywhere to be met with, and her trade took her here and there, into houses in all the towns about. All these admirers were persuaded, one after another, to go and return no more; only 'Squire Hovey remained, and he, encouraged by Mrs. Woodmansee's evident good-will, came oftener than ever to Hope, and he was known to have declared that if ever he had a wife she would be none other than Patty Woodmansee.

"Toward the end of the second year, after Patty's ride home from commencement with Philip Dixon, there was a talk of a new lover who found more favor with her than all others had done—a rich young farmer from the next county. He was seen with her at various merry-makings. She visited his sisters; he was often at her own home. At last the busybodies were quite clear that 'John Wilder had fairly cut Phil Dixon out.' 'John's got the money in hand, you know.' 'Wonder ef John'll build, or take Patty home to the old folks's?' 'Xpect Miss Woodmansee'll break up and go to live with her darter.' In the midst of these buzzings, John, too, departed on his solitary way. And then, indeed, Mrs. Woodmansee's wrath broke forth: Was Patty crazy? What did she expect? What, pray, was the fault to be found with John Wilder? She *had* thought *age* was the objection Patty had to 'Squire Hovey, but John was young, 'fore-handed, no one had ever had a word to say against him. Would Patty tell her for what reason he was dismissed?

"Didn't like him well enough to marry him? Poor people couldn't give way to such silliness! They had to think about bettering themselves. Hadn't she known well enough what it was to be poor? And who was to take care of her old mother if things went on in this way? Did she think John Wilders grew on every bush, or that 'Squire Hovey would wait forever at her beck and call? And there *was* 'Squire Hovey, a little old, perhaps, but that was a true saying about an old man's darling, and think what he could do for her! Why, everybody said his place was the grandest in all Hanford, and his wife would never need to do a hand's turn. Did Patty mean to slave away at tailorin' till she was nothing but skin and bone, like old Dorcas Tripp? And so through the arguments and cajolings in aid of Auld Robin Gray.

"Squire Hovey came more frequently than ever to the house, and between him and her mother Patty

must have led a hard life. It seemed at last more than she could bear, for she ceased going out to sew, and could undertake but a small portion of the work carried to her at home. People began to recall her early delicacy—to fear that Patty was going into a decline, and kindly neighbors went often to see her, to carry this or that dainty, or to suggest some new strengthening remedy to the troubled mother.

"Suddenly a terrible whisper was breathed as to the real cause of Patty's languor—a whisper that, scarcely heard to be indignantly rejected, was forgotten in the shock of awful news of Mr. Philip Dixon—that he was lying, barely alive, and wholly unconscious, at his father's house, having been thrown from his horse while on his way home, near a rocky watering-place some miles away. Swiftly upon this came report of a frightful scene at Philip's bedside. Patty Woodmansee had appeared there in an agony of grief, calling upon him as her husband—shrieking that she had murdered him, that it was to her he was coming—she had sent for him. Why, why had she not waited? What would anything have mattered if only Philip were not lying there? Oh, God never would let her kill him—she who loved him so! Such a cruel thing could not be!

"Then Patty had flung herself on her knees beside the bed, clasped her arms around Philip's hand, and, burying her face upon it, was still, save for a moan now and then like some wounded animal, the old governor and the watchers present looking at her in silence, too dazed to know what to do, when Mrs. Dixon appeared—behind her, Mrs. Woodmansee. Philip's mother walked straight to the kneeling girl, grasping her shoulder with no light hand.

"What scandal is this, Patty Woodmansee?' she said. 'Will you get up and leave this room directly. You have no business here.'

"Patty raised her head. 'Oh, I know I've killed him, but I cannot go away! He would not wish it; he loved me. I am Philip's wife! You cannot ask me to leave him!'

"At these words of Patty's they said Mrs. Dixon's look of passionate hate was dreadful to see in that room where her first-born child lay mangled and dying.

"His wife, shameless!' she burst forth; 'and John Wilder's, Barton Hovey's, and a dozen others' as well! Never dare to utter that lie again! Who are you, to talk like an honest woman of being any decent man's wife? Who will believe a Dixon would stoop to you for your foolish face? I'd see my boy dead, sooner!—Mary Woodmansee, this is what you've always schemed for, but you've failed! Now take your light-o'-love daughter out of this room, and do neither of you darken a doorway here again while I'm aboveground!'

"Patty had not heard all the bitter words. She had sunk upon the floor unconscious as Philip himself. Her mother and Philip's father raised her, carried her out, a wagon was brought into which they put her, and Governor Dixon himself drove them home, and carried Patty up-stairs to her bed. There she lay many days before her reason and memory

wholly returned—never wildly delirious, but like one stunned. When she came back to the misery of life Philip had forever departed from it, the breath lingering in the shattered body only two days; and there was never glance or sign of consciousness.

"Those who made him ready for the grave spoke, with low voices, of a locket they found on Philip's breast—in the locket a curl of dark-red hair. They asked his father what should be done with it.

"'Poor boy! poor boy!' he said; 'let it go with him. Leave it where he put it. Poor boy and girl!'

"When Patty gained strength enough to sit again in her accustomed place by the window, to busy herself with her needle, a great listlessness had settled upon her. She was silent hours together when alone with her mother.

"When friends came she seemed neither to notice nor avoid them.

"She asked no question concerning Philip, and to rouse her, if possible, from her apathy, her mother told her he was dead.

"'Yes,' she answered, 'I knew I had killed him.'

"When Mrs. Woodmansee went on to speak of the locket, Patty shivered a little, then said:

"'It was my hair. He cut it himself. He didn't know then I was to be the means of his death. Philip never would have believed I could be that!' But she asked no question—displayed no further emotion.

"Terrible stories were flying through the country, having for their foundation the scene beside Philip's dying-bed, the wicked things Mrs. Dixon never ceased saying, and Patty's manifest condition. There were not many who believed them, but enough to spread them, and to give great pain to those who had loved the gentle, modest, pretty creature, as she had been in their homes.

"One day 'Squire Hovey appeared at the little house, looking pale and worn. It happened that Patty had wandered out in the pasture, and he found Mrs. Woodmansee alone. He told her his errand at once. He could no longer endure these flying rumors: he should never believe them; but lying tongues must be stopped—had Patty told her mother when and where she was married?

"Mrs. Woodmansee answered that she had asked her daughter so soon as she dared; that Patty had said it was during the time of the talk of John Wilder's attentions to her. She was away, sewing, in another town. Philip had unexpectedly come to her there, half beside himself with jealous anger at reports that had reached him. Patty explained that she had never dreamed of marrying John Wilder; that she had again and again told 'Squire Hovey it was useless for him to persist in coming to their house; but Philip could not be convinced that she would be firm enough to hold to her secret engagement to him against all that beset her. Would Patty marry him at once? They could go on Saturday to V—— (naming a town just over the State line), be married, he would bring her back on Monday—no one would know that he had not carried her home, and at home they would know nothing about it.

Patty refused. Then Philip had become quite violent: had declared he would go to his father and tell him he need no longer support him while he read law; he should give up law, and go to teaching again in the Hanford Academy or elsewhere. Then he should be free to marry Patty at once, and publicly, and if she really loved him she wouldn't be afraid to marry a poor man. Patty implored him to have patience, and do nothing so ruinous to his prospects. Was their life less hard for her than for him?

"But Patty would hear no reason, and Patty gave way. They went to V——, were married; then went to N——, where they remained for more than a week. Philip then was anxious to end the secrecy, take her home as his wife, and bear what came of the announcement; but Patty would not consent. She had yielded before, now he must do so; so Philip reluctantly carried her back, and Patty excused the prolonged absence as well as she could. She had heard from him, but had not seen him since till coming home herself. Ill and frightened, she had sent for him, and, on his hurried way to her, he had met his death.

"'Has Patty her marriage certificate?' 'Squire Hovey asked.

"No; she had begged Philip to keep it, since she had no place where to hide it securely. If it had been found, it was in the Dixons' possession, but Patty showed not the least anxiety about it. Philip was dead, and she had killed him—nothing mattered now.

"'She will care by-and-by,' said 'Squire Hovey; and he rose and went away without seeing Patty.

"He rode direct to V—— to find the minister who had performed the ceremony, and found that he had gone, with his whole family, 'up-country,' as they called the West then, but whether to New York or Ohio the neighbors couldn't tell. Then he came back, got father to go with him, and called at Governor Dixon's, to urge him, as a just man, in the interest of Patty's good name, to say whether or not a marriage certificate had been found among his son's papers. But the old man, though confused and troubled, would own nothing. The women-folks had seen to Philip's things; he hadn't meddled. Like enough the young people *had* been foolish enough to get married on the sly; he hoped, for Patty's sake, they had. *He* should have found no fault, for a nicer, prettier wife than Patty Woodmansee, if she *was* poor, no man need want; but he'd no papers to show for't, and nothing more to say: and, indeed, no more could be got from him, and there was nothing for 'Squire Hovey to do but to go sadly home to Hanford again.

"It was not many weeks before Patty's child was born—a little fellow, white as a snow-drop, but with Philip's dark hair and great black eyes. Mother said father went over to carry the boy a cradle, and came back to sit down in his chair and cry like a child. He said that desolate young thing with the fatherless baby in her arms was a sight to melt a heart of stone. Father was very soft-hearted, and he'd always thought a deal of little Patty.

"None of the Dixons went near her. The gov-

ernor had lately had a second shock of paralysis, and got about but little ; but he soon after rode up here one day, and sent for mother to come out to him—it was so difficult for him to get off and on his horse. He had brought a package which he wanted mother to take to Patty. He said he should like to see her baby, but it was best he should not go there ; and then he asked about the child, and seemed pleased to hear that it looked like Philip.

"The package contained a silver cup that had been Philip's in his babyhood, and was marked with his name, and the cup was filled with silver dollars.

"To have Philip's cup was a great delight to Patty : she showed more feeling about it than she had done for anything but her baby's coming since Philip's death.

"The baby grew—it could hardly be said to thrive—but was a perfect-limbed, dainty thing, with a wistful look in its pale face that touched every one who saw it. The poor mother worshiped it ; but its grandmother seemed as if she could scarcely endure to see it.

"I can myself remember little Phil—for Patty called him after his father. He lived to be six or seven years old, but was always frail, never running noisily about like other little lads. When I saw him he was always on his mother's lap ; or, if she were sewing, curled up on the floor, with a white kitten he had, always close against her skirts, and out of his grandmother's way. Mrs. Woodmansee said tears enough had been shed over him to drown him ; but kisses didn't fail him, poor baby, if smiles and sunshine did !

"When he was a year or two old 'Squire Hovey came again to Patty, to see if time had done anything for him with her ; but his coming was useless, though Mrs. Woodmansee, almost upon her knees, implored her daughter to marry him.

"So the 'squire rode away from the little house for the last time, and we never heard more of him than that he had sold his property and gone away from Hanford. Mother always said that Barton Hovey had the right grain of manliness in him, and that if Patty *could* have pleased her mother—but when did love come at call, or go, ever, where it was reasonable and right ?

"This last disappointment Mrs. Woodmansee never recovered from or forgave. After that she grew hard and bitter with Patty, and her dislike to her grandchild became almost hatred. Often Patty had to interfere to save him from harsh blows, and the child held her in such fear that he would scarcely stir without his mother's hand to hold by. So when at last he sickened of some childish ailment, and it became certain that his little strength was too exhausted for him ever to rally, desperately as Patty clung to this child of her sorrow—all she had left of Philip, and her youth, and their brief-snatched bit of happy love—yet when all was over, and the precious body laid away in the grave she could see from her window as she worked, she owned to mother that it was best so for her little lad, and she would not call him back if she might.

"Some time during the year before little Philip's death his grandfather had died, leaving a will about as wise and generous in its provisions as the wills of farmers of that day commonly were. To Mrs. Woodmansee was left an annuity of fifty dollars ; to Patty, nothing, nor anything toward the maintenance of Philip's child, but at his majority he was to come into possession of one of Governor Dixon's best farms.

"So the only income the two women possessed beyond what Patty earned with her needle was this pitiful fifty dollars.

"For some years they got on tolerably, but Mrs. Woodmansee grew very infirm, requiring so much care that her daughter could sew but little.

"Then the house fell into disrepair, and, as there was no money to expend upon it, it went from bad to worse, till at last one could hardly find shelter from draught or leak. Patty injured herself very much in the constant lifting of her mother, and suffered terribly from rheumatism brought on by dampness and exposure.

"She could not have been over fifty when her mother died, but she was bent over then like a person of extreme age, and the joints of her hands were so twisted and swollen that she could no longer do other than the coarsest work.

"But work she would ; it was very difficult to assist her in any way. Of course, her mother's annuity died with her, and Patty had long ago ceased to keep a cow, her fingers being so lame she could not milk one ; only her chickens remained. Every week or so she would hobble over to us with a few eggs, or a birch-bark basket filled with whatever berries were in season, or pears or apples from her trees. Of course, we did not need such things, farmers ourselves, but we always took everything she brought. Then the neighbors gave her all the coarse sewing they had, and one or another of us would often go to take tea with her, and so smuggle a great basket of food into the house. Your grandfather, for father was gone by this time, made one of her rooms as tight as he could, and in that room she lived. The old house was fairly tumbling over her, and we wanted her to come and stay here, but she said no ; the old timbers would hold together while she needed a roof and she had suffered too much there ever to live anywhere else.

"She could see her baby's grave, her mother's ; Philip's was not so far away, and pretty soon she should herself be gone to find out what it had all been for—life, and the misery of it.

"So we did the best we could for her, and, to make her easy to receive what she could now but poorly earn, your grandfather bought the old pasture.

"She lived several years afterward, though not able to get far from her house. I often found her sitting in the sun in her doorway, her head on her hands, her eyes fixed on little Philip's grave. One day she walked there with me, and showed me where she wished herself to be laid—between her mother and her child.

"The next winter was one of great snows, and we often felt very uneasy about the poor old woman ;

but when we could get over she would say she had not been frightened, her wood was packed close at hand in one of the deserted rooms—she did nicely. At last there came a three days' storm, and the snow drifted dreadfully. It was a week before the pike was broken out, so that a man could get through on horseback with the mail, and longer still before we could reach Patty's. I was too anxious to stop at home, so I went, too, on the ox-sled, carrying a basketful of baking warm from the oven. When we got in sight of the house your grandfather called out that there was no smoke!

"I was frightened, but thought, perhaps, Patty had staid in bed to get through the cold, lonely days; but when we came round the house and saw the door wide open, and the room blown full of snow—oh, I cannot tell you how I felt!

"They would not let me go in till they had cleared the snow out, and then—there she was! In her bed, dead, frozen to marble. It was awful; but they comforted me by declaring it was not likely she had ever suffered from the storm; from little indications about they thought she had passed away in the night before it began. I hoped she did: but what a life, what a death, for lovely Patty Woodmansee, the 'Hope country beauty!' I wanted to know, with her, 'what it had all been for.'

"I knew her grave-clothes had long been ready. Next day I found them in her chest. There were hardly any other clothes, and such under-garments I never saw—literally patch upon patch.

"But the packet of grave-clothes was all in careful order, sprigs of lavender scattered through it. She had kept the gown she was married in for the last she would ever wear—a gray silk, faded with long lying, the white-satin breast-knot, the soft lace ruffles in neck and sleeves, yellow with time.

"There were other things in the packet—a few letters from her husband, some of his hair, a beautifully carved fan that I suppose he gave her, and a handkerchief with his initials. Little relics of her baby, too: a dark, short curl, a lace cap, and one of his first little shirts. I folded them all in the handkerchief, and we placed them in the coffin with her.

"We could not bury her then in the spot she had shown me; it was many feet under the snow, and the earth like iron. So she was laid in our tomb until spring came, and then one sunny day when her pear-trees were white with bloom, and the robins in them loudly planning their housekeeping, we brought Patty back to the spot whence, living, she could not bear to be taken; where, dead, we felt she would sweeter rest."

THE CUNARD SERVICE.

BY THE SON OF A LATE OFFICER.

FORTY-SIX years ago an enterprising Nova-Scotian, Samuel Cunard by name, conceived the idea of establishing a line of mail-steamers to run between England and America. The scheme was not a very bold one, for the voyage had already been made by several steamers; but Mr. Cunard was cautious, and turned it over and over in his mind for some years before he finally decided to act upon it. He then went to England, and took into partnership with him two small shipping-firms—the Messrs. Burns, of Glasgow, and the Messrs. MacIver, of Liverpool, who owned a few coasters trading between these two ports—and in 1840 the now famous Cunard Line was opened by the sailing of the *Britannia* from Liverpool for Halifax and Boston. The *Britannia* was a bark-rigged side-wheeler of eleven hundred tons burden, with one red funnel, scarcely larger than one of the Jersey City ferry-boats; but for her day she was a marvel of naval architecture, and excited as great interest at her launch as the *Great Eastern* did many years later. She was followed within the next three or four years by the *Acadia*, the *Caledonia*, the *Columbia*, the *Hibernia*, and the *Cambria*, which were all alike bark-rigged and red-funnelled, and with them she formed the nucleus of a fleet whose history has no parallel in the mercantile navy.

The enterprise did not call for great inventive genius, but its success depended on the unswerving

application by its projectors of the common principles of business integrity. They had to build sound ships, and to keep them in repair; to man them with faithful navigators; never to overload them, nor sacrifice them to speed, nor run risks of any kind. The hope of gain is the primary impulse of all business, of course; and it actuated Mr. Cunard and his partners as it actuates all merchants, but with them it never became a lust. The seed they planted lay deep in the soil, and was a very slow growth. "The richer a nature, the harder and slower its development. The quickest and completest of all vegetables is the cabbage," writes Carlyle. Now, if the originators of the Cunard Line had been impatient or speculative instead of patient and cautious, they would have probably met with disasters of some kind sooner or later; but, since the first sailing of the *Britannia*, they have built and owned over one hundred and fifty large steamers, with an aggregate tonnage of 152,361, and an aggregate horse-power of 46,012. The steamers have made considerably over 4,000 trips, a distance of about 12,000,000 miles, and have carried over 2,000,000 passengers to and fro on the stormiest of oceans, without losing a life, or even a letter in the mails intrusted to them. They have been detained by fogs and gales and mishaps, and occasionally they have been given up as lost.

"There begins to be great consternation here,"

wrote Charles Dickens, from New York, to Forster, in London, February, 1842, "about the Cunard packet, which we suppose left Liverpool on the 4th. . . . God grant that she may not have gone down ! but every ship that comes in brings intelligence of a terrible gale, and the sea-captains swear that no steamer could have lived through it." In another letter Dickens, who was not over-timid, says of his own voyage in the *Britannia*: "I will never trust myself on the wide ocean, if it please Heaven, in a steamer again. When I tell you all I observed on board, I shall astonish you. Meanwhile, consider two of the dangers: First, that, if the funnel were blown overboard, the vessel must instantly be on fire from stem to stern; to comprehend which consequence you have only to understand that the funnel is more than forty feet high, and that at night you see the solid fire two or three feet above its top. Imagine this swept down by a strong wind, and picture to yourself the amount of flame on deck; and that a strong wind is likely to sweep it down you soon learn from the precautions taken to keep it up in a storm, when it is the first thing thought of. Secondly, each of these boats consumes between Liverpool and Halifax seven hundred tons of coal: and it is pretty clear, from this enormous difference of weight in a ship of only twelve hundred tons burden in all, that she must either be too heavy when she comes out of port or too light when she goes in."

Many and many a time have like apprehensions existed besides those of Dickens; but winter and summer, through the hardest gales, hurricanes, and cyclones of thirty-six years, the Cunard steamers have made their ports, until now their black hulls and red smoke-stacks are as symbolic of security as is a Bank-of-England note.

What a picture of fidelity, courage, wisdom, and honesty, this record presents! what a prodigious evolution of commercial integrity and nautical skill! As a mere example of business enterprise and rapid growth the Cunard service deserves a place by the side of the express and the telegraph; while as a corporation wedding the best qualities of the human heart and intellect with financial stability it is almost heroic.

The earliest commanders of the line were Captains Woodruff, Shannon, Douglass, Hewitt, Riery, Harrison, Judkins, and Lott, of whom all, except the last two, are dead. Captain Hewitt endeared himself to Dickens, who frequently mentions him; and no one who can appreciate the bluff heartiness of an old salt can have met the others without admiring them. I have heard complaints that the Cunard officers are uncivil to their passengers. Perhaps they are. We ought not to expect the refinement of a courtier in a man who has been brought up to the rough usages of sea-life. Perhaps they are not. A brusque manner is often the shield of a true and simple-hearted gentleman.

But, whether they are or are not ungracious, they are good and faithful seamen, and that, after all, is the essential point—at least it has always seemed so to me when coming down the Irish Channel from

Liverpool to Queenstown in a fog or gale with a threatening coast on both sides. I have watched the captain then with much reverence, and have been as studious of his moods as his subordinates were. Out on the bridge he has stood, swathed in oil-skins, and his beard glistening with moisture, for a period of thirty-six hours or longer, without relief, and without other refreshment than a bottle of beer or a cup of coffee—all his energies and senses concentrated in his duties with exhausting intensity. The steamer has seemed to be imbedded in the yellow fog, which has hid her topmasts and subdued the bright scarlet to a pink. The mates and sailors have been relieved from time to time, but the captain has never moved from his place until the veil has lifted; his eyes have been steadily fixed on the dimmest shadow that has projected itself through the haze, and his ears strained to catch the faintest echo.

In one of his lectures James T. Fields mentions an incident which may be repeated here, as it took place on the *Britannia* when she was commanded by Captain Harrison, who was afterward drowned in Queenstown Harbor: "A happier company never sailed upon an autumn sea. The story-tellers are busy with their yarns to audiences of delighted listeners; the ladies are lying about on couches or shawls, reading or singing; children are taking hands and racing up and down the decks—when with a quick cry from the lookout and a rush of officers and men we are grinding on a ledge of rocks off Cape Race! One of those strong currents, always mysterious, and sometimes impossible to foresee, had set us into shore out of our course, and the ship was blindly beating on a dreary coast of sharp and craggy rocks. . . . Suddenly we heard a voice, up in the fog that surrounded us, ringing like a clarion above the roar of the waves and the clashing sounds on ship-board; and it had in it an assuring, not a fearful, tone. As the orders came distinctly and deliberately through the captain's trumpet to 'shift the cargo,' to 'back her,' and to 'keep her steady,' we felt somehow that the commander up there in the thick mist knew what he was about, and that through his skill and courage, by the blessing of Heaven, we should all be rescued. The man who saved us, so far as human aid ever saved drowning mortals, was one fully competent to command a ship; and when, after weary days of anxious suspense, we arrived safely in Halifax, old Mr. Cunard, on hearing of the accident and the captain's behavior, simply replied: 'Just what might have been expected; Captain Harrison is always master of the situation!'"

Of the two million passengers carried to and fro, more than half the number have been Americans, and I wonder how many of these, who have passed through a storm on the ocean, are not sensible of a debt of gratitude to the Cunard Line? Two or three winters ago the *Calabria* was crossing in command of that grand old seaman, Captain McMick-an, and when she was about half-way across the wind increased to such an extraordinary degree of violence that it was impossible to keep her up to it. Many a vessel has foundered under similar circumstances; but

Captain McMickan was fully equal to the situation, and saved his steamer by a feat of seamanship which won immediate recognition as having few parallels for bravery and skill in naval history.

The discipline is inexorable, and each captain is an autocrat on board his own ship. Of course, it makes a wonderful difference in the pleasure of a voyage if the commander is affable and studious of the passengers' comfort, or curt and uncivil; but, of the two, I would prefer the man who is often on the bridge and absorbed in the reckonings, even though he is saturnine and sometimes gruff, to the man who is fond of saloon company, whist, walnuts, and wine. After-dinner chat instead of chart-studying, sleeping instead of watching, flirtations with the ladies in the cabin instead of inspections of the men in the fore-castle, have cost many hundreds of lives, although I do not wish it to be inferred from this that incivility is any recommendation of a sailor. Most passengers at sea are empty-headed and quite ignorant of seasages. If, when off a rocky coast in a gale, the captain, weighed down with anxiety, is asked by some frivolous young lady what sort of weather he expects there will be in this place two days hence, and he answers that he does not live there, I don't think that he is altogether to blame, or that the young lady needs much sympathy when she induces her papa to write an indignant letter to the newspapers. Brave old Commodore Judkins was austere in his manner, and it certainly was not safe to trouble him with silly questions when the weather was bad; but no one could ever doubt his ability, and for thirty years or more his ship carried the best-paying class of passengers, who booked their staterooms six months beforehand, such was the confidence his unremitted attention to duty inspired. The late A. T. Stewart invariably crossed with him, and used to declare that he could never feel afraid, not even in the worst storm, while Captain Judkins was on the bridge, and this sense of security was generally shared by all who traveled with him. He retired from the service two or three years ago, after having made over five hundred voyages.

Perhaps I have too great a partiality for that type of the sailor which people familiarly designate as "an old sea-dog." But the old sea-dogs, whether they be Nelsons, Napiers, Farraguts, or Cunarders, are grand fellows in a western gale; loved and trusted by their subordinates; steady in the hand as a crack marksman, quick in the eye as an eagle, and as calm in decision as a judge on the woolstack.

Some time ago a young man, crossing in one of the steamers, was interfered with in something he was doing against the rules of the ship by the captain, John Macauley, a bluff old seaman, who had risen from the ranks, and who is now the company's superintendent in Boston. The passenger said he had received permission from the purser. "The purser, sir!" cried Macauley, in his deepest voice, and drawing himself to his fullest height—"the purser, sir!—I am commander of this ship!" That was characteristic of another thing about the service: there is never any doubt among the officers or men

as to who the captain is, and in times of peril this is a very important thing.

The discipline is not often extended to the passengers, but the saloon will not harbor any one who breaks the rules. Seven years ago I crossed with Captain Murphy in the *Tarifa*, and among the cabin-passengers were some fast young Englishmen, who were one day caught by the purser, Mr. Quintin Leitch, insulting some women in the steerage. Mr. Leitch threatened to put them in irons, and they immediately went to the captain with an indignant remonstrance. "By Jove," cried he, when he had heard them, "if I ever hear of your going into the steerage again I will put you in irons myself!"

The son of a late officer, I feel an affectionate interest in the line, which is shared by travelers the world over. The earliest thing in my memory is an infantile mishap on the old *Canada*, and in Liverpool the service is quite a family matter with most people. The north end of the town is hilly and overlooks the estuary of the Mersey, with the Welsh mountains in the background. Here there is street after street of tidy little cottages, whose occupants are all connected in some way with "MacIver's," as the line is generally called by native Liverpoolians. The neighborhood is modern, but the community has a characteristic atmosphere of its own. The smallest schoolboy can repeat the names of the steamers more glibly than he can his catechism; the little garden in front of each house is decorated with shells; the bay-window often contains a model steamer or ship, and the superabundant taverns provide the maritime newspaper for their customers. Over the way lives a mate; next door to him a head steward; a little way beyond a purser; and the large house at the corner is occupied by a captain. So the turn of the conversation is usually on sea and the movements of the steamers, and the people seem to have an effusion of salt-water in their blood.

On a clear evening, when the dense smoke of the thick-set town which lies to the southward has been blown away, the noble river, as it widens and runs to meet the Dee in St. George's Channel, can be seen, with the alternate red-and-white flashes of the Perch-Rock lighthouse. All the steamers come by this light, and formerly it was the custom of those of the Cunard Line to fire a gun when they were abeam of it. The writer remembers the enthusiasm excited twelve or fifteen years ago, as the *Persia* appeared one Saturday afternoon after a run of ten days from New York, which was the fastest time on record, the average being about fifteen days. And the gun was a signal not only for the tender, but also for the anxious wives whose husbands were among the crew. There would be an unusual stir in the little cottages: a sweeping of hearthstones and building of fires, and in the evening the master of the house would be at home in the midst of his family, with a glass of grog and a long clay pipe before him, and his friends would come in to congratulate him on the extraordinary run of his vessel. Ten days—and yet the last voyage the writer made took, from Sandy Hook to Queenstown, only

seven days and twenty-two hours! The Atlantic cable was not laid in the Persia's best days, and she brought over a weekly accumulation of mail. The papers published late editions, and the news absorbed the patrons of all the coffee-houses, clubs, and taverns in town.

After the building of the Cambria, the fleet was increased by the America, Niagara, Canada, and Europa, which were again superseded by the Asia, Africa, Arabia, Persia, and Scotia. The later captains were Moodie, Anderson, Stone, McMick-an, Cook, and Leitch. Moodie has retired; Anderson was transferred to the Great Eastern, and commanded her when she laid the cable, after which he was knighted, and is now a prominent figure in London society; Stone, I think, is dead, and McMick-an, Cook, and Leitch, are in active service, the former on the latest addition to the fleet, the splendid Scythia; Cook on the Russia, and Leitch on the Scotia.

Except the Scotia, all the old paddle-boats are withdrawn from the line, and some of them, with their engines taken out, are among the fastest sailing-ships on the ocean, though they are between thirty-five and forty years old. An old sailor once said that he did not know whether the immunity of the line from disaster was due to the skill and care of the officers or to the thickness of the ships' bottoms. Perhaps it is both. Some months ago I found the Niagara lying at one of the wharves in New York. The contrast between her and the modern ocean-steamers shows how many radical changes have been made within the last fifteen years. All new vessels are now covered in from stem to stern with a "flush" deck even with the bulwarks, which affords no harbor to the breaking seas. The interior accommodations include every convenience that can be found in a first-class hotel—electric bells in every compartment, hot and cold bath rooms, barbers' shops, libraries, and music. The Niagara could almost have been stowed away in the saloon of one of the new White Star steamers lying at an adjoining wharf; between her narrow deck-houses and bulwarks were long, open passages, and her cabin was scarcely larger than and not so comfortable as the smoke-room of the Britannia. But there was not a rotten plank in her, and she had just made one of the quickest passages on record. On her homeward voyage, however, she ran on the French coast, and that was the last of the Niagara, which, for over twenty years, was one of the most popular boats crossing the ocean. The Asia is still afloat in the Glasgow trade, but the beautiful and swift Persia has, in the reverses of time, degenerated into a dingy coal-hulk.

The other day an old Cunarder was complaining to me that the increased facilities for crossing the ocean have attracted a class of passengers to and from Europe who were never seen in the good old days of the Asia and Persia. Among the saloon-passengers was usually to be found a representative of nearly every type of good society. There was the literary man—it might be Dickens, Thackeray,

or Fenimore Cooper—the weighty merchant, the traveling, knowledge-seeking clergyman, the loud-talking, open-hearted man of the West, the lordly young traveler going to see Niagara and shoot buffalo on the Plains, the very ancient and vivacious literary lady of Boston, and bevvies of beautiful English and American girls. Now the itinerant negro-minstrel, the wife of one's butcher or milkman, and even one's laundress, who has been revisiting friends in Ireland, are sometimes found in the cabin, when formerly they were never seen "abaft the wheel." Such was the complaint of my friend, whom I suspect to be a deep-dyed aristocrat at heart, though he is a sailor of the most simple habits.

They are a steady-going, conservative lot, the old Cunarders, and never do their business with a flourish or spasm—neither the owners nor the officers. The line, which includes over fifty large steamers, remains exclusively in the hands of the firm that started it. There is no stock-jobbing or patronage about it. The men employed are selected for their worth, and not at the instigation of any meddlesome director. The chief consideration in building the ships is strength, and the second consideration is speed; but strength is never sacrificed to speed or appearances. The manager in Liverpool is Mr. Charles MacIver, one of the founders,—whose son is one of the members of Parliament for the town—a straight, shrewd, practical man, with a personal knowledge of nearly all his officers, and a still more intimate knowledge of his ships. He exacts the strictest attention to duty, and never pardons an error in this direction. He often drives down to the docks and inspects the steamers in port from the stoke-hole to the wheel-house. The hour of his coming is never known, and if any man is found away from his post that man might as well resign. An officer (Mr. G——) died in Liverpool recently who had for nineteen years held the same position in the service, while others had been promoted over his head. He was a sober man, an experienced sailor, and a skillful navigator. Many wondered why he never rose, and some tell this anecdote in explanation. One night old Mr. MacIver drove down to the Huskisson Dock, and asked, on one of the steamers, for the officer in charge. The watchman stated that he had gone on shore, but would be back in an hour or two.

"Who is it?" asked Mr. MacIver.

"Mr. G——, sir."

"Very well; when Mr. G—— comes on board, tell him to take my carriage and drive to my house."

When Mr. G—— reached the house he found Mr. MacIver seated in his library.

"You were absent from your post to-night, sir; I wanted to see you, sir; that's all." And Mr. G—— was bowed out by the implacable old Scotchman, in whose eyes a neglect of duty was the worst possible offense, and never from that night to the day of his death was he promoted to a more responsible position.

On another occasion Mr. MacIver was on board one of the steamers as she was passing from the

river into dock, and stood watching some sailors hauling a rope under the direction of a mate in uniform, who was helping them with a will. Mr. Mac-Iver was secretly pleased with his zeal, but, touching him on the shoulder, said, with affected severity, "We do not engage you for that kind of service, sir!" The mate relinquished the rope at once, expecting a further reproof; but during the next week he was promoted from the third to the second rank.

Few changes ever take place in the organization of the line. In the Liverpool office the same men, except where death has left a mark, are found at the same desks, attending to the same duties, as were found there fifteen or twenty years ago—a trifle older and grayer, but in most other things apparently unaltered. The little steam-tender *Satellite* runs to and fro with passengers and mails between the landing-

stage and the large steamers lying in the river, as she has done for the past thirty years. Old Captain Hetherington is still on her bridge, with the same old helmsman beside him. Some of the old employés have gone into the newer lines, however, for which the Cunard service has been a nursery, supplying managers, captains, officers, and engineers. Captain Kennedy, of the *Germanic*, for instance, was, during many years, chief officer of the *Scotia*; and Captain Forsyth, of the *Dakota*, will be remembered by travelers as chief officer of the *Persia*.

I have written about the service partly because it is characteristically English, partly because its growth teaches a lesson in fidelity, and principally because many readers of the *JOURNAL* may like to revive their recollections of the men and vessels that have been connected with it.

PENMARCH AND IS.

THERE is no more interesting part of France than that comprised in the ancient Province of Brittany, and there is no more interesting part of Brittany than the Department of Finistère. It is, indeed, the veritable land's end—a rough, rugged, rock-bound country, with some good harbors and much dangerous coast. It is a bit of country that, in its remains and the unchanged character of its people, connects our time with that "dark backwood" which we have named the middle age. Its cities remain much the same as they were three hundred years ago, except where crumbling walls have grown gray with moss and lichen, or dark with sunshine and storm. Throughout the department one finds everywhere old châteaux, with the story of their better days written in the grandeur of proportion and crumbling decorations. In many a field are Druidic stones, here a dolmen and there a menhir, to call to mind that strange theocracy about which time has thrown so dark a mantle of mystery.

Full of the spirit of the place, the writer one morning found himself in the ancient, ruined town of Penmarch, which from its sandy desolateness has been not inaptly called the *Palmyra* of Brittany. The Point of Penmarch is the extreme western part of France, and juts out into the Atlantic. It is walled in by dangerous and towering rocks, which only prevent the sea from making terrible havoc with its sandy, unstable country. The whole point was once covered with a great and busy city, but there only remain now a few insignificant villages and many scattered ruins to tell of its former greatness. We came to the principal of the villages, that which still retains the name of Penmarch, one Sunday morning in June, and quite by accident, hit upon the day of the village *fête*, or *pardon*. The one street was crowded with as unruly and turbulent a crowd as ever disgraced an Irish fair or waked up the spirit of discord beside an Irish corpse.

Such a day as it was that day—a *binou*, or Breton bagpipe, droning away from morning till night; dan-

cing, drinking, and eating, as if in these three exercises was summed up all worth living for! But the crowd was a good-natured one, as most French crowds are, and we were glad to study it. There was a very decided dash of the picturesque in the scene. The costumes were bright with embroidery, and almost grotesque in form, while the faces were of that strong old Gaelic type that, without losing their characteristics, varied greatly. All the interests of the neighborhood centred in the *fête*, and we could not have a vehicle to commence our explorations; so, whether we would or not, we were forced to remain in the village of Penmarch for the day.

Bright and early the next morning we were up and looking about us. Ruin, ruin everywhere! moss-covered ruins of churches, ruined old houses, ruined fortifications, and a ruined old chaise-cart with a still more ruined old horse to take us through the sands. Here a relic of the Druids, there a relic of the Roman invasion; here a relic of the Templar Knights, there a relic of the Leaguers—memories of death and decay carved out in mossy stones; the ashes of the long-dead past mingled with the sands of the shore and blown about everywhere; the very air filled with legends and superstitions. When the wind at night roars out its harmonies, they say the spirits of Celtic priests are at their altars, striking their harps in the mysteries of sacrificial worship. When the sea sobs with a certain sound, they say the spirits of the drowned are weeping for the sins of the living. When the ocean dashes into the caves of the coast, with a mighty roaring that can be heard for miles, they say the King of the Sea is abroad seeking for victims, and hasten to their cabins to bar the doors and windows and gather close about the fire, telling their beads and muttering charms.

Within sight of the town of Penmarch are the ruins of six churches, including the better conserved but still crumbling parish church of St.-Nonna. The ruins of St.-Guénolé, near the sea and half an hour

from the town, are the most imposing. All that remains of this church are a few crumbling walls and an exceedingly well-proportioned, square Gothic tower, which is covered over with rough and not ungraceful figures of ships, of fishers, and with unreadable inscriptions. The church of St.-Nonna, which I have already named, is the largest of the churches. As is the case with many churches built largely from the offerings of fishermen, its façade bears representations of ships and of fish. Beside the church is the cemetery, a Sunday loafing-place for the whole townspeople, who, though tolerably certain of being carried there at last, mean to make sure of their present opportunities to find rest with their fathers.

Though Penmarch is to-day an insignificant place, there are indications that it was once a very grand city. It was a city without general fortifications, and as the inhabitants were constantly in danger from English invaders, each man, who was rich enough to do so, fortified his own house after his own fashion. One sees there to-day more than one ruin of *les grandes maisons*, encircled by high, thick walls, and fortified by strong towers of solid masonry, capped above all with a little belfry, where an alarm could be sounded on the approach of the enemy.

One of the most important of these manorial residences was that of Kerbervé, near the ruined church of St.-Guénolé. It was formerly inhabited by lords of fabulous wealth. So rich were they that they hung with silks and other precious fabrics the route of the religious procession, and drank their wine from golden vessels. These lords made their money by the sale of *la viande de carême*—which is only another name for codfish—and would perhaps have gone on to this day heaping up gold by their lucrative monopoly, had not the New World been discovered, with its more productive fisheries.

So this is Penmarch, the Palmyra of Brittany, a city in ruins, a sad, strange place, where the sea moans unceasingly the glories of the past. Some of the paths over the sands and through the fields still bear the names they had when they were the busy streets of the old city. Here is the "Street of the Linen-Drapers," here again the "Street of the Silversmiths," here the "Grande Rue," that is no longer grand. Old manors have been torn down, and their carved stones reappear in the walls of fishermen's and laborers' huts.

Five centuries ago Penmarch was the equal of Nantes in commercial importance, and its wealth an adage in all Brittany. Then it had more than ten thousand inhabitants, some say double that number; now it has less than three thousand. But many forces worked together to destroy the city. The sea rose up out of its place and smote it with a tidal wave in the sixteenth century—a tidal wave that "left fish strewn along the streets and swept the people out to sea." In the space of an hour the accumulated wealth of centuries was washed away. At another time Fontenelle, the dreaded leader of *La Ligue*, swooped down upon the city with his ruthless band, and bore away as much booty as his ships could carry, leaving

the stains of murder and rapine behind him. I think all this misfortune, all this falling from grandeur into poverty, has had an effect on the present inhabitants of Penmarch. They seem an abject, discouraged people, heavy-featured and slow, caring for nothing but their rations of coarse food, their fill of cider, and much sleep.

The coast from Penmarch along the Bay of Audierne, by the Point de Raz to the broad Bay of Douenez, is as wild as any in Brittany—long stretches of beach interspersed with dangerous rocks—the whole forming a sea-front to a country more picturesque than fruitful. The land is coaxed into yielding indifferent crops by the plentiful application of sea-weed, which is washed ashore in large quantities and gathered with great care by men, women, and children, of the roughest Breton type. These shore-laborers know hardly more than their own names and the days of the week. They wear the simplest garments of sackcloth, and are filthy beyond description. Exposed to the sea-winds and the broiling sun of summer, these peasants become as dark as North American Indians. They are, however, honest, have a kind of ignorant faith in the Catholic Church, and a very strong belief in the legendary superstitions of the country. They are given to strong drink to a degree that would astonish the most inveterate toper of civilization—their favorite tippie being spirit of eighty degrees proof!

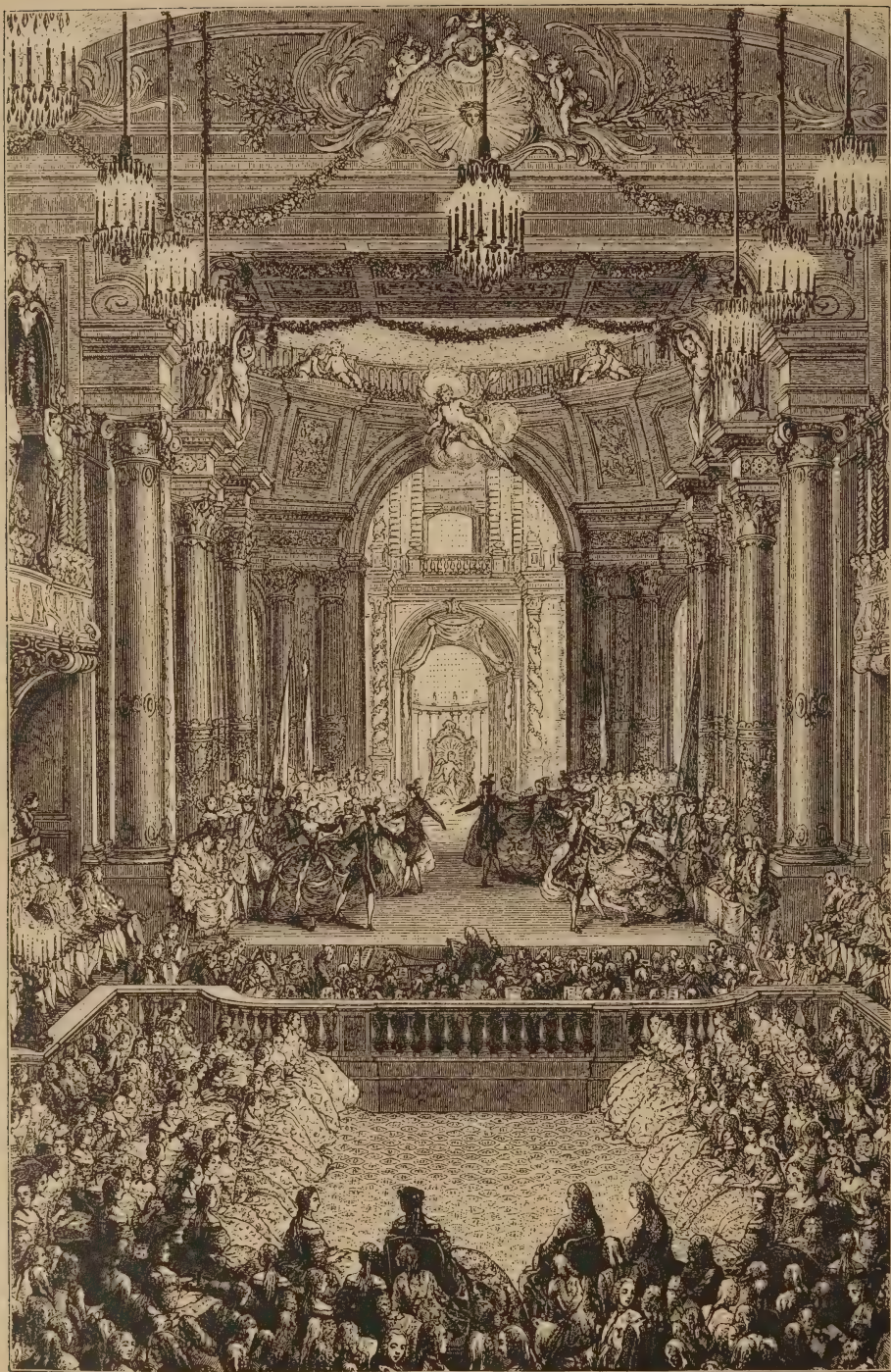
Between the Point de Raz and the little Baie des Trépassés (Bay of the Dead) is a depression called L'Étang de Laoual, the waters of which are supposed to cover the glories of Is. Out of the waters of the bay issue distinctly traceable remnants of paved roads, one leading toward Carhaix, the other toward Quimper, and there is hardly a museum of any importance in all Brittany that has not some washed-ashore relic of the drowned city.

The story of Is may be found in one form or another in almost every book on Brittany, all giving substantially the same accounts, resting principally on the popular traditions.

Built in the vast basin which to-day forms the bay of Douenez, and separated from the sea by a dike, was the ancient city of Is. In the dike were sluices which from time to time were opened sufficiently to admit enough water for the cleaning of the drains and otherwise purifying the city. King Gradlon, a well-beloved monarch, ruled here, and once each month presided in person at the opening of the sluices; the principal one was opened by a silver key, which the king always wore fastened about his neck.

It was a splendid court that King Gradlon presided over, and the magnificence of his capital was the wonder of the country. The royal palace was a place such as we dream of. In it marble, cedar, and gold, replaced the oak, granite, and iron, ordinarily used in building.

The honors of the king's court were done by his daughter Dahut, or Ahès—a princess shamefully known as the Honoria of Brittany. Like that other notoriously wicked woman—



THE THEATRE AT VERSAILLES.

"Old-Time France."

"She had for a crown the vices, and for pages the seven deadly sins."

This woman was accused of the most heinous crimes. It was her habit each night to entice young men whom she fancied to a chosen and secluded retreat, where, when they ceased to amuse her, they were dispatched by a masked menial, and their corpses borne away to the mountains. One is shown near Huelgoat, a gulf, at the bottom of which rushes the mountain-stream with sad, strange murmurings, and through which the winds are ever sighing—noises which the old wives interpret as cries from the souls of Dahut's lovers.

Complaints were made to Gradlon time and again, and he always promised to mete out speedy punishment to his daughter, but paternal indulgence was stronger in his heart than royal duty, and so Dahut went on in her wicked ways. His leniency was repaid by the basest ingratitude. His wicked child formed a plot against him, by which she meant to secure for herself the royal power. The silver key was the symbol of the king's authority, and Dahut soon possessed herself of it—stealing it from her father's neck while the old man slept.

The king, when he found that the key was gone, was in the greatest consternation, and, under the ominous cloud of coming misfortune, retired to his palace, that the people, who regarded the key with superstitious reverence, might not know of his loss. At night he was awakened from a troubled slumber by the appearance of St.-Guénolé before him, who said :

"Rise up, O king, and hasten to leave the city

with your faithful servants ; for Dahut has opened the sluices by means of the silver key, and the unbridled sea is in the city."

It was true. Dahut, going to meet one of her lovers, who was also a conspirator with her against the old king, had by mistake opened the gate of the sea instead of the gate of the city. The first thought of the king on hearing this dreadful intelligence was the preservation of his daughter. He sought her out, took her behind him on his fleetest horse, and fled away from the encroaching wall of sea, as fast as the spur could drive. The sea followed him with fearful rapidity, but Dahut's cries of fright were louder in his ears than the noise of the waves, still not so loud as a supernatural voice beside him, which said :

"Gradlon, if you would not perish yourself, rid yourself of the demon who rides behind you."

Dahut also heard the voice, and became almost frantic with terror ; she clung convulsively to her father ; but he, recognizing in the voice a warning from Heaven, shook her off into the wave that followed them. Then the king rode on safely to Quimper, and fixed there his court, making that city the capital of ancient Cornouailles.

Thus ends the story of Dahut and of the city of Is. The spirit of the wicked princess is supposed to inhabit still the city that she sacrificed.

There may or may not be truth in the story—there certainly is poetry and tragedy in it ; and this much certainly admits of no question—there is a drowned city, there was a King Gradlon, and there may have been a Dahut.

OLD-TIME FRANCE.¹

I.

ROYALTY AND THE COURT.

WHAT splendor and what corruption, what grace of wit and cynical licentiousness of thought and speech, what elegance of manners and recklessness of conduct, what display of wealth and cruel poverty, what beauty of exterior and internal disease, does the French monarchy in the period of its decadence present ! Like the Roman Empire just before its fall, like the ancient realm of Egypt as it sunk in ruin, like Venice as her queenship of commerce and the sea slowly departed from her, the last phase of the long Bourbon rule was its most gorgeous. Such pageants, such luxury, such dress, such ceremony, such ostentatious extravagance, such refinement of all that could lend glitter to the throne and prestige to the court, had surely never been seen, even when Francis had met Henry on the Field of the Cloth of Gold, or when another and lesser Francis had welcomed Mary of Scotland as

his peerless bride. Beneath all this dazzle and sparkle, it is true, we can see the vat of the lower humanity seething and bubbling, finally to boil over and scald royalties and nobilities unto death. But philosophize and moralize as we may, we cannot keep our eyes off the bright colors, or shut our ears to the exquisite wit and mind-tickling epigrams of Versailles. We may, in sober and searching mood, wander away into the squalor of St.-Antoine ; we may groan at the catastrophe in Dickens's story, of the child crushed under the chariot-wheels of Monseigneur, and of Monseigneur's strange fatuity in supposing that the louis d'or, tossed like a missile, will heal the father's bleeding heart ; we may sigh over the poor villages, overshadowed by the hoary château, paralyzed by taxation and a cold and capricious tyranny. But, before we know it, we are back again among the gay throng in the Hall of the Œil de Bœuf ; we are pushing in to catch a glimpse of royalty in silken dishabille ; we are laughing at light-hearted Molière as he pranks in the Versailles theatre ; we are watching the bashful La Fontaine

¹ The Eighteenth Century : Its Institutions, Customs, and Costumes. France, 1700-1789. By Paul Lacroix. London : Chapman & Hall ; New York : D. Appleton & Co.—The Ancient Régime. By H. A. Taine. New York : H. Holt & Co.

as he glides through palace corridors and quietly recites here and there a neat epigram ; we are playing the shepherd on the lawn of the Little Trianon ;



FIRST GENTLEMAN OF THE ROYAL CHAMBER, IN STATE DRESS.

and we cannot, if we would, avert our gaze from the voluptuous Pompadour and the black-eyed Du Barri.

From 1700, the year in which France saw one of her princes raised to the Spanish throne, to 1789, when France saw her own monarch assailed by revolution, the French court was the luminous centre of all that was splendid, elegant, and graceful, in Europe. This splendor was not all gross and sensuous, though grossness and sensuousness were from first to last but thinly concealed by the outward gilding. The court shone with intellect, with philosophy, with poesy, with science, as well as with the mere trappings of external ornament and manners the most polished and the most diligently cultivated. Just think how the later years of the preceding century had prepared the way for an era of literary taste and of intellectual inquiry, as well as of pageant and luxury. To say nothing of the host of writers of inferior rank, such as Balzac and Voiture, Lingendes and Bourdaloue, there were Masil-

lon, and the great preacher Bossuet, and his friend and pupil, Fénelon, who in his exile had dared to declare that "governments are made for the gov-

erned ;" Madame de Sévigné had lived and written the matchless letters which are still the chief model of the epistolary style ; Corneille had risen to become the patriarch of French poesy, to be followed by a greater poet in Racine, and by Molière, who so completely falsified Madame de Sévigné's prophecy that he would "pass away like coffee," and who was the most illustrious *valet de chambre* that ever handed a despot his waistcoat, or cracked jokes at the groaning board of a royal household ; Pascal's "Thoughts" had stimulated reflection throughout civilized society, while Descartes had arisen to dispute the palm of philosophic discovery with Bacon and Locke ; Rochefoucauld had written his incomparable "Maxims ;" Malebranche, the "French Plato," had published his "Search after Truth ;" and La Bruyère had given to the world his rapidly and nervously drawn "Characters." Of the arts, too, the latter part of the eighteenth century was the golden age in France. It had produced Poussin, Claude Lorraine, Lebrun, and Lesueur, in painting ; Puget in sculpture, Mansard and Perrault in architecture, and Lulli in music. Perhaps no figure in that age stands in nobler attitude than that of Vauban, he who dared to tell the magnificent Louis that the Edict of Nantes must be restored, that religious toleration

must be reëstablished, that the nobility must be taxed, and the court must be reformed ; for which the king told him that he was crazy for popularity, and sent him persecuted and neglected to the grave.

This host of poets, philosophers, essayists, and painters, of boldly-speaking, eloquent bishops, and courageous patriots telling plain truths in an atmosphere where truth was a blight, undoubtedly shed a splendor of a higher sort on the French court of the eighteenth-century. The exercise of wit and the discussion of great problems became fashionable. In the antechambers and saloons of Versailles there was much play of intellect as well as frivolity ; and it is this feature which redeemed the court from a mere vapid and tinsel luxury. Every courtier aimed to be a poet ; or, if the Muse failed him, he betook himself to social philosophy, and dalled with subjects really the most dangerous to his own caste. The brilliant circles which gathered around the regent, and the fifteenth and sixteenth Louis, as they feasted, and danced, and flirted, im-

aged themselves to be philosophic schools, with gorgeously-attired Socrateses and Aristotles, self-indulgent princes as the patrons, and palaces for the philosophers' porch.

There was a period, indeed, in which the shadow of a hollow and hypocritical piety fell over the Bourbon court, and in which Versailles, from being the centre of gayety, intrigue, and gilded vice, was invaded by an almost cloistral gloom. This was in the early part of the century of which we write. Louis XIV. had waxed old and feeble and superstitious. He had forever discarded the fiery-tempered and imperious Montespan, and had secretly wedded the devout widow of Scarron. Never had any favorite achieved so complete an ascendancy over Louis as did Madame de Maintenon. Her austere virtue is vindicated by the circumstance that she would be nothing less than the wedded wife of the old king. The transformation of Louis from the most scandalous and open immorality to the practice of the piety of an anchorite, the obstinate adherence to form of a schoolman, and the ecclesiastical despotism of a Franciscan, was one of the strangest in the history of royal caprice. The king's conversion, under the influence of Madame de Maintenon, gave the cue to the courtier and the parasite. Under that unacknowledged queen's reign, he only could hope for preferment and favor who regularly attended his mass, who wore a solemn and humble countenance, who eschewed gambling and gallantry—at least in public—and who devoted himself to an apparent if not sincere attention to the precepts of the bishops and the clergy. Madame de Maintenon was, no doubt, herself really devout. The result of her ascendancy over the court was to make Versailles nearly as sombre early in the eighteenth century as were Windsor and St. James's under the protectorate of Cromwell in the middle of the seventeenth. *Fêtes* ceased to be given in that beautiful park; the royal theatre within the palace, that theatre which is now given over to the eloquence and wrangling of the deputies of the Third Republic, was silent and deserted; the noise of laughter was almost unknown to the palace apartments; the existence of the courtiers was rendered almost insupportably monotonous. The royal receptions had an almost funeral air of sobriety; only the most quiet

games of cards—such as ombre and hookey—were played on the long evenings in the royal apartments; nor did Madame de Maintenon approve by her presence of even these mild recreations. Music even was tabooed; it was only upon extraordinary occasions, which seemed to warrant the permission of so mundane a frivolity, that other strains than those in celebration of pious rites were heard, where once the most thrilling melodies had stirred the already heated blood of royal and noble revelers. Louis XIV. lived till 1715; he had not seen a ballet since "The Triumph of Love," which was danced before him in 1681. He, who had been so ardent an admirer of the drama, who had attended the performance of Molière's free and rollicking comedies night after night for years, leading the applause with his own royal hands and feet, was doomed to confine himself to sacred plays illustrating Biblical stories, which he affected to enjoy rather for their pious lessons than for their dramatic interest. Meanwhile the courtiers yawned and lounged, and waited rather impatiently for better days.

Yet even at this period, when Versailles was



QUEEN'S LADY OF THE PALACE.

deepest in its gloom, the etiquette of the court, which had grown by tradition and gradually added rules into a very rigid code, was in no degree relaxed. The memoirs of Saint-Simon, who might



A ROYAL CHARIOT.

well claim to have been a not unimportant "part" of the society of that time, give us a curious picture of the ceremony which environed Louis in his old age, and which, while he was bound down to the most exacting religious servitude, took from him the relief he might otherwise have had in liberty of movement and action. "At eight o'clock," says Saint-Simon, "the first *valet de chambre* on duty, who had slept in the king's chamber, went to wake him. The first physician and the first surgeon then entered the room and consulted as to the state of his health. At a quarter-past eight the grand-chamberlain, or in his absence the first gentleman of the chamber, was called, as were also the *grandes entrées*, that is to say, the persons who occupied the highest posts at the court and in the royal household. The first gentleman or the grand-chamberlain opened the curtains and presented to the king, still in bed, the holy-water and a book of prayer; and then all the persons present withdrew into the next room. The king, having been aided in rising by his valet, and having hastily made his ablutions, recalled the grand-chamberlain or first gentleman, who handed him his dressing-gown. The door was then opened and admittance given to those who had been waiting outside. The king did nearly everything for himself with rapidity and grace; he put on his stockings, combed, washed, and dressed himself, without any toilet-table in front of him—nothing but a looking-glass. As soon as he was dressed, he said his prayers by his bedside, the ecclesiastics who were present (including the cardinals) knelt down, the laymen remained standing, and the captain of the guard, his drawn sword in his hand, leaned against the balustrades of the bed. His prayers said, the king passed into his cabinet, where those whose functions gave them the right of entry were awaiting him. There he gave his orders for the day. That done, all persons in attendance withdrew, and the king, remaining alone with his children, their governess, and a few privileged courtiers, received the intendants of his palaces, gardens, and other 'pleasures.'"

These were not by any means the only laws of

rigid routine which hedged about the poor old monarch in a bondage of etiquette. No courtier could address him without first giving notice to the captain of the guard that he intended to do so—unless, indeed, his majesty went from the chapel to the council-chamber, when any member of the court might address him. On great official occasions, the ceremonies which were gone through were painfully numerous and precise; while at each hour and incident of the day there was a specified groove in which the king must go. His supper over, he was constrained to pass into his chamber and stand with his back against the bed-railing, talking to the gentlemen and ladies of the court. Then he went into his private cabinet, where he remained shut up for a certain period with the members of his family; at a certain hour he went to feed his dogs, returning to bid his sons and grandsons good-night, and to retire with what must often have been the vexatious aid of his chamberlains, bedchamber gentlemen, and valets. He must have frequently heaved a great sigh of relief when at last he found himself alone with the "valet on duty," and could forget the irksome penalties of kingship in sleep. Happy, comparatively, must have been those days when the austerity of Madame de Maintenon so far unbent as to permit the court a holiday from masses and orisons at the Grand Trianon; for there the strict rules of etiquette were relaxed, and a court-dame might speak to the king without fear of a reproof from the grand-chamberlain. The death of the Grand Monarque was hailed with joy alike by the court and by the people. "The death of the most odious tyrant," says the Duke de Richelieu, "could not have excited greater pleasure. His departure was looked upon as a divine favor." The old gayety and splendor of the court sprang into new life as the pleasure-loving Regent Orleans took up the reins of power. It was like the revival of festivity which occurred in England when the restoration of the merry Charles dissipated the Puritanic gloom of the Protectorate. The court of Louis was, however, snubbed by Orleans, who gathered around him a court of his own

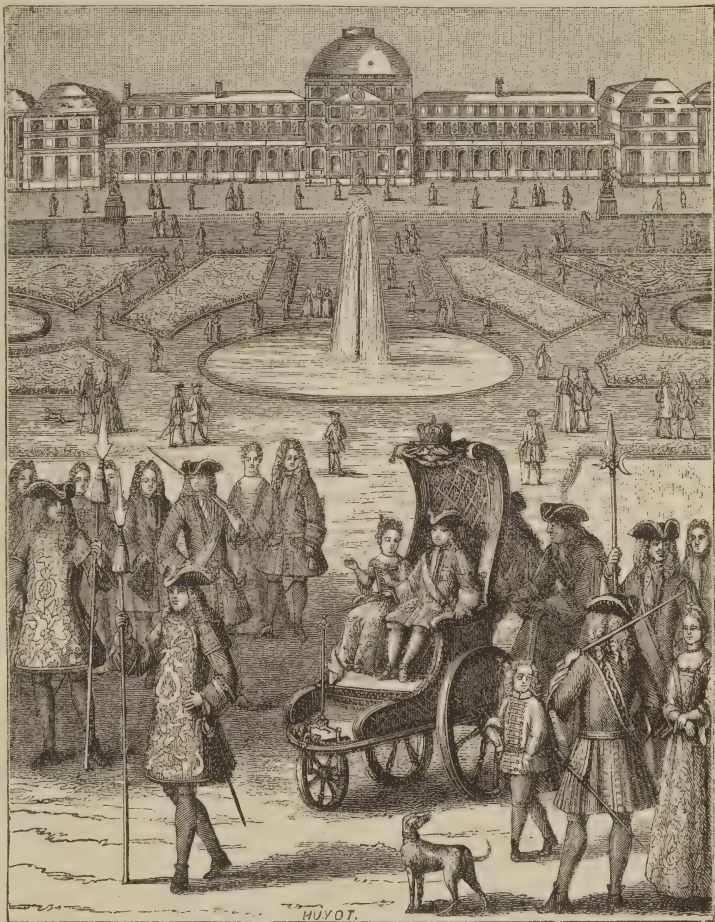
at the Palais Royal. There, in the palace which had been erected for Richelieu, revels began every evening which lasted through the night. There were music, gaming, dancing, and drinking, and the regent led the orgies in person. Much to the delight of his courtiers, he refused to adopt the rigid laws of etiquette which still survived at Versailles. But the reign of the regent was brief, and at last, to the relief of the grand seigneurs and noble dames whose very being was absorbed in the ambition to see Versailles once more aglow with royal magnificence, themselves in its centre and basking in its sunshine, the young king, Louis XV., assumed the authority to which his birth entitled him.

Addison, in one of the papers in the *Guardian*, gives us a hint or two, in his matchless style, of some of the luxuries and ornaments of royalty in the early part of the eighteenth century. "I could not believe it was in the power of art," he says, "to furnish out such a multitude of noble scenes as I met with in Paris; or that so many delightful prospects could lie within the compass of a man's imagination. There is everything done that can be expected from a prince who removes mountains, turns the course of rivers, raises woods in a day's time, and plants a village or town on such a particular spot of ground, only for the bettering of a view." The gentle English essayist visits Versailles and Fontainebleau, and is amazed at the wonderful devices to

render those abodes charming and luxurious. Then he catches a glimpse of the court on the one hand, and of the French poor on the other. "One can scarce conceive the pomp," he says, "that appears in everything about the king; but, at the same time, it makes half his subjects go barefoot. The people are, however, the happiest in the world. There is nothing to be met with but mirth and poverty. Every one sings, laughs, and starves. . . . One would almost fancy one's self to be in the enchanted palaces of a romance," he goes on in another paper; "one

meets with so many heroes, and finds something so like scenes of magic in the gardens, statues, and water-works."

A picture of the court which surrounded the youthful, handsome, and amiable Louis the Well-Beloved would show it to include an immense establishment, containing hundreds of people of every rank and condition, each having his proper precedence, place, and duties. The nobility who were attached to the court were *grande*s who had certain



LOUIS XV., AS A CHILD, BEING WHEELED ABOUT THE GARDENS OF THE TUILERIES.

offices, honorary or otherwise, about the person of the sovereign, and were not admitted to the charmed circle merely because they were noble. Indeed, the great mass of the French nobility, which, at the accession of Louis XV., reached the number of six hundred thousand, never penetrated the halls where the monarch held his ceremonies and revels. The court nobility were essentially a caste by themselves, arrogant, rich, and elegant, who looked down upon the shabby-genteel nobility who swarmed in the provinces with haughty disdain. The select few

who were permitted to bask in the sunshine of royalty, and formed the dazzling group around the young king, lived in Paris in magnificent houses, some of which are still standing. They rarely or

"obtain the command of a regiment at eighteen or twenty, without any practical knowledge of military matters. They pass their youth in luxury and dissipation; they have plenty of intelligence and polite-



ROYAL PROMENADE IN THE PARK AT VERSAILLES.

never visited their rural properties, being content to receive the ample incomes collected thence by their intendants. Their great hotels in town were veritable palaces, not less richly frescoed, gilded, and wainscoted, than Versailles itself. These hotels were spacious enough to accommodate a large household of servants, and the great nobles emulated the king in the costliness and pomp of their feasts. They rolled to and from Versailles in carriages of most elaborate structure and decoration, with lackeys and running footmen, who were "brilliant in gold-lace and epaulets, with their long gilt-headed canes."

It was this high nobility whom Louis XIV. subjected to that "gilded captivity" which preceded its decadence and utter extinction as a political power in the land. They swallowed up all the offices and emoluments in the royal gift; they got their sons

ness, but no acquaintance with the necessary sciences; plenty of courage to fight, but no ability to command." The court nobles would have starved before they would have set themselves to any useful work; but the most humble offices about the king were regarded as honorable. The Abbé Coyer said, "In order to be something, the nobility is plunged in nothingness."

A glance at the various corps of officials and servants who formed the court of Louis XV. will give some idea of the cost which this establishment must have been to France. There were the nobility who held the higher places of chamberlains, marshals, aides, high stewards, gentlemen of the bedchamber, almoners, and so on; and then there were the servants holding no other rank than the (to them) proud one of "belonging to the court." "It was," says



SEDAN CHAIRS FOR THE PARK.

commissions in the army, posts about Versailles, preferment in the Church; their daughters were made ladies-of-honor, or canonesses and abbesses. "Those who are most in favor," says Barbier in his "Journal,"

De la Force, "the image and miniature of the kingdom, being composed of the nobility, the clergy, and the third estate." Many of the places were virtually held by hereditary descent, the son having succeeded

the father in his functions sometimes for ten or twelve generations. Most painfully and in the minutest detail were the duties of each official and servant laid down; his place on every occasion, his right to go before others, to wear his hat, his perquisites and privileges, were particularly defined; the punctiliousness of etiquette was as sensitively preserved and as strenuously insisted upon by the scullion and the groom as by the ducal chamberlain and the right reverend almoner.

The king was reduced to utter self-helplessness, in accordance with the stubborn laws of ceremony which surrounded him, by a vast crowd of servitors. It took a grand-almoner, eight chaplains, eight clerks, a sacristan, and a chapel-master, to provide his spiritual necessities. The grand-master of the household had a large retinue of servants at his command. It was his duty to see to the proper furnishing forth of the royal table; and he was a sort of household prime-minister, who held a cabinet council of *maitres d'hôtel*, controllers, and masters of the counting-house, every week. The duty of providing the household was divided into seven departments—the goblet, the kitchen, the pantry, the wine-cellar, the common kitchen, the fruiterie, and the pinfold; and over these presided the first *maitre d'hôtel*. Under him were twelve assistants, whose duty it was to put the meats upon the royal table, and to hand the king the wet napkin which he used before eating. There were three masters of the counting-house for disbursing the expenditures; and there was an officer whose sole duty it was to take charge of the royal plate. Another great department of the palace was that of the grand-chamberlain. He was a grand gentleman indeed, usually a duke or marquis of high descent; even the first gentleman of the chamber, his lieutenant, is represented in the pictures of the time as a gorgeous creature, all velvet and satin, with a wig of magnificent proportions, and an ample wealth of lace in his neckcloth and ruffles, and of plumes in his hat. There were twenty-six of these gentlemen of the chamber to aid the chamberlain in his arduous duties of attending to his Most Christian Majesty's personal wants; and these in turn were assisted by four blue-blooded valets, who slept by turns below the king's bed, ready to serve his slightest wish. Under the grand-chamberlain, too, were sixteen ushers, thirty-two sub-valets, twelve bearers of the mantle, two arquebusiers, eight barbers, a dentist, eight upholsterers, three watchmakers, six grooms, two chairmen, besides painters and sculptors, kennel-men and glaziers. The department of the wardrobe was supplied by a grand-master, twenty valets, a trunk-bearer, four grooms, three tailors, one linen-starcher, and three laundresses. "When the king dressed," says La Croix, "the grand-master assisted him to put on his under-waistcoat, his blue sash, and his *justaucorps*; when the king undressed, he handed him his night-dress, nightcap, and handkerchief; while other masters of the wardrobe were in attendance to give the king his handkerchief, gloves, cane, and hat, or to assist him in emptying his pockets when he came in to change his dress."

Then there were the officers of the cabinet—the four secretaries, the four readers, the two ushers, and the interpreters and translators; there was a grand-falconer, with another set of servants; a large number were employed in the care and decoration of the king's palaces, among them four or five architects, three surveyors, two treasurers, and others; of gardeners, coachmen, footmen, riders, there were many. There were various corps devoted more especially to the royal recreations. "We find for the Versailles canal a regular fleet, with a captain, first officer, mariners, gondoliers, and calkers; and among the staff employed in the gardens was a cleaner of the statues and a mole-catcher."

The expense of this gorgeous establishment—and it must not be forgotten that the king had many others, such as Marly, Meudon, Fontainebleau, Compiègne, St.-Cloud, where the same royal state was preserved—and of the *fêtes* and pageants of the courts, was, as may well be believed, enormous. The statement of a few of the salaries and other expenditures will serve to illustrate to what extent poor France was burdened and bled to sustain the pomp of its vain and dissolute royalty. The department of the first gentleman of the bedchamber cost one hundred thousand dollars a year, that of the first *maitre d'hôtel* eighty thousand dollars. The whole household were lodged, fed, and clothed, at the expense of the royal treasury; and, besides these, the captain of the greyhounds got twenty-five hundred livres a year, and the "keeper of the fancy dogs" fifteen hundred. On one occasion Louis XVI., who was far from being a spendthrift by nature, laid out over half a million dollars in repairing his furniture; and this was an annual expenditure. An excursion to Marly for three weeks involved an extra outlay of twenty thousand dollars, by reason of the mere transfer of the court. The mere moving of the king from place to place cost him half a million francs a year. The military corps attending on majesty, comprising "infantry, cavalry, bodyguards, French guardsmen, Swiss guardsmen, the 'Cent Suisses,' light-horse guards, gendarmes of the guard, gate guardsmen," in all nearly ten thousand men, were an expense of over a million and a half dollars a year. In those vast royal stables at Versailles, of which Taine says that they were "so ample and beautiful that, even under Louis XIV. himself, they sometimes served as a cavalcade circus for the princes, sometimes as a theatre, and sometimes as a ballroom," were nearly two thousand horses, over two hundred vehicles of various sorts, and fifteen hundred coachmen, grooms, and other stable-servants. Here was an item for the keeper of the royal purse of over a million dollars a year. Throughout the eighteenth century the chase was the favorite pastime of the French kings, the princes, and the court. To be considered an accomplished cavalier, a noble must prove himself a graceful and dashing horseman. His majesty had three hundred horses exclusively devoted to hunting. This sport cost him a quarter of a million dollars a year. Horses' food cost fifty thousand dollars, and that of the hounds

ten thousand. For thirty miles around Paris the king included his game preserves; no one could shoot within that circle unless he were so fortunate as to be of the royal party. Miles of forest-land about Versailles and Marly, Fontainebleau and Compiègne, were excluded from cultivation to minister to these pleasures. The kings boast of their quantities of game. Louis XV. and his court ran down six thousand stags in a year; even his unsportsmanlike grandson glories in his four hundred and sixty head in a day, and his twenty thousand pieces in a year. The hunting goes on incessantly in the season. "The king," writes M. de Luynes, in 1748, "has been hunting every day of the past and present week, except to-day and on Sundays, killing, since the beginning, thirty-five hundred partridges." When there is not hunting, some other luxurious recreation awaits the pleasure of the king and court. One day, it is the comedians of the French theatre; another, it is the Italian opera, performed in that historic theatre of Versailles; these days are eked out by the gaming at the tables of the *jeu de roi*, by splendid suppers in the banquetting-hall, by garden *fêtes*, with illuminations and play of waters in the park, and by dress-balls and glittering masquerades which the rising sun catches in full career.

Consider for a moment the royal table-service at Versailles, and what it costs. There are three sets of tables spread every day. One is occupied by august majesty itself, with the princes and princesses; a second is devoted to the great officers of the household—the grand-chamberlain, grand-marshal, and so on; the third is crowded by two or three hundred of the court officials; and these tables are served by over a hundred waiters. The annual expense of this daily feasting is about half a million dollars. But these are only the tables of the king. The members of his family, it must be remembered, have each a separate establishment of his or her own. Those of the royal mesdames include two hundred servants; Madame Elisabeth, the sister of Louis XVI., must be served by sixty-eight pairs of diligent hands; the Countesses d'Artois and de Provence, wives of the king's brothers (both of whom were long afterward to be kings themselves), are stately with households of two hundred and fifty servitors each; while Marie Antoinette's establishment hums with five hundred attendants of high and low degree. Even the little princess royal, afterward to become Duchess d'Angoulême, after escaping the fate of her parents on the guillotine and her brother at the Temple—even she, when but a month old, absolutely needs eighty persons to do her service. Charles and Louis, the king's brothers, are provided for separately from the king and from their wives. Louis of Provence has a "civil household" of five hundred, and a "military household" of two hundred; Charles of Artois, as a younger brother, must be content with two hundred and thirty men of the military and four hundred and fifty of the civil sort of servants. "Three-fourths of these," says Taine, "are for display; with their embroidered

ies and laces, their unembarrassed and polite expression, their attentive and discreet air, their easy way of saluting, walking, and smiling, they appear well in an antechamber placed in lines, or scattered in groups in a gallery; I should have liked to contemplate even the stable and kitchen array, the figures filling up the background of the picture. By these stars of inferior magnitude we may judge of the splendor of the royal sun." The total expense of all the tables to which the gallant multitudes sat down daily at Versailles was more than seven hundred thousand dollars a year. The wine-bill alone was sixty thousand, the meat and game two hundred thousand, the fish fifteen thousand. The whole number of persons employed about and forming the court reached at least fifteen thousand; and to maintain the court cost not less than eight million dollars a year then, which was equal to what sixteen million would be now; and it was one-tenth of the total revenue of France.

The head swims with all this multitude and with all these figures. We are dazzled even by the thought of so much pomp and magnificence, such reckless expenditure, such prodigious waste. No wonder, perhaps, that every French grand seigneur longed to be one of the court, though that court was the most glaring proof of how the nobility had decayed, and how all its grandeur and greatness had been chained to the royal chariot-wheels. There was no one so high that he did not eagerly join in the adulation of royalty. Everybody, churchman or layman, made it "the first duty in life to be at all hours and in every place under the king's eye, within reach of his voice and his glance." It was literally true that "the true courtier follows the prince as a shadow follows its body." Even the Duke de Richelieu writes to Madame de Maintenon that it were preferable to die rather than be without the light of the royal countenance for two months; while the Duke de la Rochefoucauld made it a boast that he had never missed the king's rising and going to bed. People paid thousands of dollars for the privilege of being a royal valet or cloak-bearer. We hear of old courtiers of eighty, who have spent half the time of that long life on their feet, dancing attendance on majesty. The palace is ever crowded, and with such a crowd! One would think that India had exhausted her gems, and France her silks and satins, to provide for the dazzling show; that the deft arts and workmanship of the world could scarcely have sufficed to furnish forth the decorations and ornaments; that Nature must have forced the life and juices of the earth to supply the vast wealth of flowers garlanded and grouped in corridors and reception-halls. Never was there a period when the art of dress was carried to a greater perfection in color and shape, in elaborate taste and fanciful device. "There is not a toilet here, an air of the head, a tone of the voice, an expression in language, which is not a masterpiece of worldly culture, the distilled quintessence of all that is exquisitely elaborated by social art." We can only fully realize the amazement which Frank-

lin, appearing in plain snuff-colored attire, caused the French court, when we comprehend the gorgeous culmination which the art of dress had reached. The ladies' skirts, "ranged in a circle, or in tiers on the benches, form an *espalier* covered with pearls, gold, silver, jewels, spangles, flowers, and fruits, with their artificial blossoms, gooseberries, cherries, strawberries—a gigantic, animated bouquet of which the eye can scarcely support the brilliancy." The men were scarcely less splendid in attire than the women, with their buckles and wigs, their lace cuffs and cravats, their silken coats

and "vests of the hues of the fallen leaves, or of a delicate rose-tint, or of celestial blue, embellished with gold braid and embroidery;" their swords with richly-chased hilts, and their *chapeaux* thick with lace and feathers.

In such gorgeous fashion lived the French king and his court; and thus royalty and the court continued till the time came for the people to rise, and, in their rage, and hunger, and thirst for vengeance, to put out the lights of this dazzling scene, and lay low this most magnificent of all "theatres royal" in smoking ruins!

REMINISCENCES.

(GATHERINGS FROM AN ARTIST'S PORTFOLIO.)

BY JAMES E. FREEMAN.

II.

IN 1837 I found Thomas Crawford in Rome, then the only artist from the United States residing in the Eternal City, and, I believe, the first student of sculpture from our country who ever came here to study his profession. (I am not quite sure, however, that Horatio Greenough had not been in Rome for a short visit previous to establishing himself in Florence.)

Later in the winter of 1837, Crawford and myself were joined by a young and promising American student by the name of Philips,¹ who had been a pupil of Weir's; thus making three of us from the United States. That season there were but a small number of Americans here: among them was Commodore Hull, and at the same time, by a curious combination, also his old antagonist the commander of the *Guerrière*. They were seen frequently walking arm-in-arm about the Eternal City, the best of friends and companions, and we used to call them light and shadow, Commodore Hull being preposterously bulky and his companion notably thin and bony. The victorious captain of the *Constitution* sat to Crawford for his bust, one of the earliest efforts of his professional career. One day, after he had finished his sitting with the old hero, I met the embryo sculptor at the *Lepre*, where we usually went for our dinners.

"Well, my boy," I said, "how did you get on to-day with your sitter?"

"He was in a very jocose humor, and remarkably amusing," he replied; "as I was working with my modeling-tool about his eyes he cried out as if he was hurt, 'I say, Signor Tommaso, don't poke that stick into my peepers in that way, I can't stand it! Softly, my lad, softly.'"

That year, and for one or two after it, our young sculptor had hard struggles, met nobly with a resolve to make any sacrifice rather than relinquish his chance of improvement. Thorwaldsen was very friendly to

him, and gave him a place in his own studio, where the great Dane overlooked his studies and gave him salutary counsel. Crawford has often expressed to me his gratitude for this assistance, and confessed the great benefit he derived from it.

It was during the manly contention with difficulties of which I have spoken that he achieved one of his best works—the "Orpheus." This made him known as possessing sterling feeling and genius for his art; and not long after he received the commission for the monument to Washington from the city of Richmond. Renting a long range of roomy stables which faced the ruins of the Baths of Diocletian, he put up in clay the colossal horse which was to bear down to future times the portrait in bronze of the immortal Father of his Country. Not only did the grand monument march onward toward completion, but he found leisure to create other fine productions, among them a statue of Beethoven; this, and the figure of Patrick Henry, will be admitted, I think, by all generous critics, to contain elements of the happiest inspiration; and, had he never done anything else, would alone mark him an artist of no ordinary power.

In the second story of the stately palace Negroni, overlooking his studios with its lofty belvedere, Crawford and his family resided. Back of it lay gardens with fruit and flowers, plants varied and luxuriant, fountains, trees, and artistic decorations, making it a little paradise in which to ramble. The grounds extended to the Temple of Minerva Medica, covering a space abounding in historical interest as well as of horticultural beauty. In the high tower the sculptor had also a studio, from which he could gaze upon the Alban Hills, and, looking to the south, get a glimpse of the distant sea. Everything was full of enjoyment to him; enviably happy in his domestic relations, successful in his vocation, his name progressing fairly on toward fame; when, in the midst of all this present enjoyment and promise of the future, his career was arrested by the saddest of diseases that can afflict a painter or a sculptor. Symp-

¹ Philips returned home and died at a very early age.

toms, threatening loss of sight, made their appearance, the result of which was to take him in a short time so prematurely from the art he adored with passionate devotion, and from his beautiful young wife and children. The terrible disease first showed itself as he was returning from a visit home to America; but he was enabled to continue his work upon the Richmond monument for several months after, until the effort became so painful that he was forced to abandon the work. One of his eyes seemed to be protruding itself from its proper place in the orbit. An eminent surgeon—Gibson—from Philadelphia happened to be in Rome that winter, and interested himself warmly in the case. He called a consultation of the best surgeons, and proceeded to an exploration, which resulted in convincing his own high intelligence that the malady proceeded from a cancer at the back of the eye, which was pressing forward and affecting the optic nerve. I cannot forget when the great surgical professor called upon me the day after the examination, and told me that Crawford must die—that a few months, more or less, would “take him from us.” This opinion of the surgeon was not made known to Crawford, who still allowed himself to hope that he might get relief. Under this impression, he went to Paris and consulted the most renowned oculists there. They told him that an operation would probably be death; in the mean time an American surgeon and physician had come to London, professing to cure cancers of every kind by an entirely new treatment. Hoping against hope, his wife and friends urged him to become a patient of this new wonder in medical surgery. The ailing eye was soon removed from its socket, thus hoping to save the other; but, alas! scarcely had that been effected, when the other eye, sympathizing with its lost mate, showed that the cruel malady was at work there also. The fatal disease advanced so rapidly that in a few weeks it was too evident the unhappy artist must say farewell to sight. The little light left faded from his vision. One day he said to his old, faithful servant: “Giuseppe, I wish to get up. Wrap me in my dressing-gown and lead me to the window.” This complied with, he asked, “Are the blinds open, Giuseppe?” “Yes, *caro padrone mio*.” “He stood there” (said his attached domestic to me) “for a few minutes, when I saw the tears roll down his cheeks, and he said, ‘Giuseppe, lead me back to my bed.’” Then came complete and utter despair, the brave heart which had borne up till that dreadful moment, and which, in the face of all discouraging circumstances, had suffered itself to dream of future triumphs in art, that brave heart, I repeat, was broken, and in a short time ceased to beat forever. The light of a generous, manly nature went out at Crawford’s death.

There was a fine portrait, painted by Page, just before the youthful sculptor crossed the sea to come to Rome. Where is it? One day, these portraits of the pioneers of art will become interesting to our country, and few of them more so than those which preserve the form and features of our much-regretted Thomas Crawford. A portrait by Lawder, a Scotch

fellow-student in Rome, painted in 1837, and a bust in marble by John Macdonald, are in the possession of Mr. Allen Fraser, who was a warm personal friend of our sculptor during his early Roman struggles, and who still retains a tender and loyal regard for his genius and noble qualities.

The arts of painting and sculpture, which in Italy had fallen into inglorious decadence, began to revive in the latter part of the last century by the works of Canova and Camuccini, and simultaneously there commenced an inpouring to Rome of students from all parts of Europe, which, increasing in an extraordinary degree up to the present day, has made Rome the city of studios as well as of churches. Germany, in this respect, has been more largely represented than any other country.

From Russia there came two pensioned students, who have since acquired uncommon distinction. These were Brülów and Ivanoff. I saw a work of the latter, upon which he had toiled over twenty years—the subject, “Christ and his Apostles.” The artist would not allow any one to see this picture when in progress until he was induced to do so under the following circumstances: There was a German painter here (whose name I have forgotten) also engaged upon a large composition, and who was equally fastidious as to showing his performance; he had been working some ten years upon his large canvas. The mutual friends of the two suggested that they should show their pictures to each other, even if they would not extend the permission to others. They agreed to do so, Ivanoff returning to the Caffè Greco after the visit. One of his intimates asked him what he thought of the German’s picture. He answered in Italian, with a shrug of his shoulders, “*Oh, una cosa tirato via!*”—(“A thing thrown off in a hurry!”). Brülów, his fellow-student and compatriot, painted his enormous picture of “The Last Days of Pompeii” in as many months as the other took years to execute his. Ivanoff had introduced a small glimpse of the river Jordan in his picture, and made a pilgrimage to the East expressly to make a study of it. When the work was finished there was much curiosity to see it, and crowds rushed to the exhibition, and were disappointed to find so little effect in a work which had cost nearly a quarter of a century of labor; all spontaneity of execution had been sacrificed in the effort to obtain expressive detail, all hope of fluidity and frankness in color sacrificed to obtain solidity in modeling and drawing; but the picture, despite these defects, was truly wonderful for other qualities, and the name of the artist is one justly honored in his country.

Nearly coeval with the last-named celebrities, Horace Vernet made his appearance as director of the French Academy in Rome; following him came Paul Delaroche, and the unfortunate Leopold Robert; Delaroche, as director, succeeding Vernet; and Robert, who, in defiance of the discouraging opinion of his friends in Paris, who told him he would never succeed as an artist, was determined to break down all obstacles obstructing his way to preferment and

fame, finally achieving a victory in the struggle. His famous picture of "La Moisson," painted while in Rome, attests how glorious was his conquest over the predictions of his friends.

Paul Delaroche married the beautiful daughter of Horace Vernet, with whom, it is said, Leopold Robert was also madly in love, and it is also supposed that the disappointment of unrequited passion seriously affected his after-existence. In Venice, a few years later, he had painted a picture and sent it to Paris for exhibition. He had fallen into a very morbid state from want of money, and the fear lest his picture would prove a failure. His mind became infected with the gloomiest fancies, and he blew his brains out. The day after the terrible deed a letter arrived to his address containing a draft for the very large sum for which his picture had been sold, and telling him that his canvas was the great attraction of the Salon—that his fame was established! Commissions were awaiting his acceptance on his own terms, and all things ready to promote his honor and advancement. The eyes were closed forever which should have read this letter, and brightened with gratification: they had done their last work in the admired "Improvisatore," which later hung on the walls of the Louvre—its frame covered with crape, while below the picture on the floor fresh flowers were strewed daily during the season, a touching tribute to the memory of the painter.

The eccentricities and peculiarities of Vernet were many, and have been related graphically by writers of his own country. One little incident is all which I shall relate of them, as it occurred within my own knowledge, and has not appeared in any other notice of him: I knew a very conceited and very handsome young Milanese painter, who took no pains to keep secret from the world his exalted opinion of himself—not alone that in his own eyes he was the handsomest and most fascinating fellow in Rome, the most picturesque and tasteful in his dress, and wearer of innumerable laurels in *bonnes fortunes*, but that he was also the best painter in the Eternal City. His airs were prodigious. He was engaged upon a picture, and, meeting the celebrated Frenchman, invited him to his studio. Vernet, who was ever ready to give his counsels wherever they were desired by students, whatever their capabilities, responded to the solicitation and called to see the foppish Lombard. The vain Milanese began an explanation of his performance in a most theatrical and pompous style—talked gushingly of its composition—his predilection for the grand manner of Michael Angelo—his happy disposition of drapery—valuation of light and shade—balance and harmony of color, etc., etc., giving his listener no chance of an observation; finally, with a stage pose and flourish of his arm and hand, he concluded with, "When I have carried the color in my group into the middle and extreme distance, and united by my superior intimacy with aerial perspective the plains of my composition in complete harmony"—his breath was all but exhausted—"what do you think, professor?" The disgusted professor replied, "I think

you are the assassin of art!" and hurried out of the studio.

Gibson, the English sculptor, dates his appearance in Rome at about the same period of the remarkable French painters just mentioned. One of his latest crotchets was that of tinting his marbles—insisting that the Greeks were in the habit of doing so. I remember how much more pure and beautiful was his figure of Pandora before he vulgarized it by coloring, and I also recollect his reading me a letter one morning in the Caffè Greco from the Duchess of D——, who, two or more years previously, had ordered the statue from him for her gallery. "Yes, her ladyship scolds me in this letter. She begins: 'John Gibson, you are treating me very badly. I was to have had the Pandora more than a year since,' etc. Yes, she's getting impatient, but I shall write to her ladyship and tell her that I can't spare my Pandora yet—that I have fallen in love with her since I have painted her; her blue eyes and golden hair have bewitched me. I will tell her ladyship, also, that I have just made my charmer a present of a pair of Etruscan gold ear-rings, which I bought of Castellani. Oh, no; I can't give up my Pandora yet."

Not long after this the Pandora was sent to the great International Exhibition in London, and *Punch* had a spirited cut, representing a plethoric female gazing at the nude, "all-gifted goddess," who with touching simplicity is made to exclaim, "Oh! how like our Hemma!"

Gibson never failed to have his walk on the Pincian Hill in the morning, before going to his studio. One morning, at the time when it looked threateningly like war between England and America, I met him there, and, after a taciturn promenade beside him for a quarter of an hour, he broke silence with—"So you Yankees are talking of going to war with us? Now, sir, if you do that, we shall sink all your ships to the bottom of the sea. Yes; we shall, indeed." His whole expression and manner said, "There is no appeal from this judgment, and no more words are called for"—the matter was settled.

Gibson's mode of expressing himself was both positive and laconic. Among other singular fancies was his faith in the numbers three and seven. In some work which I have read I have met with a curious dissertation upon the subject of these especial numbers, and retain in my memory this passage: "The number seven would seem to have been held in much the same esteem as the mystic number three. There are, for instance, seven classes of persons whose anger is not to be resented, viz., bards, commanders, women, prisoners, drunken persons, Druids, and kings in their own dominions. There are three deaths not to be bemoaned—the death of a fat hog, the death of a thief, and the death of a proud prince; and three things which advance the subject—to be tender to a good wife, to serve a good prince, and to be obedient to a good governor." It is to be hoped that Gibson had a higher authority than this unsatisfactory nonsense upon which to build his faith. From whatever source he may have de-

rived it, however, he was undeniably under its influence, both in composing his works and in other matters besides. Here is a trifling incident *à propos* of his attachment to mystic numbers. It was related to me by Harriet Hosmer, his favorite pupil. She had arranged a journey with him to Switzerland, and they had fixed to meet at the railroad-station in the morning. Gibson had brought his valise, carpet-bag, and a hat-box. As they were quitting the baggage-room for the cars, Miss Hosmer observed that Gibson was forgetting his hat-box; she caught it up to give it to him, when the cover fell off, and she perceived it was empty.

"You are leaving your hat behind you," said she, "for it is not in your box."

"No," he replied, "I did not intend to bring it."

"Oh!" responded she, "I suppose you mean to buy a new one, and have brought your case to save purchasing another."

"No, I have plenty of hats."

"Well, then, in the name of common-sense, why do you bring this unnecessary incumbrance?"

"Well, you see, Miss Hatty, my valise counts one, my carpet-bag makes two, and I bring my hat-box to complete the trio. I always travel with *three* or *seven* pieces."

Randolph Rogers and William Story came here when Crawford was still living. Rogers had been for some time in Florence, where he had mastered the elementary difficulties of his profession. He then came to Rome, and settled himself down permanently. His first work—"Ruth"—gave the flattering hopes which his career has since justified. The central door for the Capitol was given him to execute, and the bronze material in which it is cast will carry down to posterity proofs that good things could be done in our day. When Crawford died, leaving the monument for Richmond not completed, the committee in whose hands the matter rested saw in Rogers the sculptor best adapted to finish what remained to be done; and the figures of Lewis and Nelson, together with the six pedestals, are by his hand. There is a good deal in common between the two sculptors, especially in spirit and love of nationality. Rogers is the first American artist who has been elected into the body of the Professors of St. Luke. Gibson, before him, was the first English sculptor made a professor of that venerable institution.

Story's two figures of the Cleopatra and the Libyan Sibyl, exhibited at the last great International Exhibition in London, were the commencement of a reputation which since has made him well known to the world. Ives followed close upon the heels of Rogers and Story, bringing with him from Florence a statue of Pandora, which he had modeled in that city, and he also established himself in Rome. I remember to have heard Gibson pronounce a very flattering eulogy upon this figure, and Gibson was never prodigal of praise. I recollect two busts by Ives which, for likeness and character, it would be difficult to surpass—I refer to those of Seward and General Scott.

The name of Buchanan Read is better known as a verse-maker than a painter, though he devoted himself to both arts with equal love. It is not enough to say that Read was an extraordinary man, and the application of the word in his case might likewise be misconstrued. I think one might adopt a very strong term in connection with his name, coupling it distinctly with genius. Yes; he belongs to the distinguished family of poets, born to chant dreamland songs, and patriotic lays, and tender strains of love and pathos. "Drifting" and "Sheridan's Ride" speak of the first two faculties in a very high degree. There are both fire and feeling, Nature and eloquence, in that twenty miles "to save the day," and its popularity sustains my opinion of it. Like Burns and Béranger, Read was little assisted by education; still he did not "throw his hands uncouthly o'er the strings" of his lyre. In painting, also, he owed more to his native discrimination than to academic teaching. Neither his poems nor pictures are ever vulgar. The latter are often languid, but ever melodious and pleasing. His versification is not thought consistently happy in all his productions, but there is enough in many of them to merit the title I propose to bestow upon their author, viz., that of a man of genius. His was a nature subject to quick overflowings of generosity—rapid and restless in its mental activity, eager for approbation and applause—with a loving desire to make as many happy as he could. Many of those who were in Rome five or six years ago will remember the hospitable entertainments, given in his house and studio, to honor distinguished Americans. I was present at a splendid banquet given in honor of Mr. Adams, after he had resigned his mission to England. Another *fête* was given to General Sheridan, and a reception in honor of General Sherman. The larger portion of his guests upon those frequent occasions were his brother-artists. Like all other true artists, Read was eminently free from snobbishness, and ready at any moment to divide his last dollar with any one of his friends who was in need. The constant demand upon his brain in the pursuit of two arts so exacting in their several qualifications exhausted and reduced the *physique* of our "poet-painter" so low that he was obliged to resort to stimulants, and the last two years of Read's residence in Rome betrayed a serious change in his health and character. It is four years since he left the Eternal City for his native land, where he was destined to breathe his last day after his arrival. He left no enemies at Rome, but many who had the sincerest affection for him, among whom I enroll myself.

It was in the autumn of 1833 that Hans Christian Andersen came here. He lived very much among his own countrymen—little known among the other foreign artists of Rome; indeed, at that time he had written nothing of importance to give him a claim to public attention. Thorwaldsen received his countryman kindly, but his chief associates were among his younger compatriots who were studying art. Their economical habits suited his small means,

and with their vocation he had, like Thackeray, a natural sympathy. With these he formed pleasant and enduring friendships. My distinguished friend Mrs. Mary Howitt, who was the first to give to English readers a translation of the "Improvvisatore," has kindly assisted me to gather together a few incidents regarding the author's life while here. A house on the corner of the Via Felice and Piazza Barberini, holding the famous Triton fountain in view, was the birthplace of his "Antonio, the Improvvisatore." Much has been changed within and about the building; but the shop opposite, of which he has written—where was sold "butter and bacon," where were "suspended ever in sight the curious buffalo cheeses," and where the "light was continually burning before the little shrine"—still remains as it was; but the rude stone fountain beneath the window, "where the donkeys came to drink and bray," has disappeared.

One of Andersen's particular associates was Kasher, a painter, then a young fellow full of life and spirits, but who afterward became a Catholic, and ended his days as a begging monk, under the name of Dietro di Santo Dio, having been converted to his office by the present pope. Andersen, with his friends, made frequent excursions into the neighboring mountains, where old manners, old customs, and old costumes prevailed. Funerals, country festivals, persons taken prisoners by the brigands, brigands taken prisoners by the pope's soldiery, assassinations, lovers' jealousies, the wild rustic dances of the people, were studied, and photographed in his memory. Nothing came amiss to his sharp appetite for the novel, wild, and picturesque. At the Lepre restaurant he, with his intimates—the Swedes, Norwegians, Danes, and Germans—was wont to dine, and drink the sour wine, and get a dinner for twenty sous; meeting those men who had already made themselves enviably famous—Thorwaldsen, Koch, Rhinehart, Dinelli, and others.

At the Christmas of his stay here Andersen and his friends celebrated the festival at the large house near the theatre in the grounds of the Villa Borghese. He and two of his companions, "Jensen and Christensen," set off early in the morning, and decorated the place with flowers and garlands. A large orange-tree, laden with fruit, served as their Christmas-tree, to the boughs of which were added still other fruit by way of presents to all who came. In the evening the Scandinavian world hastened to the Borghese for the grand festival of Christmas-eve—Thorwaldsen and his not very friendly compatriot, Bysham, among them. Nothing could exceed the enjoyment of the evening—though a few *contre-temps* were said to have occurred; but a song

written by Andersen was sung, and perfect harmony was restored. It seems they kept up the revelry until long after midnight; returning, they found the gate of the Popolo closed. They knocked loudly for some time before the *custode* would open to them, and not even then until the question was put ferociously, "*Chi siete?*" and timidly responded to with "*Buoni amici!*" They were then allowed to enter the city. So mild was the night at that season that no overcoats were worn by the party, and Andersen contrasts with astonishment the difference of the climate from that of his own cold Denmark. Of this *fête* the author has given us a description in his "Poets' Bazaar." Andersen returned to Rome, and I remember his having lodgings in the Via Purificazione; and in 1846 he was here again.

His works were then known in all countries, and he was very much noticed. His birthday was kept, and among other tokens of esteem which he received was a mosaic flower-piece, sent to him by Madame de Goethe, the widow of the poet's son, who was at that time living in the same house where Andersen had written the "Improvvisatore."

Andersen's Rome has another atmosphere from that attributed to it by Madame de Staël and Hawthorne. In the "Marble Faun" we breathe a perpetual *sirocco*. Exhalations from gorgeous dying flowers, drowning in classic, stagnant pools, fill the air. Rome's fountains, ruins, palaces, appear to smother beneath some unhealthy influence—there is always lurking about them something uncanny and dangerous. There are melancholy shadows falling over most things, and hidden in them are dusty skeletons, scorpions, bats, and mysterious agencies, constantly stimulating unwholesome fancies; and, though his light is mellow as that in most of the pictures of Claude Lorraine, golden and soft, yet the air is oppressive to respiration and wanting in vitality; while the pen of Andersen paints Rome in its normal light and shadow. He introduces us to its people; we get a look into their shops, their houses, *caffes*, restaurants. We sing with them, dance with them, and many of us are ready to kneel with them at their wayside shrines. His legless Beppo, with a jocund face, offers us a pinch of snuff, and extends his hand with a merry grin, and we give him a sou. It is realistic—you and the beggar know each other. You also make acquaintance with a prince or two, as many priests and friars as you wish, and numerous artists. It is Roman life as it exists—Roman life, perhaps, with its most picturesque features presented to you, but not the Rome of Corinne and Oswald, not the Rome which Hawthorne in his clever novel has "transformed" into a theatre, only fitted for the particular *dramatis personæ* whom he brings upon the stage.

BY THE THICKNESS OF A BUTTON.

"A H! there you come at last, do you? The punch has had a full head of steam on this long time," cried old Engineer Zimmermann to several sturdy figures, who, deep buried in thick furs, that left only red noses and gleaming eyes exposed, came puffing, and stamping, and covered with snow, into the engineer's room at Burglitz.

It is New-Year's eve, and the table in the engineer's room is covered with an exceptionally neat white cloth, and on it, next the stove, stands the mighty bowl, at which old Zimmermann is vigorously working; while the clouds of steam that rise from it, and the empty rum-flasks that stand by it, leave no doubt that its contents are devoted to go at high pressure into throats of boiler-iron—a genuine engineer's punch.

"The devil! Uncle Zimmermann; hard old Sylvester's day this, eh?" cried the new-comers, shaking off the snow, and pulling off furs, jackets, caps, and outer boots.

"What do you sugar-babies know of hard days in your glass houses, on your machines that rock you with their easy springs as gently as if you were in your nurses' arms? You ought to have stood with us back in '39 and '40 on the little machines that went so hard and jolting you felt every jog of the rails from the soles of your feet up under your caps, and that wouldn't budge a foot if the snow lay a hand's-breadth deep on the rails; and then we stood all out-of-doors, night and day, without screen or shelter, summer and winter, the hottest day in July and the coldest night in December, without any protection but our coats and a buffalo outside-coat, that had been well drubbed, I tell you, by the storms. That was something like hard times. But what do you know about it? For that matter, what's the worst you have to do to what they've put our Hennig through here to-day, who is come off A 1 from his examination? And here he is now."

"Hallo! old fellow. How was it? How did it go? Did they make you sweat? Come, sit down! Bring on the punch!" were the exclamations poured on the new-comer from all sides.

"Less noise, there!" broke in the harsh voice of old Zimmermann. "Sit down? Yes! Punch? No! Hörnig and Franz aren't here yet, that are coming in with the freight. It is twenty minutes behind now, and must be in in a minute or two more. Glass and glass about for all, that's fair play."

"Well, now," began the young candidate, wiping from his forehead the perspiration that broke out afresh at the recollection, "they gave it me well, I can tell you. I was examined by the new rules, you know. There sat a row of chaps, I guess a rod long, and nary one of 'em, except our engine-master, did I ever see on an engine or in a shop. And our engine-master wasn't the worst, either. They questioned me sharp, that's a fact, right up to the handle. But one could understand *them*, and give them some sort

of reasonable answer. But what the other fellows asked me I didn't more'n half understand. 'Twasn't any railroad lingo they used; and what they were driving at—well, yes, I know—I'd looked it up in the books Superintendent Herzel lent me, just to be able to answer. Never saw anything of it in service, never had any occasion for it, and don't believe I ever shall if I live to be a hundred."

"And what in thunder was it all, then?" began one of the crowd, lighting his cigar, just as the door was suddenly thrown open. A cloud of snow burst in, and out of it emerged the dim forms of two new arrivals—the expected engineers of the two engines that had brought in the belated freight-train. "Bravo! Glad you've got here!" was the greeting that met them. "Now pass round the punch, and let's have the solids in from what's-his-name's."

"Here's a bit of roast for one thing," cried one of the last arrived, and raised to view a half-scorched hare, that he held by the hind-legs.

"Where did you get that creature? And what are you going to do with him?"

"This fellow wished to do himself the honor of making a part of Hennig's treat to-night, but probably was in too much of a hurry, and did himself a little too brown," laughed the possessor of the hare. "The red lights of my 'Pluto' routed him out of the hole in the snow where he sat crouched on the bank as comfortable as you please, and he began to run a wager with our train. For two or three minutes, perhaps, I saw the little stupid, black rascal skimming over the snow in the second track alongside the engine. I gave a short *Pfiff!* That scared him; he put out on a spurt, got ahead into the red light of the signal-lantern—perhaps that blinded him—he doubled before the engine as he would before a dog, right across the track. I looked to the other side to see when he would come in sight again, but he didn't appear. I thought he was either killed or had run back under the train, and forgot the creature. But when we'd got to Seestadt, and the grate of my engine was being cleaned out, the fellow down underneath there with the poker called out from the ash-hole: 'Hörnig, Hörnig, you've brought a roast with you. I believe the fire of the Pluto has scorched the fellow's brains. Come down and see!' Sure enough, as true as I sit here, there lay my hare underneath in my ash-box, dead and half stewed. The ash-box must have caught him on the jump. He was in a hurry to be roasted."

Loud laughter followed the young engineer's story.

"Now laugh, will you, you stupid blockheads, at the poor beast!" growled Zimmermann, as he filled the glasses; "because you don't know what a cursed pleasant feeling one has under an ash-box."

"And do you know that, then?" cried several voices, in tones of strong doubt.

"I know everything, as you rascals know right

well, and have been through everything that can happen between the underside of the rails and the top of the smoke-stack."

"But you haven't been in the ash-box?" laughed the company, a little derisively.

"Not exactly," replied the old man, very gravely, "but under it, and partly, too, very near in it. But I tell you, I've been by when a splendid train of magnificent cars, full of people in high spirits, with one jolt—before you could lift your hand to your pipe or light a match—was nothing but a heap of kindling-wood and broken screws and pieces of axles and wheels, out of which came groans and cries for help, while despairing men stood round it wringing their hands; and locomotives, like kittens on a roof, leaped down the bank, and rolled once, twice, three times over and over, wheels up and smoke-stack underneath, and all was steam, fragments, fire, hissing, and shrieks; but never in five-and-thirty years' rail-roading has my heart stood so still as it did under the ash-box."

"Tell us about it, Uncle Zim, tell us!" cried voices one could see were used to making themselves heard above the clatter, rattle, and clank of the locomotive.

"Well, well! I'll do it," he replied, as he slowly undid his tobacco-pouch and began to fill his short-pipe, "though I don't like to go over the story. To this day there's always something turns over under the third rib here when I think of it.

"You see, boys, the hands that worked this punch in those days came near being the hands of a widow then, and my Carl and Julia weren't born yet, though you might even then have called me Stout Franz."

"But what's that to do with it, uncle?" asked the circle.

"Well, then, in the d——'s name, light up your plagued elegant cigars again. They suit you dolls in glass cases, as the short-pipe suits us stout fellows under the free heavens. Pass the glasses this way, and then hold your jaw till I get through:

"It was upon New-Year's eve, in the year 1845, thirty good years ago, and a devil of a storm, driving snow and sleet mixed together. I was a young fellow; I'd been married about a year. You know the station is a horrible place for service. Let a storm come which way it will, it always sweeps clean across the square, that's as open and level as the top of this table. In toward the town there is a little cut with two tracks, one or the other of which always chokes up in the first hour of a drifting snow. Just as you get through the cut, in the third house in Garden Street, behind the old oil-mills that we often cursed for a nuisance, because we always had to shut off steam going by for fear of the sparks from the chimney catching in the shingle roof, I lived with my Louise, and Franz, just born, who is superintendent now over at Rudrich's.

"So, on Sylvester-eve, 1845, I came into the station with a heavy freight-train from Griesthal, after standing for fourteen hours on the engine in a storm at six below. I was frozen stiff as an icicle, and glad enough, you bet, to get hold of the Sylvester-

punch. It was getting dusk already as I came in, and, through the whirl of glistening flakes, saw the station with its hundreds on hundreds of lights, like a huge Christmas-box. A poor Christmas-box for me! There were collected through the holidays a regular town of cars, something like five hundred of them, and they'd got to be all made up so that everything could be off directly after New-Year's. Hardly had I got off my engine in the engine-house when up comes the station-master, and says to me:

"'Hauser is taken sick, and you will have to take No. 3 in his place.'

"'Ten thousand thunders!' said I; 'but I hope it won't last till midnight, Mr. Station-master, for then I must be at home, or there's ill luck for the New-Year.'

"'Fiddlesticks!' said he; 'only you be sure you're on hand,' and away he was gone in the driving snow.

"I thought I'd taken the matter more to heart than it was worth, and laid the cold shiver that crept over my skin to the uncanny blast that came snorting at me as I came out with the engine. The whole air was full of fine snow, and, as the wreaths of it drove like white ghosts across the engine, I could hardly see the smoke-stack.

"Of the light-signals one caught only now and then a glimpse, red, white, or green; of the horn and pipe signals, what with the howling of the wind about the cars and car-wheels, and its singing in the telegraph-wires, and the rumbling of the cars and the whistling of the engines, one heard only just enough to be sure one had not understood them. Of the shouts of the men one could make just nothing but that they shouted.

"Then there were a couple of hundred cars being shunted about in all directions at the same time; on all sides they came looming like great shadows out of the darkness and thick snow, and straight vanished in it again. The poor switch-tenders, wet to the skin, up to their knees in snow, sprang this way and that between the rolling cars. You know how a distributing-station looks of a winter night. God only knows how 'tis we're not all made mincemeat of in the course of it; and I've all my life long been surprised when next morning I haven't heard that this one or that one was killed on the spot. And if anything does happen, then the strict gentlemen at the green table in their warm office up there out with the rules out of their pockets. To be sure, it's the only way. But if they would only just for once in their lives take the trouble to look on themselves outside!

"That night, then, it was right bad, and the Sylvester-punch, too, may have touched the men's heads a little beforehand, for the ranging went at a rate as if Satan himself was giving the orders. The cars flew so this way and that, and the lights went by like flashes, and everywhere one heard the groaning and clinking of the buffers crashing together, and the men crept about under and between the cars as if the wheels were gingerbread and the buffers downy pillows. But before all there was a

wretched little assistant station-master—I could not bear the man, because he once came very much in my way in a certain matter—but I could not help looking in amazement as I saw his signal-lantern everywhere, swinging in an inch, swinging horizontally, swinging crosswise, up, down, behind, before, and heard his shrill voice, through all the storm. And see, I'd just called to the man, as I saw him slip through between two buffers, that he ought not to be so devilish reckless, in a storm where one could neither see nor hear a thing, and might slip down into the bargain. But he had laughed at me, and called out: 'You attend to your own work, Zimmermann, and never mind me; we *must* be through before midnight—forward, forward!' and away he was gone. I had called after him with a good-will: 'To the devil with you, then!' and that I shall not forget my life long, but shall think of it with sorrow on my death-bed." Here the old engineer made a pause, wiped his forehead, took a draught from his glass of punch, and went on:

"I heard him still giving the order 'Forward!' yonder among my comrades, and heard the car-chains clink, and then a sound—what like was it? have you ever heard a butcher hack through a thick bone with his axe?—and then a dull cry, and then, again, only the cling and clang of the buffers clashing together. A cold shudder ran over me; then I got the signal to go ahead—there was no stopping. 'Forward, forward!' In a moment I was far away at the other end of the yard, where no one could know what had happened.

"But I did my duty still, only as if I was dreaming, and when, a half-hour later, we had got through and I entered the engine-house again, the boss said to me, 'Have you heard, Zimmermann, Assistant Station-master Porges has been killed on the spot, crushed to death between the buffers?'

"I didn't ask many questions; my very heart shuddered, and I don't know how I took care of my engine and got on the way home. As I passed by the stairs, I saw a group with lanterns standing there, and something covered with a cloak lying on the snow. I didn't stop; I shivered all over; and I can tell you, boys, I'd have given Heaven knows what if I hadn't wished him to the devil half an hour before. I tried hard to get that out of my head. I meant nothing particular by it; 'twas a way of talking common enough with us. Among you young chaps it's worse yet, and it would cure you if you once felt the crawling inside of you that I have. Well, at last I made out to get thinking of the warm room at home there with the felt-slippers all ready, and Louise and the youngster, and the flask of arrack and the sugar and the lemons on the table, and the cat and the tea-kettle singing, and by degrees I began to feel a little lighter.

"Now, with all this thinking of this and that, you'll readily believe I hadn't paid much heed to wind and weather, road or pathway; and all I knew was, it was whirling and howling yet in the air as I entered the cut by the old oil-mill, through which I might have seen the windows of my house,

if one could have seen anything at all ten paces off. I went ahead on the right-hand track of the two in the cut because that was freer from snow, and from that side I could see my house sooner.

"And, in truth, I went along quite carelessly, for I was going from the yard, and that was the in-track, so no train could come on me from behind, and at that hour none was to be expected in front. Besides, I must have heard it coming.

"Just as I was in the middle of the cut, which lies, you know, in the curve, and where that night one could not see a car-length off, I heard a whistle behind me, and right after it the clip and clap of the approaching train. I noticed, too, that the engine was pushing the train before it, because the stroke of the engine was much farther behind than the rolling of the wheels. I thought, 'Ah! that is the reserve-train of some twenty pair of wheels that stood yonder ahead on the track, and that they are shunting over to the freight-house.' But all this passed only vaguely through my mind, as one always thinks mechanically of his work even when his head and heart are full of other things. I say vaguely; in reality I didn't feel the slightest interest in it, for the train must directly pass me on the other track. But when the ping and pang of the wheels on the hard-frozen track had got quite close up, and I already heard the coupling-chain on the foremost car clinking back and forth, and saw the light of its signal-lantern begin to glide by me on the snow, I partly turned my head to call out a 'Happy New-Year!' to the fellows up on the train.

"But there was no train on the track; and at the same instant I got a violent blow in the back. The sparks danced before my eyes—slap!—I lay flat on my face on the track, and, pung! pung! the cars began to pass on over me."

Here the old engineer made another pause. It was still as death in the room, and faces breathless and riveted leaned forward round the table. He filled the glasses again, pressed down the tobacco in his pipe, and went on:

"You see, boys, when we sit here this way round the table, or stand on the engine, or even, like poor Hörnig here to-day, have to go through a squeeze by those examiners, our ideas come along one after the other, slowly and in some sort of order, so that one can take a good look at 'em. They even say we engineers are slower than other men, because all the quickness is gone out of us into our engines.—But, boys, in the second, or so between the blow and my lying flat on the ground, I did more thinking than ever I did before or since from Easter to Whitsuntide.

"First about home, the warm room and everything in it, and the New-Year's chimes and the going to church in the morning; then the assistant station-master as he lay there under the cloak on the snow; and then I began reckoning as distinctly as if I was giving the orders for making up all the trains, about the train that was passing over me. How was it it was on the wrong track, the one I'd been on, coming out on the in-track? And then all at once I

thought, what before in the midst of my cogitating I had forgotten—the outward track I had seen as early as noon already deep buried in snow, and that was why they were coming out on the in-track. Then I saw plain enough the train just as it stood; there couldn't be more than ten or eleven freight-cars, all our own cars, they all went high above the rails—they would do me no harm. I lay flat enough between the rails. But the engines—the ash-boxes of the engines! I knew all three engines that still stood fired up at the station as well as my tobacco-pouch. The 'Wittekind' would go harmless enough over me, even though I had been stouter than I was; the 'Hermann,' too, might be merciful to me, at any rate if it was carrying little water and fire, and the sleepers under me didn't stand up too much; but under the 'Sirius,' one of the new, low-built elephants, I was a dead man. Ay! dead? That wouldn't be the worst. I should be slowly crushed and torn into shreds. Which engine was it, then, coming there?

"All this, you see, boys, I had thought between the blow and the lying flat; but when I was once down all calculation ceased, and it was just by instinct I stretched myself out and held my breath and made myself thin as an otter that's trying to get out from a trap, and counted the axles that passed on over me. Every ping and pang spoke distinctly out in syllables, 'A wretch-ed death, a wretch-ed death!' And now something heavy catches hold of me! No, it is nothing yet—it only grazes me, and glides clinking its length along over me and off, striking a chill to my marrow—it is a chain hanging down. But now it comes! the ground begins, at first gently, then stronger and stronger, to tremble under me; it comes very slowly. Then I saw at the side that the rails and the snow and the rolling wheel-shadows over me grew ever redder, redder. It was the engine-fire shining from the ash-box. Now I felt it grow hot on my bare head and neck. The sleepers yielded under me; the

rails groaned and bent; the ground shook violently; it is on me. It strikes me violently in the back, presses forward—God have mercy on me! Then rip, crack! something on me gave way. Pang! pang! rolling! thundering! stamping!—the engine had passed over me and off. From the free heaven once more the snow-cloud plunged down upon me.

"How I got on my legs I don't know. I stood there, I shook myself, and saw the red lights of the engine disappear round the curve. They looked to me like the eyes of a veritable bodily death. Then I felt myself to see what the engine had torn loose: and, behold! the regulation buttons were gone from my coat behind.

"I went to the nearest switch-tender and got a lantern and looked for the buttons in the snow; but when we were sitting round the bowl at home, and I was putting in first too much rum and then too much sugar, Louise, wondering, asked:

"'Husband, what's the matter with you? You tremble so and don't speak a word.'

"Then my senses and speech came to me again, and I showed Louise the buttons, and told her the story, and, holding up a button 'twixt finger and thumb, said:

"'See, within so much of a horrible death has your husband been to-night!'

"Look! I have the buttons yet, and mean to carry them till death comes in reality."

The old man opened his coat and drew out two buttons, stamped with the king's arms, which he wore secured by a string about his neck.

"And now you know why I pitied the poor creature in the ash-box. I have told you the story because it came up in the talk; but I don't like to speak of it, because the agony of death was in it, and that's something no man calls to mind willingly.—But hark! twelve o'clock! Good luck to us all for the New-Year; and any number of hundred thousand locomotive miles!"

THE PHYSIOGNOMY OF THE HOUSE.

BY JOEL BENTON.

OUR chief interest in a landscape or country grows largely out of its relations to human society—to what man has done, or has to do with it. Take away the human footprint, and there would still remain, to be sure, the picturesque valley and hill, the rich foliage, the crystal lake, the birds, the flowers, and the overhanging sky; but the subtle sympathy which fuses these, and makes them pertinent to us—puts them, as it were, in coherence—would be painfully absent. It is some touch of visible kinship that we seek, and which helps to spell out the meaning of the world. Even a picture of the rocks and fields is not quite so much a picture when it stands alone, but is bettered if it incloses for us merely a cabin and a clothes-line.

Our agency in making the particular corner of

the world we inhabit what it is, is, therefore, a somewhat practical thing. And it would seem to be about as closely bound to moral as to ethical rules. For the house we build, the yard and fields we reclaim and adorn, are just so many suggestions of human character—the strokes of the pencil which we have chosen to put upon a permanent and abiding canvas.

Our farmers and country residents have, in truth, the beauty and comeliness of the landscape, to a large extent, in their keeping, and set up such forms of ugliness or attraction as come easy or natural to them. That observer would be blind who should discern no more difference, in comparing Puritan New England with chaotic Mexico, than that which latitude and climate produce. But, to keep

within our own thermal line, it is curious how, in respect to houses alone, this liberty of which we speak finds expression. You might almost write out the creeds, the probity, the sentimentality, and even the superstitions of any community, by only going through the streets and inspecting the habitations. To take a broad instance: would any one need to be told, on looking over the severe simplicity and thrift of a Shaker settlement, what it is that has built these solid structures of unornamented neatness, and so swept and garnished the fields?

The writer in an English magazine says that he knows "a district in the north of England where the houses are wretched-looking, deformed, repulsive; they might be blind, lame, maimed, diseased buildings, mustered from all other parts. Travelers by railway, seeing the place for the first time, I believe, do not feel quite at ease till they are several stations away. On the other hand, there is a certain region in the west of England whose every dwelling has so meek an air that you seem to be on terms of acquaintance with anybody you happen to see standing at a door."

This is a feeling which is much oftener experienced than expressed, and the reader need not travel far to entertain it. The briefest walk, the nearest hamlet, offer associations which attest its existence. There are cheerful houses, and those which depress you and make you homesick at once. There are aristocratic houses—those which show taste, plebeian ones, and houses which suggest crime and the Commune. There are pert, pretentious houses, which put on the airs and frippery of a vacuously-fluent young lady, and which seem to say and think that they are the chiefest object of consequence in the neighborhood. Their very drapery, so to speak, bespeaks and befits them. They are empty-headed, and frivolous, and giddy, and one would soon lose all his sensible ideas if he should try to live under their roof. The gloomy, morose house, we sometimes think, is even worse, for you are kept in a sort of funereal sorrow whenever you have to pass one of these. A sombre spirit sets it apart from its neighbors, as the black robes separate the nun, and give it over to monasticism and regret. If you expect to hold cheerful views of Providence and life, if you wish to think as well as may be of your neighbors, and of human kind, if you would cultivate charity and tolerance, do not build or rent one of this species. It will set your mental currents awry for the rest of your life.

People who travel on the Hudson River must have noticed a sepulchral and sombre pile which (twenty years ago, is it not?) was constructed for the home of a man of genius—but which passed before he died to a more congenial and fitting use. Cold, blue, and dismal, it frowned, with its back to the sunshine, on all that seemed warm and opulent about it. How any bright light should have ever dared to break through those forbidding windows we do not know—so Egyptian, sphinx-like, and spectral, it looked. The riddle it offered there was no *Cedipus* to guess. Here *Macbeth* might have

stained his hands, and have washed the plague-spots out; for it was a piece of tragedy frozen into monumental permanence. There is a house we often walk past in the fashionable street of one of the Connecticut coast cities, which, in a smaller way, gives forth the same solemnity—and both are modeled, unconsciously, without doubt (at least, without intention), from the same dark conception as that which built the Tombs. We should feel, if compelled to live in either, as if we were suspected of some crime.

Perhaps the Hudson River affords, if one should wish to take notice of its costly and various habitations, about as fruitful a field for pursuing the philosophy of this topic as any equal space in the land. It might prove remunerative to take a trip up and down it, just to see how wealth, tradition, and circumstance—the past century and the present—express their various aspirations or bereavements in the houses they build. From the squalid shanty among the shrubless, rocky knolls near the river's edge, to the nobly-turreted mansion which crowns the liberal farm or pleasure-grounds above, there is nearly every diversity and contrast. You see in a panorama the whole gamut of human life.

Here are the houses, more interesting than all, of those to whom Fortune permits ease and desire—ideal homes, where fine opportunity for effect and freedom of expression have joined their powers. Some have come here with pictures and books; some, I fear, only with pocket-books; some with the brush and easel; and one, whom I know of, with his telescope to look at the stars. An author and naturalist, of pleasant fame, has built a cottage of stone and wood in curious design, taking the material from the very soil, and found the sweetness of the task and its result in the same creative impulse as that which prompts his literary themes. He has built into its walls bits of his own character; and I do not wonder to hear that the birds and the bees seek to share it with him, or that its out-door and in-door denizens live peacefully together.

Somewhat farther on, as you go toward Albany, there stands a mansion into which, we are told, have gone fabulous sums of money. It is the bright point which no eye can escape; but we do not recommend it as an example for even wealth to follow. We suppose it could only have been built in America; for those who have the means to do so much elsewhere, do it without unnecessary display. But, in fact, if there is anything which a house intended to be a home should strive to avoid, it is gaudiness and ostentation. The true home secludes itself amid cozy shrubbery, and, instead of vaulting above Nature, and shouting in the tones of an advertisement, retreats like the dryads into hidden nooks of shyness and repose. Thoreau was not a house-builder—but we may learn a lesson from him which he made no pretensions to teach. The modest cabin he built by Walden Lake, simply for shelter and temporary convenience, gives us a fertile hint of the sanctity and fellowship that may join the house with the out-of-doors. It was a freak, to be sure,

that sent him so far to do it ; but, if he sometimes forgot the amenities—grace and beauty and the social instinct—he at least rebuked our white and staring carpentry, which glares from nearly every hill and hollow, and showed that life was sacred to privacy also, and might be lived at times for its own sake.

It is not lavish expense, or newness, or fine architecture, that makes the perfect and fitting house. The touching and ideal home grows out of certain definite wants, and it should be redolent, too, of grace and beauty. There are log-cabins which can be made with their surroundings, when overtrilled with vines and roses, fit residences for royalty ; and we happen to know that it was not so very many years since when this kind of structure was, in Wisconsin, the governor's mansion. The old and moss-covered building should not be despised or held beyond the owner's care, for it now has a flavor of its own, and is saturated with the far past. Some of these, quaint and curious as they appear, seem as native and firmly rooted as are the Pyramids, and so homelike, hospitable, and sincere, that they almost reach out their arms and invite you in. All houses, as Longfellow says—though we take his words in a deflected sense—are haunted houses : for they hold the whims and fancies, the dreams and devices of their builders, as well as the past and the present, in crystallization. That old house in Guilford, Connecticut, supposed to be the oldest now standing in the United States, having been built two hundred and thirty-seven years ago—and likely to stand another century—needs to be looked at from the fields in its rear if you would get much idea of its original picturesqueness ; for the modern stucco in front, where no angles or projections are visible, has taken most of its sturdy character away. If you step within, the old beams, we believe, are to be seen overhead ; and you can set a barrel of flour endwise on the recess which measures the distance of the windows from the face of the inner wall. This house was built both as a fort and a house, and was used by the inhabitants of its early era as a refuge from the Indians. The ponderous weight of stone which enters into it, tradition says, was brought a long distance across an intervening swamp on handbarrows—an implement no modern workman would so demean or drudge himself as to use. There were, a few years ago, two or three houses in the country that aspired to measure their antiquity with it ; but I believe the Guilford house has the priority of birth, and it is still used as a comfortable residence.

It is a pleasant neighborhood where the houses one accosts are such as he can be "on good terms" with, and where none gives you a shock as you pass. There are some that always seem alien, whose secret you never understand. They either will not take you into their intimacy, or else some implacable temper which they display debars you from desiring it. We salute the fair ones with a familiar greeting, but know the repellent one at sight, peer at it with a shrug of the shoulder, and never put it on our list of speaking acquaintance.

But the physiognomy of the house is not confined wholly to its exterior. There are some which smile and show fair enough without, but are dumb and cheerless within. The very entrance-way appalls you ; the rooms have a deserted, soulless look, and the halls and passages are dreary and chilling. This internal coldness somehow seems to undo all effort of furniture and fixtures to overcome it. There should be room for sociability, as well as for privacy—apartments for warm greetings, and pleasant places, when conversation lags, where its occupants can retire within themselves.

No one who has read Hawthorne's "House of the Seven Gables," or his introduction to "The Old Manse" tales, will easily forget the sensitive impression which he records of those half-historic and personally-piquant abodes. Speaking of the first, he says : "The aspect of the venerable mansion had always affected me like a human countenance, bearing the traces not merely of outward storm and sunshine, but expressive, also, of the long lapse of mental life and accompanying vicissitudes that have passed within. . . . So much of mankind's varied experience had passed there—so much had been suffered, and something, too, enjoyed—that the very timbers were oozy, as with the moisture of a heart."

This personality of the house we meet, or enter, becomes in due time as fixed and unique as that of its occupant. "Houses of every antiquity in New England," says Hawthorne, "are so invariably possessed with spirits, that the matter seems hardly worth alluding to." Of the Old Manse he remarked : "The glimmering shadows that lay half asleep between the door of the house and the public highway were a kind of spiritual medium, seen through which the edifice had not quite the aspect of belonging to the material world. Certainly it had little in common with those ordinary abodes which stand so imminent upon the road that every passer-by even thrusts his head, as it were, into the domestic circle."

How pathetic always is the appeal of that sacred spot which bears but the scar where a house once stood, the half-tumbled chimney and fireplace remaining (faithfullest feature of all, for it is ever the last to take its leave), as it greets you on some lonely corner of a road ! There bloom the lilacs still, and the snowball bush, and the sunflowers ; and the path to the well, over which is still visible the bucketless, battered sweep, has not quite faded out. Nothing moves about it. There is no stir of feet, no noise. Every signal of human life has withdrawn. A butterfly, merely, zigzags across its site ; the honey-bee whirs on the white clover, which blossoms here, and desolation broods about it with as cold and imperious an air as for centuries it has brooded over Carthage, or Thebes, or Palmyra. How eloquent are the silent jambs, with the whitewash (not very white now) partially clinging, where the good master, perhaps, was wont to light his evening pipe ; where the family circle, or semicircle, rather, arranged its cozy length, and the talk and work rippled on together ! What an aching hush impends !

Under their chairs have started up rank and tangled weeds, and of their thoughts and desires, their toils and struggles, no memory or tradition remains.

Old, uninhabited houses themselves confront us with a nearly equal tenderness, and tune the mind to dithyrambs of the past. We enter one of these slowly and with reverent pause :

"Gray moss grows on the step-worn floor,
Ivy twines up the chimney-spires,
And on the hearth-places below
There glow no fires.

"All deathly still—all mutely sad,
Old house ! thy ruin is to me ;
I look upon this cheerless scene
Most pityingly.

"Those that found shelter here are gone,
Gone from their sorrow and distress,
Their bodies in the ground, like thee,
Are tenantless."

To touch up an old house for new occupants and a new career one needs an endowment of taste and sober respect, the lack of which is sometimes flagrant, and is frequently emblazoned. It is Hawthorne, again, who says that the art of renovation is sometimes more sacrilegious than that of destruction—and just before he left the Old Manse (for the Salem Custom-House, was it not?) "there were horrible whispers about brushing up the external walls with a coat of paint, a purpose as little to my taste as might be that of rouging the venerable cheeks of one's grandmother."

Curious are the freaks that come out in house-building. An eccentric carpenter whom I knew built his house without a cupboard or a closet, and would have no garret either. There was to be no rubbish in *his* life, no odds and ends to stow quietly away. The fabric should be all whole cloth, with nothing left over, for which a hiding-place might some time be wanted. Another whom I recall crowned his domicile with a cupola and bell ; the latter to be rung for the rising of the household, and for the meals, and for the hour when all must retire. Think of the cast-iron procedure and method such a policy must have entailed when kept up, as I believe it was, for not less than thirty years ! Procrustes's bedstead must have been a pleasant resting-place in comparison with such a home ; for that was applied once for all, and was not adjusted anew each day. The building which this contrivance surmounted, being of liberal size, was probably taken by the wayfarer in that direction for a factory ; and so it was—a factory where life was made up to order, in one piece of uniform breadth, texture, and color.

Another eccentric genius put his whim in the front-gate. Having occasion to build the dooryard-fence when hoops were the most pronounced feature in ladies' fashions, he made the small gate opening up to the hall-door so broad that the visitor could very nearly drive his horse and wagon through it.

There is a house in Salisbury, Connecticut, which has fourteen fireplaces ; and the one in which I am writing this article has seven fireplaces, three brick ovens, and six outside doors. A quaint old clock was built in the sitting-room wall, and the house itself was

made to face the south to a hair's-breadth by an observation made on the north star. Looking out the window across the street, I see an old brick dwelling in which is built the following inscription, made legible by painting black the brick which form the letters:

"J. AND M. D.
1769."

George Eliot describes a house in "Middlemarch" as follows : "The building, of greenish stone, was in the old English style, not ugly, but small-windowed and melancholy-looking : the sort of house that must have children, many flowers, open windows, and little vistas of bright things, to make it seem a joyous home." Mr. Alcott says that his neighbors flatter him by saying that his house is one of the best placed and most picturesque in town. "I know very well the secret of what they praise, 'Tis simply adapting the color and repairs to the architecture, and making these in keeping to the spot." This is in conformity to Mr. Downing's rule, who said that a house should seem to grow up out of the earth, and not look as if it were imposed above it.

As Mr. Alcott's theory confirms some things which I had written before turning to his essay, I will venture to quote a few lines from it : "A house, like a person, invites by amiable reserves, as if it loved to be introduced in perspective and reached by courteous approaches. Let it show tastefully behind shrubbery, screen its proportions decorously in plain tints, not thrust itself rudely, like an inn upon the street at cross-roads. A wide lawn in front, sloping to the road gracefully, gives it the stately air and courtly approach. I like the ancient mansions for this reason ; these old Puritan residences for their unpretending air, their sober tints, in strict keeping with Wordsworth's rule of coloring, viz., that of the sod about the grounds. A slight exaltation of this defines best the architecture by distinguishing it from surrounding objects in the landscape. Modest tints are always becoming. White and red are intolerable. And for some variety in drawing the neighboring barks of shrubbery suggest and best characterize the coloring."

The city house is a different species from its country cousin. It has no room for much individuality, and must conform to the etiquette which aggregation imposes as rigidly on houses as it does on men. Seldom does it dare to differ from its block or brethren ; and, while it may have comfort and covetable thrift, it rarely rises to the region of the proper picturesque.

The English writer first quoted depicts a calamitous result from the construction of a certain interior where privacy was not provided for. It was a house he met in England. He says : "I know a house with a whole family of unmarried daughters—unmarried they will remain so long as their parents mistakenly live in it. There is not a snug bit of shelter in which a sheep-faced young fellow might safely make love in the whole premises. The rooms are somehow all connected, doors opening in and

out everywhere; and in the least-used apartment, where wooing would have mainly to take place, a staring mirror over the mantel is so whitely, so blankly lighted up by a queer corner-window, that any decent young man, thinking of a proposal, would be put out of countenance by it instantly."

It is a striking comment on the influence which the house bestows to notice how too little or too much of it affects us. The turtle's shell is hardly better related to him than is the house to man. When we keep too long or too much within it, "our souls grow angular as the apartments they dwell in, and come, like them, to have parlors and pantries, closets and coal-holes; views take color from the windows they are seen through, and muffled thoughts in listed slippers walk on carpets," without the firm, free footfall of assurance and self-respect. When we cast the shell utterly aside we become gypsies, nomads, Indians, and walk up and down the earth like the spirits of old that had been exorcised and dispossessed. The downcast vacancy in the eye of the tramp, who sleeps one night on the roadside-turf and the next against a haystack, signals the sorrow that is covered by no roof. It is the turtle that has lost and will never find his shell.

It is said that all the Tartar abodes, and most of the houses of Asia—even the pagoda itself—are but one remove from the tent in style. While passing out of canvas they still cling to its form. For it is character, climate, and civilization, that build for us. Among some barbarous peoples the houses are of mud; in Venice and portions of China they stand in or over the water; in the high arctic regions they are built of snow and ice; in Japan they have been

made of paper; but nobody, I believe, builds of glass for private occupancy—owing, no doubt, to the wholesome effect of the proverb which in such cases forbids throwing stones. The paper houses, if they could be acclimated with us, and made cheaply enough, might be burned and rebuilt every year, and so save the terror of the annual topsy-turvy which "house-cleaning" now compels us to undergo.

"Let us understand," says Emerson, "that a house should bear witness in all its economy that human culture is the end to which it is built and garnished. It stands free under the sun and moon to ends analogous and not less noble than theirs. It is not for festivity, it is not for sleep; but the pine and the oak shall gladly descend from the mountains to uphold the roof of men as faithful and necessary as themselves; to be the shelter always open to true and good persons—a hall which shines with sincerity, brows ever tranquil, and a demeanor impossible to disconcert; whose inmates know what they want; who do not ask your house how theirs should be kept."

The house is the staple which fastens us to the world. It expresses the first step—the unit of social organization. It is the place where we take off our masks and disguises, and seem most nakedly what we are. It is the retreat where we shut out the storm and the weather, and shut in friendship and love. We shall build it better some day, and gain a more just conception of its sacred relations, its mobility and human character, its sympathy with the soil, and its finer uses. Even now we may well say (changing the couplet by a single word)—

"Earth proudly wears *this* parthenon
As the best gem upon her zone."

FALLEN FORTUNES.

BY JAMES PAYN.

CHAPTER XL.

THE EXODUS.

WHEN an overwhelming grief befalls us, it seems for the moment, even to the humblest, to dwarf all other cares. It is only the rich, however, who can afford to indulge it. With the poor, the next day, or the day after, some miserable need pushes divine Sorrow from her stool, and compels attention. Even Kate Dalton, whose sense of duty was so strong, and whose consciousness of responsibility so keen, had, in the anguish of her loss, underrated the more sordid troubles that were awaiting her. The cold touch of death had numbed her somewhat to the meaner pain. But though the weight of sorrow still oppressed her sorely, she now began to feel the other burdens that pressed upon her. Lucy was gone, her wages paid to the last farthing, and her fare to town—but without any present, such as her young mistress yearned to make her; and her loss was felt, but not in gain. One mouth the less to feed made but small difference in the household expenses, already reduced to the most economical figure. Do what she could, Kitty found her little income did but just keep pace with her outgoings. And there were still some debts. Dr. Cur-

zon's bill—which must have grown to be a pretty long one by this time—had not yet been sent in; and Kitty dared not ask for it. Yet it seemed to her shocking, and almost sacrilegious, that what was due for medical attendance on her poor mother in those later weeks, as well as on Jenny, should not be settled. The parcel of cast-off raiment had come from Riverside, and Kitty had humbly arrayed herself in one of Mary's dresses. It was nothing more, she had said to herself, than hundreds of well-born and well-bred girls, who are not rich, are wont to do. "You will not be offended if I send you baby's pelisse, who has grown out of all knowledge," is a very usual thing for one mother to write to another who is her friend or relative, but happens not to be so rich in this world's goods. It is as common as Dick's old clothes being "cut up" for his brother Jack. And it is the same, or almost the same, with other garments. Yet somehow Kitty felt it. The change from complete equality with her cousin to this state of dependence, obligation, subordination—there was no actual term for it—had been too sudden for it to be accepted yet as a matter of course.

Jenny, who had been reading about "doles" in her old books, used to speak of these gratuitous garments as "the Riverside dole," and could not be persuaded to make use of them. Some of the furniture

from Cardigan Place had come packed in sacking; and, "When my clothes are worn out, Margate and I are going to set to work at dress-making with that," she said. "Mrs. Campden will like to see me in sackcloth, I know, and it will no doubt be very becoming."

But neither Kitty's meekness nor Jenny's mock-humility availed them in a financial point of view, even though the former affected a distaste for butcher-meat—which was essential for her delicate sister—and took to eating bread-and-cheese.

One afternoon Mrs. Campden drove over to the Nook, and found their little dining-table spread with one chop for Jenny, and the loaf and cheese. Tony, as often happened now, had been asked to dine by the good doctor.

"Cheese is very bad for you, Kitty," said she, taking in the situation at a glance; "and I am afraid you will find it false economy."

"It agrees with me very well, I thank you," said Kitty, with the nearest approach to bitterness that her gentle nature had ever shown.

"Well, I am glad of that; but I think a good dinner would be an excellent thing for you. If you will come home with me to-day—you and Jenny—I will send you back at night. Mary is away, at the Skiptons', in Eaton Square, as you know, but Mr. Campden and I will do our best to make the evening pass agreeably."

"I don't like to leave baby for so many hours, thank you," said Kitty.

"Very well; then I won't ask Jenny to come alone, because I know she hates to be separated from you."

"Quite right," said Jenny; "I do."

It was astonishing, as Mrs. Campden afterward observed, how soon that girl had lost her manners. Some folks were always independent of mere position in that respect; but Jenny was evidently the creature of circumstances. It was only her being in ill-health that had made people imagine her to have delicate susceptibilities, and so forth. Her good breeding had been in reality but skin-deep.

If Mrs. Campden, however, was severe on Jenny, she was very gracious to Kitty.

"Ah, my dear, Mary writes that Eaton Square with Leonora Skipton is not to compare with Cardigan Place and Cousin Kitty. She sticks to old friends, I promise you. I have said my say, you know, about the matter; but you can hardly imagine how Mary clings to the hope of seeing you resume your proper place in the world."

To this Kitty replied nothing; and presently Mrs. Campden took her leave, upon the whole well satisfied with her reconnaissance.

"That bread-and-cheese business can't last forever," said she to herself. "Miss Kate will soon come round to common-sense, or else I am much mistaken."

And she wrote a letter to Mr. Holt that very night, bidding him be of good cheer, for that matters were working in the right direction. She had been a match-maker—having had little else to do—all her life, but she had never entered into any matrimonial plot with such gusto as in this case. The day when she saw Kitty Mrs. Holt, and on which she would be able to say, "That girl owes it all to me," would be indeed a proud one to her. And she saw it now at no great distance.

Her visit left the two sisters, as usual, in greater despondency than it found them.

"Mrs. Campden's reference to our bread-and-cheese was in exceeding bad taste," said Kitty, with unwonted indignation. "I think you deserve great credit, Jenny, for not flying out at her."

"My dear Kitty," returned her sister, "I have had my say, as Mrs. Campden herself calls it, about that woman, and have made up my mind to hold my tongue. Besides, it was your bread-and-cheese, not mine. Do you suppose I don't see how you are starving yourself for my sake?" added she, with a sudden burst of tenderness.

"No, no, darling; I am doing nothing of the kind; I am all right," sobbed Kitty. They were weeping now in each other's arms. "It was very foolish of me to be so angry; but she was cruel to taunt us with our poverty. What can be the good of that?"

"Good!" cried Jenny, with passionate contempt. "Do you imagine she ever thinks of 'the good'?" She talked like that in order to have an excuse for sending us broken victuals as well as cast-off clothes. Who cares what she says?"

"That is true. It is Uncle George's conduct that hurts me, not hers. He ought to have written, or come over, or something, after that—that letter of his wife's."

"He is a coward; that is the long and short of it. You never showed me that letter, Kitty; but—"

"I burnt it," interrupted Kate.

"I know you did. I only wish to ask you one question about it. Was there anything in it insulting—I mean disrespectful—to dear papa?"

"There was something about him, not exactly insulting—"

"I understand; you need say no more, Kitty. I suspected as much. If I had known it: well, things are best as they are; but pray, never let me meet Mrs. Campden again. I will not answer for my tongue, else. The very sensation of being in that woman's neighborhood stifles me."

Nothing more was said on the matter; but Jenny, notwithstanding her observation that matters were best as they were, was furious at the reflection that Mrs. Campden was probably under the impression that she had seen that communication to Kitty, and yet had not resented its insults to her father.

The morning after next brought two letters to the Nook, where now the postman so rarely delivered one.

"Well, Jenny, here is an invitation for us all to go to town!" cried Kitty, triumphantly.

"Not from the Skiptons, surely?"

"Well, no; from nobody quite so fashionable. It is from Nurse Haywood, at Islington. Her house is vacant, it seems; and if we would only come and live there till dear papa returns—or—something turns up. Of course, we must not take advantage of the dear creature's kindness as to terms; but even if we paid her a moderate rent it would, I do believe, be cheaper than living here."

"May I see the letter?—Ah! then you have been writing to her to ask whether we could come, because of what I said to you the other day about my hating to be near Riverside! O Kitty, Kitty, you think of everybody but yourself! I know you would dislike living in town in such a different way from what—"

"Indeed, I should not," interposed Kitty, flushing up. She had an objection to live in London, but it was certainly not that. She had a vague fear that Mr. Holt would find opportunities of pressing his suit.

"Well, if you really wouldn't mind, Kitty, I should so prefer it. And fancy what a pleasure it will be to dear old nurse and—Jeff!"

Kitty was silent for a little; then quietly said:

"There was a letter from Jeff, was there not?"

"Yes, darling; but, as you won't show me yours, I won't show you mine—just yet. You are not jealous, are you?"

Either from the idea of leaving Sanbeck, or for

some other reason, Jenny was, for a wonder, in high spirits; and these sometimes, as the phrase goes, carried her away with them.

"No, darling; I am not jealous," answered Kitty, gently; "but I thought you told me that you liked being at the Nook because of the old books, which were so useful to you in your writing."

"Did I, dear? Then I was talking nonsense, as I very often do."

And again she smiled. It was seldom that she did so; but, when she did, the smile gave her delicate, intelligent face a rare beauty, and a softness which of late it had sorely lacked.

Kitty kissed her.

"We shall have to sell all our things, Jenny, or most of them, before we can get away quite free from debt, and set up housekeeping again in London. I suppose they must be sold in Bleabarrow."

"Very good, my dear," answered Jenny, cheerfully. "Write to the auctioneer at once; or shall I write? I know the gentleman, for he made my reclining-couch. I think I made rather a conquest of him, and he may take off that one-eighth per cent. which Jeff has got so much to talk about."

"What a pleasure it is to see you laugh again, Jenny!" said Kitty, fondly.

"And what a cheap pleasure," answered the other, gayly, "which is a great consideration! By-the-by," added she, with sudden gravity, "there is one debt we have quite forgotten, though I of all people ought to have remembered it—there is the dear, old doctor's account to be settled."

The light faded out of her face, which had once more grown bright and young; it was as though a child had suddenly been debarred from some long-promised treat.

"I have been thinking of it a great deal, Jenny. If he charges us as he ought to do, it will be a long bill—because you know there was his attendance upon dear mamma. Still, I am sure, it will be as reasonable as he can justly make it. We must sell a little more of the furniture, that's all. Nurse Haywood's house has almost everything we shall require, you know."

"It is a dreadful thing for a poor family to have an invalid in it," said Jenny, in a low voice; "Mrs. Campden was right there."

"Mrs. Campden is never right—at least about us," replied Kitty, decisively. "Of course we would have you well if we could; but you are dearer to us as you are than any one else could be in the rudest health. Now, let us set to work, Jenny, at once, since we really are going away, and forget all our invalid fancies in active employment."

"For which I am so very useful," said Jenny, bitterly.

"There are other and better ways of being useful, my dear, than in cording boxes and carrying them up and down stairs. You can write to the auctioneer, as you suggested, for example; and you can pen a few pretty lines to the doctor, asking him to be so good as to let us know what we owe him: he will like it better coming from you than from me; and, besides, you can express yourself ten times as well as I can. It is not a very agreeable task, I fear, my darling."

"It is not worse than things you have to do yourself, Kitty, every hour of the day," answered Jenny, passionately. "You are starving yourself—you are working yourself to the bone for others; and I won't be spoiled in this way, and treated like a child; I won't indeed."

Kitty opened her large eyes at this outburst; but, before she could reply, Jenny had sat down at her mother's desk and seized a pen.

"Don't talk, please," said she, with a sudden change from vexation to mock-gravity, "because I am engaged in business."

The notion of "business" as associated with that fragile and immaterial creature was so utterly incongruous and absurd that Kitty, whose laughter, fortunately for her, was always much nearer to her lips than the tears to her eyes, could not restrain her mirth.

Both Jenny's letters were answered promptly enough. The auctioneer came over from Bleabarrow in person, appraised the furniture, gave them a rough estimate of what it would fetch, and received his instructions. Everything was to be sold without reserve, except the piano, a few books, and some knick-knacks that had belonged to their mother.

Dr. Curzon sent his reply by return of post, to the effect that, in case Mr. Dalton should come home with a gold-mine in his pocket, he would send them in such a bill as could not be made out without consultation with Dr. Jefferson, who was an expert in that art; but otherwise that they should get no bill from him. His hand, it was true, was against every man and in every man's pocket, he said, but that he did not make war against young ladies. Moreover, that such an idea had been imputed to him had given him mortal offense, which nothing but their all coming to dine with him on the ensuing day could wipe out.

This communication had a very different effect from what the writer had intended; for its recipient broke down as she read it, and gave way to a burst of tears.

Poor Jenny! The hardness of the world made her bitter, and its softness made her weak; or was it the contrast between them that affected her more than either?

But both sisters argued that Dr. Curzon's bill must be paid, and they sent by Tony a few earnest yet graceful words to that effect, as well as an acceptance of the doctor's invitation.

"Your bill shall be sent in," was the reply brought back, along with an intimation that the doctor's "private equipage"—which was, in fact, the Bleabarrow fly—should be sent for them on the morrow.

Upon the whole, it was a more cheerful little dinner-party than could have been expected. Their host did not seem surprised that they were bent on leaving Sanbeck, though he expressed the regret which, without doubt, he felt upon his own account. Very little was spoken about the Campdens; their host was far from saying anything to widen the breach between the families; but, when Kitty spoke of the annoyance which she feared the sale at Bleabarrow would cause at Riverside, he observed, dryly: "It is generally disagreeable to see folks drown, especially in shallow water; but it is less painful to some people than wetting their own clothes. At all events, I have no sympathy to spare, under such circumstances, for those upon the bank."

Jenny said nothing, but thanked him with her eyes.

She would have been still more grateful to him had she known what happened on the morrow; how the doctor rode up to Riverside, and, breaking through that neutrality which it behooves every medical man who practises in the country to maintain, had attempted to plead the Daltons' cause with Mrs. Campden. He lost it, of course, and his temper with it; and in the end gave a piece of his mind to Mr. Campden, who made one in the interview, and about one-tenth of one in the conversation.

His wife had observed that the Dalton girls had behaved disrespectfully to her in coming to this decision about giving up their house without consulting

her. "And as for selling their furniture in Bleabarrow, under our very noses, as it were, it is most inconsiderate and disgraceful."

"It is ill-judged, my dear," said Mr. Campden; "but there cannot be any disgrace in selling one's own property to pay one's debts."

"I agree with Mrs. Campden," said the doctor, "that it is very disgraceful."

"There, you see; Dr. Curzon agrees with me!" cried the lady, triumphantly. "He knows the circumstances, and especially his patient, Miss Jenny's character, who, you may depend upon it, is at the bottom of this. She would do anything to spite me, because I thought it right to set before her sister her true position."

This attack on his favorite Jenny cut the last strand of the doctor's patience.

"Your wife mistakes me, Mr. Campden. I think it a great disgrace that the sale should take place; but the disgrace lies at your door, not theirs. If I had your money, or one-hundredth part of it, before I would permit two helpless girls, my kinswomen, to be sold up—"

"Insolent apothecary!" interrupted Mrs. Campden, shrilly, "how dare you? You know nothing about the matter. You never had two shillings to rub against one another! My husband's money, indeed! I should like to know what *you* would do with it?"

"Well, then, I'll tell you, madam. The very first thing I would do with it, if I were he—though it cost me fifty thousand pounds—would be, to get a divorce from my wife!" And with that the doctor clapped his hat on his head, and walked out of the house, not to enter it again for many a year.

This little scene did not tend to increase the cordiality of the tenants of Riverside toward those of the Nook. It did, in fact, widen the breach between them exceedingly. When the sale was over, and it wanted still a week to the time fixed for the Daltons' departure, Mrs. Campden wrote a coldly-civil letter to Kitty, offering the use of her carriage to take them to the station. This Kitty rightly took as a polite hint that a farewell visit to Riverside might be dispensed with, which was so far a great relief. At the same time the sense that they had been separated so soon and so utterly from those they had considered their best friends, by the bare blade of poverty, was keenly felt. She also trembled to think of the isolation that had befallen those committed to her trust. At present, however, thanks to the necessity for exertion consequent on their departure, this last consideration did not press so hard upon her; but she knew that it was, as it were, in abeyance, to become cruelly poignant when they should find themselves in the wild waste of London.

The last hour the two girls and Tony spent at Sanbeck was passed at their mother's grave. Workmen of all kinds are tardy in the country, and the pretty headstone, with its simple "OUR MOTHER," and the date upon it, had been only just erected. The doctor met the little pious band returning from the churchyard, and promised them that Mrs. Dalton's resting-place should be henceforth his peculiar care. "You must come down and see the flowers growing upon it, my dears," he said. And much else he said, as welcome and as comforting; how they had yet left to them in the little valley one friend on whom they could count at all times—not very able, but good for something at a pinch, and very, very willing.

"But you have never sent that account you promised, and therefore we don't trust you," said Kitty, severely, wishing to stop Jenny's tears, which were flowing freely.

"I have brought it with me," said he, and he gave it her. "It is the last remembrance you will have of me, as is the case with all doctors—and now good-by, darlings."

He rode off on his stout pony as the Riverside carriage came thundering into the courtyard.

There were still a few minutes to spare before parting with old Margate. (The maid, more open-mouthed than ever, was to accompany them as baby's nurse and bottle-holder.) Kitty's housewifely instincts caused her to look at the total of the doctor's "little account."

"O Jenny!" cried she, "what do you think that wicked old dear has done?"

"Charged us too little, of course—something ridiculously small. I knew he would."

"My dear, he has *received* the bill. What are we to do?"

But Jenny had already left the room, and the last box was being put on the carrier's cart.

"I really am afraid it won't do to pay Dr. Curzon, Jenny," said she, reverting to the subject when they were seated in the carriage. "We must write him a pretty letter of thanks together, instead."

"Yes; he will value that higher than your check, Kitty; God bless him!"

They did not speak much more together as they drove down the quiet valley where they had left their dear one behind them. Their hearts were too full of memories—and perhaps forebodings.

When they got into the train—a second-class carriage happened, by good fortune, to be empty—Kitty again broke silence.

"What on earth had you to say to Charles, Jenny?" (Charles was the Campdens' footman.) "Of course, I gave something both to him and the coachman."

"Don't be afraid, my dear, of my paying people twice over," returned Jenny, laughing. "I assure you I mean to be as careful of my money as though I were ever so rich. I was only discharging a little debt."

"What debt?"

"The debt we owe to Mrs. Campden; that horrid ten pounds she lent us. If the doctor had taken his dues, I should have felt bound to pay them, so far as I could, out of my privy purse, since the bill was incurred on my account. But *now*—oh, I am so glad to have sent that woman back her ten pounds! I didn't do it insultingly, mind; I just sent a few lines as we were leaving the Nook, to thank her for the use of the carriage—for you know she said she had sent it principally on 'dear Jenny's' account—and inclosed the amount of her late loan. O dear, how nice it was! How happy I feel!"

"But, my dear Jenny, where did you *get* the ten pounds?"

"From here," said Jenny, touching her forehead with her forefinger—"from *here*, my dear. I draw upon my imagination, and my imagination draws upon a firm in Paternoster Row which honors its checks."

CHAPTER XLI.

THE SWING OF THE PENDULUM.

LIFE is not all sorrow even to the sorrowful. There are hours when the sick are well, when the toilers are enfranchised, when the poor are wealthy. It may be that they only seem so by comparison with their usual lot (for, has not happiness been defined by a sad sage as freedom from pain?); yet they *are* happy, buoyant, thankful, believing for a little while

that the sun shines for them as well as for others; that Fate is not, after all, so hard. Thus it was with the two sisters as they sat together in the railway-carriage, the one disclosing, the other drinking in, the details of a literary success.

The baby was asleep, and Tony was endeavoring to teach the open-mouthed maid the rudiments of traveling piquet. She would count the sheep per head instead of per flock, and in doing so missed the magpies, the donkeys, and all that was really valuable upon her side of the way.

"This news is wonderful, dear Jenny," cried Kitty, admiringly. "The idea of your being a real, live author! I thought that you had some idea of getting money by your lacework; and so did dear mamma. We used to talk about it together, though we never spoke of it to you, and she used to tremble so lest you should meet with some disappointment. She said people would not think so much of your lace, beautiful as it was, when they had to pay for it."

"She was right, Kitty. I failed in the lace-line; I thought I would try literature."

"Good Heavens!" murmured Kitty, overcome with the audacity of this idea.

"Yes, my dear, I said to myself, 'I will be an author.' You know I was always fond of scribbling. I suppose I had written as much as Shakespeare from first to last, though there was a considerable difference in the quality."

"Don't let us say that," said Kitty, encouragingly.

"Well, other people said it, my dear (or the equivalent of it), at all events; editors especially."

"Editors! You write to editors, then?" Kitty regarded her sister with a sublime surprise—an admiration tinged with awe.

"Why, no; I got Jeff to take the things, and to offer them as though they were his own productions."

"Jeff! You made poor Jeff pretend to be an author! But how *could* he?"

"He went to work as naturally as possible. He gave them tragedy, comedy, melodrama, and sentimental effusions; but no one ever expressed a doubt."

"How charming!" exclaimed Kitty, clapping her hands together in joyful excitement. "And they were all accepted, of course?"

"No, dear; they were all rejected. The editors told Jeff that he must have patience, and 'fill his basket.' (The expression puzzled him a good deal, by-the-by; he said he had only heard of one's 'bread-basket'; and how was an author to fill *that*, if he could not sell his works?) He was to read more, they meant, and not attempt to spin things out of himself, like a spider. You shall read Jeff's description of it all some day. So I set to work upon Mr. Landell's library. It was rather dry work at first; but I ferreted out some curious and out-of-the-way things, and made two articles out of them, and told Jeff to try his fortune with them with the *Smellfungus Magazine*. And the editor actually accepted them."

"Only to think of it, Jenny! Then you were in print. And yet you never told us! How could you keep such a secret, and, O Jenny, from dear mamma, too, whom it would have pleased so much?"

"I have often thought of that, dear," answered the other, gravely; "but it does not matter now. What I had set my heart on was to get money for us all—to show that I was not going to be the clog and the burden to you—that woman at Riverside took it for granted I should be. And since for those articles I got no money, I determined to say nothing about them. But Jeff—dear Jeff—so managed it that for a story I wrote, all out of these old materials, I did get money. The day you heard from Nurse Haywood, he sent me two five-pound notes

from the editor. I should have given them to you at once, only you spoke of Dr. Curzon's bill, and I thought they ought to go for *that*. Even so, it would have been very nice; but as it is—to have paid Mrs. Campden off with them—it is simply delicious! We are out of debt, and we shall have the means of livelihood. This was 'the hope' that I told that woman we still had, and at which you smiled so sadly, when she came to call that day at the Nook; the hope of my being able to make money by my pen; and you see it has been realized. It is not such a bad world, after all; if only dear papa comes home to us. I think he will come now; I do, indeed. Everything looks so much brighter, though I thought we were never to have a ray of sunshine again. Kiss me, Kitty."

The two girls sat locked in a close embrace.

"But, Jenny, why did you let us leave Sanbeck? You will no longer have any books to—to—"

"To 'gut,' That was the word the editor used to Jeff, little knowing that he was giving advice to a lady. He said that at the British Museum I should find any amount of old books to—to perform that operation upon. It seems I have a talent for evisceration."

"I dare say," said Kitty, confidently, "though I don't know what it means. It seems to me you have a talent for everything. Oh, you dear, clever creature!" cried she, holding her at arm's-length, "I declare, I feel quite afraid of you; I shall never dare scold you again."

In the exuberance of her admiration, Kitty must needs confide the fact of Jenny's authorship to Tony, but without awakening the like enthusiasm, for that gentleman, being deep in his game of traveling piquet, which disinclined him to withdraw his attention from external objects, and also not being particularly interested in literary matters, only observed that "Jenny was a stunner, and that he had always said so." And if he had been informed that she had been made editress of the *Quarterly Review* or *Punch*, or both, he would probably have made the same observation.

This philosophy upon Tony's part, with which Kitty was herself inclined to quarrel, amused Jenny exceedingly, and for an hour or two she continued in the highest spirits. Then the long travel and comparative discomfort of the carriage began to tell upon her feeble frame; she grew pale with pain and weariness, then sick and faint. They were fortunately still alone, and all was done for her in the way of affectionate tendance that could be done. Kitty was not one of those young ladies who associate faintness with immediate dissolution, and are frightened out of their small wits on beholding an attack of illness; but she felt with anguish that the improvement which was hoped had taken place of late in her sister's health must have been less real than apparent. Perhaps those very attempts to procure money by her pen, over which they had just been so sanguine, had exhausted and enfeebled her. At this thought the momentary sunshine in poor Kitty's heart was quite extinguished, and the clouds that covered it were darker than those it had dispelled. What were a few pounds earned now and again when set against the cost of Jenny's life? As the light faded out from the short winter's day, and she sat with Jenny's aching head pillowed on her breast, and with the baby's feeble moan in her ears, she was filled with sad forebodings; strange thoughts of self-sacrifice and self-negation, which had for a time grown unfamiliar to her, retook possession of her brain, and turned her cold—as cold, but as steady, as a statue. As the whistle sounded and the train plunged into the last tunnel, she pict-

ured to herself her last return from Riverside, alone, when Jenny and her mother had come to meet her at the station and take her home. Now there was no mother, nor any home that could be called such; and none to meet, or—

"Kitty! Jenny!—there's Jeff!" cried Tony, excitedly, as the carriage rolled into the gaslit station. And in another moment Jeff's hand was on the door, and his bright face smiled through the window-pane as he ran beside the still moving train.

How glad, and yet how sad, Kitty felt to see him!—glad upon her sister's account, to whom she could now entirely devote herself, while Jeff looked after the baggage; but sad upon her own, for somehow his presence scattered and broke down those "low beginnings of content" she had begun to feel in that scheme of self-sacrifice which she had just now been painfully elaborating. Oh, why had he come with his kind tones and tender eyes ere yet her mind had had time to harden in its mould of duty?

"Jenny is very tired, Jeff," was all her greeting to him, except the thankful pressure of her fingers.

"Of course she is," returned he, cheerfully. "How could it be otherwise after such a journey? I have got a brougham for her, so that she should not be jolted quite to pieces. So get you into it, you three folks and a half, and I will follow with Tony and the baggage in a four-wheeler."

"A brougham!" sighed Jenny, looking more dead than alive. "I call that a wasteful extravagance."

"Pooh, pooh!" he whispered; "distinguished authoresses don't ride about in hack-carriages in London, let me tell you, whatever they may do in Sanbeck."

No further expostulation was made, for, indeed, nothing could have been more welcome to poor Jenny's back and limbs than the cushions of the vehicle in question, which Jeff had had supplemented for her especial use. She felt positively better on her arrival in Brown Street, after their long drive through misnamed "Merry Islington"—the dulllest and drabest of all suburbs—than when she had left the train. She had been as eloquent about Jeff's thought and kindness on the way as her feeble voice would permit her to be; but Kitty had answered nothing. She knew how tender and how true he was, and dared not trust herself to praise him. To her great relief, he did not present himself that night in Brown Street, but left the little family to "settle down" in their new dwelling alone. If it was not "like home," it was very unlike what ordinary lodgings would have been; instead of the smiles of a mercenary landlady, there was the honest, kind face of Nurse Haywood to give them welcome. It would not have beamed half so brightly had they been rich folks who had agreed "for six months certain" at treble the rent; for she loved "the young ladies" as though they had been her own children, and thought them the most beautiful and charming of God's creatures. "Master Tony" had always been her especial darling; and the baby she regarded as a precious and sacred charge bequeathed by its sainted mother to the world, in compensation for her departure heavenward.

Kitty always used to assert that Nurse Haywood was "a lady;" and, looking at her with her neat, gray hair and gentle, quiet face, as she stood dressed in her new black silk, to welcome the bereaved ones, you would have indorsed that opinion. She wore a certain gold watch and chain a little ostentatiously, to be sure, in the front of her dress, but then these had been given her by Mr. Dalton's own hand, and she wished to show herself mindful of him. Her face, like her person, was plump, and, notwithstanding her advanced years, quite free from wrinkles; and, if her voice was somewhat broken, it was not

through age, but because, though old, she had retained all her sympathies and affections (the more easily, perhaps, that they were within narrow limits), and was sadly "upset" at the sight of her dear ones. It was their trouble that troubled her; and her chief care and fear were that, accustomed as they were, as she expressed it, "to the best of everything," the accommodation she had to offer them in Brown Street would seem miserable and insufficient.

The sight of Jenny, so wan and travel-worn, utterly overcame her, and she could only exclaim, "My poor, poor lamb!" as she folded her to her heart.

Truly the "wind was tempered" to her and to all the shorn flock in that hospitable dwelling. It was humble, yet, as Kitty shrewdly suspected, by no means so low-rented as the price Nurse Haywood had charged them. They would be none the less a burden on their old friend, because she would bear it like a feather; and, if it lasted long, how *could* she bear it? However, she drove those thoughts away, and for the present resolved to feel only thankfulness. After the nice little supper, at which Tony greatly distinguished himself, and which she herself did her best to swallow lest her hostess should ascribe her want of appetite to fastidiousness; and after she had seen the rest of the party stowed away in their small dormitories, and Jenny, dead tired, had fallen asleep, Kitty sat down in her room, over an unaccustomed fire, to cast up the expenses of the day. Accounts had of old been hateful to her, but now she found a refuge in them from thought. Their dry details shut out alike reflection on the past and forebodings for the future.

Scarcely had she begun, however, when there was a gentle knock at the door, and there entered Nurse Haywood.

"Now, my dear Miss Kitty," said she, perceiving the nature of her occupation, "why on earth are you a-worrying yourself about pounds and shillings, instead of getting ready for your bed, which, Heaven knows, you must want enough?"

"But, my dear nurse," answered Kitty, smiling, "I must needs look after not only pounds and shillings now, but shillings and pence. You have endeavored to spoil us, as usual, with all sorts of luxuries; this fire in my bedroom, for one. But, indeed, you must not go on so. I told you in my letter how very different things were with us, remember."

"I know that; and the more shame to them as have brought it about!" Nurse Haywood firmly believed that the Daltons' misfortunes had been caused by some wicked human agency, assisted by the more or less direct assistance of the devil. "But you have no call to fash yourself with money-matters yet a while. There's near upon a hundred pounds, my dear, in the savings-bank, which is yours if it is anybody's, Heaven knows, since it was all saved in your service."

"Nurse, nurse, don't talk like that!" cried Kitty, breaking down in spite of herself. "Do you think we have come here to live upon your savings?"

"You are come here to be comfortable, and not to worrit," returned the old dame, decisively. "Your dear papa will be home soon, please God; and a pretty thing it will be if he finds you have been denying yourself things in my house. And even if he don't come back, do you suppose you have no friends?"

"None but you, dear nurse; except one or two who have all the will indeed, but not the power, to serve us."

"Well, I don't know; gentlemen who ride on horseback with their groom behind them have generally money to spare; and one such at least has been here to-day to ask after you all. A more civil-

spoken gentleman, or who showed himself more kindly toward you all, it is not easy to picture."

"What was the gentleman's name? Was it Sir William Skipton?"

"Very like, miss. He might have been all that, to judge by his hat and boots, which you might have seen yourself in, just as in that looking-glass. He didn't leave his name; but he said he was a friend of your father's—which went to my heart at once, as you may credit. And he asked after you all, one by one, down to the sweet baby. He thought you had come yesterday, it seems, and called to inquire how you all were after your long journey."

"Was he a little man with gray whiskers?"

"Oh, no, Miss Kitty; he was a tall, fine-looking gentleman, rather stiffish, I should have said, if he had not been so affable. I am sure *he* is a friend of yours, whoever isn't. But what I came up to say was that here is a letter for you, as came by the last post to-day, but which the sight of your sweet faces put clean out of my old head till now. I thought I'd bring it up—else you had much better not read it to-night—in case it was anything about—about your dear papa."

"It is nothing about papa, I am sure," said Kitty, quietly, having cast her eye on the address. "And I shall take your advice, nurse, and go to bed."

She at once proceeded to put away her accounts; and after a cordial "good-night," the old dame withdrew. Then Kitty drew her chair to the fire, and gazed at the still closed letter with hard, despairing eyes. She had recognized the handwriting at once as that of Mr. Holt; and she thought she could guess at the nature of its contents. He had called in person, it seemed, that very day, and now he had written her a letter. Fate was not only hard with her, but urgent, as though she had already tendered her submission to it.

The envelope was a large one, and held something weighty, like that she had received from Mrs. Campden. Was it possible that this man had dared to send her money—bank-notes? No; thank Heaven! it was not that. There was a letter, and something official on a large piece of paper. The receipt of a premium from a life-insurance office for one hundred and twenty pounds. What could it mean? The letter was of course from Mr. Holt:

"MY DEAR MISS DALTON: In the hurry of your father's departure from England he omitted to pay his usual premium to the Palm-Branch. As in a few days it would have been overdue, and the policy thereby have lapsed, I have taken the liberty to guard against that contingency. The money has been paid under protest—that is to say, if it should turn out—which Heaven forbid!—that your poor father should have deceased before this date, the society will repay the premium in question together with the policy of five thousand pounds. You will perceive, therefore, that I have incurred no risk, nor yourself any obligation, by this transaction, which I have only effected as a mere matter of convenience to you, and of course not without consultation with your friends.

"I did myself the honor to call in Brown Street to-day, but mistook, it seems, the date of your arrival in town. Pray, make my best compliments to your sister, and remember me most kindly to my young friend Tony. The acquaintance of the remaining member of your family I have not as yet had the pleasure to make, but I hope he bore his journey with equanimity.—Believe me, my dear Miss Dalton, yours always most faithfully,

"RICHARD HOLT."

She took up the receipt again, and read it with scarlet cheek. "Received one hundred and twenty

pounds." She was indebted, therefore, in that sum—or in nearly a whole year's income—to the man who had paid it. When he wrote that no obligation had been incurred on her part, he was writing an untruth, and one which he knew could not impose upon her for a moment. The "friends" with whom he had consulted were, of course, the Campdens, or probably only Mrs. Campden. Surely "Uncle George" could never have allowed himself to be a party to a scheme which made her this man's debtor!

She had not known the money was due. The application, in fact, had come through her father's bankers, who had been always instructed to pay it; and since there were now no funds in hand, they had forwarded it to Riverside. How hopeless would she have felt at Sanbeck, had she been aware of it; and how hopeless she felt now! Even if her father should come home to-morrow—poorer, in all probability, than he went—she would be none the less indebted to Mr. Holt. Indeed, the certain news of her father's death, and the consequent payment of his policy, could alone acquit her of the pecuniary obligation, let alone any other. O cruel Fate! that her only escape from an unwelcome—she dared not now say even to herself, now that the thing might come to pass, a detested—suitor should be, as it were, over her father's corpse!

She could of course decline to receive this help at all; could object to the premium being paid at all; but then there was the contingency which Mr. Holt had glanced at, of her father dying after the premium had become overdue. He might be wrecked somewhere at that moment, but still alive; and yet he might not come back alive to England. In that case his children would lose the policy; that five thousand pounds, the possession or loss of which would make all the difference to them for their lives in this world, would insure them competence, or condemn them to the poverty that one at least of them was so ill-fitted to bear.

That very morning—not twelve hours ago—Kitty had been happy, hopeful, in her sister's triumph; now it seemed an age since happiness had visited her, and, moreover, that it would never visit her again. Her future looked dark indeed. The self-sacrifice she was contemplating was one which no man can estimate; there is nothing like it in the experience of his sex; for when a man marries a woman for her money, it is she, and not himself, when all is said, who in truth is sacrificed.

In many cases, indeed, such as poor Kitty's, the gilded chain soon ceases to gall; it is only a few to whom romance is necessary, and the purchased bride finds her life very tolerable; but Kitty was conscious of an obstacle to her self-abnegation, which made it ten times more hard for her, and almost a crime. In giving herself to Richard Holt, she was casting away the offer of Geoffrey Derwent's love; and in her heart of hearts she had accepted it.

"O mother, mother!" cried she, despairingly, as she turned upon her sleepless bed, "why, why did you leave me?"

She had never felt the need of an adviser and a comforter so much as now.

CHAPTER XLII.

HOW THE PREMIUM WAS PAID.

BROWN STREET is not lovely, but it is far from being so melancholy a place of residence as that wherein three-fourths of the population of London are doomed to pass their lives. There was light in

it, and air enough, at least for persons in good health; and at the end of it, where the builder's money had come to an end, and he went into the Bankruptcy Court, there was still a space unoccupied by brick and mortar, through which a glimpse of the country could be seen. This was not the valley of Sanbeck, but it was open ground, with a spectral tree or two, holding its ragged arms aloft, as though in deprecation of the advancing host of houses; and afar off was what looked like a village church—though it was, in fact, the tower of a water-works company. The dwellings in Brown Street were clean, at least externally—at Mrs. Haywood's you could have "eaten your dinner off the floor," it was so spick and span—and they had not yet begun to "peel," to exhibit those cracks and flakes peculiar to stucco, which is analogous to some skin-diseases in the human frame. The street was situated between two magnets, or would-be magnets. There was an immense public-house at one end, which had not yet succeeded in withdrawing the custom of the humbler classes from the old pot-house in the neighborhood, but was convenient for those who liked their beer on draught, and were not very particular as to what it was made of; and at the other end was an ecclesiastical edifice of iron, about which the pious part of the population had not quite made up their minds. Service was performed there every Sunday by a real clergyman; but one likes one's church to *look* like a church, and it might not afford that security against fire—in the end—which its material suggested. From Brown Street ran off at right angles Little Brown Street, a spot devoted to the hatching of small shops of all descriptions, about half of which were added; or, rather, the thing that was brought forth—it was chiefly in the cheap newspaper and tobacco line, the toy line, or the cheap tailoring line (with a splendid picture of the fashions in the window)—lived but a week or two; it sparkled, was exhausted, and went to the broker's. The omnibuses—one line of them, at all events—knew of the existence of Brown Street, because commercial gents of various kinds lodged there, and were "taken up" every morning within a few hundred yards of it; but the cabs ignored it. "Brown Street? Where was Brown Street? Might it be down away by the Duke of York's Head, ma'am?" A question no lady fare could answer. One may imagine, therefore, how entirely unknown it was to carriage-people. Yet, on the very day after the arrival of the Dalton family, the equipage of no less a person than Lady Skipton did somehow contrive to find its way there. "Never heard of sich a place, my lady," said the coachman to his mistress when directed to drive thither. "Never seed sich a place," was his remark, in confidence, to the footman, as the carriage bumped over the half-formed road, and over the broken bricks that plentifully strewn it; "it's a cruelty to a carriage and 'osses."

Jenny was not visible to her ladyship: after that episode of the lacework, she would not have seen her under any circumstances, but on this occasion she was really too ill to do so. The journey had utterly knocked her up. So Kitty received her alone. She was far from well herself, for she had had but little sleep; and she had been thinking all the morning what sort of reply she should write to Mr. Holt's letter. But she felt that she was not in a position to refuse to see anybody who might be of service to them. It was a sickening thought that even her friendships—as she had been accustomed to call them—must now be alloyed with views of self-interest. With Lady Skipton came her daughter Leonora—Lenny, as Kitty was wont to call her—who had attended classes with her in old days, and, next to Mary Campden, had been her greatest confidante.

She was a pleasant little person, with a great deal of hair, and a fairy figure. Everybody wondered how such an elephantine mamma—her ladyship weighed about eighteen stone—could have produced such a gazelle. She was one of twins, her sister having died in infancy, or she would probably have been double the size. She had written poems: one, "To my *Alter Ego* in Heaven," was very much admired in her family circle. Kitty had always believed in her sensibility, and defended it against Jenny, who derided her ("She is too much 'up,' Kitty; like ginger-beer"); but somehow she now mistrusted Lenny's impassioned greeting.

"You got my letter, my darling, of course?" said this young lady.

She had written one to Sanbeck upon the death of Mrs. Dalton, full of quotations from the poets, and which had jarred on Kitty's sorrow-laden ear. It had been a relief to her that Lenny had written "Don't reply," the one piece of true consideration in the letter.

"How terribly you must have suffered!" she went on. "How pale you look, darling!"

"Black never becomes the complexion," said Lady Skipton, encouragingly. "When she is in colors again she will look more like herself. I am so sorry about dear Jenny; but, doubtless, the change of air will do her good. I am afraid she was annoyed with me about her lacework; she sent back the little present I inclosed to her."

Then, for the first time, Kitty learned the story of the unsold lace.

"She never mentioned the matter to me, Lady Skipton," answered she, when it had been related to her.

"Come, then, let us hope she was not offended," replied her ladyship, cheerfully. "I hope you will both come and dine with us as soon as you get settled, my dear; of course it is a little *soon*," said she, with a glance at Kitty's mourning-garb, "but then, we are old friends."

"I am afraid we shall not be great diners-out for the future," said Kitty.

"Now don't you go and shut yourselves up, my dear," replied her ladyship, promptly. "In *your* case, particularly, it would be most injudicious. I won't promise to send the carriage, because Robert is so particular about his horses; he is in the worst of tempers at this moment because there is a brick or two in the road; but when you come in a cab, mind, that is always *my* affair. I should never forgive myself if I caused you any expense just now; though I have good reason to believe that the little inconvenience you may now be suffering from will soon be over."

"I am glad to hear it," said Kitty, coldly, almost defiantly, "though it is news to me."

"Well, well, perhaps I am premature; I thought, from something that dropped from Mrs. Campden—But no matter. I hope our horses—by-the-by, they are old friends of yours, Kitty, for Sir William bought them of your papa—are not catching cold.—Lenny, just see where Robert has taken the carriage to."

Lenny looked out of the window, and reported progress in the direction of the public-house.

"I thought so," said her ladyship, with irritation.—"Well, my dear, you see we didn't lose a day in calling on you. By-the-by, you have never shown us that dear, delightful baby. Is it like your poor mamma, or who?"

"The baby is asleep," said Kitty.

"Bless it!" cried Lenny, clasping her little hands ecstatically. "What is its pretty name?"

"John. He is called after dear papa."

"Very right, very proper," said Lady Skipton.

"If I had had a boy, I had made up my mind to call it after *his* papa: though, to be sure, when there is a title in a family, the thing becomes imperative. Little Tony, of course, is at school?"

"No; he is at home for the present."

"Well, well; I dare say you are wise. So long as you can exercise authority over a boy, he is best among home influences.—Come, there is Robert at last. He is wiping his mouth with the back of his hand, so one knows what *he's* been after.—My dear girl, I do assure you it is not altogether a disadvantage to have to drop your carriage; that man's the plague of my life. God bless you!"

Kitty submitted to an impassioned caress from Lenny; and then, to her great relief, the visit was over. She felt a secret conviction that it was *pour prendre congé*; and it proved correct. Lady Skipton's invitation to dinner was repeated, after a considerable interval; but she found it impossible—on account of Robert—to bring her carriage again to Brown Street. Her afternoon's adventure in the wilds of Islington gave her a subject for conversation for many a day, with opportunities for dwelling upon her favorite topic—the abominable behavior of her coachman—and for delicately hinting at her own patronage of friends in reduced circumstances. "I was not going to desert those dear girls because they happened to live in Islington; but what I went through to see them I shall not easily forget. The people stared at us as though we were a traveling circus; I don't think a carriage was ever seen in the neighborhood before; and Robert was in the sulks for a month afterward!" Sir William sent Kitty a brace of partridges and a hare from his country-seat. There would have been more, wrote his wife, but that the birds were so wild that year in Berkshire.

When Kitty went up-stairs, she found Jenny had not yet risen, although she had announced her intention of doing so.

"I felt a little giddy, Kitty, so I thought I'd be lazy. And I write in bed in pencil just as well."

"Pray, don't think of writing, Jenny," implored her sister. "You are quite feverish, and your eyes are ever so much brighter than they ought to be."

"That is because I am so anxious to hear about those dear Skiptons," laughed Jenny. "Was her ladyship affable, notwithstanding that we live in Brown Street? I am bound to say I didn't expect her to come and see us. Lenny, of course, was as gushing as ever. She will write a poem about us, called 'Friends, though fallen,' or some such title; I can see her at it."

"I dare say they meant well, Jenny; but I must confess that it was all rather unsatisfactory."

"Then it must have been very bad indeed," said Jenny.

"Well, they didn't even ask to see poor Tony, though they knew he was in the house, and you know Tony used to call Lenny 'his wife' for years."

"Ah, you see we can't be too particular—or too little particular—about young gentlemen who are not eligible. The simple fact is, my dear," said Jenny, dropping her tone of raillery, "the Skiptons are rubbish. Our position is that of a sieve, through which we find our sham friends are all dropping out. Nurse Haywood, Dr. Curzon, and Jeff, remain to us; but the rest are all in the dust-heap. Let them lie there. I feel that we shall henceforward be independent of them. I am satisfied—weighing one thing with another, and not even taking into consideration the fact that dear papa's society has been a sunshine among all these shady people, for which they will always owe him gratitude—that we are indebted to them for nothing. For the future, let us be careful to incur no obligations."

Kitty's heart sank within her. She had Mr. Holt's letter, with his receipt for the premium, at that very moment in her pocket; and Lady Skipton's hateful words—"Any little inconvenience you may now be suffering, I have good reason to believe, from something that dropped from Mrs. Campden, will soon be over"—were still ringing in her ears.

"Above all things," continued Jenny, "I am thankful to think we have got rid of Mr. Holt. To tell you the honest truth, I had really begun to think, dear Kitty, that, from some mistaken notions of duty to your family, you might have been induced to listen to that man. Of course, you could never have liked him.—What? *You don't say that?*"

"Why *should* I say it, Jenny? He has certainly shown himself well disposed toward us."

"Yes; but for reasons of his own. Of course, he wishes to ingratiate himself with *you*. But do you suppose he has fallen in love with me and Tony and the baby also? I saw through that man, I flatter myself, from the first; and I see him—in my mind's eye, Horatio—to the end. Shall I tell you what I see?"

"No, Jenny; I don't wish to hear it. Besides, you are exciting yourself; and I am quite sure that quiet is what you want. Pray, do not try to write to-day." She took the pencil and paper from Jenny's hand, who gave them up without resistance.

"Perhaps you are right, darling; I will let my brains lie fallow for a day or two; they seem all in a muddle somehow."

Kitty had never seen her sister looking so ill since they had left Riverside. The excitement she had lately gone through, combined with the fatigue of travel, had evidently much affected her. Instead of being the prop and stay she fondly hoped, to be, it was more probable she was about to be seriously ill. Dr. Curzon had always said: "Jenny is progressing, and that is well, for standing still in her case is impossible; there must be improvement or else retrogression, which would be dangerous. Her constitution is deficient in rallying-power." The plain English of that professional expression was only too clear to Kitty.

Here, then, was another and urgent reason why she should make up her mind to accept Mr. Holt's assistance; yet, in doing so, she felt that she would be accepting so much more, that it gave her pause. Jeff was sure to call that evening on his way home from office, for he lodged close by; and she resolved—not to consult him; no, him least of all men; but to ask him one question before answering Mr. Holt's letter. After that she would take her own way in the matter, without seeking advice from any one.

As she was taking her frugal supper with Tony—for the housekeeping was now in her own hands—Jeff arrived. She felt a disinclination to be alone with him, born of a mistrust in her own fortitude; her heart was wax toward him, and melted at his presence, though she was so resolved he should not mould it.

"Jeff," whispered she, while Tony was engaged with a new book his friend had bought him, "tell me the truth about dear papa. Is there any hope of his coming back to us?"

"There is always hope, Kitty," replied he, gravely.

"Where there is life," she answered. "But is there life? Is there any chance of his being alive?"

Jeff did not answer, only beat softly with his fingers on the table, and looked most miserable.

"You are loath to give me pain," she said. "I would not put you to pain unless there were a necessity for it. Dear papa has insured his life for our sakes. Is it worth while to pay the premium which has become due?"

"Oh, yes," returned the young fellow, eagerly. "You can pay it under protest; that is, supposing that the policy should have fallen due already; in which case you will get the money back again. And, then, you will make all sure. It is clearly the right thing to do, if—if it can be done."

"It can be done," returned Kitty, gravely. No more was said upon the subject. When Jeff was gone, and all the inmates of this little house, save herself, were fallen asleep, and freed from earthly cares, Kitty sat down and wrote her answer to Richard Holt. In her own name, and for herself, she thanked him for the payment of the premium. She

spoke of it as a loan, of course, but expressed her sense of his generosity as well as of his forethought. She would not pretend that there was, as he suggested, no obligation; she would not affect to understand that his kindness had not herself for its object. She would never encourage him; nay, she would temporize and procrastinate as much as she could; but her weapons—weak though she felt herself to be—should be at least fair weapons, and therefore hypocrisy could not make one of them. Many women will deceive and cajole even those they love, but this one was truthful to the man who, in her secret heart, was hateful to her.

SORROW AND JOY.

A HUNGARIAN SONG.

TELL me what is sorrow? It is a garden-bed.
And what is joy? It is a little rose,
Which in that garden grows:
I plucked it in my youth so royal red,
To weave it in a garland for my head;
It pricked my hand, I let it drop again,
And now I look and long for it in vain.

Tell me what is sorrow? It is an endless sea.
And what is joy? It is a little pearl,
Round which the waters whirl:
I dived deep down—they gave it up to me,
To keep it where my costly jewels be;
It dazzled me, I let it fall again,
And now I look and long for it in vain.

Tell me what is sorrow? It is a gloomy cage.
And what is joy? It is a little bird,
Whose song therein is heard:
Opening the door—for I was never sage—
I took it from its perch; with sudden rage
It bit me; bit, I let it go again,
And now I look and long for it in vain.

Tell me when my sorrow shall ended, ended be?
And when return the joy that long since fled?
Not till the garden-bed
Restores the rose; not till the endless sea
Restores the pearl; not till the gloomy cage
Restores the bird; not—poor, old man—till age,
Which sorrow is itself, is youth again—
And so I look and long for it in vain!

R. H. STODDARD.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THERE comes now from numerous writers a united complaint against the dullness of the pulpit. Whether the quality of current literature is brilliant enough to warrant this accusation from its producers is probably doubted by the great majority of preachers. Clergymen might, with justice, point out that writers for the periodicals have the whole field of human performance for the selection of topics, and that each may ceaselessly vary his arena of study; while the sermon must, year after year, decade after decade, repeat the same lessons, enforce the same duties, and illustrate the same dogmas. If grumblers at dull sermons would reflect how frequently the sermon recurs, and how completely every side of the great questions to which the pulpit is devoted has been examined and expounded, they would be inclined, instead of complaining, to wonder how it is that clergymen succeed, Sunday after Sunday, in making their sermons as interesting as they are. People who listen to a lecture which has perhaps exacted a whole summer in its preparation—that glitters with spoils gathered from a hundred fields of research, and crystallizes the results of a life's observation and experience—are guilty of strange injustice if they compare this elaborate and exhaustive production with a sermon which commonly must be written in a day, and upon a theme that has occupied the writer's pen a thousand times before. We concede the sublimity, the

profound pathos of the topic upon which the preacher dwells, but so thoroughly is every mind in possession of all its features that the most eloquent tongue can add no jot or tittle to its sublimity or its pathos. The imagination of every listener has measured and compassed it all, as nearly as human intellect is capable of doing. It should be remembered that eloquence is a rare gift with all classes of public speakers, and that genius only occasionally illuminates even the pages of secular writings. Powerful sermons are few, and great preachers are rare, but neither fewer nor more rare than excellence in other things—in fact, much less so, for, we know of no branch of intellectual effort that, taken as a whole, is so vital and influential as the pulpit. Every large city has at least several preachers whom eager crowds gather to hear; every section has more than one noted pulpit-orator whose fame is spread afar; and, if grumblers at dull sermons would point out the book-makers or journalists whose influence is greater or whose followers are more numerous or more zealous, they would do something to justify their complaints.

But there is another aspect to this question. When we hear a complaint of a dull sermon, it is by no means certain whether the dullness is in him who preaches or in him who listens. There are orators of such energetic nature that the passionate earnestness of their delivery

excites every auditor; but it does not follow that these men have utterances more worthy of attention than those of less emphatic speakers. The sermon that flows smoothly and calmly along may have far more intricate thought, much more fresh suggestion, than the turbulence of a so-called eloquent preacher; and these calm and thoughtful addresses, above all things, require intelligent listening. In these cases the attention is not carried by storm; it must be surrendered by the alert imagination and the willing sympathy; the spirit, the life, the significance, the worthiness, of any sermon must largely depend upon the relations of the mind that receives to that which expounds. No matter what wealth of color an artist pours upon his canvas, the picture is meaningless to him who does not look upon it with quickened apprehension; no matter with what splendor of imagery a poet adorns his lines, it is all a babble to him who has no poesy in his soul. Dante and Shakespeare, Raphael and Murillo, Beethoven and Händel, all are locked up in dullness to the dull. Of course there is varying quality of performance; it must be conceded that there are poor painters, weak verse-writers, and bad preachers; yet who shall say how much of critical depreciation in these assumed cases springs from the insensibility of the critic? Many a line of a poet has profound significance to a student, which is but meaningless jargon to the clown. Many a flower is full of beauty to a naturalist that to the crude rustic is no more than a worthless weed. As it is true that

"The ripe flavor of Falernian tides,
Not in the wine, but in the taste resides;"

as it is certain that the glowing tints of the flower and the radiant splendors of the sunset depend upon the susceptibility of the retina that mirrors them; as it is the delicate sensitiveness in the photographic plate that catches successfully the shadow of the sun, and fixes the subtle lines of the image; as divine melody can live only in the attuned ear; as heat and light are vital forces only as they act upon the material substances that receive them—so we may be assured that the world of mind is equally with these instances of physical phenomena a matter of correspondence. No seeds are so fruitful that they can quicken in a desert soil, and few so feeble that they will not vivify in a generous loam. In depreciative criticism, therefore, it is often uncertain where the defect lies—whether it is really in the dullness of the producer or in the stubborn insensibility of the censor.

ANOTHER instance of the disposition to censure unjustly is evinced in the current complaints in regard to artisans. It is averred that our mechanics are deteriorating in skill, and continually becoming less conscientious in their work; that the painstaking industry which characterized this class in former times has been succeeded by a disposition to manufacture articles with an exclusive regard to selling them at the cheapest rates—that is, to make money rather than to do good work.

It is difficult to understand why money-making is more wrongful with artisans than with other classes of

people—putting aside for the moment the question as to whether good workmanship and money-making are necessarily antagonistic things. Why should we exact a virtue of mechanics that we do not require of others? We never hear it said that lawyers should be more concerned in the elevation of jurisprudence and the maintenance of justice than in their fees; or that artists should labor for the love of their profession, and not for rewards in money; or that physicians should cure in the interests of humanity, and not for wages; or that authors should write and publishers print for the advancement of learning rather than for profit; or that merchants must buy and sell for the welfare of the community instead of for their own aggrandizement. It is expected of all people that they shall be honest and faithful; but at the very foundation of man's industry is the selfish desire to better his condition; and only when this desire seduces one into the sacrifice of his integrity is he rightfully amenable to censure on its account. Our artisans, it is certain, are quite as likely to be honest in their work, and to keep in due subordination a love for money-making, as any class of people in the community; but they seem to us peculiarly the victims of a disposition, manifest in human nature everywhere, to exact of trades and professions other than our own a public high-mindedness that we ourselves never exhibit. The virtuous indignation that money-makers feel for all other money-makers is a curious problem in human nature.

But there is a tendency, say many persons, to cheap and inferior workmanship in all branches of manufacture. This accusation is not quite true, inasmuch as in some directions the tendency is for better and more durable work, yet it is near enough the fact to stand partly justified. So far as it is true, however, the responsibility therefor does not lie with the mechanics, but wholly with purchasers or consumers.

It must be understood at the beginning that money-making is an inevitable element in all trades; it is the great motive that prompts industry of every kind; but, while this is true, there is no evidence that artisans prefer to make money by poor work rather than good work. In our experience and observation the necessity of manufacturing cheap articles is greatly deplored by all respectable mechanics. But they cannot choose for themselves in this matter. They are under the necessity of responding to public demand, to follow the bent of public inclination. Capital and labor are simply the servants of consumers, inasmuch as they must produce those articles that public taste or necessities call for. The great force in trade is demand, to which supply must always by iron rule conform. Sincerity, durability, and taste in manufactures, can never and will never outstrip public knowledge in these particulars. The workmanship of any period is an exact reflex of the culture and requirements of the great body of consumers of that period.

The demand for cheap articles is far from being altogether evil in its nature. It is one of the stages through which all communities pass in their advance from poverty to prosperity. Just so long as skilled labor is employed

on objects designed for the gratification of the cultured wealthy, the execution will be tireless, ingenious, and costly; but when the great mass of the people come into the field as competitive buyers, who with small means are yet bent upon gratifying their tastes, and partaking of some of the luxuries of life, there naturally arises a great passion to obtain these ends with as little outlay as possible. These people are not buying heirlooms designed to perpetuate to future generations the pride and glory of their name; they are content rather with a passing gratification of their tastes. They are very ready to put on the superficial show of splendor. They must have carpets, and furniture, and curtains, and ornamental objects, such as they can afford. This may be a very wrong taste, but there is no law moral or social that men and women shall not enjoy the things of this world in accordance with their opportunities; that, unless they can gratify their taste for the elegant in its highest form, they must be deprived of it altogether. It is really a hopeful sign when we see people trying to refine their surroundings; eager to adorn and make pleasing their places of abode; and, if their uncultured tastes lead them to the purchase of showy shams, we may be sure that even this is better than the brutal indifference which accepts disorder and emptiness as matters of course. There is always the prospect that the awakened concern in physical improvement will lead eventually to better things. The woman who longs for a carpet on her floor, and curtains at her windows, is already half out of the slough of low, bestial life; and it is of little moment whether the carpets and curtains she secures with her scant means can pass artistic muster. It is fortunate that the pressure of this struggling class is sufficient to force our manufacturers into the production of cheap goods; and if we should cease railing at artisans who are simply obeying natural laws of trade, and endeavor to remedy the evils of cheapness by the culture of the people, by leading their taste upward to correct standards, we would do something to remedy the evils we complain of.

WAGNER has waited long and labored hard to accomplish the triumph of his ideal of the musical art. If it is said that that triumph has not yet become complete, at least it must be confessed that it is advancing toward completion with rapid strides. The composer has had to pass through every difficult stage that awaits those who defy and resist the conventional in every calling and every art. The least praise that can be awarded to him is, that he has struggled heroically and with immense energy toward the goal which he believes with all his soul to be the highest; that his faith in himself and in his idea has been absolute and never faltering; and that his enthusiasm has carried him over obstacles which a lesser will would have shrunk from and despaired at. Yet, on the other hand, Wagner has had great advantages. In seeking to ally the highest musical to the highest dramatic expression, in making the poetry of the opera, not only the connecting link of melody, but its twin interpreter of thought and emotion, in rejecting

the artificial and conventional in the lyrical works of the past, and seeking to solve the problem of musical by combining the song, the words, the orchestration, and the scenery and arrangement, into a grand, harmonic, and effective whole, he has happily had at his command the favor of a music-loving king, the enthusiasm of a music-loving people entranced with his productions and ample funds with which to present them with every necessary appliance. His most serious obstacle has been the bitter opposition of the established schools of music in a land where music is most generally cultivated and most ardently loved. To the people who have enshrined the composers who relied on wordless music for their fame, such composers as Mozart and his school, Wagner has appeared as a heretic and an iconoclast, violating their most cherished standards, and seeking with Vandal hands to pull down the musical structure so painfully raised in the course of more than a century. Wagner has evidently been well aware of that with which he would have to contend, and has bravely pursued his idea across stormiest seas of criticism and vituperation, until he has reached, in the Baireuth festival, one of the great and long-contemplated aims of his life.

To give effect to Wagner's idea, indeed, it needed a man of Wagner's unique character and varied abilities. Musical genius and a towering ambition, even the comprehension of the lofty theory of music which he is developing, if indeed he did not discover it, would not have sufficed. A sturdy will and courage, patience, unresting perseverance, were needed; and it was also imperative that the composer should be a poet and a philosopher: a poet, so that he might wed worthy verse to the purely musical expression; and a philosopher, to sound and interpret in his double art the deepest and rapidly-changing human emotions. Wagner is a poet and a philosopher: "Tannhäuser," "Lohengrin," the "Ring des Nibelungen," are wholly his. His dramatic powers appear no less in the nobility of the dialogues than in the unconventional splendor of the songs and choruses, and the marvelous powers with which he invests the orchestra, "to translate the passion of the play into a grand symphony running parallel to and commingling with the vocal music." Whether the composer, who is now in his sixty-fourth year, will live to see the "music of the future" established as the world's standard of the art, is, perhaps, doubtful; but he has waged the battle doughtily, and his victory is seemingly more than half won.

A DECISION has just been made in the English Court of Exchequer which is likely to give considerable comfort to professional artists. It was a suit brought by a firm of photographers to recover the price of a colored photograph which the defendant refused to pay on the ground that it was not a satisfactory likeness. The story of this picture has a tinge of romance in it. A gentleman and his wife were sauntering along the sands of Brighton, when they came upon the photographer's establishment. One of the pictures at once attracted their attention. It was, in the glowing language of one of the

counsel at the trial, "a beautiful young girl blushing as a bride, and with a face beaming with delight and child-like innocence." A dainty head-dress sat lightly upon her "illusion tresses," and she was sitting on the sands, "her hat and feather thrown carelessly behind her."

This ravishing picture evoked the admiration of the gentleman, and he hurried in to engage the same artist to make a water-color portrait of his wife. We do not learn that he emulated Oliver Cromwell, and told the painter to put in every pimple and betray every wrinkle, on pain of not being paid for his work; on the other hand, when the picture was finished, the client did not accept it with the good grace of the merry Charles, who contented himself, as he looked upon Sir Peter Lely's presentment of his royal countenance, with exclaiming, "Od's fish! I must be a monstrous ill-favored fellow!" Happily, however, he preferred to quietly refuse payment rather than to pursue the luckless artist, as John Wilkes did one who painted his hideous features in all their cross-eyed deformity, with malignant wit to the grave. The artist, too, preferred the substantial *solatium* of pounds and shillings to a more subtle revenge for the breach of contract. When we think that he might have imitated Hogarth, who, when he had painted the portrait of a miserly nobleman which the latter refused to pay for, threatened to "send the picture, with the addition of a tail, to Mr. Hare, the wild-beast showman," we are inclined to sympathize with the lady who at least escaped this dire punishment of artistic wrath and satire.

The picture turned out, indeed, very unlike that of the pretty blonde sitting by the sea; and the climax of objection was reached when the lady's friends assured her that "it looked very much older than she did." This was, certainly unpardonable. Nor was this all. The lady's neck, in the portrait, according to the fond and indignant husband, "more resembled the skin of a mulatto than that of a fair-skinned Englishwoman." This gentleman seems to have been of Queen Elizabeth's opinion, that shadows in a picture were a deformity. "Paint me," said the maiden monarch, "neither with shades to the right nor to the left, but in an open garden light." When Lord Amherst showed a portrait of George III. to the mandarins at Peking, one of the Celestials asked "why his majesty had one side of his face covered with dirt?" These and sundry other objections were duly weighed by the grave Court of the Exchequer. On the other hand, the photographer claimed simply that the picture was executed in an artistic and workmanlike manner. Experts were called, not indeed as to the likeness, for that is a matter on which even experts would disagree, but as to the execution; and their testimony was favorable to the plaintiff. Accordingly, he got a verdict to the full amount he claimed, which reached the figure of nearly two hundred dollars. It thus appears that an artist's work is to get its price, if it only be done artistically. The likeness, according to the decision, does not enter into the question. This being so, perhaps those artists would draw the most customers who followed the example of a shrewd Paris photographer, who advertises

a graduated scale of fidelity in likenesses. For a "guaranteed resemblance" he asks twenty francs; for a "pleasing resemblance," ten francs; and for an "air de famille," the modest sum of two and a half francs.

WE are in the habit of decrying the manners and morals of old Rome, especially in its imperial days; and are rather inclined to be boastful of the contrast, materially, morally, and intellectually, between our civilization and that of the people that conquered the then known world. Yet there are few nations in whose history the most enlightened modern communities may not find things worth imitating, hints of improvements that may be made upon what already exists. Rome was, for instance, far in advance of us in the matter of baths. No people ever so well understood the virtues of personal cleanliness as effected by thorough and frequent ablutions—ablutions gone through with on a most elaborate system, from which the body must have emerged absolutely purified. As you pass out of the Eternal City by rail, on your way to Naples, your attention is attracted by structures so wonderful that you doubt whether you have seen anything in the city itself so strikingly illustrative of the energy and science of the old Roman race. The gigantic ruins of the aqueducts tell a story of immense expense and Titanic toil. From afar off in the Campagna these aqueducts brought rivers to vast baths, wherein all the people might, and did daily, cleanse themselves. Perhaps, too, there were aqueducts which emptied into the reservoirs of Caracalla and Domitian the bracing and invigorating waters of the salt sea.

Think through what a process the Roman went when he took his daily bath! Stripping himself, he first entered a room filled with lukewarm steam, the stone floor being flooded with warm water. Here he sat for a while, till a pleasant, moist warmth enveloped him. Then he passed into a hot-water bath, the steam of which was dense above his head. From this he plunged without ado into the *frigidarium*, the water of which was positively cool. As he advanced from bath to bath, slaves followed him with their bronze or ivory strigils, or scrapers, with which they rubbed and scratched him till his flesh glowed with the warm friction. Lastly, he was anointed from head to foot with oil. He then donned his tunic, and walked and talked with his fellow-bathers in the cool groves just by. Surely the Romans knew something of the art of health! The baths which the munificence of emperors and wealthy citizens erected, and which remain in splendid ruins to our own day, were free to all the Roman world; there was room for the humblest as for the richest; and as a fact the whole population were cleanly. Even the poor Bengalee, who is without spirit to resist foreign domination, who lives on the slightest basis of contentment, may give us an example of the healthfulness of baths, and the important part they play in nourishing the longevity of a race.

A proposition has recently been made to supply London with an abundance of sea-bathing without the trouble or necessity of a journey to Brighton or Torquay to ob-

tain it. "Why," says an English philanthropist, "cannot the salt-water be pumped up to a sufficient height wherever it is most convenient on the coast, and conveyed, by glazed earthen-ware pipes, to the metropolis?" It is asserted that the engineering difficulties are rather apparent than real. To give free or cheap baths to all London would probably be to decrease crime, want, and squalor, to a low point. And why should it not be so with our own cities? Why should there not be ample bathing facilities to the poor in New York, Philadelphia, and Boston? Why should not they enjoy the sanitary benefits of the salt-water, and the delights of bathing, whenever health or pleasure prompts to them? It is, after all, a matter of expenditure as well as of public spirit; but, while we are discussing, as we are doing constantly, the sanitary conditions of our great cities, it is worth while to suggest that bathing is one of the most effectual remedies for evils which we now suffer.

MR. BRET HARTE'S excursion into the domain of dramatic literature has gained for himself no honors, nor conferred upon the stage the slightest good. In fact, it is fairly inexcusable that a man of genius should enter upon this field of effort with little knowledge of its requirements, and by his failure confirm the popular distrust in the possibility of an American drama. Mr. Harte's "Two Men of Sandy Bar" is without excuse for its being. It is neither literature nor art, but a commonplace melodrama, without even the merit of being good of its kind. It is wholly and radically a theatrical counterfeit: it does not reflect truthful conditions of life, it is without fidelity to Nature, it illustrates no elevating sentiment, it presents no fresh phases of character, it evinces no superior literary skill, and it is without dramatic unity, coherence, or verisimilitude. It has, it is true, a few good theatrical situations, but they are very much like a thousand other situations in the turbulent drama of the Bowery. Mr. Harte has evidently derived

his notions of playwriting from some slight observation of what are supposed to be popular dramas, without detecting the secret of their success or studying the methods of their construction. The most uninstructed art-sense ought to see that a play cannot take hold of an audience with its action divided among half a dozen heroes and heroines and with a loose diffuseness that prevents the sympathy from following any one line of events. A play, like a picture, must have its focal point; like a river, it must have its channel; there must be concentration, directness, relation of parts. But these qualities, after all, may belong to any noisy melodrama, and, being purely fundamental, would not of themselves, however well exhibited, justify a drama from the pen of Bret Harte if they were not united with high qualities of imagination, taste, accurate character-drawing, and good inventive power. The "Two Men of Sandy Bar" has none of these requirements; it is only like many other wearisome and trashy performances intended to amuse the coarse instincts of the multitude, and written with the idea that scenes roughly thrown together, if only capped at the end of every act with a thrilling situation, are all that is necessary to gain the plaudits of an audience. Fortunately for the interests of the higher drama, Mr. Harte's play is dull as well as worthless, so that it cannot by any chance long keep its place upon the boards.

We could wish that Mr. Harte had not written for the stage at all, unless he was willing to give his task attention and study. There is no objection to the fact that he borrows characters and incidents from some of his stories—for novelty is not a primary necessity of a play—provided he had knit these incidents into an artistic form and developed the characters with some knowledge of the resources and the limitations of the stage. But inchoate succession of scenes, with pictures of life faithful to nothing under heaven, and portraiture of characters utterly unthinkable, are all something that Bret Harte should have been above doing. We are bound to say that the actors as a rule make the play appear at its worst.

New Books.

THE second volume of the Count de Paris's "History of the Civil War in America"¹ fully justifies the high praise bestowed upon the first, and enables us to affirm with confidence that it will long be accepted as one of the best authorities on the momentous events with which it deals. There is still no indication that the author has sought original or obscure sources of information, and he does not even attempt to penetrate the philosophy of causes, or to discover the remoter influences which shaped and characterized the conflict; but every page testifies to the thoroughness of his preparation, to his perfect mastery of the materials which he had selected, and to the painstaking labor bestowed upon the composition. In the comprehensiveness and accuracy of its treatment of the various events and features of the war

—military, naval, political, and financial—the Count de Paris's history far surpasses any that has hitherto been written; and as regards systematic arrangement, and vigor and lucidity of style, its merits are not less conspicuous. One would have to go to Kinglake to find battles described with greater minuteness and precision of detail, and to Alison for a more vivid delineation of the dramatic aspects of a campaign; but the exceptional care which has been given to the military aspects of the war has not prevented the author from bringing out with unprecedented clearness and force the close connection between the achievements of armies in the field and the political and financial history of the time. It is by no means necessary in the case of the Count de Paris to resort to the kind of commendation bestowed upon Napoleon's "Caesar," and say that it is very good history—for a prince: there is scarcely a living historian upon whom this work would not reflect additional credit.

While thus willing, however, to bear cordial testi-

¹ History of the Civil War in America. By the Comte de Paris. Translated, with the Approval of the Author, by Louis F. Tasistro. Edited by Henry Coppée, LL. D. Volume II. Philadelphia: Joseph H. Coates & Co.

mony to the merits of the history, we cannot agree with those who have declared it to be "*impartial*." It would be severe, perhaps, to say that it is partisan in the narrow sense, and thereby accuse the count of conscious unfairness; but he sympathizes as ardently with the cause of the North as if he had not only fought for it in days when even the most patriotic desponded, but as if he had been born in Boston instead of Paris. The evidence of this bias is so abundant that it would be a work of supererogation to cite particular instances. Mr. Greeley himself does ampler justice to the personal qualities of the Southern leaders, and makes a greater effort to secure an historical standpoint. There is not, in the entire two volumes of the work so far published, a single word of hearty appreciation of Lee or any other of the Southern generals, while there are plenty of insinuations against the trustworthiness of their reports and the veracity of their assertions. The descriptions of campaigns and battles, moreover, excellent as they are, often read like a headquarters report rather than like an historical summary of events. The count's point of view is always that of the Federal army—the Confederates being always "the enemy," or "rebels," or "slavery troops;" if the former are defeated in conflict they "retire," while the latter are "driven back;" and, if successful, the Federals always "capture," while the Confederates simply "take possession." Even in reading of Murfreesboro' or Manassas, or Chancellorsville, it is difficult to resist the implication that the Federals were about as successful as their adversaries; and it is probably with some surprise that the reader finds these battles casually referred to in subsequent chapters as "defeats." Nor does the count refrain from those misrepresentations of the relative numbers on either side which have vitiated the conclusions of other historians: not once but a dozen times he resorts to guesses and "approximations" when the official figures do not agree with some mental preconception of his own. His view-point, too, frequently renders it difficult to form a fair estimate of the strategy and tactics on both sides—an altogether disproportionate space being devoted to the Federals. In the description of the battle of Cold Harbor, for example, no one unacquainted with its details would infer that Lee was assaulting the Federal right wing with forces either smaller, or at least not superior—Jackson not having as yet reached the scene of conflict, and McClellan's troops on the left bank of the Chickahominy being far greater in numbers, and considerably nearer the battle-field.

And it must be acknowledged that the count reveals a personal as well as a patriotic bias. It would hardly be inaccurate to characterize this second volume as an "Apology for McClellan." More space and more attention are given to McClellan's personality, plans, movements, manoeuvres, and difficulties, than to all the other commanders on both sides combined; and in his anxiety to vindicate both the character and the conduct of his favorite, the count does not hesitate to impeach the motives and conduct of President Lincoln himself. There can be no doubt that McClellan was grievously hampered by the "cabinet campaigns" concocted in Washington; but the count's own pages furnish abundant evidence that he was outgeneraled and outfought from the day when he halted before Magruder's corporal's guard at Yorktown to the period when he gathered the shattered remnants of his army under the ramparts of Malvern Hill; and that even at Antietam he failed signally to reap the due results from the incredible piece of good fortune which put him in possession of Lee's plan of campaign. The gross injustice into which this exaggerated loyalty to his chief betrays the count is painfully evident in the relative

treatment which he accords to McClellan and Halleck. These two generals conducted precisely similar campaigns in the spring and summer of 1862—the sole difference being that Halleck was successful while McClellan failed; yet the latter is dealt with as if he were indeed "the Young Napoleon," while Halleck is subjected to constant disparagement and contumely.

THOUGH it exhibits careful study of other writers on art rather than original thought or personal observation, A. G. Radcliffe's "*Schools and Masters of Painting*"¹ is the best compendium of the history and philosophy of its subject that we have seen—the most fully adapted to the practical needs of students of art, of travelers, and of all who would obtain a comprehensive but accurate view of the great masters of painting, of their principles and methods of work, of their relations to the general history of art, and of the pictures with which their genius has enriched the world. Beginning with "the alphabet of the art" in the curious mummy-cloths and tomb-pictures found in the ruins along the Nile, the author summarizes briefly what is known of Pagan painting, traces the rise of Christian art, describes the gaudy splendors of the Byzantine mosaics, and then reviews in succession the schools and progress of painting in Italy, Germany, Flanders, Holland, Spain, France, England, and the United States. Biographical sketches of the more prominent artists of each school and country are given, together with analyses of their principal works; and there is scarcely an important name in the long annals of painting, from the time of Zeuxis and Apelles to our own day, of which there is not some mention. In addition to the treatise proper, there is an appendix containing a highly-serviceable critical and descriptive guide to the galleries of Florence, Rome, Venice, Madrid, the Louvre, London, Dresden, Munich, and Berlin—giving precisely the kind of information concerning the contents and attractions of these great collections that the intelligent but unlearned traveler in Europe finds himself constantly in want of.

Perhaps the most characteristic excellence of this work is the accuracy of its "perspective:" the skill with which, through the course of a long and complicated survey of a most difficult subject, it maintains the due relation between what is important and what is comparatively unimportant. The author possesses in a high degree "the art of putting things," and no part of the book is either so cursory as to be meagre or so elaborate as to be tedious. The style is graceful, animated, and picturesque; and copious citations from the standard writers on art satisfy us that we are proceeding on the solid ground of recognized authority. Finally, thirty-five engravings on wood after celebrated pictures form not the least attractive or useful feature of a volume of which we have found little to say except in the way of praise.

IN his preface to "*The Echo Club, and Other Literary Diversions*,"² Mr. Bayard Taylor extracts beforehand the sting of any possible criticism by assigning to his work a value which the good-natured reader who has derived from it several hours of innocent amusement will probably consider modest to the point of self-depreciation. Burlesque imitations and parodies of other authors are rightly regarded rather as froth upon the surface of literature than as bearing any serious or useful relation

¹ *Schools and Masters of Painting*: with an Appendix on the Principal Galleries of Europe. By A. G. Radcliffe. Illustrated. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

² *The Echo Club, and Other Literary Diversions*. By Bayard Taylor. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

to literature itself; but even in this border province of letters there are various grades of merit, and Mr. Taylor may be fairly said to exhibit a nearly if not quite unprecedented degree of excellence. We have seen better imitations of individual poets—neither of Mr. Taylor's travesties of Browning, for instance, being equal in quality to that in Mr. Calverley's "Fly-Leaves"—but Mr. Taylor addresses himself in turn to each of his more noted contemporaries, and in no single case is his burlesque otherwise than successful. It should be said, moreover, that these burlesques are not mere parodies upon particular poems, but genuine reproductions of an author's manner and diction, the theme only being turned awry. In many cases, indeed, it would require but a few slight changes to render it difficult to believe that the verses are not the serious productions of the several authors whose "voice" they are supposed to imitate—a feat, as we need hardly remark, very different in kind from the ordinary paraphrastic parody, and much more difficult.

Mr. Taylor takes what seems to us a good deal of unnecessary trouble to make it plain that his travesties imply no disparagement of the noble choir of singers whose notes he ventures to jangle, and certainly no personal unfriendliness. We say *unnecessary* trouble, because nothing could be more patent, even to the most careless reader, than that the burlesques were conceived in a pure spirit of drollery, while the accompanying dialogues, though devoted largely to critical exegesis and commentary, are markedly bland and conciliatory in tone. Mr. Taylor is too cultivated a man not to be aware that American literary criticism is woefully deficient in what Matthew Arnold calls "vigor and rigor;" but he has also too much tact, and perhaps too much kindness of feeling, to bear very hardly upon contemporaries, in whose august company he aspires to appear at the poetic judgment-seat.

A WELL-KNOWN critic is said to have declared that parts of Mr. R. D. Blackmore's "Cripps, the Carrier,"¹ are as good as anything in Shakespeare; and, whether or not the reader will be disposed to go quite to this length, he will at least agree that portions of the story are exceedingly fine. He will be still more willing, we venture to think, to acquiesce in the assertion that not only are parts of it *not* up to Shakespeare's standard, but that, as a whole, the work is inferior to at least three out of Mr. Blackmore's four preceding novels. It possesses the full flavor of the author's subtly-penetrative humor; it abounds in those semi-cynical but suggestive observations on men, women, and society, which have constituted one of the most marked features of all his books; it exhibits in a favorable light his power of dramatic characterization; and the quaintly-realistic effects secured by his mastery of the local dialects of rural England have never been more enjoyably manifested; but, notwithstanding all this, the story is so constructed and managed as to be undeniably tedious, and the most loyal reader is often tempted to skip, in spite of the consciousness that to omit a single paragraph is to incur the risk of overlooking some "bit" which he would be extremely sorry to lose. The plot, for example, is not only strained and improbable, but inspires rather the interest aroused by an ingenious puzzle than by what we can accept as a fairly accurate representation of real human life. It deals with the treacherous abduction of a young heiress, in order to get possession of her fortune, and with the various steps

by which she was rescued and restored to her father and friends; but the story is told alternately from the side of the young lady and of those who are searching for her, and progresses at about the rate of Cripps's old cart on the highway. The manner in which Mr. Blackmore gradually weaves together the various and diverse threads of his narrative is certainly very adroit, but, when for fifty pages or more the reader is led ostentatiously down a succession of alleys which turn out to be "no thoroughfares," the experience is likely to become monotonous, if not irritating. So also is the habitual substitution of zigzag dialogue for direct narration at all the critical points of the story. This has always been Mr. Blackmore's distinctive method, but it has never been pushed to quite such an extreme as in "Cripps, the Carrier." On the strength of the evidence furnished by this one book, Mr. Blackmore might apply with confidence for a position in the Circumlocution-Office.

We have been from the start one of Mr. Blackmore's warmest and most outspoken admirers, and therefore feel the less hesitation in saying candidly that, while the portrait of Cripps himself is an excellent piece of minute and faithful realism, and while there are paragraphs, and sentences, and phrases, and epithets, as good as anything he has hitherto given us, yet, as a whole, "Cripps, the Carrier," is a marked declension from the standard of "Alice Lorraine" and "The Maid of Sker." We should be sorry to regard this declension as final, and prefer to think that the difficulty is that the production of a first-rate novel every six months is beyond even Mr. Blackmore's powers, great as they undeniably are.

THE third edition of Professor James Orton's "The Andes and the Amazon"¹ has been made nearly double the size of the first by the addition of notes of a second journey across the Continent of South America, from Para to Lima and Lake Titicaca. This journey was performed in 1873, the route taking in reverse that of the expedition of 1867, and following a more southerly course. Its main objects were scientific, and, besides adding many new species to science, it has thrown much light upon the distribution of tropical forms, and enabled Professor Orton to prepare a chart of the Upper Amazon region which will unquestionably be regarded as a valuable contribution to our geographical knowledge. The narrative of the journey, however, is neither burdened with scientific details nor lightened with records of personal adventure. It is a plain, methodical, and practical description of the topographical features of the country traversed; of its climate, productions, and industries; of its vast commercial resources and possibilities; of its natural history, marketable woods, fruits, drugs, dyes, gums, game, etc. A few interesting chapters are devoted to an account of the railways of Peru, of its silver-mines and guano-islands, of the "Heart of the Andes" and Lake Titicaca, of Lima and other Peruvian cities, of the first ascent of Cotopaxi, and of the aborigines of the Andes and the Amazons; but, on the whole, the needs and interests of the "practical man" are kept in view rather than the curiosity of casual readers, and the desire to amuse merely has had but slight influence upon either the contents or style of the "Notes." Professor Orton is profoundly impressed with the vast importance of the Amazon and its tributaries to the future commerce of the world, and believes that the United States have a special and peculiar interest in their devel-

¹ Cripps, the Carrier: A Woodland Tale. By Richard Doddridge Blackmore. With Illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers.

¹ The Andes and the Amazons; or, Across the Continent of South America. By James Orton, A. M. Third Edition, revised and enlarged. With two Maps and numerous Illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1876.

opment; and, if his book can be said to have a purpose paramount to the scientific investigations with which it deals, it is to awaken in his countrymen an intelligent appreciation of these facts. He brushes aside Professor Agassiz's theory of the glacial origin of the Amazons valley with a contemptuously brief exposition of its absurdity, but upon the vast natural wealth and commercial capabilities of that valley he enlarges with all the enthusiasm of a pioneer.

The foregoing remarks will probably have made it evident that "The Andes and the Amazons" is not a book to which the reader may go to amuse an idle moment or to feed an appetite for hair-breadth 'scapes and daring adventures, but it is by far the most complete and satisfactory work on South America that has appeared in late years. In its present enlarged form it furnishes about all the information required by the student, the settler, or the tourist; and what the text lacks in picturesqueness is compensated by a profusion of admirable illustrations.

JUDGED by its literature, there is no other human pursuit which inspires so much enthusiasm in its votaries as—fishing. From the appearance of dear old Izaak Walton's "Compleat Angler" down to our own day, there has at no time been any lack of writers to set forth in the usual glowing language the superior charms, healthfulness, nobility, and beneficence of fishing over every occupation, pastime, or recreation, to which man can devote himself; and a liberal drop of the contagion filled the pen with which Mr. George Dawson wrote his recently-collected papers on "The Pleasures of Angling."¹ Most of these papers appeared originally in the *Albany Evening Journal*, and the book is somewhat deficient in coherence; but, in so far as its plan is systematic at all, it may be said to treat of the pleasures of angling under two heads: first, the general—in its relation to health, morals, religion, love of Nature, serenity of spirit, and the like; and second, the particular—in relation to the author's reminiscences of certain achievements in the waters of the Adirondacks and other regions dear to the hearts of fishermen. Mr. Dawson writes with a fervor of enthusiasm which causes our own cold skepticism to shame us almost like "a conviction of sin;" but we must confess that even salmon-fishing on the "fair Cascapedia" impresses us (in Mr. Dawson's description) as a monotonous and cruel sport, and we are by no means surprised to learn that one of the party fairly ached to get a shot at a bear, and was ready at any moment to abandon rod and reel for the barest chance of a glimpse of Bruin. Mr. Dawson would doubtless retort that this impression of ours is no proof that angling is not all that he claims for it, but simply proves that we are not such stuff as true anglers are made of; and we accept the verdict with the meekness of one who has never experienced the "delicious thrill" of killing a thirty-pound salmon.

MRS. MARY MAPES DODGE is always sprightly and entertaining, but her vocation is evidently the production of young folks' literature, and even grown-up readers will be more likely to be pleased with her juveniles than with such specimens of her work as are contained in "Theophilus and Others."² Under this title she has grouped together the various stories, essays, and sketches, which

she has contributed to the magazines during the past dozen years or so—Theophilus being an easy-going husband and paterfamilias who figures in two or three amusing stories, and the "Others" comprising the clever satires entitled "The Insanity of Cain" and "Miss Malony on the Chinese Question." The contents of the volume are too diversified to admit of detailed comment, and general remarks are apt to have but a limited application to any particular piece; but we may say of Mrs. Dodge's work as a whole that it is more amusing than profitable, and is not always amusing. Mrs. Dodge is humorous, witty, quick and keen of observation, and equally vivacious in dialogue and description; but she spoils all by an exaggerated attempt to be always "smart." Every phrase must tickle, and every sentence go off with a snap, and the complacency with which the hoariest commonplaces of the hardest punsters are served up anew is something which the reader hardly knows whether to take as a joke or resent as an insult. The accustomed audience of young people seems always to be before her mind's eye, and the methods of treatment thereby generated are so strong upon her that even when she addresses herself specifically to us, as it were, we have an uncomfortable suspicion that we are being fed upon pap. It seems hypercritical, of course, to apply any very high standard to merely fugitive productions such as these; but the author fairly invites it when she collects them in a book, and duty compels us to say that we have found "Theophilus and Others" rather fatiguing company when obliged thus to interview them all together.

THE completion of the new and revised edition of Bancroft's "History of the United States"¹ affords us an opportunity for saying that our notice of the first volume conveyed but an inadequate impression of the amount of labor bestowed upon the revision, and of the extent and importance of the changes introduced. Even of the first volume, as we find by a closer comparison with the original edition, a large part has been entirely rewritten and the whole rearranged and remodeled; and the same thing may be said of all the succeeding volumes except the very latest, which was originally written in the light of the most recent authorities. It is easy to believe that the revision cost Mr. Bancroft "two years of solid and unremitting work," and its results are so important that the first edition will henceforth possess little more than a bibliographical value. A prominent feature of the new edition is an elaborate topical and analytical index which fills one hundred and fifty closely-printed pages. This index is a real recensens of the History, and we should hardly exaggerate if we said that it doubles the value of the work to the student.

As some misunderstanding appears to have gotten abroad concerning the scope of the work in its present form, we may add that it covers precisely the same field as the original ten volumes—concluding with the signature of the treaty of peace between Great Britain and the United States in 1782.

IT is difficult to say for what class of readers Miss Susan Coolidge's "For Summer Afternoons"² is designed, the stories being addressed apparently to the "golden youth" of both sexes, while the poetry implies

¹ Pleasures of Angling with Rod and Reel for Trout and Salmon. By George Dawson. With Illustrations. New York: Sheldon & Co.

² Theophilus and Others. By Mary Mapes Dodge. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

¹ History of the United States of America, from the Discovery of the Continent. By George Bancroft. Thoroughly revised (Centenary) Edition. In Six Volumes. Vol. VI. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

² For Summer Afternoons. By Susan Coolidge. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

a wider range of interests and greater maturity of taste. There are thirteen of the stories, clustered in twos and threes, with poetic interludes between; and both stories and poems are pitched in a variety of keys, from grave to gay, from lively to severe. They are very short, and suggest the deeper elements of human life rather than insist upon them; but they are exceptionally well written, and are wholesome and invigorating in tone, while as far removed as possible from commonplace sentiment and morality. We read the book on a summer afternoon, looking out at intervals upon a mountain-inclosed landscape and listening to the soft murmur of the breeze through the trees, and we can testify that it falls in harmoniously with the mood which such circumstances are likely to engender.

WHEN the reader finds Mr. Gladden declaring, with reiterated emphasis, in the first chapter of his "Working-People and their Employers,"¹ that voluntary abstinence from work, whether there is any need for work or not, is a "sin," he might be excused if he closed the book with the conviction that the writer who could seriously put forth such a proposition could have nothing to say on economical questions which it would be worth while to listen to; yet a little further examination would satisfy him that such an inference was erroneous. Aside from the difficulties inherent in the attempt to clothe political economy in the habiliments of orthodox theology—for the book is not a treatise, but a collection of sermons—Mr. Gladden's presentation of the elementary principles of the science is unexceptionable, and in its adaptation to the special audience of working-people to which it was primarily addressed could hardly be surpassed. Whether or not "some readers may pronounce discussions such as these quite too secular for Sunday and the Church," it would certainly be a great public gain if the laboring and uneducated classes generally could have such sound instruction on vitally important matters imparted to them through the only agency which can secure their attention, and which is not open to the paralyzing suspicion of interested motives. Both working-people and employers who have either heard or read these addresses will not only have received a beneficial moral stimulus, but will have had considerations suggested to their minds which, so long as man's actions are dominated by his reason, must exercise an influence upon the conduct of life.

NOTWITHSTANDING the crude and unattractive style in which it is written—as of a foreigner who had only partially mastered the intricacies of the English tongue—Professor Rau's "Early Man in Europe"² affords to the non-scientific reader the easiest means of becoming acquainted with that branch of modern archæology which deals with the age and primitive condition of man. More comprehensive and authoritative works have been written on the subject, and Lyell's and Tylor's at least are not less readable; but Professor Rau's is the only one which, while addressed to a strictly popular audience, is sufficiently adequate and trustworthy to be accepted with confidence. In the space of half a dozen chapters, each about as long as the ordinary magazine-paper, he presents such a plain and methodical summary of existing knowledge on the subject as will enable any fairly intelligent reader to comprehend the precise

nature, locality, and character of the various discoveries which have induced scientific men to extend, by many thousand years, the period of the occupancy of the earth by our race, and to "draw the important conclusion that the earliest known condition of man in Europe, as indicated by the tokens left by him, must have been one of utter barbarism, from which he elevated himself slowly but steadily, during the lapse of ages, to his present superior position." The book is copiously and admirably illustrated, and, if not so amusing as some others on our list, is instructive enough to repay the most careful perusal.

IN the preface to his "Life of Benjamin Franklin,"³ Mr. John S. C. Abbott, one of the veterans of American literature, bids a final adieu to his circle of readers, favoring them, at the same time, with a bit of autobiography and an estimate of his literary work. He began the career of an author, he says, at the age of twenty-four, and has now attained the age of threescore years and ten. In the mean time he has written fifty-four volumes of history or biography, in every one of which it has been his endeavor to make the inhabitants of this sad world more brotherly—better and happier. Now that the battle has been fought and, as he hopes, the victory won, he finds unspeakable comfort in the reflection that, in all these fifty-four volumes, there is not one line which, dying, he would wish to blot. If this were the time and place to survey Mr. Abbott's work as a whole, we might cite from his lives of the Bonapartes, and especially from his fulsome eulogy of Louis Napoleon, theories of political morality and standards of personal conduct of which it might be said that we have cause for hearty congratulation in the fact that they have taken such slight hold upon the American mind; but our business here is not so much with his self-complacent reminiscences as with his "Life of Franklin," and this we have no hesitancy in according a place in his category of harmless works. For those, indeed, who like to have biography interspersed with preaching, and sermons diluted with history, we can even imagine that it would prove an enjoyable addition to their stores of "seasonable reading;" though, but for the transparently good intentions of the author, an unsympathetic and brutal critic might object to his lauding Franklin to the skies in one breath, and with the next using him to point the moral of his denunciation of impiety. It is a pity that Mr. Abbott could not perceive that, in a work of this character, addressed exclusively to the young, incessant references to Franklin's religious views were out of place; yet this is the key-note and burden of his book. The objection to it is not merely on grounds of taste, but is of a much more practical character. Mr. Abbott is obliged to confess that, in spite of his "unbelief," Franklin was, in all respects, a far better and worthier man than the vast majority of the so-called Christians of his time; and the keen young minds which Mr. Abbott's book is likely to attract will be the first to draw the inference thus, as it were, thrust upon their attention. It is waste of time, however, to urge particular objections to a book which affords very little ground for commendation. Such readers as desire to know more of Franklin than they can learn from his delightful autobiography should possess themselves of Mr. Parton's "Life," of which Mr. Abbott's is a weak and ineffective abstract.

¹ Working-People and their Employers. By Rev. Washington Gladden. Boston: Lockwood, Brooks & Co.

² Early Man in Europe. By Charles Rau. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers.

³ American Pioneers and Patriots. Benjamin Franklin. A Picture of the Struggles of our Infant Nation, One Hundred Years Ago. By John S. C. Abbott. Illustrated. New York: Dodd & Mead.



"Is this path or that the way to Stockheim?"

"His Double."

APPLETONS' JOURNAL.

HIS DOUBLE.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

I.

"YOU have saved your beautiful oaks during all these trying times, Meyer Jochmaring."

The words were addressed by a slight, delicately-formed, simply-attired young lady, whose features were strikingly beautiful, to a sturdy old peasant, clad in a gray-ticking blouse and dark cotton-velvet knee-breeches, who sat beside her on a bench under the trees to which she referred.

These oaks possessed rare artistic beauty; they stood behind a long, straw-thatched house, very picturesquely situated on a sort of wide peninsula, formed by a narrow river, that nearly encircled the farm buildings, and flowed close by the rear of the dwelling-house.

"My father," continued the lady, "would give much if he had such a group of trees in his park."

The peasant looked at the thick foliage with a well-satisfied air, and then said, smiling:

"Yes, they're beautiful trees. And the trees your father has in his park are fine ones, too. I've been told that there are forty or fifty thousand acres of woodland belonging to the principality, but oaks such as these are no longer to be found there. They were there once; but since—"

"Since," said the young girl, sighing, "the storms of time have swept them away."

The peasant nodded.

"But the storms of time don't touch these," he continued. "Only when a Meyer dies one of them is felled, that he may be borne to the grave in his own wood. When an axe rings against oak-wood on the farm, it's a sign that a Meyer is dead."

"I know it," said the lady. "You hold the old customs in honor. And it's also an old custom, I think, for a Meyer Jochmaring to stand by his prince, and the prince by the peasant; you wouldn't have escaped the French, when your son hid himself from the conscription, if the prince had not gone in person to entreat General Dusailant to release you."

"Yes," said the peasant, "the prince went himself and made everything right. But I paid his traveling-expenses," he added.

An expression of indignation flitted across the lady's face; she detected ingratitude, perhaps even a touch of sarcasm, in the answer.

"He probably did not request it," she replied, "for the old custom is for one to stand by the other without counting the cost."

"Yet you are beginning to count it," said the peasant, with a crafty smile.

"I didn't intend to do so, but only to remind you of it, because I like to remember it, and such an old alliance between men is no trifling thing. A thousand years have passed since Wittekind's grandson took possession of the land where we live now, and have since held as our inheritance, and it is equally long since the grandson of the man who followed Wittekind to battle settled on this farm, and both races have been faithful friends to each other until now."

"That's true, princess—that's true," said the peasant, nodding; but the next instant added, frowning: "But you people up at the castle always remember it most clearly when Meyer Jochmaring is to open his purse-strings."

"You are ill-natured," replied the young girl, turning pale and biting her lips; "do you think it was an easy matter for me to come to you? You should not make my task more unpleasant than necessary."

A pause ensued. The peasant cleared his throat, saying:

"I suppose it's for your brother, Prince Adolf."

"For him, as I told you, since the French, in spite of the freedom from military service to which he is entitled as the son of a German prince, have compelled him to enter their Garde d'Honneur, as they call it, composed of the sons of the most aristocratic people in the land, that, as they say, their emperor may have a guard of honor, but really to hold them as hostages for the peace of the country."

"Yes, I know," replied the peasant; "they force them to enter it, then order them to France, and there—"

"They are obliged to live at their own expense."

"It costs money, a pile of money," said Meyer, "yet God knows I'd give it joyfully for my boy if I knew he was safe in France in the Garde d'Honneur. They take our sons without so much ceremony, and send them to Spain, or drag them to Russia, to die or endure suffering which might move a stone to pity."

"It is true," replied the princess, "the poor man's fate is terrible; but you can rejoice, Meyer, that your son wasn't sent to Russia, only to Spain."

"Only to Spain!" echoed Meyer, with bitter emphasis. "Why, yes, most of the young men from this neighborhood were sent to Spain. But how many will return?"

"Your boy will return, Meyer—trust in God," said the princess, tenderly. "You have news from him, I think."

"Yes," replied the peasant, "news through a man who has returned from the war."

"And then," continued the young lady, "the newspapers report that the emperor is going to recall the troops from Spain to use them here in Germany."

"That they may fight against their own countrymen."

"That you must leave in God's hands," replied the princess; "nobody knows how the war will end, and whether the allies may not soon succeed in making us free again."

"Well, I'll go and fetch you the money," said Meyer, rising. "Three hundred thalers. They're all the hard times have left me, but you shall have them, princess, because you ought not to apply to Meyer Jochmaring in vain."

"I thank you, Meyer," replied the princess; "you shall have a receipt to-morrow."

"That isn't necessary between the prince and Meyer Jochmaring," replied the peasant, entering the house.

He soon returned with a canvas purse in his hand. An elderly person came with him, and remained standing a short distance from the princess as the peasant handed her his little treasure. She took it, and held out her hand to Meyer.

"I thank you from my heart, Meyer Jochmaring."

"No thanks are needed, your highness. Give it to your maid to carry; it is heavy."

The maid took the purse, threw it over her arm that she might hold it more easily, and princess and servant went on their way.

It was natural that the young girl, who had been forced to go on so humiliating an errand for one in her position in life, should be in no communicative mood on her way home. A cloud shadowed the beautiful brow, a bitter expression lingered around the small mouth with its delicate, rosy lips. The misery of her native land and the oft-recurring pecuniary embarrassments could not fail to weigh heavily on her young heart.

After leaving the court-yard, which was surrounded by a coarse wire fence, she followed, accompanied by her maid, a path that soon brought them into the cool shade of a wood, where the sunbeams flickering through the leaves flecked the soft turf with changeful lights.

It was strangely still in the forest, for the season of the year when the loud twittering of birds filled the air was over, and the yellow leaves and shells of beechnuts, whose kernels had been eaten by the squirrels, now lying scattered on the ground, showed that autumn was at hand. But the princess saw little of the scenery that surrounded her; she hurried on with elastic steps, sometimes exchanging a word with her companion, who, with the end of her shawl drawn over the purse, followed her along the path.

Suddenly, at a turn in the way, she paused, ex-

claiming, in a startled tone, "Marianne, do you know this man?"

She was looking at a masculine figure leaning against a stile.

"How should I? He's a stranger," replied the equally-startled maid.

"Dear me! what shall we do? We are entirely alone and unprotected—"

"How can he know anything about the money?" said Marianne, drawing the end of the shawl farther over the purse.

"To be sure—and yet I'm trembling in every limb. But it's all nonsense. What can happen to us in broad daylight?"

The young lady, summoning all her courage, walked on; Marianne followed a little closer. The stranger stood gazing at them intently with his keen eyes, as if awaiting their approach. He had a tall, powerful figure, bronzed features, and a mustache, in those days never worn by civilians. His dress was that of a man of rank, showing a certain fastidiousness in arrangement, which went far to dispel the princess's alarm at the sudden meeting. They advanced till they were close to the stile, when the stranger, approaching a few paces, asked in a somewhat brusque tone:

"Is this path or that the way to Stockheim?"

The princess felt her courage subjected to a severe trial. The way to Stockheim was the one along which she was herself proceeding. If she told the stranger so, she would have this unknown man for a companion, and in that case it would be difficult to conceal from him the purse Marianne was carrying. But, great as was the temptation to a subterfuge, the princess was too honorable to utter a falsehood.

"The way to Stockheim is the one by which we are going," she answered, with a stifled sigh.

Fortunately, a glance at the stranger's features partially soothed her fears, and led her to hope that, although he appeared before them in the depths of the forest, he might not have any nefarious designs upon her valuable package. He was about thirty years of age—at least he was so bronzed by wind and weather that he would have been taken for that; his features were manly and noble, the countenance a fine oval, and a bold, keen intellect looked forth from the blue eyes, which gleamed under half-closed lids. There was a reserved, independent expression about the face, which could not fail to interest.

"Then, as our way is the same, you must permit me to accompany you," he answered.

As she made no reply, he added, while walking on beside her: "These forests are beautiful. Who belongs to them?"

She looked up at him. "I don't understand you."

"I mean, who is the unlucky fortunate man whom these broad woods hold fast as owner, and force to torment himself with the care of protecting them against timber-thieves and poachers?"

"Oh! that's what you mean," replied the princess, smiling.

"Yes, that's what I mean. Man belongs to things, far more than things to man. Don't you think it ridiculous to see a weak human being stride through forests or over fields, and fancy everything belongs to him? It's just as if the caterpillar, creeping over an oak-leaf, should say, 'This tree is mine.' The Arabs have a proverb, 'When the cock crows, he believes the sun rises on his account.' Forests, fields, and meadows, will be here at the end of a thousand years, when the man who was bound to them for his support, like the caterpillar to its oak-leaf, has long since gone where leaf and caterpillar are."

"What of that?" replied the princess; "a man remains master of his property though he must die; after him comes his son, his family—"

"To lie under the same spell. The forests belong—you gave me no information about it—to Prince von Idar. Can you deny that he is a poor man, bound to his uncomfortable old ancestral castle with its horribly cold, draughty corridors, and spacious, ill-lighted rooms, surrounded by poisonous ditches of stagnant water as moats, bound by a thousand ties, which, with much vexation and little pleasure, chain him to this property to which he belongs, and which will not release him? Transport yourself into the soul of such an envied land-owner. Imagine him on dark, rainy days, standing in one of the deep window-niches formed by the thick walls, gazing at the leaden sky, and hearing the melancholy voices of the wind wail around his towers. Do you suppose such a man has no soul? Do you suppose he has no longing for bright, beautiful, sunny landscapes? But his castle, his forests, his meadows, his peat-moors, his sheep-folds, his smoky farm-houses, hold and will not release him. And beside him, in the other window-niches, sit three or four unmarried daughters, their faces pale and haggard with *ennui*, blue circles under their weary eyes, and idle hands resting on their laps. They, too, gaze at the leaden sky, whose clouds veil the horizon, as the hopelessness of their lives clothes the future in tints of gray; they, too, listen to the melancholy wailing of the wind. Do you think no longing for life and happiness throbs in the veins of these poor girls, no yearning for light and love, a free life among free human souls? Do you suppose these poor, imprisoned creatures would not also gladly look as bright and joyous as you do now, my dear young lady?"

The princess had at first turned slightly pale, and felt strongly tempted to grow angry at the words of the strange philosopher by her side; then he began to amuse her, and now, at this direct personal turn in his lecture, she burst into a merry laugh.

"Well," said he, "you laugh at these poor creatures, sitting in their old castle because they belong to it, because their property keeps them imprisoned within its walls. You ought to lead the life of such a princess just one short year."

The princess again laughed merrily, and, with an extremely significant glance, turned to Marianne, putting her finger on her lips. The maid looked at her in surprise, and then returned the smile.

"Where have you studied the lives of such princesses, if I may ask?" said the young lady.

"I have been in many a hut and many a palace," replied the stranger, gravely.

"And," rejoined the princess, "did you never, while passing through one of these palaces, feel tempted to release some longing, yearning soul from her imprisonment?"

"No," replied the stranger, smiling sorrowfully; "for I am not free myself."

"Not free! betrothed, perhaps?"

"Betrothed! No; but my heart is bound. It lies under the spell of a single glance once bestowed on me, and now written in characters of fire on my soul—a glance which, if I were to live an eternity, would never fade from my memory."

"Oh, that sounds romantic beyond all measure!" cried the princess; "a single glance which had power to bind you forever—what a magical look! And who was the enchantress who bestowed it?"

"The enchantress was a poor Spanish nun in a rough, brown-woolen cowl, and she gazed at me with a look full of mortal terror, beseeching aid, when one of my comrades thrust her back into her burning convent, from which she was trying to fly; gazed at me when already seized by the flames, no longer to be saved, for a blazing heap of beams and rafters had fallen between me and her."

"Oh!" cried the princess, pausing in her walk; "are you telling me the truth?"

"Yes, the simple truth. Why should I tell falsehoods to one whom I don't know, and may never see again?"

"And was the poor creature burned?"

"With half a dozen of her companions. I could do nothing to save her. The only thing left was to take my pistol and send a bullet into the brain of the comrade who had acted so cruelly."

"O Heaven!" exclaimed the princess, fairly beside herself. "But," she added, regaining her self-command, "I am very foolish to be so alarmed. If this were all true, you wouldn't tell it to the first stranger you met in the forest."

Her companion walked beside her a few steps in silence. It seemed as if he were thinking of totally different things. Suddenly he said:

"Can't you imagine that, after living alone a long time, obliged to shut up everything within his own heart, a man may be carried away by the longing to talk, and even tell things better left unsaid, when he finds himself in the presence of a person who inspires a feeling of sympathy?" He fixed a peculiarly thoughtful, melancholy glance on the princess's features.

"If you don't believe my story," he continued, after a pause, "why, so much the better. Imagine I related something to entertain you on the way.—Is this Margaret's Linden? I don't want to go quite to Stockheim; only to Margaret's Linden."

"No," replied the princess; "it is some distance farther.—So you only wanted to entertain me? Do you imagine you selected any specially pleasant subject?"

He looked at her inquiringly. "Have I made myself disagreeable?"

"Must you not with such tales of horror?"

"If I was forced to experience, surely you can hear them."

"But when I grow pale, and, with features haggard with *ennui*, listen to the melancholy voices of the wind wailing around our ancient towers, suppose then that I am forced to hear in imagination, amid the moans of the storm, the heart-rending shriek of the nun hurled back into the flames, fancy her look of horror, her eyes dilated with agony—"

"Ah! you—in your ancient towers! Are you—"

"There is your Margaret's Linden. What do you want there? Have you a ghostly appointment? A witch is said to have been burned in yonder glade.—Farewell."

"But," he said, quickly, as she turned to go, "pray tell me who you are."

"One of the unhappy enchanted princesses of whom you spoke with such touching and melancholy sympathy. I am the Princess Elizabeth von Idar."

"Impossible—you!" he exclaimed. "Well, it would be foolish for me to attempt to beg your pardon, your highness. What I have said harmonizes so ill with your radiant youth, the bright, fresh courage that sparkles in your eyes, that I need waste no words upon it. You are the Princess Elizabeth! I have heard of you. You are the jewel of your house, its good genius, the prince's Egeria, the favorite of all, even Meyer Jochmaring; ay, Meyer Jochmaring, whose cool, reflective mind considers the over-valuation of anything on earth the worst misfortune that can befall a man—this embodied realist of a peasant is enthusiastic about you, so enthusiastic that he inspired me with an actual longing to see you, if only at a distance. And now I find you here—here where one would expect to meet only fairy princesses—deep in the heart of the forest, and the time during which I was permitted to walk by your side has been spent—"

The princess interrupted the compliment paid with such fluency and ease.

"How do you know Meyer Jochmaring so well—who are you?" she said, in a tone whose sternness suggested that he was on the verge of giving offense.

"Who am I? I am who I am. Those are Biblical words. Does that satisfy you? No? You want to know the name that fetters me, to which I belong, as Meyer Jochmaring belongs to his old oaks. Well, I'll give you my card, since by so doing I can give so much—"

"So much! Is the name so famous or so aristocratic?" she asked, sarcastically.

"No, neither. But with this card I give you a great proof of my implicit confidence." He had drawn out his pocket-book, and now handed the princess the card taken from it. "I am glad to be able to do so," he continued. "No one must see the card—no one here must know my name. It would endanger my life."

"Ah! how is that possible?"

"That I have told you this, your highness, will be sufficient, will it not?" he answered, gravely.

"It will," she replied, hastily meeting the eyes fixed intently upon her. "I surely will not betray you, if it is so; and now adieu—farewell."

With a slight bend of the head, and a smile that showed that the whole interview, in spite of the last tragical assurance, had produced an amusing rather than a serious impression upon her mind, she took leave of him, and walked away.

The stranger went slowly to the superb old linden-tree which had been pointed out to him as Margaret's Linden, and sat down on the stone bench placed under the spreading branches.

"Thank Heaven," said the maid, when they were out of hearing—"thank Heaven that we have at last got rid of that mysterious man! I didn't dare to move this heavy bag from the left arm to the right, and now my left arm feels perfectly numb."

"He was the strangest person I ever met," replied the princess; "he seemed exactly as if that look from the poor Spanish nun had thrown him out of the usual grooves of life."

"Oh, believe me, your highness," rejoined Marianne, "he surely invented the story to make himself more interesting. Nobody could be hurled into a burning building, because no other person could approach near enough to do it without being scorched."

"Let us see his name," observed the princess, drawing out the card he had given her, and reading the words "Ulrich Gerhard von Uffeln." "Oh!" she cried, pausing, "Marianne, this is stranger still."

"What is it, your highness—what is it?"

"Dear me, I mustn't let any one see the card—must not tell you. But I can say one thing: this man is a double—a Doppelgänger."

"A Doppelgänger!"

"Yes, indeed, really and truly."

"I should much sooner believe he was a swindler," replied Marianne. "I'll wager that he knew you perfectly well. That's why he intentionally turned the conversation upon the castle, just to make himself more interesting."

Princess Elizabeth shook her head very emphatically. She really did not know what to think of the matter. The appearance of this man, who did not seem to her at all like a swindler, was an enigma to which she possessed no key. She walked on in silence. She could say no more about him—that she had promised. Therefore she at last sternly forbade Marianne, who was constantly returning to the subject, to ask or talk any more about this mysterious being.

II.

HALF an hour's walk from the little city near which stood the castle of Prince von Idar was an ancient edifice, a most picturesque structure. The entrance was through an arched gateway; on the right and left were low stables, from which rose small, thick towers. As all these portions of the main edifice united at the gate, they formed a sort of escutcheon for the main building behind. And this es-

cutcheon was most artistically draped with ancient, luxuriant ivy, which drew the richest nourishment from the wide, muddy moat beneath. The main building, which was also covered with this ivy to the roof, was so oddly constructed as to really appear to consist entirely of three slender square towers, which, erected a short distance apart, were united by walls. Thus a most charming little nook was formed between two of the towers, protected on three sides by the walls and in front by the screen of ivy. The tables and chairs placed within showed that the owner's family knew how to appreciate the spot. This picturesque dwelling was called Castle Wilstorp. The family in possession were bound to it by entails and other feudal ties, which, as the singular stranger of the forest had expressed it, would not release them. This fact had of late weighed heavily on them. They had come from a neighboring city, where Herr von Mansdorf had had charge of an ecclesiastical institution—the good-natured, comfortable-looking gentleman, who had not a drop of bad blood in his body until he gathered it from the poisonous compounds which the wine-dealer put in the numerous bottles he emptied during the day for pastime. They had come into possession of the romantic castle as heirs of a distant relative, an old bachelor, but the castle had become something like the lion's den, from which no footsteps returned. It was an oppressive situation, from which Frau von Mansdorf, a tall, thin, crabbed lady, with an imperious, eagle nose, suffered most mentally, because she saw that in this solitude and idleness her husband would gradually and hopelessly fall a victim to drink; and her daughter Adelheid physically, because she lost her blooming health. She suffered from an affection of the chest, which the doctor said could be cured only by a residence in the south. But in the present state of affairs a residence in the south, or any change of place for a length of time, was not to be thought of.

This family were not sole owners of Wilstorp; there was another relative equally near to the former possessor, who had bequeathed it to him "jointly" with the Mansdorfs. The latter, therefore, had no right to dispose of anything without communicating with the co-heir and obtaining his consent, so it was impossible to raise money for a long journey or even to live in a larger city. To do this required the aid of the other heir, and he had disappeared. No expedients, no inquiries, no appeals in the newspapers, led to his discovery. Perhaps he had died and been buried long ago. But, if this were the case, he stretched in a most diabolical fashion a ghostly hand from his unknown grave, arresting every step Herr von Mansdorf might otherwise take.

How they had tormented themselves in searching for this man, who bore the name of Ulrich Gerhard von Uffeln! How many evenings Herr von Mansdorf had talked with a notary from Idar about the best means of procuring a certificate of the death of the said Ulrich Gerhard von Uffeln, who undoubtedly—they knew he had entered the army—was mouldering somewhere in foreign soil! How often they had

discussed the question, whether some legal authority might not be procured to enable them to act freely, by giving security that they would grant the missing man ample compensation if he ever emerged from the mists that shrouded his existence! But this plan was also impracticable. They had not the means to offer such security.

Such was the condition of affairs at Wilstorp, and to the weight with which the name of Ulrich Gerhard von Uffeln oppressed the heart of each individual was added the universal anxiety about the approaching decisive event on the great stage of the war, for it was late in the summer of 1813; and, though people scarcely ventured to give themselves up without reserve to the hope that the allied powers would succeed in breaking the iron rule of the soldier-emperor, and at least wresting Germany from his grasp, news of the battle of Katzbach had shown the possibility of victory. A shade of excitement had at last appeared in the country, usually so apathetic and submissive to its political fate—nay, there were even rumors of preparations being made in secret to give substantial aid to the allies when their armies arrived, and vague reports were current of conspirators busily employed in conveying arms to certain appointed places.

One evening Herr von Mansdorf was sitting in the pretty nook under the ivy roof, with his broad back almost filling the entire space between the two projecting towers; around him were all his family. On the bench at the right sat the stern mistress of the house and the daughter; on the left, opposite to them, Herr Plümer, the notary, and beside him Herr Runkelstein, the prince's head-forester, who had his official residence in an old hunting-box half an hour's ride from Wilstorp. The wife was darning a woolen sock; the young lady bent her delicate oval face over a newspaper, from which she was reading tidings of French victories; and the gentlemen were smoking clay-pipes.

"What are we to think?" said the master of the house, after a long pause, in which each of the party seemed to have been pondering in his heart the accounts just read from the newspaper—"what are we to think? They always write of their victories, and yet the steward told me that one battalion of Prussians after another would march through Idar before the year was out."

"I should be very glad," replied the notary, a little yellow man with a skeptical smile—"I should be very glad, though the steward's predictions are not always to be trusted."

"Not to be trusted?" said the mistress of the house. "Pray don't say that. The steward has foretold wonderful things, and they've all come true to a hair."

"Don't be vexed, madame; but really many of them haven't happened—"

"Many? I didn't know that," she replied. "And what does it matter? If he foresees anything, and it doesn't happen, I don't think he is to blame. We are all in God's hand; and if he foresees a funeral or a fire, and they don't in reality happen, it

doesn't prove that other things he foresees won't come to pass, and most of them do, as you know."

"Of course, of course," said the notary, somewhat sarcastically, puffing out a cloud of smoke, "though this view of the case might lead me to believe that foreseeing events was easier than is generally supposed."

"Ah, Herr Plümer, you are not a good Christian," replied the rigid hostess.

"I wish," exclaimed Herr von Mansdorf, striking his powerful hand heavily on the table, "the steward would foresee this confounded Ulrich Gerhard von Uffeln enter these old towers."

"Isn't that a proof of the matter?" replied his wife. "He doesn't see him, and therefore he won't come."

"What do you think, Fräulein?" asked the forester, turning to the young lady.

"I?" she answered, looking up at him with a sly smile. "I don't know what mysterious and horrible things the steward foresees, but I know I see something uncanny and frightful, when he suddenly stands before me with his long, thin figure, high forehead, and glittering eyes; he makes one think of church-windows when the moon is shining on them."

The forester smiled; then, clearing his throat, observed, thoughtfully:

"Wouldn't it be a good idea to put this seer to the test?"

"To the test? How could you do that?" said Frau von Mansdorf.

"A strange thing happened to me a short time ago," replied the forester. "Something I can't understand. And it was something alarming, too. I told Faustelmann he must go with me, that we might both see it together, and then he should explain. But I can't get him to do so; he acts as if he thought I was trying to take advantage of him—"

"Tell your story!" exclaimed Herr von Mansdorf, impatiently.

"A few evenings ago," said the forester, "about an hour before midnight, I was returning from Idar, when, on passing the old ruined castle which stands in the swampy lowlands not far from the road, I saw a faint ray of light reflected from the surface of the water in the moat before the building; I stood still, saying to myself, 'Where can the light come from?' It wasn't from the moon—it had not risen; nor from the windows, for they are always closed with heavy wooden shutters. Whence could the ray of light come? The matter seemed strange, and, to get to the bottom of it, I turned to the right and walked straight toward the old barrack, and, as I approached nearer the moat, saw that the light reflected from the water, now gently ruffled by the night-breeze, must come from two of the windows in the lower story, whose shutters were open—a chink through which the ray fell obliquely down. 'So,' said I to myself, 'there must be some people in the old building, but how did they get there, since it is closed and locked, and what are they doing? I'd like to know that,' I thought as I trudged over the rubbish, and through the wild reeds and nettles

which grow on the old dam, toward the building; when I reached the window, I wasn't tall enough to peep in, so I looked about for a stone or something of the sort, and found a block of wood, which I put near the wall—"

"To climb up," interrupted the notary, impatiently, "and see that the light was nothing but the phosphorescent glow from the rotten old wood of the window-sill—"

"Let him go on, and don't interrupt!" said the stern voice of the mistress of the house.

Herr Plümer smilingly knocked the ashes out of his pipe, while the forester, casting an indignant glance at him, continued:

"I did climb up—but what I saw was certainly no phosphorescent glow from rotting wood, that I can assure you."

"Well, what did you see, then? Out with it, man!" said Herr von Mansdorf.

But Herr Runkelstein was in no hurry to reach his principal effect, or play out too quickly the card with which he expected to trump the notary's skepticism.

"What did I see?" he said, and then cleared his throat, looked around the circle, and at last fixed his eyes upon the mistress of the house, who had let her stocking fall and was leaning eagerly forward, and added, in a low, hollow tone, "coffins."

"Coffins!" added the ladies, in horror.

"Even so," replied Herr Runkelstein.

"Two, side by side?" asked madame.

"Two? No; half a dozen!"

The notary smilingly shook his head, while the features of the rest of the party expressed a shade of distrust, for his statement that he had seen half a dozen coffins at once was something so incredible that it materially weakened the effect of his tale, which, without the least intention of doing so, the forester still further injured by adding:

"There might have been eight or ten, for the last were almost lost in the darkness of the great, dreary room, which was only lighted in the centre by a lamp standing on a table. They were not large, as if intended for grown people, but like those used for children. The room was in great disorder. I saw large pieces of the plastering, which had fallen from the walls and ceiling, lying on the floor—and also—"

The forester passed his hand across his face and closed his eyes; then, when he opened them, shook his head with its shock of gray hair, as if to dispel the vision, and said: "It was horrible! Out of the floor at the back of the room, illumined by the lamp, appeared a head—a man's head—with very large eyes and a mustache; the eyes stared fixedly at me, as if they could look through walls and window-shutters, and, when I met them gazing searchingly at me through the narrow chink under the shutters, I dared not look longer, but jumped down from the block of wood and turned toward home."

"You saw a head, Runkelstein?" exclaimed Herr von Mansdorf; "but when we see a head we also see a body."

"There was no body attached to this head," replied the forester, with the utmost positiveness.

"No body attached to the head!" echoed Frau von Mansdorf; "what was it, then? It was no bleeding, severed head?"

"No, it wasn't that, madame," replied Runkelstein; "it stood naturally on the floor, as if it had grown out of it."

"Like a mushroom," muttered the notary in an undertone.

A long pause ensued. All gave themselves up so completely to the impression produced by these facts, that when Herr von Mansdorf struck the table with his clinched hand everybody started in terror.

"Now, let any one tell me this isn't the strangest thing that ever happened!" he exclaimed.

"Yes," observed the forester, "and that's why I wished I had had the steward with me, and he had seen the coffins and the head. But he won't even listen to my story; he pretends he doesn't believe me."

"Yes, you see you ought not to have meddled with his trade," remarked the notary. "Even the ghost-seer is human, and doesn't like to be rivaled by people who, returning very late at night from jolly companions in Idar, wander out of the path to an old ruined building."

The skeptical notary's comment met with no applause. Not a syllable was uttered. There was a general silence, for each was occupied with his own thoughts and asking himself what these little coffins and the strange head, to which no body was attached, could mean—what tragical event might occur in reality, since the forester had evidently only seen it as a vision. The spectacle in the empty old house, they thought, could have been nothing but a "warning."

"But there he comes," exclaimed Herr von Mansdorf; "there comes the steward—why does he take such long, solemn strides? I see by his walk that he has something in his head."

In fact, the steward was taking very long, heavy steps; there was an air of resolution and defiance in the whole aspect of the tall, somewhat stooping figure of the sturdy man, as he advanced with his eyes fixed on vacancy. He entered the gate and came directly toward the group.

"Have you any business with me, Faustelmann?" cried Herr von Mansdorf.

"Yes, Herr von Mansdorf, business, and of a very important nature."

Herr Faustelmann approached the table, as he said this in an extremely melancholy, hollow tone of his always half-subdued voice.

"Well, what is it?" said Herr von Mansdorf; "what has happened?"

Faustelmann looked at him in silence, and then fixed his eyes on the mistress of the house—it seemed as if he were asking himself whether he ought to speak in her presence, and whether she was strong enough to endure the blow he must deal; then, once more fixing his eyes on vacancy, he said, in a low, hollow voice, with a very marked tone of melancholy:

"Herr Ulrich Gerhard von Uffeln is here—he has arrived."

"Merciful Heaven!" cried Frau von Mansdorf, starting from her seat.

"Uffeln—here?" said the master of the house—"alive—here, in bodily form? And you say it as if you were inviting people to a funeral."

"Oh, what happiness!" faltered Adelheid, almost breathless with excitement.

"He is here," replied Faustelmann, nodding, in the same tone, and apparently no whit disturbed by the effect produced by his communication.

"But where is he? Why don't you bring him here?" exclaimed Herr von Mansdorf, in a voice trembling with emotion.

"He's in my house," replied Faustelmann. "He arrived fifteen minutes ago. After looking at the papers he placed before me, I invited him to come to you with me, but he refused."

"Refused? And why?" cried the mistress of the house, whose pallor was transformed into a flush of joy.

"Because he seems to be a very modest, almost shy gentleman," replied Faustelmann. "He was firmly convinced that his arrival would greatly startle you."

"Startle us?" exclaimed Herr von Mansdorf. "Really, Faustelmann, you must have infected him with your fear of ghosts."

"Startle!" continued the steward, without condescending to take any notice of his master's personal remark—"startle, because he appears here to deprive you of half the property you have enjoyed alone for several years."

"Oh, pshaw!—didn't you tell him, Faustelmann," cried Herr von Mansdorf, "that the property was little else than a locked strong-box, to which I had no key, and he is the very key we have been searching for all these years?"

"Of course I told him, and it somewhat relieved his mind. But he earnestly entreated me to announce his arrival before he appeared in person; so I've done so."

"And my name isn't Mansdorf, if you ever announced anything better or pleasanter in all your life, Faustelmann!" said his master; "and now go. Make haste, and bring us this diffident cousin."

"I'll fetch Herr Ulrich Gerhard von Uffeln," replied the steward, as he turned and went back along the path by which he had come.

The little company looked after him in breathless expectation. Frau von Mansdorf clasped her hands, and exclaimed:

"God bless the day which at last brings this man!"

But the notary whispered:

"I hope this cousin isn't one of the visions of the ghost-seer."

III.

BUT the skeptical notary was speedily satisfied. Faustelmann brought back the cousin in bodily form, and there was nothing about him that resembled an apparition—a man, perhaps thirty years of age, or

possibly a little less, with fair hair, a tolerably expressionless face, and somewhat unsteady, timid glances. He was a soldier, he said, a discharged French officer; but no bold, soldierly spirit looked forth from those eyes. He was discharged because he had been wounded in the hand while serving with the army in Spain. The regimental surgeon had treated it unskillfully, so his right hand became paralyzed; he could move the wrist, but not the fingers; when he wanted to take anything he was obliged to lift it with the left hand and close the fingers over it, then they held as firmly as ever, but they would not obey his will. He had entered the French service when very young; his parents, who lived at Freiburg in Breisgau, where his father occupied the position of syndic, had died during the campaign of 1809, and he had then been sent with one of the Rhenish regiments to Spain, where he underwent incredible hardships, sufferings, and deprivations; he appeared to prefer to speak of these toils and hardships rather than of the battles in which he had been engaged, and the victorious deeds of his corps—a circumstance that plainly showed the peaceful bent of his mind. When a lad, he had often heard from his father, who was a native of this region, that there was an estate which would some day descend—or at least a portion of it—to him. But while in the army he had troubled himself very little about the matter, and not until he was dismissed on account of his wound did he think of looking up the affair, and at once applied to an old friend of his father in Freiburg, who informed him that the estate in question had been bequeathed long ago, and the papers were full of advertisements for the heir.

"Yes," said the notary, interrupting the young man's slowly and cautiously uttered story, "the co-heir, Herr von Mansdorf, took possession of Wilstorp; you, as the other heir, share with him, so you are sole owners, and, by mutual consent, unrestricted by the old laws of entail, can do and leave undone whatever you please. If, for instance, it should annoy you that neither can take any step without the other's consent, there is nothing to prevent you from dividing the property, one claiming this half, the other that, or one leasing or selling his portion to the other, as you may choose."

The new-comer fixed his eyes on the notary with so questioning a look that Herr von Mansdorf took it as a request for a formal introduction.

"Herr Plümer, my—our notary," he said.

Ulrich Gerhard von Uffeln bowed with dignified courtesy.

Frau von Mansdorf now sent her daughter to provide some refreshments for the stranger, and, in her joyful excitement, followed herself to assist. As for Herr von Mansdorf, he never wearied of inviting the guest to drink, and touching glasses to the health of the new-comer, whom, under the influence of increasing conviviality, he soon treated in a most familiar manner.

Herr von Mansdorf's excited mood was very pardonable. He not only had reason to congratulate himself that the spell which had rested on everything

he desired to undertake was now removed, but the man who had at last presented himself as co-heir appeared to be a person with whom business arrangements could be settled in the easiest and most amicable manner. Whatever traits of character might appear on a longer acquaintance, he was certainly neither arrogant, obstinate, nor argumentative. He preferred to listen rather than talk; did not show the slightest indiscreet curiosity about the property, which was of so much importance to him; paid Frau von Mansdorf and Adelheid the utmost attention—and thus made a most satisfactory impression upon all the members of the circle in which he had so suddenly appeared. It was long since so cheerful an evening had been spent in the little nook between the towers at Castle Wilstorp. Faustelmann alone took no part in the gayety. He had quietly retired at an early hour and gone "to see ghosts," as Herr von Mansdorf, in his excited mood, expressed it.

The following day only increased the pleasant impression Herr von Uffeln had made upon all the family. A few business matters were first settled, during which the notary and steward had been present, and Ulrich had acceded to everything proposed, especially when advised by Faustelmann, at whose grave countenance the young man often glanced, and who seemed to inspire him with a certain dread. Then, after dinner, a long walk had been taken through the fields and forests, to show the new heir the extent of the property. Ulrich von Uffeln had looked at these things with ever-increasing interest, and made inquiries about the method of cultivation and the income obtained from various portions of the estate. Herr von Mansdorf had given the most elaborate details with the pleasure felt by a man to whom this rôle rarely falls.

While the two distant cousins were entertaining each other in this way, Adelheid, who followed them with her mother, thought with deep emotion how grateful they all ought to be to this Ulrich von Uffeln, who was so good-natured a man that he did not seem to have the least intention of opposing any of the plans built upon his arrival; that they would now be at liberty for the winter, and could go out into the world, to the beautiful south, where her physician wanted to send her—the kind physician who was so truly solicitous about her health. Adelheid thought of the joyful surprise that would illuminate this doctor's face when he came to see her that evening, and she had told him her cousin was here at last. She resolved to walk a short distance down the road toward Idar, where he lived, about the time she expected him, in order to be able to give him the joyful news a little earlier.

On the way home, Ulrich von Uffeln and Adelheid walked side by side.

"How very different," said Adelheid, "you probably imagined all this to be, Herr von Uffeln!—far more beautiful and extensive, no doubt."

Ulrich shook his head.

"More beautiful? Ah! no. Different? Why, yes! But, to tell you the truth, I formed no idea of

it at all. A castle, a large landed property, people to give me a cordial welcome—I did not venture to imagine these things. "My former life was such that I could not believe they would fall to *my* lot. I have always been poor and dependent upon my own exertions; I was a soldier, and had no talent, no liking for my profession; I always felt uncomfortable in the uniform in which I was obliged to march and countermarch, and always go to places to which nothing attracted me. I was forced, while in this uniform, to consider myself the mortal enemy of men to aid in whose destruction I had come hundreds of miles, though these men had never done anything to injure me. And when one has such thoughts and feelings, *Fräulein*, he has no friends among the soldiers with whom he must live, and is very, very much alone, without home, friends, or object in life."

Adelheid nodded, touched and roused to sympathy by the thought of the joyless, desolate life this distant cousin had experienced.

"True," she said, "yet this state of affairs has one good side; you have not come to us with any exaggerated expectations, and therefore our simple circumstances cause you no disappointment."

"Oh, no, certainly not," he answered, smiling. "I am surprised, confused, and utterly humiliated, at the thought of being looked upon in this charming little world as a person who has a right to direct; that I have the same title to the estate as your father; it's the first time in my life that my wishes have ever been consulted, and it makes me—at least for the present—diffident and confused. I should prefer to leave everything just as it is, put all these things in your father's hands, and declare myself satisfied if you will receive me into your house as a friend, and allow me to remain and quietly pursue my musical studies in the pleasant corner-room where I was lodged last night."

"You are musical, then?"

"A little. Only, during my military life, I had no time to cultivate my taste. And now my wounded hand prevents it. I play on the flute."

"How unlucky that wound is—"

"Which brought me to you—I bless it."

"That is true," replied Adelheid, who was deeply touched by his kindness and modesty. "But now that you are here you must study your rights and duties as master."

"Oh, yes, I'll do that, too. Only help me a little. You see I shall need assistance a long time. Interest yourself in me a very, very little. It would make me so happy."

"I will at least tell you what I should advise," replied Adelheid, with a slight blush. "You see, my father is too indulgent, too ready to trust every one—he is so good himself. If you are also confiding and satisfied with everything, there will be danger that you will both be cheated—"

"Certainly, but Herr Faustelmann appears to understand everything so thoroughly, and be so devoted to his employer—"

"Faustelmann! Why, yes, though I"—Adel-

heid slightly lowered her voice—"though I don't quite know whether my parents do right in believing and trusting him so implicitly. It often seems to me—you won't betray me, will you?—it often seems to me as if his face was scarcely an honest one. I don't want to injure him, and he certainly has a wonderful gift; you'll see yourself what strange things he foresees, and how wonderfully they come to pass; but I think there is something deceitful about him, and he deceives the people who have so much respect for his supernatural gift—"

"You think," interrupted Ulrich von Uffeln, as if surprised, "that he turns people's faith in him to his own profit?"

"I have a feeling as if it were sometimes so," said Adelheid.

Ulrich von Uffeln was silent.

"I will take notice," he observed, after a long pause.

IV.

HERR VON MANSDORF and the newly-arrived cousin had paid a visit to Prince von Idar, and Princess Elizabeth had seen him. What marvel, then, that she was utterly astonished when, a few days after, she met in the forest the mysterious stranger, on whose card she read the name "Ulrich Gerhard von Uffeln?"

Never, in all her young life, had anything so occupied her imagination as the appearance of this man. But, reflect as she could upon the enigma of his name and appearance, she could discover no solution to the mystery. As she daily grew more eager to obtain some explanation, she at last took the course which seemed the only feasible one—to apply to Meyer Jochmaring. The stranger had betrayed that Meyer was the source through which he had heard of her. Therefore the latter must know him, and be able to give some information about him. So one fine afternoon Princess Elizabeth, accompanied by her faithful Marianne, set out on their walk to Meyer's farm, availing herself of the pretext that she wanted to give Meyer her father's receipt for the loan of his money. After a rapid walk through the forest, she again sat down on the bench under the old oaks. The old peasant was absent upon his farm, but his wife brought out some refreshments for the princess, fruit and honey, and, being excessively fond of talking, informed her of several remarkable events in the various stages of the production of flax, yarn, and linen, which had occurred this year, and commenced the same revelations on the great subject of butter, until the princess arrested her flow of words by stating that she had come to ask Meyer about a stranger, whom he must know, because this man had spoken to the princess of him.

The good woman's eyes sparkled with secret delight at having an opportunity to talk of this man. "You've seen and spoken to him, your highness?" she said, lowering her voice. "Then I can surely talk of it to you; he's the strangest person I ever saw. He came to our house one beautiful evening, just at dusk, and brought a note from our son, An-

ton, you know, your highness, who is in Spain, and in it was written: 'Dear parents, help the gentleman who brings you this, in everything he requires. He will tell you the rest himself.' This was all; but we have done what we could, and what he asked."

"And what did he ask?"

"Shelter and a place where he could live without being seen or disturbed by any one; the first night he slept in the house, but the next day he chose the most distant, secluded hut occupied by our farm-hands, sent to Stockheim for a huge trunk, and settled there, satisfying himself with the food cooked by the laborer's wife, and sometimes he comes and talks with Meyer; but who he really is, and what he wants, neither Meyer nor I know."

"Strange! And is this all you know of him?"

"All, except that in his trunk he has a great many books, over which he spends most of the day, and he paid the laborer in gold, which he had to get changed in Idar, and the people there told him it was English money."

English money! This caused a connection of ideas which suggested some vague explanation of the mystery. In those days English money appeared in every place where an effort was made to resist the power of France. English gold was like the blood that flowed through the veins of the general revolt against the great destroyer; so the stranger was perhaps one of the instruments of the great conflict, an instrument still concealed, perhaps to work in secret, perhaps to await a fixed hour, till the time to work had come.

"Did he tell you nothing about your son?" asked the princess—"how and where he met him?"

The woman shook her head. "Meyer says," she replied, "that he has told him all sorts of things—how they had been quartered together in a place where the English had been masters and kept our Anton a prisoner, but which they afterward surrendered to the French; but I couldn't understand much about it, nor Meyer either. But, my soul! there's the gentleman himself coming across the bridge yonder."

The princess looked up and saw the stranger approaching over the narrow wooden bridge thrown across the river; he walked slowly, with his hands crossed behind his back, and his eyes fixed thoughtfully upon the ground. When, raising his head, he chanced to perceive the princess, he advanced directly toward her, without either hastening or slackening his pace.

The princess felt that she changed color, as the man with whom her thoughts had been so much occupied of late unexpectedly appeared before her, and the consciousness that she was blushing deprived her of the self-command which was usually rarely shaken. Moreover, his eyes, half veiled by their drooping lids, rested upon her with as much coolness as if he were gazing at one of Meyer's farm-servants.

Yet he raised his hat with a very courteous bow, and quietly took the chair the farmer's wife offered, saying: "I am very happy to see you, your highness—how happy, I cannot clearly express; to un-

derstand it, you must, like me, have studied history all day long, fixed your thoughts on a dead world, and, when rousing yourself from this occupation, felt the emptiness of the present, the dreary void around you. Then you would be able to comprehend the feeling with which I find here a bit of living, charming life, that suddenly makes all the shadows of the past take to flight. Blessings upon you for it, although you certainly did not come with any such intention."

"No," replied the princess, smiling; "I did not come here with the intention of receiving such metaphysical compliments, far less with the expectation of hearing any one, in our busy times, talk about 'the emptiness of the present.'"

"I did not speak of that; I alluded to the terrible, God-forsaken emptiness of the world around me, and meant not the present time, but the immediate surroundings of a wretched little hut where I live."

"Does anything prevent you from leaving this place and living for the present, where it needs the strength of every man in its battles?"

"Yes, I must remain here, your highness," he answered, in a low tone, shaking his head; then, after a pause, added: "I have been in the army a long time, have seen war in its most horrible form; I was in Spain, engaged for months in the fiercest battles with guerrillas, witnessing innumerable horrors. At last this life became unendurable; I fell into a state of wretchedness; I revolted against the existence I was forced to lead, and welcomed it as a relief when, in consequence of an act of insubordination—"

"You shot one of your comrades through the head, as you told me a short time ago," said the princess, in a half-grave, half-incredulous tone; "was it that?"

"Right. It was that, and it saved me from an utterly unendurable position. As I was a German, whom they no longer trusted implicitly, the French officers under whom I served did me the kindness to treat the matter far more seriously than usual, and ordered me before a court-martial which condemned me to be shot. The sentence required to be approved by the general of division, and he was absent. I was obliged to wait two days as a condemned man, before his approval could be procured. Two long days! Have you any idea what those words mean? Two days, during which a man can hear no footstep approach without thinking it is that of the guard who will enter to say: 'Come! The moment is at hand!' Two days! And then—oh! the nights, the nights!"

The stranger passed his hand across his face, whose variable expression while speaking rendered him peculiarly attractive; it seemed as if he wished to shut out the shadow of the horrible memory he had conjured up.

"Good Heavens!" said the princess, drawing a long breath, "condemned to death for two whole days, expecting the sentence to be executed every moment! How was it possible to endure? How can people inflict such tortures on each other?"

"That it was possible to endure it, you see by me, your highness, for I still live; I am really still walking in the flesh, if I'm not mistaken, for sometimes it seems to me as if I were—as if I did not belong to the unknown world that surrounds me, the unfamiliar people among whom I move."

"What was the end of the story?" asked the princess. "How were you saved?"

"How was I saved? Strangely enough! The general's approval of the sentence of death arrived toward evening. It was to be executed within the hour. I was brought out of prison with my hands tied behind my back, the inevitable monk beside me, while the detachment which was to escort me outside the city, and aid my departure to another world, stood drawn up before the building. As it began to march, and we passed through the narrow, already dusky streets of the little Spanish town, I heard firing in the distance; the soldiers did not heed it, but the sound grew louder, and came from the direction in which we were proceeding. The commanding officer ordered the men to quicken their pace. We passed through the narrow gate, and had already entered the field, in which I saw the mound of earth that had been thrown from my grave, when suddenly drums beat within the city behind us, and, at the same time, we heard renewed firing, as if the place had been attacked from an opposite direction. My detachment moved hastily forward to get rid of me as soon as possible; the officer had already shouted 'Halt!' when a shot was fired directly before us; men appeared on the ridge of ground that bordered the field; clouds of blue smoke rose above them. They were guerrillas, who, combined with other troops, had attacked the city and hoped to take it by surprise. Our officer, in his astonishment, grew confused, gave orders to advance upon the band now rushing down the hill, saw that the force was very numerous, turned to command a retreat, and perceived his men already in full flight toward the gate of the city, to save themselves behind it. Nobody troubled himself about me, and I was speedily surrounded and captured by the guerrillas. When I declared that I was an Englishman, and was to have been shot for a spy, they left me to myself, and I of course did not neglect to make my escape. After wandering about all night, I succeeded in reaching an English corps, and presented myself as a German enrolled in the army of France, who had taken advantage of the guerrilla attack to desert. While with this corps, I met some French soldiers who had been taken prisoners in a recent engagement. Among them was a man from this neighborhood who had formerly been in my company, and was warmly attached to me—Meyer's son. When I told him I was coming here, he gave me a letter to his father."

"Is he still a prisoner?"

"No, he was exchanged in a few days. At the end of a few weeks, as soon as I succeeded in procuring some money, I went to England, and thence sailed to a German port."

"And no impulse urged you to enter the ranks of those who are fighting for Germany?"

"No; I don't wish to be a soldier. I cannot. Don't you understand my feelings?"

"Certainly. And now you have ventured here under a false name, because the real one would endanger your life if the French authorities should find you."

"Under a false name?"

"Why, of course—the name you assumed is not yours. It belongs to another—you know that. So be cautious. You might be called to account."

"Of course I might be."

"Why, yes. Do you suppose Herr von Uffeln is so absorbed in his new-found estate, new authority, and love-affair, that—"

"Love-affair?"

"It is said that he is going to marry Fräulein Adelheid von Mansdorf."

"Do people say so?"

"Certainly—and it is natural that hands should be united as well as interests."

"Ah, yes!" replied the stranger, and then relapsed into a sorrowful reverie.

"Of what are you thinking?"

He passed his hand across his brow, as if to arouse himself from a dream, and said:

"Let us talk of other things. What brings you here, your highness? Love for these beautiful old trees? You are right in lavishing your affection upon them."

"Only they don't return it."

"It is the fate of happy mortals to love without finding a return."

"Happy? How paradoxical!"

"And yet true. A reciprocated affection, which leads in the usual way to ordinary marriage, soon becomes commonplace; the aroma, the poesy evaporates, and the heart cannot succeed in developing the real flower of life—passion. Are not those unhappy mortals who pass through life dreaming, sleeping, without ever knowing passion? Only he who is so fortunate as to love in vain learns to know it, learns something of its demoniacal power; suffering unseals all the dark, hidden springs of the heart, and he perceives the full extent and depth of human life. Is he not, therefore, to be considered happy?"

The princess, amazed at such views, thoughtfully shook her head. After a pause, she said, smiling:

"Then you were undoubtedly right in giving your love where you were sure not to find a return."

"My love? Oh! I remember what I told you—but how was it?"

"What? You have already forgotten your poor Spanish nun? Then *that* passion cannot have been very ardent."

"Perhaps," replied the stranger, gazing at the princess with a subtle, significant smile, "it has been crowded out of my heart by a new and greater one."

The princess blushed and rose. This was too much frankness—if it were not insolence. Her royal blood rebelled against so much presumption. She said a few words more to Meyer's wife, who had remained a silent listener throughout the whole con-

versation ; then left a message for Meyer Jochmaring, beckoned to Marianne, and went away without vouchsafing even a glance at the man who had so deeply offended her.

The latter looked after her gravely and thoughtfully, while a slight smile hovered around his lips.

The princess walked very rapidly. She was evidently greatly excited. Marianne, who tried several times to commence a conversation, received no reply. At last, when they were approaching the castle, the princess exclaimed in a loud, vehement tone : "I believe he's a horrid liar, and is laughing at me in his sleeve because I looked at him with such childish credulity, while he told me the most impossible things. The impertinent fellow !"

V.

MEANTIME Herr Ulrich Gerhard von Uffeln, with his quiet, unassuming manners, had become domesticated at Castle Wilstorp as a member of the family. He filled Herr von Mansdorf's pipes and drank with him, listened to Frau von Mansdorf with the most winning attention when the latter explained the really almost incomprehensible relationship between the Von Uffels and the Von Mansdorfs. But he devoted himself to Adelheid with a certain timid embarrassment, who, though frank and cordial as she was to every one else, showed these qualities very little to the distant cousin, and began to treat him with a coolness which showed the young man's amiable character in a still brighter light, as he did not permit any personal sensitiveness, so natural under such circumstances, to interrupt the faithful homage he gave her. Besides, when Adelheid behaved with unusual unkindness, it might be attributed to her physical condition ; she looked ill, and often complained of fatigue and headache—a state of health, however, which seemed to cause her mother no anxiety, for the latter merely said :

"It will pass off as it often did. It's not at all necessary to send for Dr. Günther. I don't want to see the doctor eternally in the house ; we shall be able to help ourselves now. Thanks to the kindness of Cousin Uffeln, who has placed all his share of the money received for timber at our disposal, we shall go south to spend the winter—that will cure you entirely."

It was evidently as Princess Elizabeth had said : the rumor of a union of hands as well as interests, at Castle Wilstorp, was well founded, for Frau von Mansdorf was determined to accomplish such a marriage. Thus the arrival of the cousin had been to Adelheid by no means the joyful event it proved to all the others.

All the others, we say, yet we must make a second exception—that of a slender young man, with delicate, refined features and dark, wavy hair, who, seated in Herr Plümer's study, formed, with his graceful, elegant figure, a peculiar contrast to the notary in a torn dressing-gown and tobacco-stained linen.

"Life is a sorrowful business, my dear Adolf," said Herr Plümer to his young companion, "which

is a lesson you have doubtless learned sufficiently well beside your patients' sick-beds. But what you perhaps have not had occasion to learn so thoroughly is the truth of the proverb, 'One thing a man must have, and that is, common-sense—or a rope to hang himself.' I think you have the common-sense."

"I have common-sense," replied the young physician, "and believe I've given sufficient proof of it by not going to Wilstorp long ago to have a plain explanation with this fellow, this Uffeln, and tell him—"

"What could you tell him which would alter the position of affairs one hair's-breadth ? The income of the Wilstorp property is not enough for two families. If this Uffeln marries a stranger and brings her home, there may be countless children ; all must stay there together, and it will make a dog's life for all. Therefore, the only wise, proper, and natural thing to do, is for Uffeln to enter the family by marrying Adelheid. This will smooth everything, and prevent any possible conflict of interests. Besides, it will be pleasant for Adelheid herself to be able to marry without leaving her parents' house—"

"Marry a stranger whom she does not, cannot love ! Pray, uncle, don't utter the word, don't conjure up the idea, or you will drive me mad."

"Your madness must be cured, and the best way of doing so is to reflect that Adelheid's marriage with her cousin would afford a more lasting guarantee for her happiness than if she were to accept you and move out of her beautiful home to your modest house. Yes, it is one of the best in the city ; and you have property, too ; but even the most solid and respectable plebeian home could not long satisfy a girl of noble birth ; and—"

"Oh, there is no sense in what you are saying, uncle," interrupted Adolf. "I am sure of Adelheid's affection : she has confessed that she desires no greater happiness than to spend her life by my side, and plebeian or noble birth has nothing to do with it. But what ought to be considered is Adelheid's health, she is not strong, and if they force her to marry against her inclination, do violence to her feelings, to her heart, her inner life, they will fling her into the arms of death. This I know as a physician."

"Humph !" said the notary, "if the god Æsculapius enters into the affair, I must be silent. I have advised you to use common-sense as a remedy against your despair ; but this counsel won't apply to women's diseases. Besides, your prognostic seems to me more passionate than scientific."

"No, no, that it is not," exclaimed Adolf ; "I know how delicate Adelheid is, how deeply she feels, and how much her recovery depends upon an untroubled mind. Has she not been remarkably well during the past few months ? Have not all the dangerous symptoms disappeared ? Well, this occurred at the moment we confessed our mutual love, when I acknowledged my passion for her, when the condition of torturing agitation ceased, which always—"

"Now soaring to heaven, now sorrowful unto death," interrupted the notary. "Why, yes, I yield if you have intrenched yourself behind medical science, but in that case I can give you no advice what-

ever. You will not divert Frau von Mansdorf from her plan, though you might succeed in softening her husband. Unfortunately, he is not the ruler of the household. She is an excellent woman in other respects; but any opposition to her will always produces a chemical effect: it develops an acid, which crystallizes into the obstinacy of a mule. Both husband and wife are really governed by Herr Faustelmann, who hates us because we are a little skeptical about his visions. He will undoubtedly act against you. So there is nothing left for you to do, except try this Uffeln himself, and inform him of the state of affairs. He seems to be a gentle, good-natured man, and, when you have tried your eloquence upon him, perhaps he will renounce Adelheid's hand, and promise to live forever at Wilstorp as an unmarried cousin, in order not to incommode the Von Mansdorf family."

Adolf Günther shook his head. "He may be good-natured and unassuming enough," said he; "but he seems to me like a characterless fellow, who will do what Frau von Mansdorf and his selfishness tell him."

"Hem! yes," replied the notary, "I, too, think such a step would be unavailing."

A pause ensued. At last Herr Plümer rose, cleaned his spectacles, filled his pipe, and then turned to one of his book-shelves to search for a paper. He was evidently tired of discussing an affair that seemed to him so purposeless.

"Listen," said he, drawing out one of the bundles of documents; "as a good lawyer ought not to send his client away without any advice, I'll give you some. Tell your story to Princess Elizabeth; she is your great patroness, and also very friendly to Adelheid. If any one can be of service in this affair, she is the person to invent ways and means."

"You are right, uncle," replied the young physician, after a pause; "I have already thought of it myself."

"Has she seen this Uffeln?"

"Yes; he called at the castle."

"Well, then, she knows him. She would see through such a person at a single glance. She's great at that. I have often been astonished at her penetration. Go and confide your sorrow to her."

Adolf rose and took his hat. "I will go there at once," said he. "I have a patient at the castle—perhaps I shall find the princess with her: she is always full of anxiety for all her servants. So farewell."

Meyer Jochmaring was again seated on the bench under his trees, but to-day he had other company than the aristocratic society in which we first saw him, and the refreshment was also different from what he had offered the princess, for whom, indeed, it would not have been very suitable, since it consisted of a bottle of very ordinary brandy. The forester Runkelstein, however, seemed to be accustomed to this panacea of agricultural life, and the apothecary from Idar had already allowed his glass to be filled for the second time, while Faustelmann, who sat opposite, had not touched his. The men

were tolerably near each other, and seemed to be discussing, with great earnestness, some subject of much interest. The descendant of Wittekind's old follower had contracted his eyebrows as gloomily as if he were some grim old Saxon judge.

"If we only knew with more certainty how much truth there is in the news of Prussian and Russian victories," said Runkelstein, "we might enter into it. But the French act as if they still remained conquerors, and so long as we can't get at the plain truth we should be fools to engage in anything so dangerous."

"The tales of French successes are pure inventions; I'll answer for that, Runkelstein," eagerly exclaimed the little apothecary; "they're pure inventions, all lies." Blücher defeated them in Silesia; they were terribly beaten at Katzbach, and I'll bet my shop against your blouse that before autumn not one of them will be seen on the shore of the Weser. But we sha'n't drive them out of the country without putting forth all our strength, and, when the hour comes for each individual to do what he can, he must be ready or he'll be no patriot and no true German; and we all, as true men, belong to the emperor and empire, the German Empire which the French have seized, and we must get back what we have had."

"Yes," said Meyer; "we must have that again, for, without it, the world is out of joint. When it comes to that, Widmer, Meyer Jochmaring will be the first to strike. I'll do my best for emperor and empire. Only tell me when the hour is at hand and I'll not fail to be present with my long duck-gun, and powder and shot, and whatever else is wanted. But I don't know that we can do anything but wait."

"That's just what the people in other neighborhoods don't think, Meyer," replied the apothecary. "In other neighborhoods they've done more than be content with their old duck-guns. They have secretly collected arms, smuggled rifles from England into little ports on the Baltic Sea, obtained ammunition, and prepared everything to be ready to revolt when the time comes. And that's just what we ought not to omit to do. You, Meyer, have your gun hanging over the hearthstone. But your farm-hands have no weapons; and all whose will is good, but who have no arms, must be provided with them. Money must be collected and lists prepared, to which each who is ready to help can set a cross for his name. Then we can decide how many guns we need, and on how many men we can depend."

"But," interposed Runkelstein, "who will venture to attend to the smuggling in of these guns? Not I, and our worthy Faustelmann here doesn't look as if he were inclined to do it either."

"I couldn't meddle in any such business," replied Faustelmann, "without my master's knowledge. I must also request to have my name omitted from the lists, but I'm ready to give money."

"That's the main thing, after all," said the apothecary; "others will provide for the purchase of the weapons."

"But, Widmer," observed Runkelstein, "you

don't mean to smuggle muskets and cartridges into the country, packed in your camphor-boxes?"

"Not exactly," replied the patriotic pharmacist, "not I, but men have already been appointed to take charge of the business. Don't you suppose the Tugendbund has had its emissaries in the country long ago?"

"No, indeed," said Runkelstein, "I would never have believed that; I've beaten many a bush in my hunting-circuit, but never driven out any such game."

"In your hunting-circuit? I don't know what they should be doing there. One has been to *me*; and more than once. He discussed the matter with me; I introduced him to several gentlemen in Idar; what else has been done I can't say at this time. But you see how the hare runs, Runkelstein, and that I know more about *this* business than you."

"He must be a bold man," interposed Faustelmann, "to venture to carry on such business in this neighborhood, which is swarming with French gendarmes."

"Pshaw!" replied the apothecary, "when a cause is losing, its supporters grow dull and stupid; while the French gendarmes once seemed to have eyes in the back of their heads, they now no longer see well with those in front. We shall never get on if we have too much caution; it's time to act. So, Meyer Jochmaring, what will you contribute?—And you, Runkelstein, will you make out a list of the trustworthy men in your hunting-circuit?—You, Faustelmann, are ready to give money. How much?"

"Are you sure your emissary is really an agent of the Tugendbund, and doesn't merely want to cheat us out of our money?" asked Faustelmann.

"I have convinced myself of that. I saw his papers, a letter written by Stein's own hand."

This seemed to turn the scale; under such circumstances, the men were not disinclined to actively support the cause of their native land. Jochmaring and Faustelmann named small sums, which they were willing to give the apothecary, and Runkelstein agreed to bring the list the following Sunday, at which time all three would meet at the apothecary's shop in Idar for another discussion of the affair. Faustelmann then took leave, and Runkelstein joined him. When they had gone, the apothecary emptied his glass and held out his hand to Meyer.

"Good-by till we meet again, Meyer," said he. "I must set out for home now; I have a long walk, for I must go round by the ruined castle."

"The ruined castle? What takes you there?"

"I want to look for a certain plant," replied the apothecary, with a sly smile, as he lifted a box of herbs on his back; "it grows there in the marshy ground."

"Runkelstein saw a strange vision in the ruined castle a short time ago," said Meyer.

"What! Runkelstein?—Faustelmann, perhaps?"

"No, Runkelstein, the forester."

"What—really?" exclaimed the apothecary, as if startled.

"He told me so himself."

"But what did he see? No; I must hear from

himself. Good-by, Meyer Jochmaring, good-by. I shall overtake him."

With these words the apothecary, evidently greatly excited, ran after the forester and Faustelmann.

VI.

EARLY in the morning of the following day, Faustelmann brought to the castle the letters and newspapers from the post. Among them were a letter and a dainty note sealed with a prince's coronet. The newspapers contained important tidings, for, although they gave accounts of battles in which, of course, the French arms gained new laurels, they betrayed in their report of the last movements of the troops that all Napoleon's forces were concentrating and retreating, and, after repulses of the Prussians and Russians in Silesia, had returned to Dresden, the very spot whence they had started. But the letter Herr Faustelmann brought, and which was written by a friend of Herr von Mansdorf, who lived in a larger city, situated nearer the eastern part of Germany, contained still more important tidings. It stated that the people there had received trustworthy news of two encounters, which the papers, being under French censorship, had not mentioned: one at Gross-Beeren, the other at Hagelberg, where a French division had been utterly destroyed.

This was powerful encouragement to the patriots. Herr von Mansdorf, after reading the letter aloud to the steward, struck his clinched hand heavily on the table, and invited Faustelmann to join him in drinking to the success of the allies; but his steward shook his head, and replied that it was rather early in the day for that. Besides, he had to go up to Herr von Uffeln and deliver him the note with the coronet, for it was addressed to him.

Herr von Uffeln was sitting in the pleasant corner room which looked out upon the pond and forest behind Castle Wilstorp. He had had very little baggage when he arrived; his sole property, except the few articles of dress lying around the room, consisted of a pretty little crayon picture—his mother's portrait—which he said had accompanied him through all his campaigns, and which he had now hung under the Venetian mirror, beside a small image of the Madonna, wrought in silver, a souvenir of Spain. He also owned a pair of very beautiful pistols, and his sword, which he had fastened on the wall between the windows, and finally a flute, with which he was now occupied, trying, with touching patience, to execute a piece of music in spite of the difficulties caused by his inability to use all his fingers.

At Herr Faustelmann's entrance he rose and fixed upon him a glance of shyness and alarm.

"Nothing has called me here, Herr von Uffeln," said Faustelmann, "except a note the postman from Idar brought you. It has a prince's coronet on the seal, and is addressed in a lady's hand."

Herr von Uffeln took the note and tore it open.

"Strange!" said he; "it's from the Princess Elizabeth. She begs me to call upon her. What can it mean? What can Princess Elizabeth have to say to me?"

"Heaven knows!" answered Faustelmann, shrugging his shoulders. "I can't imagine anything, except that she wants to talk with you about business matters."

"Business matters? Princess Elizabeth?"

"Why not? Her highness, they say, is a regular little lawyer. When the prince doesn't wish to make overtures himself, he sends her to cleverly break the ice. The times have caused the prince all sorts of embarrassments; perhaps he anticipated trouble in arranging with Herr von Uffeln about the revenues of Wilstorp, so Princess Elizabeth must try whether—"

"The princess?"

"Why, yes; as I said, she is his little minister of finance, and the terror of his princely exchequer."

"I am still curious," replied Herr von Uffeln, shaking his head. "At any rate, I'll set out at once."

"Then let us walk part of the way together. I'll join you, if you will go a little distance out of the direct road with me."

"Out of the direct road? Where?"

"About a musket-shot from the straight road to Idar stands a dilapidated old building called the 'Kropp,' an ancient castle belonging to the prince, but which, for many years, has had no occupants except rats and bats."

"And you want to call on these rats and bats?"

"Not exactly. I only want to look about the old place a little. The forester tells a story to which I did not give much heed at first; for when such a man, who is accustomed to a solitary life, spends an evening in the city with jolly companions, he is quite capable of seeing very strange things on his way home. But in the little city of Idar lives an apothecary, a cunning fellow, who yesterday heard the story in my presence, and betrayed repressed but very evident agitation. The apothecary isn't a man to be thrown off his balance by any chimera. So I want to know the connection between the Kropp, the apothecary's uneasiness, and the forester's gossip about children's coffins and bodiless heads."

"Children's coffins? Bodiless heads? Pray, tell me what you mean!"

Faustelmann smiled.

"Why, yes," said he; "you don't feel troubled about them. Why should the apothecary have been?"

"What stories people tell in this strange country!" exclaimed Ulrich Gerhard von Uffeln. "But you can tell me more particularly on the way. Sit down till I have changed my clothes to call on the princess, then we'll go together."

Faustelmann sat down, and Herr von Uffeln proceeded with his toilet. Then both left Castle Wilstorp. Herr Faustelmann struck into a path through the woods, which of course was unfamiliar to his companion: they said little to each other; Faustelmann was always quiet, and Herr von Uffeln seemed to be again absorbed in thought.

"Faustelmann," he said, suddenly, as if rousing himself from these thoughts, "tell me the truth.

Does the young lady love another? does she love the young doctor who has been attending her? I want to know. For if it is so, I don't wish to force myself upon her."

"Who told you anything about that?" replied Faustelmann.

"I don't know—a certain instinct made me divine it. She is evidently suffering. No physician is called, though I gather from the conversation that one used to come very frequently. When, a few days ago, I advised her mother to send for a doctor, she answered in a tone of evident annoyance that there was no physician in Idar in whom she had confidence—there was no one but a young and still inexperienced man; and here Fräulein Adelheid, evidently greatly agitated, said with trembling lips, 'I have confidence in Dr. Günther.' Her mother's only reply was a furious glance, and the conversation ended. I think that betrayed enough."

"Oh, pshaw! it betrayed that the mother and daughter have different opinions about their physician, nothing more. That ought not to induce a man to give up a well-considered plan."

"I am not a man," said Herr von Uffeln, after a pause, "who knows how to win a young girl's fancy. My life hitherto has not been of a nature to gain experience of that kind," he added, with a bitter smile.

"I believe," replied Herr Faustelmann, "you told me that you were head over ears in love with Fräulein Adelheid—that Fräulein Adelheid seemed to you an angel. You want no experience to show a young girl you think her an angel. After all, these blooming, rosy creatures are only flowers that belong to the hand which first plucks them."

Herr von Uffeln sadly shook his head, but made no reply.

The steward led the way, his tall figure bent forward, his hands, which held a stout cane, clasped behind his back. When they emerged from the bushes into a marshy tract of land, dotted with small pools of water and clumps of alders, he began to look keenly around from time to time in every direction, as if he wished to ascertain whether he was seen by any human eye. But no one appeared to be in the vicinity of this deserted spot.

"For what is the building used now?" asked Herr von Uffeln.

"The building," replied Faustelmann, "only serves to keep alive hope in the mind of the prince's treasurer that somebody may one day be found to add a few thalers to the Von Idar income by paying rent for it.—But take care! keep close behind me, that you may not get into a swamp."

Uffeln cautiously followed him along the firm, dry path which led to the building from this direction, and with which Herr Faustelmann seemed perfectly familiar. The bridge over the moat was replaced by a wall of earth, and this led to a narrow piece of firm, dry ground at the foot of the building. Herr Faustelmann walked along it to the nearest corner, and, turning around it, said:

"Here is a door which I hope will admit us—unless it is more maliciously disposed toward us than

others, to whom it has evidently opened hospitably. Do you see?"

He pointed to the ground, where the damp earth showed traces of the footsteps of several men, who must have gone in and out no very long time before.

"Well," said Von Uffeln, "the building, though not occupied, is undoubtedly visited; these were probably the bearers of your—what did you say?—children's coffins?"

Meantime Faustelmann had reached the small, arched door. He tried to push it open, but it was locked.

"Not accessible to creatures of flesh and blood like ourselves!" exclaimed Von Uffeln.

"We'll see," answered Faustelmann, carelessly drawing from his pocket a handful of short but strong keys.

"Ah! you have picklocks."

"One must be prepared for everything—picklocks and corkscrews are practical inventions."

Those Herr Faustelmann brought with him most assuredly were. The second one he tried opened the door.

They entered, and Faustelmann cautiously closed it behind him. Then they walked up a dusty old wooden staircase, which led into a small, bare ante room, and through an unlocked dark doorway into an equally bare sitting-room, behind which were other apartments, where nothing was visible save rubbish and dilapidation.

After a hasty inspection of the suite of apartments, Faustelmann returned to the larger sitting-room, which was only lighted by a few rays that found their way between the wooden shutters. He opened one of the windows, and threw back the shutters, then carefully examined the floor, rapping it here and there with the heel of his boot.

"Here it is," he said, at last. "Here's the trap-door for which I was looking."

"Oh, you were looking for a trap-door?" cried Uffeln, as Faustelmann smilingly pointed with the toe of his boot to a crack in the floor.

"Of course I was looking for a trap-door, an opening in the floor through which a man might look in such a way that a drunken forester would suppose he saw a bodiless head standing on the floor. And now let's investigate the affair still further."

Herr Faustelmann drew out a pocket-knife, whose strong blade he inserted in the crack; a powerful pressure, and the door rose. With a little assistance from Uffeln it was laid noiselessly back against the wall.

"Well oiled, and kept in excellent condition," observed the steward, sarcastically, and then descended the narrow staircase which the trap-door had revealed.

Uffeln followed, but the gloom of the subterranean world they had entered soon became so profound that Herr Faustelmann had an opportunity to give a fresh proof of his foresight in providing for everything, and the thorough preparations he had made for this investigation. Pausing at the foot of

the stairs, he drew out a wax-candle and tinder-box, and soon, by dint of flint, steel, and tinder, had obtained a little flame, at which he lighted the taper.

The light revealed a cellar of moderate size. Herr Faustelmann, raising his candle, advanced a few steps, while Uffeln reached the foot of the staircase.

"Look! look!" he exclaimed, triumphantly; "here they are!"

Herr von Uffeln started.

"What have you found, Faustelmann?" he asked.

"The children's coffins! There they stand all together, and arranged in the best possible order."

Uffeln had come up, and now gazed in astonishment at the mysterious boxes, on which Herr Faustelmann threw the light of his candle.

"Indeed!" he exclaimed. "But, Herr Faustelmann, are these really coffins?"

Faustelmann made no reply. He gave the candle to his companion to hold, and then grasped with both hands one of the strong leather handles affixed to the boxes. Raising one of them, he suddenly let it fall. They heard a sound like the rattling of iron.

"No," said the steward, "these are no coffins, though they look somewhat like them; they are boxes in which guns are packed."

"Guns?"

Faustelmann nodded, smilingly.

"But tell me—"

"What is there to tell? If people have taken the trouble to collect a little store of weapons here, they must intend to use them, and if, as the forester chanced by accident to discover, they bring them here at night, and hide them in the cellar of this deserted building, the time for using these arms has not yet come—surely that is clear."

"Yes, that is clear; but I don't understand who the people can be that—"

"What you can understand more easily, Herr von Uffeln," replied Faustelmann, beginning to retrace his steps, "is that, if any French gendarmes or magistrates should find us here, they would mistake us for these people and make short work with us. This old castle has always been considered an unhealthy place; these little boxes don't make it any less so, nor the two casks yonder, which—doubtless to keep them drier—have been put on a heap of brushwood; they look as if they might contain powder—so come, let us get away. I know what I wanted to know."

Herr Faustelmann mounted the stairs and put out his candle; then, after Uffeln had followed, shut the trap-door, pushed some of the plastering which had fallen from the ceiling over the crack, and closed the shutters.

"You have dropped nothing, lost nothing?" he asked, looking around. "No? Then let us go on."

They went, and after they had left the building, and convinced themselves by a few searching glances that no one had noticed them, Faustelmann turned toward the path by which they had come.

"Your way," said he, "now leads yonder. Keep

on around the building on this narrow strip of earth, and you will soon reach the highway that leads to Idar. Of course, you understand that we must say nothing about our discovery."

"Of course," replied Herr von Uffeln, frankly, "it's not our business to betray what strange stores the cellar of this old building contains."

"No," replied Faustelmann; "and, so long as the secret remains in our possession, we shall have the pleasure of thinking that, by giving a hint to the authorities, we can explode a mine that will blow people who have no suspicion of it into the air."

"That would be a fiendish pleasure."

"That's just why," replied Faustelmann, with a sarcastic smile, "we won't take this pleasure, so long as it would be only a pleasure, and not an advantage, a protection, a necessity."

"A necessity—how so?"

"I have my powers of second-sight," replied Herr Faustelmann, nodding, and then, turning away, added: "But now we'll both set out on our way; it isn't well to linger long under the shadow of the old castle. Farewell, Herr von Uffeln." With these words he walked rapidly away, leaving his companion to seek the little city alone.

It was certainly not hard to find; the four massive, lofty towers of the ancient residence of the princes of Idar served as a guide, and, after little more than fifteen minutes' walk, Uffeln stood before the edifice. Being unfamiliar with the mode of approach, he wandered into an inner court-yard, where a groom, who was currying a horse, pointed out a vaulted passage leading to the nearest wing.

"At the end of the passage you'll reach a vestibule, where you'll find somebody to show you to her highness Princess Elizabeth," said the man.

Uffeln walked through the long, dark passage, which led to a broad and beautiful entrance, adorned with orange-trees and plants with vari-colored leaves. Lofty glass doors opened from this upon the terrace, beyond which extended the park. At the opposite end a wide staircase led to the upper stories, and near this staircase a footman sat at a table, occupied with pen and paper.

Uffeln had walked slowly through the dark passage; just as, emerging from it, he entered the vestibule, he saw a man approach across the terrace, open the central door, and turn to the lackey, who, rising, came forward to meet him.

The visitor had a lithe, powerful figure, was fashionably attired, and had an easy, confident bearing.

"I wish to see Princess Elizabeth," he said.

"What name shall I give?" asked the footman.

"Herr Ulrich Gerhard von Uffeln," replied the stranger, aloud.

The servant bowed and went up the stairs. The stranger followed, as if the idea that his visit might be declined had never entered his mind.

Herr von Uffeln had paused with a face of death-like pallor as the stranger uttered his name, and with dilated eyes stared after him. He then put out his hand toward the wall of the vestibule, as if he needed support, and stood thus for a time until the steps above had long since died away; at last he gasped for breath, turned, rapidly retraced his steps along the path by which he had come, and hurried away with the air of a man who fears some shape of horror behind him. Not until the castle was far distant did he moderate his pace.

[END OF PART I.]

RENUNCIATION.

OUT into the gusty twilight weather—
Out, my wayward darling, from your side,
Into paths we may not tread together,
Pass I patient, silent, sober-eyed.

For a little while along the meadows,
Heart and step still keeping mutual time,
Have we strayed through blended lights and shadows,
Beating out the measure of a rhyme—

Of that strange, glad rhyme whose blissful burden
Is the echo of the name of Love,
Whose great music is its own full guerdon,
Dropped from some grand harmony above!

But the path grows rugged—dim and dismal
Just beyond this turn the river runs:
Sweeps it on to shadowy deeps abysmal,
Or to fairer fields and mellower suns?

Who would know must plunge in, calm, unfearing,
Take the tides of Fate and breast them out,

No eye guiding, and no strong hand steering;—
And you could not, cannot brave the doubt.

Still to you the meadow-grass is sweeter
Than the possible islands far away;
Dearer to you joy's gay, careless metre
Than the full song of the upper day.

For your mother, Nature, when she crowned you,
Child, with that supreme, imperious grace,
Breathed her own immortal spell around you—
Set her sovereign seal upon your face.

Still that spell must bind you to her flowers,
To her suns and stars and gracious skies;
And the shadow of my sterner hours
Would but trouble those clear, peaceful eyes.

So I pass alone and leave you standing
There, amid her daisies and her dews;
Ah! upon that other, higher landing,
Shall I find the half of what I lose?

BARTON GREY.

OUT OF LONDON.

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

CHAPTER IV.

SETTLING.—(*Continued.*)

I.

SOME phases of English life are so comfortable and engaging that I am tempted to make them out even better than they are; others are so unlovely that I can scarcely refrain (for the sake of picturesque effect, if for no other reason) from painting their ugliness yet a little uglier. Indeed, I somewhat incline to the opinion that there is such a thing as being too anxiously correct. In the elusive phantasmagory of this material world, accuracy and impartiality are virtues which can have no real existence. A man may deal exclusively in photographs and auction-catalogues, and yet be farther from the truth than the avowed fiction-monger. It is truer to be true to the spirit than to be true to the letter, and seldom is it possible to be true to both at once. It is not reverent nor wise to try to gain a march upon the natural processes of the mind; let it keep its atmosphere, its clouds, the charming falsehoods of its perspective, and its occasional mirages. Memory and imagination produce a more faithful picture than can be put together from the crude materials of the contemporary note-book. I should like to create in the reader some of the feelings which England has created in me, and to effect this end I must labor to give him typical impressions rather than nice statistics. The mirror which I shall hold up to Nature is not a straight but a convex one—magnifying one part of the prospect at the expense of another; never presenting a flat fact, and yet, perhaps, giving a truer general idea than if it did. It is a universal axiom that things and people get their deserts in this world only by dint of the world's consistent partiality. What with praising the bad and traducing the good the just level is unjustly maintained. The conclusion appears cynical, but is in reality just the reverse of that. A beneficent Providence knows that the best way to bother the evil-one is to let him trip up over his own tail.

I am impelled to these platitudes partly by a twinge of conscience. On comparing the dwelling of my friend Hedgley with the description of it penned awhile back, I fear I may have been guilty of the fault I reprehended in the estate-agent, and have made the ivy which drapes the front of the building a trifle too luxuriant, and the turf of the lawn somewhat too soft and deep. But, if I have lounged there through a pleasant afternoon, or if I have found it uncomfortable during an east wind, it would be affectation in me deliberately to suppress from my picture whatever sunshine or shadow my own experience may have cast upon it. Let us like and dislike with a frankness superior to the limits of petty conscientiousness, and not study too painfully to be fair one

way or the other—fairness will come in when it is least expected. One of the vulgarest prejudices of the day seems to me to be the prejudice against prejudices. We might as reasonably grumble because all mankind have not an identical line of profile. Most English prejudices are absurd enough, no doubt; yet, what most attracts me to an Englishman is his prejudices. All Nature is full of prejudices: they are the salt of the cosmic egg. Clouds are the prejudices of the sky, waves of the sea, winds of the atmosphere, climates of the earth. Human individuality is the greatest of prejudices, and let us hope an eternal one. Creation is the sublime balance of all prejudices, and their sufficient justification. I am prejudiced, it will be observed, in favor of prejudice; and I desire to address myself solely to prejudiced persons—only let them not be prejudiced against finding my prejudices reasonable.

II.

A PREJUDICE from which it is time that we should free ourselves is the widely-spread one that the John Bull of the political cartoons represents the typical and collective Englishman. Mr. Punch seems to think he does; and probably it would be difficult to replace him with any figure generally and involuntarily recognizable. But the fact remains not only that a vast class of Englishmen own little or no relationship with John Bull, but that John Bull is wanting in many of the most essentially English traits. It will require a penetrative genius, however, to detect and declare what the really essential English traits are. It will not do to depend upon his whiskers, nor upon the cast of his features, nor the contour of his figure, nor even upon the fashion of his garments. I doubt whether the crucial peculiarity be a physical one at all—whether there exist any such points of difference as would serve to distinguish an English corpse from a French, German, or American one. We must look rather to such intangible things as manner, gait, gesture, and expression, and at most to the fashion of those lines and furrows around the mouth and eyes, which Time, guiding his burin in conformity with the silent indications of character, engraves on every human countenance. It is the Englishman's way of moving the various parts of his body, and not the parts themselves, which proclaims him.

If this be admitted, our next step is to inquire into the spiritual qualities whereof both body and gesture are but the expression. The path is beset with intricacies enough to disconcert the most thoughtful student; and possibly the end in view might not recompense him for the pains he has been at to work up to it. It is easy to talk about pluck, common-sense, fair-play, steadiness, and a lot of other virtues supposed to be proper to Englishmen; or to refer significantly to St. George and the Dragon,

the British Lion, and Britannia Queen of the Ocean. But these are the misconceptions and absurdities of a bygone age, and will do nothing to simplify a serious analysis. The English enjoy the monopoly of no one of the fine qualities above mentioned, and of several of them they own less than most people. Let us be a little more explicit here, remembering to temper the wind to the shorn lamb, and to advance no judgment which an honest Briton in his calmer moments would not feel secretly inclined to support. The Englishman, then, is susceptible of high social polish and excellent intellectual refinement; yet it is impossible to characterize his fundamental mental quality as anything but heavy and stupid; and his nature, in its unrestraint, as other than a cold and brutal one. We may have to cut deep before reaching the bottom of the superstructure, and the superstructure is in itself creditable; and doubtless many a fair minaret has foundations as unlovely; still, if the truth is to be told about the foundations, this is it. But, if the Englishman is stupid and brutal, he has the courage which goes with stupidity and brutality: a grim, unreasoning, tenacious holding-on in the face of danger; or, in its active phase, an insolent, burly, fearless kind of impertinence, which it is generally easier to resent than to quell. Manifestly, this is a species of courage practically very serviceable; but it is dogged and selfish; it has not fire, nobility, and generosity; it is not the courage of a fine organization; it will never be exercised self-sacrificingly in behalf of the weak, the down-trodden, and the poor. Some Englishmen just at this moment profess to be much grieved and astonished because England does not think it worth while to put an end to the Bulgarian atrocities. But it can scarcely happen that an outsider should be surprised at the circumstance. England is at least as unlikely to risk aught in suppressing such proceedings as to be guilty of committing like deeds herself. It might puzzle an historian to find a precedent in her annals for any act of disinterested championship; and he were a bold prophet who should risk his reputation by prophesying the occurrence of the phenomenon.

In fact, the curious infelicity of most English self-glorification is not a little amusing. They make a great noise, for instance (or did so until very lately), about their love of fair-play. It does not appear on the face of it probable that a nation essentially stupid, brutal, and sullenly brave, should care very much whether the best man won upon his own merits or not. To do them justice, however, the English are not entirely without grounds for this arrogation. They postulate themselves as the best man, and then, right or wrong, fair-play means their victory. The soldier who said that they did not know when they were beaten might have added that they do not care by what means they beat. That "what is, is right," is not their dogma; but, rather, "what we are is right or something better."

A more important delusion of theirs respects religion. The sovereignty of England bears, among other titles, that of Defender of the Faith; and the faith in question is popularly supposed, at least

among the English themselves, to mean Christianity. If an Englishman be questioned concerning the religion of the mass of his countrymen, he will affirm them to be Christians, and will probably back his affirmation by pointing to the Established Church and the paraphernalia thereto appertaining. But, in truth, these English are as arrant heathen as any in history, and their Established Church is nothing but an elaborate mask over the face of their healthy and jocund paganism. Christians, forsooth! One does not know where to begin in the refutation of so gigantic an absurdity. Nor is a refutation necessary; for, if the British race were to get the rudiment of a notion as to what Christianity really implies, they would fairly shed tears of mortification over the irrevocable ages of their stultification; and the next day they would turn their churches into stables and club-houses, and retain the Bible in their libraries on account of its literary merits only.

No; but they have a deity whom they worship with rare assiduity, before whom they bow down night and day, whose shrine is set up in every house and at each street-corner, whose influence governs them in public and in private, and whose idea enters into every particular of their lives. The name of him is not Wealth, nor Glory, nor Wisdom, nor Power; it is Caste. That which lies nearest to an Englishman's heart is the love of acknowledging another Englishman as his social superior; he enjoys it even better than his own superiority to those beneath him. The criticism is a sufficiently hackneyed one, and yet I do not know that the fact has been satisfactorily accounted for. It is not obvious why a sturdy, cool, and independent people such as the English are, should find any pleasure in the artificial gradations of rank. If you discuss the matter with the so-called Liberals, they will generally assert that the aristocracy is at best but a convenience; that it is not a vital part of society; and that, if the royalty and peerage of England were to cease existing to-morrow morning, things would go on pretty much as usual. The Liberals may be right, but I should as soon expect things to go on as usual after the sudden annihilation throughout the land of roast-beef and bitter ale. The aristocratic idea is so intimately inwoven with the British nature that they cannot or dare not analyze it. Perhaps one reason of their idolatry may be a secret apprehension lest their barbaric temper, unsecured by the check of formal and self-imposed bonds, should break out in some appalling storm of anarchy—a sort of French Revolution with English actors, if so hideous a catastrophe can be imagined. And truly I am of opinion that, be the explanation what it may, this same caste-worship is for them the best and wisest form of faith conceivable. They are of too earthy and material a constitution to be nourished by any more spiritual form of belief; but this is simple and tangible, and helps them as nothing else could to an excellent degree of personal cultivation and refinement. A certain amount of artificial social organization is felt by every human being to be a necessary safeguard against the savagery innate in us all; and, inasmuch as this savagery is

more than usually potent in the English nature, it follows that the English system of aristocracy has need to be more than usually exclusive and elaborate.

Regarded from this point of view, the English domination over India is a curious ethnologic episode. Governed and governors are both Hindoos; but the latter are the Hindoos of the present age, the former of a long-past one. The former derive their origin from the earliest dawn of human history; and beside them the latter are raw modern filibusters, whose clay is scarcely yet dry from the creative workshop. The Indian reverences caste, not for itself, but as it is allied with a mystic religious symbolism, whose foundations are hidden far away in regions of metaphysical subtilty. The Englishman bows to it on a bluntly material basis, and cares for metaphysics and symbolism not a snap of his finger. The Indian was powerful centuries ago when the world was ruled by superstition and mystery; the Englishman governs to-day when the sinews of power are steel and gold. Each has his season; but the Englishman shall doubtless be as comparatively transient as he is modern. The time may come when even the memory of his brief dynasty shall vanish out of the ancient Indian Empire, or survive only in the form of a curious and questionable tradition. But the historians of that epoch shall sagely affirm that, if he did indeed exist, he was probably created for and fulfilled some useful purpose. It was a period of mental and moral transition, and consequently of violence, shallowness, and skepticism; and the Anglo-Saxon typified well enough the prevailing characteristics of his age. He was a fleshly, crude, laughing creature, but his share in human progress, albeit involuntary, had its justification. He served as a providential pivot on which the laboring world might turn. Blessed be thou, O Brahma, who didst suffer him to be; blessed be thou who didst cause him to pass away! Great are the name and the glory of Brahma!

III.

ALL this discussion is incidental to my main object, which was, to offer a few hints concerning the personal appearance and character of no less important a personage than my friend the landlord—or, as he prefers to be called, the captain. But before coming to him (who, being a particularly affable, social, and even convivial sort of man, will probably detain us a good while) I must request the reader's consideration of a rather singular paradox. It consists in the fact that a nation physically gross, and in spirit dullards—barbarous, skeptical, audacious, and servile—should nevertheless be not only often endurable, but, when one gets acquainted with them, among the most companionable, genial, and harmless people in the world. The English reserve, upon which so much stress has been laid, does not after all amount to much. It is a very superficial affair, and when it has passed away your Englishman is likely to become quite as communicative and familiar as it is convenient or pleasant to have him. There is nothing of the Sphinx

in his composition: he is either all bristles or none at all. This reserve, in fact, is nothing more than a development of that instinctive and hostile suspicion which any two dogs will manifest toward each other when first they meet. Conscious of a number of disagreeable latent in themselves, they are partly apprehensive lest the stranger should find them out, and partly on their guard lest he should display similar qualities in himself. Sometimes the issue is a mutual repulsion; but more often there is a wagging of tails, a tacit agreement to ignore the disagreeables, and a friendly parade of all sorts of canine amenities.

As with dogs, so with the Englishman. And here begins the paradox. It is easy to see how he can make himself offensive: the difficulty is plausibly to account for his ever being otherwise. When the catalogue of his faults has been recited, it seems impossible that there should be any room for redemption. Does he, in respect of his spiritual personality, turn himself inside out, and, for each asperity or point of repulsion, present us with a corresponding surface of attraction? Is what charms but another aspect of what offends? If so, it may be said with confidence that he needs all his faults, and the more he has of them the better. And, in truth, I doubt whether he would be so likable in his genial moods if he were not so abominable in his cross-grained ones. We are won not only by the force of contrast, but likewise by dint of the probable fact that a beauty which has an ugliness for its counterpart is apt to be of a heartier and more stirring constitution than a beauty which possesses no such flavoring. Moreover, the Englishman is a naive and guileless animal; he is not ashamed of his faults, but rather proud of them, and occasionally he refers to them as virtues; and this quaint perversity doubtless prevents them from doing him as much harm as they otherwise might.

I suppose, indeed, that few Englishmen would think of objecting to such strictures as I have made upon them, save on the ground of their coming from a foreigner. They are not averse from abusing themselves, and when the humor takes them they can do it as well—or as badly—as any one can do it for them. But, if we flatter ourselves that we shall gain or they lose anything by their self-depreciation, we shall find ourselves mistaken. For it must never be forgotten that, whatever evil an Englishman may say of himself, he remains none the less, in his own estimation, superior to any one else—a little the finest thing in the way of humanity that the Creative Power has turned out yet, or is likely to turn out hereafter. Consequently, where he admits himself reprehensible, we may consider ourselves damned. "And what," he will ask, "is after all the harm of being declared a pagan? It is only a form of speech, and pagans have heretofore made a respectable enough show in the world. As for the charge of brutality, it is only a way people have of confessing that they are afraid of us; and what is it to me to be called stupid when I can point to such men as Bacon, Shakespeare, Raleigh, Milton, and Newton, and call them Englishmen?"

Concerning this last point a word or two may be admissible. It appears to be a generally-accepted belief that the moral and intellectual capacity of a nation may be gauged by its greatest men. Bacon was not only an intellectual giant himself, but, since he was English born, the cause why intellectual giantship should be ascribed to his countrymen. He, by the power of his genius, rose to the highest rank of mind; and every fool or wise man who has had the luck to come to life in England since his time does thereby inherit a sort of mental patent of nobility; which patent their neighbors across the Channel, for instance, can by no means be suffered to infringe. (It would seem more reasonable if only that part of the English race which came into the world before Bacon's birth should take credit on his account—but let that pass.) To carry out the principle to its logical issue, we must suppose the townspeople of any given hero to be more heroic than those who reside in the adjoining township; and, as for his family circle, it should be brilliant indeed! To be sure, if we adhere to the modern scientific doctrine of force, we might expect the productive energy of Nature to have been taxed so severely in bringing forth the hero as to leave very little heroic material among the hero's surroundings: a view of the matter manifestly hostile to the theory we are discussing, but upon which, considering the present hypothetical attitude of scientific inquiry, it would not be prudent to insist. If the position be otherwise defensible, science may as well let it alone.

But though great men unquestionably illustrate the capacity for good of the human race at large, it is difficult to see how they can reflect more lustre upon any one division of it than upon any other. Every man is a countryman of Shakespeare's precisely in so far as he can appreciate his writings; and whether he be an Esquimaux, a Patagonian, or an Englishman, is not at all to the point. Genius, or whatever it be in men that makes them great, has no apparent dependence on the individual's nationality, except in those cases where his nationality, or some like accidental circumstance, may conceivably clog his genius in its fuller exercise. And if genius is not made by its surroundings, what honor is due its surroundings on its account? What right more than the universal human right have its townspeople or its family circle to be proud of it? I admire Goethe's genius, and I do not admire the German people; and, if Goethe's genius were essentially a German commodity, I could not admire it; but, in fact, it has no nationality; it is Goethe's private and inalienable property, with which his countrymen can have nothing to do. They can meddle only with the physical part of Goethe—the part of him that is not admirable, and the influence of which upon his writings does not seem to have been for the better. As with Goethe, so with the other great ones of the earth. Who cares where their limbs were made and their infancy cradled? They must needs be born somewhere, and it is well for mankind that they have existed; they may acknowledge a brotherhood among themselves; but they are Greek or Persian, German

or English, only in so far as they are flesh and blood; and that is a very little way indeed.

IV.

BUT it is impossible to keep the captain waiting any longer for the sake of discussing topics of this desultory and impertinent kind; and I shall therefore let my argument take care of itself, and apply myself to business. First, however, as regards that matter of English stupidity, there is one other observation to be made. They used to be in a somewhat more promising intellectual plight than they are now; it is at present between two and three hundred years ago, we may say, since they passed their prime. Fortunately for us, it was just about that time that the Pilgrim Fathers bethought themselves of separating from the old country; if they had been two centuries later, they would have had a worse start, and, if they had waited until to-day, it might not have been advisable for them to come at all. The mental power of Englishmen has not advanced since the seventeenth century, and, on the other hand, various external causes have been at work whereby the efficacy of what they had has been somewhat impaired. To use an agricultural simile, the spontaneous productiveness of the soil has begun to fail, and they are doing their best to make up for this loss by diligent and elaborate cultivation. A man who has worked conscientiously through the great English school and university course has enjoyed every advantage that the best modern systems of education can furnish him withal. And Englishmen, by virtue of their sturdy natural constitution, can stand more cultivating than perhaps any other living people. They are probably also better qualified than any others to illustrate the extreme-results of our latter-day theories of civilization. That civilization, as malcontents have often enough pointed out, does not control the vital springs of conduct, but occupies itself in regulating and polishing the exterior behavior. The moral condition of English people is in the same category with that of their minds; it dates back, as to its real quality, to the seventeenth century, but its defects have been gracefully enameled over by an admirable coating of social ceremonies and formalities. Regarded as a sheer work of art, there is no society so agreeable, so elegant, so undemonstrative, as that of the higher circles in England. To mingle in it is an æsthetic privilege and delight, to which no one can or ought to be indifferent. Tact and taste are studied in every particular; ear and eye are soothed and gratified; and, if ever the discord of naturalness and sincerity breaks in, it is transformed by dint of its very rarity into a piquant embellishment of the too even harmony.

To thoughtful Englishmen, uncomfortably dowered with insight and given to moralizing, there may be something unsatisfactory and even sinister in this unruffled smoothness; but to foreigners, who are not concerned about what is to come of it all, the pleasure is without alloy. If they want ruggedness, earnestness, nakedness; if they wish to hear the creaking of the machinery of human progress, and to feel

the keen, uncompromising breeze blowing in their faces—they can easily enough put themselves in the way of it. But I think a refined person, gifted with a reasonable amount of selfishness, and satisfied with the minor activities and excitements of life, will be more inclined to pitch his tent in nineteenth-century England than elsewhere. For an American, the charm is, of course, peculiarly seductive. He is among a people speaking his own language—or at least something very like it—bearing his own names, and familiar with his own ancestry. He finds a perfection of social organization and equilibrium such as he will never live to see in his own land; and the suspicion or conviction that it has been purchased at the expense of national vitality will not hinder him from profiting by its advantages. He lives under a government which, except possibly as regards the native-born subjects of it, is the freest, easiest, and most desirable in the world. To belong to a republic, and to live under a constitutional monarchy, are probably to taste the sweetest cream of political happiness. In short, the American, by virtue of his English residence, subsists at once in the present and in the future, and culls the fairest flowers of both periods. He exults in the doughty struggles and noble prospects of his own country even more keenly than those who stay there, because his sensitiveness is not shocked nor his temper tried by the petty improprieties and annoyances inevitably incident to a condition of progress and development. He appreciates, even more unqualifiedly than the English themselves, the mellow and settled conditions of English existence; for he is not disturbed by their patriotic anxieties and irrepressible forebodings. He enjoys the exhilaration of the race without its fatigue, and the peace of the goal without its misgivings. One thought only is there that can cause him uneasiness; but that thought, alas! is formidable enough to outweigh a great deal of indolent self-indulgence. Sooner or later the question will intrude itself, whether that American is worthy of his name who does not return to bear with his countrymen the burden and heat of the day.

Meanwhile, it is really necessary to remind the reader that the captain is waiting outside; and, granting him all the good-nature and affability in the

world, he must soon begin to take offense at his continued exclusion. He is an Englishman, and presumably conscious of the solemn fact of his superiority to all other classes of mankind; yet he would probably not consider us so much his inferiors as to be unable to put a slight upon him. Indeed, the only unfailing method of getting an Englishman honestly to put himself upon an equality with you is to insult him; it rarely happens that his pride is so overweening as to stand in the way of his offering to knock you down. But at all other times he puts himself quietly, unmistakably, and as a matter of course, in the ascendant. If you regard his behavior from a charitable point of view, you will generally find that there is nothing designedly offensive in it; and, as soon as you know him well enough to be on the lookout for him, he will often unconsciously afford you much genuine amusement. It is remarkable, too, if you can contrive to put yourself in his place, and look upon the world by the light of English prejudices and traditions, how exceedingly plausible and natural many of his greatest mistakes and absurdities will appear. And it is unquestionably true that England, from the English standpoint, is the most complete, compact, and definitely-characterized nation in existence; a nation to be loved almost as an individual, with a concentration and particularity of affection comparable to that which a lover might feel for his mistress. I am sure that, were I an Englishman, I should experience a fervor of patriotism beside which my American love of country would appear, if a broader and loftier, yet a vaguer and diffuser sentiment. But it is because the English are so amply justified in being patriotic that no outsider can ever share their enthusiasm. They are cut off from sympathy with the rest of the world in proportion as they are bound up in themselves. Once more, do not let us try one another's patience and compromise one another's sincerity by talking about Anglo-Saxon kinship, and the obligations to alliance of the two great English-speaking nations, and about blood's being thicker than water. We know perfectly well that in case of war we should kill each other all the more heartily on these accounts. Let us be content to be wholesomely discontented with each other, and some good may come of that. And now for the captain!

OLD-TIME FRANCE.

II.

SOCIETY.

FRENCH society in the eighteenth century was divided into three well-defined classes. There was the nobility, comprising families which had been titled for at least three centuries; there was the *bourgeoisie*; and, below these, there were the common people. Each of these classes was subdivided into differing ranks. The nobility was composed of the court *grande*s, whose magnificence

and pomp have been described in a previous article; and of the provincial aristocracy, who were in large part impecunious if not obscure, and who were "overburdened with children, whose fathers and mothers were unable to give them a proper education, much less to send them to court." The *bourgeoisie* were separated into three ranks. The highest of these were the ennobled *bourgeois*, those

who had either been granted a title, such as baron or count, within recent years, or who were accounted noble by reason of their office or occupation. Such were judges and lawyers, abbés and bankers. The middle rank of *bourgeois* comprised the holders of the subordinate magisterial offices and administrative places, the more prosperous class of merchants, and the highly-respectable and old-established urban families. The lowest rank of the *bourgeoisie* included the smaller tradesfolk, and those engaged in industrial occupations. Coming to the lowest social

his origin; he had no imposts to pay, neither the *taille* nor the poll-tax; he did not contribute in the least degree to the public weal; he did not often marry, and had few children, so as to be as unlike the artisans and cultivators as he possibly could."

Between the splendor of the court and nobility above, and the want and penury, long gayly borne, of the people below, the *bourgeoisie* intervened as the great middle element of society, which redeemed France alike from a fatal indolence and the destiny of Rome, and from ignorance and barbarous passion.



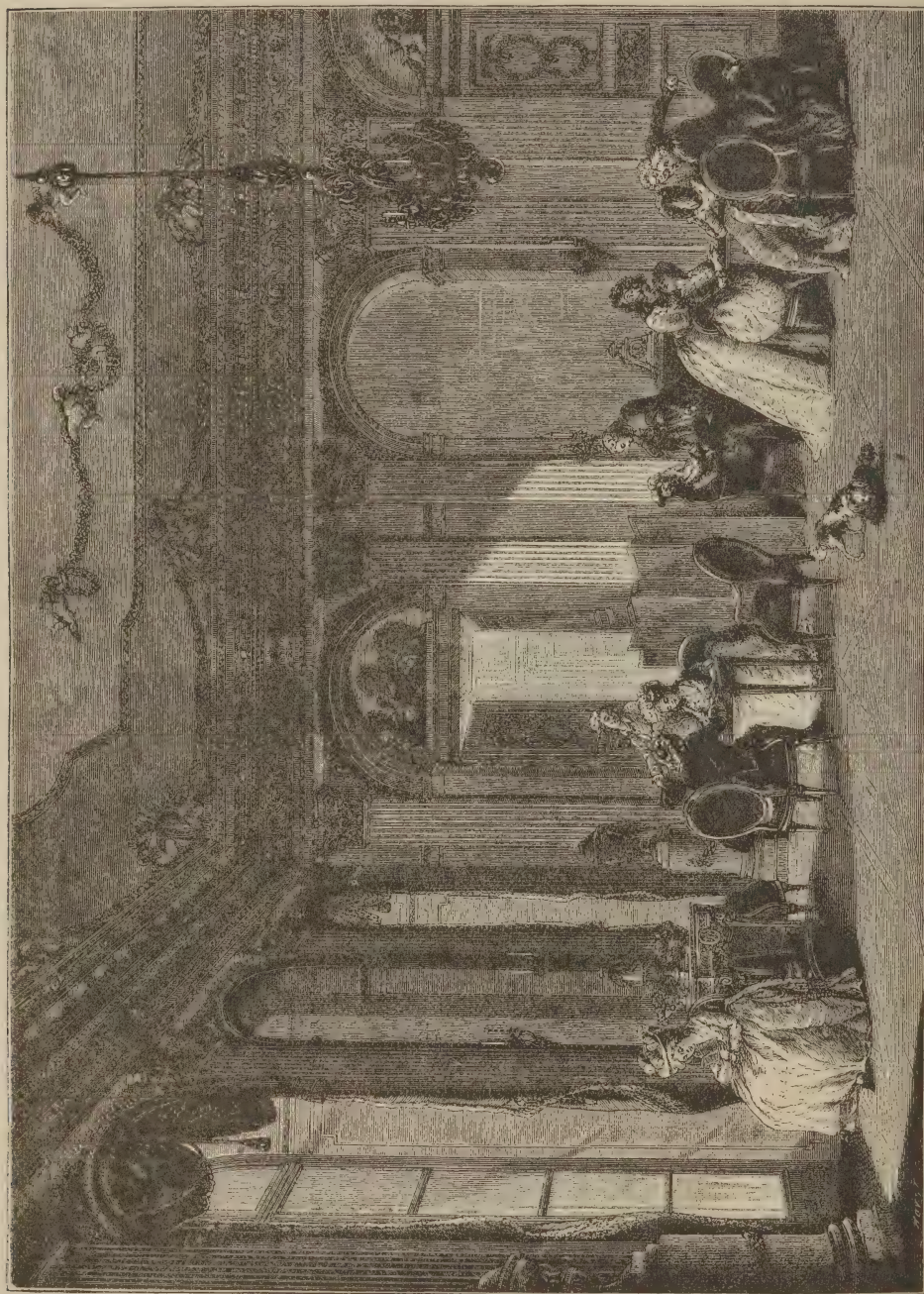
A FASHIONABLE GROUP.

class, that of the people, we find them distinguished as the people of Paris, the people of the provincial towns, and the people of the rural districts. Otherwise divided, they are to be classed as artisans, servants, and husbandmen. Among these various ranks of the lower orders, there was none of what the French call *solidarité*. It is said that "there was no affinity between the artisan and the husbandman, and they both looked down upon the domestic servant. The latter, though sprung from the people, which looked upon him as a degraded being who had passed over to the enemy, seemed to repudiate

The *bourgeoisie* of the eighteenth century, indeed, is the most interesting social study of the time. In its upper ranks it had wealth which rivaled that of the greatest ducal houses; it was elegant, refined, and, better still, it was, when compared with the dissoluteness of Versailles, conspicuously virtuous. In fashion, in display, in the imposing exterior and luxurious taste in the interior of their houses, in polish and politeness of manners, in choice entertainment, in the cultivation of men of letters and philosophers, of the art of conversation, and the expansion of drawing-room learning, the upper *bourgeoisie* emu-

lated and often outstripped the proudest patricians of the courts of the three Louis. They had long ceased, indeed, to exercise those political privileges

with gilded chains. The very term *bourgeois*, in the early part of the century, had been covered with ridicule. Molière, La Fontaine, Dancourt, and other



A SALON IN THE TIME OF LOUIS XVI.

and that arrogant degree of power which one sees betrayed in the time of the Fronde. Louis XIV. had sternly repressed the *bourgeoisie*, just as he had chained the ancient nobility to his chariot-wheels

satirists, had made the *bourgeois* the butt of their brightest sallies. Yet the *bourgeoisie* presented, throughout the reigns of the fifteenth and sixteenth Louis, that which was best and most to be admired

in French society. Montesquieu, who was himself a *bourgeois*, though he affected to consider himself of a higher rank, and was not very proud of his origin, contrasts the marriages and mode of life of the upper middle class favorably with those of the nobility. The marriages of the *bourgeoisie* were most often happy; the women were virtuous, and rarely was society scandalized by their intrigues or infidelities. The *bourgeois* household was more like what we call and mean by *home* than any other in France. The only drawback which Montesquieu can find in the harmony and serenity of *bourgeois* life is, that "their innate kindness of heart prevents them from being very particular as to whom they receive, and thus they are often surrounded by very questionable company." Dufresny follows in the line of satire upon the *bourgeoisie* begun by Molière, and more gently pursued by Montesquieu; and, in describing the *personnel* of a typical social circle of the middle class, says that it consists of "the young feather-pate and the man of advanced years, the sluggard, Lucretia and Lais, the self-made man, the blue-stocking, and the poet, the heir in mourning for his legatee, the young magistrate, the



LADY IN A "CHAISE ROULANTE."

female gambler, the good-looking man and the ladies' favorite, the man of money and the valet, the eccentric, and, lastly, the man whose voice is always being heard, and who is, in fact, a stray noble who has found his way into this assembly of *bourgeois* and their wives." Voltaire, who was also a *bourgeois*, never used the word when he could avoid it, and evidently had little sympathy with the class in which he was born. Allowance must be made, in listening to Montesquieu and Dufresny, for the intense class prejudices of the period. As a fact, Dufresny's description of the *bourgeois* circle is a palpable caricature. There was as much true elegance in the display of *bourgeois* wealth, as much refinement in the *bourgeois* *salon*, as in the great hotels of the Nevers, the Richelieu, and the La Rochefoucaulds.

The *bourgeoisie* of the highest order lived, indeed, like veritable princes. They had their sumptuous houses in Paris, their châteaux in the country, their trains of servants, their elegant carriages and blooded horses, their stated receptions, and their various and well-arranged pastimes. But, unlike the nobility, they did not recklessly rush into debt, nor did they eat out their substance in wild, dissolute and riotous living. Their manner of life was more like that of a wealthy English nobleman of the present day. Their expenditures, while splendid, were limited by their revenues, and governed by business-like order. Their households were models of domestic system. Good habits and wholesome household rules kept the middle class from moral or physical degeneracy. Between husband and wife there were usually confidence and affection; husband and wife lived, not apart in separate establishments, with distinct retinues of servants, and as the centres of different sets, seldom seeing each other once a week, as was the fashion of the nobility, but together, at least in the same suite of apartments and at the same table, being seen in each other's company in public, and sitting at their own hearthstone surrounded by their children and their friends. Their



MALE ATTIRE, AFTER A WATER-COLOR BY WATTEAU.

children they bred to order, to regular living, and to the serious duties proper to their condition. There were seen, to be sure, young sprigs of the *bourgeoisie* who aped the patrician youths of the court, such as the "judge of five-and-twenty," whom Abbé Coyer saw in the act of dressing. "I stopped to witness the whole performance, which lasted longer than my business; he might have been going to visit a duchess for the purpose of outrivaling her in perfumes." Such youths were the exception in the middle class. They were usually correct in habits, and, while vivacious, fond of amusement, gay and sprightly in society, were the best elements of the French social structure.

Perhaps it was the consciousness on the part of the court that the *bourgeoisie*, while rivaling its members in ostentation of riches and in the pomp of hospitality, was its superior in sterling qualities, that led to the sumptuary laws in the early years of the eighteenth century. By these, the wives and daughters of the *bourgeoisie* could not wear jewelry of a greater value than two thousand livres; and afterward they were for a while forbidden to wear diamonds or other gems, or to have gold or silver dishes on their tables. But these jealous restrictions were done away with early in the reign of Louis XV.

Nothing could afford a more pleasant picture than the descriptions which are given of *bourgeois* life in the provincial towns. These people were really the bone and sinew of the land; it was the class which leavened the lump of corruption and rottenness which France had become. The provincial *bourgeoisie* had sterling virtues of a domestic kind. Who that reads the story of their lives will henceforth say that French know not the meaning of home? Here are intelligence, gentleness and grace of manner, devoted loyalty to the ties of family and kinship. Frugality and order reigned in the household. If any influence of Paris reached the remote towns, it came rather to refine than to corrupt. "Both in Paris and the large towns," says De Bouillé, "the *bourgeois* was superior in point of money, ability, and personal merit. So, too, in the provinces; yet, in spite of this superiority, the *bourgeoisie* were excluded, by the rules of the service, from employment in the army, and to a certain extent from the higher clergy. They could not, moreover, gain admittance to the higher magistracy, and most of the supreme courts were only open to noblemen." The influence of this sterling race has been felt in the history of France from the time of Louis XV. to this. Mirabeau was a *bourgeois*, and it was the *bourgeoisie*, their character and their desires, who were represented by the ill-fated Girondins. The *bourgeoisie*, especially its lower strata, favored the Revolution in its earlier moderation; and essayed to stem the tide of terror and massacre which followed. They accepted Napoleon as a relief from fanatical excesses; then the Restoration as a relief from war and the burdens of conquest and of defeat; it was the *bourgeoisie* who inspired the Revolution of 1830, and made of Louis Philippe a *bourgeois* king, with ministries of *bourgeois* like Lafitte, Perier, Guizot, and Thiers; and the

present republic is rather *bourgeois* than patrician or plebeian.

As we glance down through the different social ranks of the French in the eighteenth century, we find everywhere the influences of the literature, customs, and fashions of the reign of Louis XIV. The manners and fashions of the court are more or less vividly reflected down to the lowest stratum. "The Frenchman," says Taine, "loves company through instinct. Talking is no effort to him; and conversation affords him extreme pleasure. The happiness he requires is of a peculiar kind; delicate, light, rapid, incessantly renewed and varied, in which his intellect, his self-love, all his emotional and sympathetic faculties find nutriment." So it was that Addison found the French lower classes at once on the verge of starvation and irrepressibly merry. The French acted on Voltaire's maxim, that "man is born only to enjoy himself." While the nobility feasted and reveled at Versailles and Marly, and the *bourgeoisie* were holding *conversazioni* and teas à l'anglaise in their sumptuous hotels, the people held their pleasures in public resorts common to all. "Paris," says a provincial barrister, who had gone up to the capital to witness its wonders, "is a large hotel; on all sides I find inns and innkeepers, taverns and their hosts, kitchen-fires all alight, because there is always some one to be served. The tables are always well provided. The Parisians never eat alone; they like to sip rather than drink, but then they sip often, and always ask their guests to do the same." A picture of the famous Ramponaux Tavern, as it was a hundred years ago, gives a spirited idea of the crowded festivities which went the round of day and night in that hospitable house. The guests are of all ages and both sexes. They are crowded about plain pine tables, which look rickety enough, and sit on rude stools, huddled close together. The crutches of the lame are lying beside them on the ground; some have fallen asleep after their potations. The very kitchen, with its big chimney and its paper-capped cooks, is invaded by the guests, who are standing about there, or have tables set in the corners. It is a pandemonium of noise, of laughter and loud talking, singing and the clatter of mugs, knives, and forks. In this age the common people have got to emulating the classes above them; they procure the cast-off frills, and coats, and laced *chapeaux* of their betters, and strut about in them; they spend all their hard-earned money on things that are "the fashion." "Everybody," says Cotelendi, "wears a sword; men do not wear a beard, or their own hair, and they endeavor to preserve a youthful appearance by a profuse applianage of cosmetics."

The lower middle class, and even the artisans, affected wigs. They wore short, round wigs, powdered and powdered; and the same classes were also not seldom seen with swords dangling at their sides as they paced the streets. "Every Sunday," says the Marquis de Mirabeau, "I receive a visit from some one dressed in black silk, and with a well-powdered wig; and, as I am about to cover him with compliments, he announces himself as my

blacksmith's or saddler's foreman." A self-made author, in the person of Restif de la Bretonne, relates how, after his day's work at printing was ended, he proceeded to array himself for the promenade and the theatre. He put on a close-fitting *ratine* coat, black-drugget breeches, and white-cotton hat, carried a dainty cocked hat under his arm, girt a slender sword with steel hilt to his waist, perfumed and curled his hair, and thus arrayed sallied forth, with the fashionable tiptoe gait of his time, to make conquests, and appear in the *coulisses*. The *grisettes* had their dresses made of good material, and cut after the style of the *grandes dames* of the court, and wore narrow shoes, to keep their feet small and tender.

Talleyrand seems justified, in one of the few enthusiastic exclamations of his life, in saying, "He who was not living before 1789 knows nothing of the charm of living." The Revolution, indeed, if it uprooted political institutions, and did its utmost to dethrone religion from the popular heart, also played sad havoc with social traditions. The court of the first Napoleon, even that of the restored Bourbons, presented but poor substitutes for the courts of the fifteenth and sixteenth Louis. The same contrast was apparent in what we should call "Parisian society" in distinction to purely court-life. For the court-life was one thing, and society was another, which, though connected with the court, was yet something different from it. The nobles and great dames of the court were leaders in the society of the capital, but by no means its sole leaders. Many brilliant intellects shone in the fashionable *salons* of the time, who never penetrated to the sunshine of Versailles. Versailles was, indeed, so dazzling that what there was of French society beyond was hardly worth noting. As a fact, Paris was full of little Versailleses. It was the "social schoolhouse of Europe," "a school of urbanity to which the youth of Russia, Germany, and England, resorted to become civilized." Horace Walpole

writes to his London friends ravishing descriptions of the *salons* he visits; Chesterfield repeatedly points to the manners of French society as the model for his son to imitate; a Swedish king, beaten in war, declares that he will retire from royalty, and live his remaining days in an hotel on a Paris boulevard; a nobleman travels a day and a night by post, from Brussels to Paris and back, to see the performance of a popular drama; Voltaire, the cynic and philosopher, glows into hyperbole as he thinks of the delights which await those who have the *entrée* into Parisian circles. This society is kept up to its standard of extreme elegance only by the most lavish expenditure of money; hence we see every noble spending all he can get, and running into debt, so long as he can maintain any credit; and a universal disposition to vie with each other in magnificence. Let



THE TOILET, AFTER CARLE VERNET.

us take from Taine a few illustrations of the extravagance which, made fashionable by royalty, is pursued throughout the patrician society of the gay capital.

He cites Madame de Guéménée, who owed sixty thousand francs to her shoemaker and sixteen thou-

sand to her paper-hanger. Another dame, though she has seventy horses in her stables, is seen driving about with a hired span. Madame de Montmorin, when her husband was ruined, flattered herself that

With the hospitalities and duties of society, the father and mother of fashion were so absorbed, each in his or her way, that the children grew up in the care of tutors and governesses. The boys were sent

to the military or other schools, and the girls to convents. The children were brought up to take part in theatricals; to be expert in dancing, card-playing, riding, and hunting. Their lessons in manners must have been painfully protracted and severe. The girls were drilled for years in every motion of the body, every expression of the face, every intonation of the voice, every turn of sentence and grace of language. They learned to call their fathers "mon-sieur," their mothers "madame."

The all-prevailing politeness and etiquette of the time find echo among the lower orders. "Nothing is more common," says Addison, "than to hear a



HEAD-DRESSES.

at least her dowry was left. She was speedily undeceived when a tailor's bill, for which she had given security, and amounting to one hundred and eighty thousand francs, was brought to her to pay. A young man of fashion gambled away six hundred thousand francs in a night, and a similar sum was spent by M. Villemer on a country-house. The young Duke de Lauzun summed up his debts at two millions. Old Marshal de Soubise spent forty thousand dollars on a single banquet to the king. A lady of fashion spent five thousand dollars on her head-dresses. The Duke de Richelieu gave a purse to his grandson. That verdant youth, having no special use for the money, brought it back to him. The duke contemptuously threw it into the street, where it was picked up by a sweep. Here is a characteristic story that Taine relates: "One day Madame de B——, being with the Prince de Conti, hinted that she would like a miniature of her canary-bird set in a ring. The prince offers to have it made; his offer is accepted, but on condition that the miniature be set plain, and without jewels. Accordingly, the miniature is placed in a simple rim of gold. But, to cover over the painting, a large diamond, made very thin, serves as a glass. Madame de B——, having returned the diamond, the Prince de Conti had it ground to powder, which he used to dry the ink of the note he wrote to Madame de B—— on the subject. This pinch of powder cost four or five thousand livres." One way that the man of rank and gallantry had of showing his quality was, to manifest on all occasions the most superb contempt for money.

shopkeeper desiring his neighbor to have the goodness to tell him what's o'clock, or a couple of cobblers that are extremely glad of the honor of seeing one another." The French gentleman of that time was a model of tact as well as of gallantry and grace. He knew just when and how to jest; he could exactly suit his tone and address to the age, condition, and rank of the person with whom he was conversing. His manner toward women of every degree was one of respect. He walked with intense propriety. It must have been a study to see him turn and offer his arm to a lady. But, after all, it was the women who shone in the drawing-rooms of *l'ancien régime* who are best worth studying. Their social ascendancy was supreme. The whole science of gallantry was exhausted in the homage that was paid to them by the sterner sex. The Prince de Conti provided a carriage and horses for each of his lady-guests, at l'Île Adam, and a separate table was set for each and her friends. Another great lady, sent by her doctor to the springs, was entertained by her friends with improvised *fêtes champêtres* at frequent intervals all the way thither, they going on several posts ahead to prepare them. Of course, the ladies were the unquestioned dictators of etiquette and the *mode*. One after another a supreme feminine authority on these points rose to reign over the realm of fashion, and she marked with approval or censure the details of the conduct of all who frequented the best *salons*. The great lady courted once to ten guests, and conveyed to each of the ten, as she did so, with glance and motion of the bejeweled

blow powdered head, the exact amount of consideration due to each. She had a graduated scale of positions or signs with which to receive different people, and bestowed them always with the most conscientious precision. There was no situation, however large or unexpected, to which she was not equal, by reason of her painful training. She was a marvel of presence of mind, and of a training which had taken the place of education.

While it is true that a marked decadence took place in the Parisian *salons* in the latter years of the magnificent monarch's reign, the nature of French society brought about a *renaissance* of the habit of elegant and fashionable gatherings at private houses, soon as the influence of Madame de Maintenon began to wane. Celebrated *salons* once more became the envy of those who observed them from without, and the chief distraction of those who were admitted to their circles. But it would scarcely be said that there was any single fashionable method of private entertainment. The *salons* varied as much as the tastes of people, but preserved throughout the Gallic traits of vivacity and grace. During the reign, the most sought *salon* was that of the Duke of Sully, where wit, birth, and wealth, philosophy and polish, were united by a happy art of hospitality. Only the best of every sort of guests were bidden to these feasts of epigram and learning, of discussion at once serious, polite, and vivacious. There obtained appeared when in the acme of his poetic prime; magistrates like Lamoignon; philosophers such as Fontenelle; elegant men of fashion like Richelieu. A gayer and freer resort was the Hôtel de Bouillon, where the worlds of letters, finance, and fashion met under the auspices of a somewhat imperious duchess, who was a sort of French Lady Holland. Conversation reigned in the tasteful suites of the Duchess of Maine at Sceaux; indeed, the duchess was one of the first talkers of her time, being, withal, like many great ladies with her talent, a better talker than listener. "Her banter," says a lady who was often her guest, "is delicate and free from malice. She has a wonderful memory, and she expresses herself eloquently, but with too much vehemence and prolixity. She is difficult to converse with, for she will talk but will not listen." Nevertheless, all the ambitious young ladies of the time were eager to be invited to the brilliant parties at Sceaux, where every "divertissement" that an inventive race, craving novelty, could devise, was provided for the guests who filled the château. Yet the *salon* of Madame de Maine was noted for its propriety and purity of conversation, which could not be said of all of the *salons* of the period. There were drawing-rooms which, catching the frivolous mania of Versailles, were given over to vanity and emptiness of conversation, and loose conduct. Foolish epigrams were laughed at simply because an attempt at wit was made. The subjects discussed were dress and the theatre, the frailties of this or that member of society, the latest invention in cookery, the newest scandal of the court. It was like "listening to the twittering of the birds among the branches, all war-

bling together to the destruction of melody." People talked all at once, and got into the bad habit of talking in very loud tones. This happened even at court, when sometimes "the king himself could not get in a word."

Then there were "blue-stockings" *salons*, such as that of the Marquise de Lambert, wherein all games, music, and other diversions, were tabooed, the evenings being wholly given over to learned discussions, in which the hostess herself led; each speaker, who was usually at least an Academician, taking up the thread in turn, and being listened to with undivided attention. To this famous *salon* succeeded those of Madame de Tencin and Madame Geoffrin. At the former politicians, statesmen, and philosophers, met to talk over grave problems; at one time Montesquieu was the central figure. In the drawing-rooms of Madame Geoffrin such men as D'Alembert and Helvetius found conversational antagonists worthy of their steel in women like Mademoiselle de Lespinasse, who was a model not only of learning, but of felicitous expression and quickness of apprehension. It was the merit of Madame Geoffrin's famous receptions that she brought together, with these learned people, such ornaments of elegant society as the charming Duchess d'Egmont and the gossiping Madame de Boufflers. Every foreigner of distinction who visited Paris was invited to this delightful house; and so celebrated did the hospitality of its mistress become that the Empress Catherine begged her to go and take up her residence at St. Petersburg, so as to set the fashion of French elegance and wit in her own ruder and more military court. Another famous *salon* was that of Falconet, the royal physician, which was called "the men of letters' mass."

It is amusing to note the devices by which these social and pleasure-seeking coteries sought to amuse themselves, and to pass the time which hung heavily on their hands. At one period it became fashionable for men to busy themselves with embroidery and other light work which had hitherto been the exclusive province of the ladies. Entering the *salon*, you would observe gayly-dressed cavaliers seated at the embroidery-frames or stitching away at a piece of tapestry; even grave statesmen and ponderous philosophers might have been seen busily embroidering birds, flowers, and coats-of-arms. Then there came about a fashion of unraveling the silken and metallic threads of fringes and tissues. This was called "purfling." The ladies of quality were wont in this to make a pretense of doing something useful and economical. At first they and their male gallants employed themselves in picking out the gold and silver threads from old garments, worn trimmings, epaulets, and so on. "On a circle of ladies being formed," says Taine, "a big unraveling-bag in green taffeta is placed on the table, which belongs to the lady of the house; immediately all the ladies call for their bags." The gentlemen were expected to supply the rather costly materials for this curious pastime; on one occasion the Duke de Lauzun supplied his guests with a harp to be unstrung and unraveled. The ladies, after thus separating the

threads, vied with each other in selling them, and thus made a merit of earning an income. If they destroyed a garment worth a thousand francs, and then sold the threads taken from it for a hundred, they regarded it as a good operation.

Not content with unraveling old garments, they would capriciously destroy new ones in the rage for excelling in this peculiar accomplishment. One day a lady, as she swept out of the drawing-room, took it into her head that the gold fringe which dangled from her robe would be capital for unraveling; and without hesitation took her scissors and cut it off. "Ten women suddenly surround a man wearing fringes, pull off his coat, and put his fringes and laces into their bags, just as if a bold flock of tom-tits, fluttering and chattering in the air, should suddenly dart on a jay to pluck off its feathers. Thenceforth a man who enters a circle of women stands in danger of being stripped alive."

In all the fancy-work on which ladies employed themselves, the men seem to have taken part. Poinset, in one of his comedies, represents a young marquis entering a room where two fair damsels are embroidering. One is working a piece of dress-trimming, the other a Marly flounce. The beau examines the embroidery with the eye of a connoisseur, points out here and there the specially good touches, and is too polite to notice any defects. He takes a little gold tube out of the pocket of his richly-decorated waistcoat, and selects a dainty gold needle. "He goes to the frame at which Cidalise is working, and finishes the flower which she had begun. From her he moves to the sofa, and, seizing one end of the flounce, assists Ismène, to whom he pays special attention, to complete her task." At this time it was the custom of the ladies invariably to carry their work-bags with them to the evening-receptions, in which they had not only their embroidery-materials, but the last novel, the popular song, and their patch-boxes and rouge-pots. Gentlemen also carried deftly-embroidered little bags into company, which held "a whole arsenal of cutlery and fancy articles, such as boxes of different shapes filled with lozenges, *bonbons*, snuff, and scent."

At another period the fashion of the day was to cut out drawings from books and pamphlets, and to paste them on screens, lamp-shades, boxes, and vases. The skill in this was to so arrange the drawings, or parts of different drawings, as to produce a curious or amusing effect. Then there came a season when all the rage was for charades and riddles, which gave a peculiarly good opportunity to exercise the light and rapid wit so conspicuous in the French. Every evening the drawing-rooms were converted into impromptu charades. Some lady would suggest a word or phrase, and forthwith it would be converted into the subject of a sprightly little play. Many of the word-games now current with us in America had their origin in the necessity the French *salons* were under in the last century to divert themselves.

In some of the *salons* the fashion of keeping a daily chronicle of news, which was too often a mere chronicle of scandal, was adopted. Madame Doublet de Persan issued bulletins which she called "*Nouvelles à la main*:" in her apartments two registers were kept, one of authentic news received here and there by her guests, the other of floating rumors and *on dits* and from these the budget of her chronicle was made up and circulated throughout France.

Of course, cards were a perpetual distraction, and gaming with them was as much a matter of course in the most decorous and reputable *salons* as in the clubs and taverns of the day. Backgammon was a very favorite game of the French throughout the eighteenth century, and was played a great deal during the Revolution, despite the fact that it had been a patrician pastime. Whist was the card-game most affected, and faro was played till the small hours. Sometimes the ladies in the country-houses became frisky, and raced through the slippery apartments on wagers; while games like blindman's-buff were resorted to when the hours wore on heavily. Flying kites was a recreation indulged in at one time; later, in the reign of Louis XVI., we find the great people rivaling each other in the skillful making of all sorts of articles; they also dabbled slightly in the arts. M. de Francueil not only played nicely on the violin, but made his violins with his own hand. Nor were these his only accomplishments; for we have him described as "watch-maker, architect, turner, painter, locksmith, decorator, cook, poet, music-composer, and embroiderer." Louis himself, as we know was a good watch-maker and a better locksmith. Madame de Pompadour had already distinguished herself as a musician and actress, and was known as a good engraver. Madame Adelaide, the king's aunt, was accomplished in all instruments, and could play the French horn and the jew's-harp equally well. Great ladies prided themselves on their skill in fancy cookery. The Duchess de Lauzun was delighted with the applause she received at her success in scrambling eggs. Noblemen were seen in the kitchen mixing sauces in their shirt-sleeves. Even bishops were not too grave to seek for culinary as well as theological fame. Indeed, the Church provided society with some of its most lordly hosts and gayest ornaments. Cardinal de Rohan, of necklace fame, the Bishop of Orleans, Cardinal de Montmorency, and Talleyrand, Bishop of Autun, were celebrated for their tables, their *fêtes*, and their gallantries. You might have found theatres, and gay comedies played in them, in some of the episcopal palaces. The cassock of the abbé was not only as familiar but as welcome in the most worldly resorts as the star of the courtly order or the robes of a ducal lion. Archbishops and bishops attended with delight the reading of some of Beaumarchais's plays, which were so coarse that it was with the utmost difficulty that the dramatist could procure the royal license to represent them in public.

THE STORY OF A FRENCH LITERARY LIFE.

BY JUNIUS HENRI BROWNE.

ONE need not read many books to be enticed into the opinion that literary reputation is often either factitious or accidental. Few cultured persons, having the rare capacity to originate their thoughts, but feel inclined, in a multitude of instances, to reverse the critical judgments of their time; to fly in the face of all the authorities that have conferred fame. Were life long enough, it would be delightful for any scholar to read the neglected and forgotten authors, to see if a large number would not interest and impress him more than do the authors that are remembered and renowned. That he would be so interested and impressed there is little doubt. He would not be likely to discover superiors of, or substitutes for, the Homers, Dantes, Shakespeares, or other stupendous geniuses of the past. But would not his search make him acquainted with hundreds of works which he would rank above those of trumpeted desert? Every educated, positive mind finds authors the world has not done justice to, and inwardly rejoices that the list of literary celebrities is perpetually subject to revision and emendation.

Conspicuous among these unappreciated authors is MARIE HENRI BEYLE. Though now read and admired in his own country, he is very little known here, which is not strange, for his death in Paris, less than forty years ago, hardly evoked a tribute of regard or of regret. Probably no Frenchman of genius has died in this century with so inadequate recognition as Henri Beyle. France is not apt to overlook the merit of her sons. Even when she cannot praise them for their excellence, she loves to honor them for their nationality. She has discriminated against Beyle. She has tried to indemnify his memory for neglect of his life; though, even in this, she has had but partial success.

Beyle's life and character are as interesting and remarkable as his books, and the three combined constitute a curious chapter in literary history. They are so incorporated, so much a part one of the other, that they can scarcely be considered separately. His life, excluding certain contradictions, interprets his works, and his works are a key to his character.

Born in Grenoble, January 23, 1783, of a family that had long been prominent and influential in Southern France, he had the misfortune to have parents who were in no way related to him except by blood. Their views, tastes, plans, and lastly prejudices—community of which is virtually sympathy—were all opposed to his, and his home-life was quite as unhappy, therefore, as that of most children in like circumstances. He never cherished any affection for priests, and on that account, as he used to say, he had a surfeit of them in early boyhood. Two or three who acted as his teachers he positively abominated, and with good reason, since they invariably tried to make him do what he did not want to. They

thwarted him, angered him, mortified him, until the pleasantest dream of his tenth year was that he had killed one priest outright, and hopelessly crippled four others. His was not a violent temper either. Although self-willed, he was extremely sensitive; the slightest wound to his pride, while it might not provoke a feeling of revenge, was very slow to heal. He acutely remembered the injustices done in his childhood when he was fifty, and he often averred that our parents and instructors are our worst, as they are our first, enemies.

Beyle was one of the few gifted men who have gained distinction at school. He carried off a number of first prizes in his native city, and was diligently preparing himself for the Polytechnic Institute when, before he was eighteen, he was appointed, through the influence of some of his kinsmen, supernumerary in the Ministry of War. A few months later he went to Italy, having been invited thither by several friends, who had gone from Grenoble, with a view of securing for him some congenial employment. He rode horseback from Geneva to Piedmont on the heels of the invading forces, passing the fortress of Bard while it was besieged by Napoleon, and, after many adventures, arrived safely in Milan. He was so fond of excitement and danger, that he could not help being a deeply-interested spectator of the battle of Marengo (June 14, 1800), where he had several narrow escapes from flying shot and bursting shells. The military fever, then so prevalent, seized him, and bore him into the army. Having been commissioned sublieutenant, he served with signal gallantry on the staff of General Michaud, until he was compelled to join his regiment by a general order forbidding any officer of his rank to act as aide-de-camp.

As his regiment was stationed and doing garrison duty in a small town near the frontier, Beyle availed himself of the first honorable opportunity—the short-lived Peace of Amiens—to resign his commission, notwithstanding the disapproval of his friends, and return to Grenoble. He was but twenty then, though he had already decided to lead a literary life, which, with wise forecast, he deemed inadvisable, unless aided by at least a modicum of money. To this end he solicited his father for an allowance, which was for some time withheld, because the father, in the first place, had no confidence in the son's prudence or practicality; and, secondly, he considered manuscript-making waste of time and abuse of talent. The youth succeeded at last in getting two hundred francs a month, with the understanding that he should leave his parents and relatives in possession of the peace his society did so little to promote. With his slender income he went to Paris, secured cheap lodgings, and, eschewing the vulgar pleasures and dissipations of the capital, began a regular course of study.

He was not without a very liberal share of philogyny—that belonged to his years and breed—though it is remarkable that his attachments were always serious, and seldom selfish. It is said of him that he never deserted a woman to whom he had once given his affection—that the separations between him and his sweethearts were caused either by uncontrollable circumstance or their own election, usually by the latter. Wonderful to relate, he had far more reason than they to complain of inconsistency—of which man is generally the incarnation—and his unhappy experience prompted him to declare that the surest way to cure a woman of love is to love her unconditionally and devotedly. This speech was probably the offspring of momentary bitterness; for no man—last of all a Frenchman—could be more tolerant of feminine fickleness, or the waverings of feminine passion. When he had not changed himself—and he seems to have been exceptionally loyal for one of his sex—he received the assurance of change in women not without pain, but with sweet philosophy and perfect charity. “If she no longer loves me, and I still love her,” he was wont to say, “it is not her fault, but my misfortune. The fact that she tires or can tire of me is the strongest argument against me.

“We have no right to try to force the heart, which should be the sanctuary of freedom.

“It is everything to me if I love a woman; if she love me not, I have no pretext for complaint.

“Our blood is the egotism of our bodies, it flows only in the direction of its interest.

“We love because we get pleasure from loving. When the pleasure palls, love dies a natural death; and the love that survives should not hope for resurrection, but abide in patience a new birth.”

In Paris, Beyle wrote a good deal, but published nothing; having entirely failed to satisfy himself, and rightly believing that a young man barely out of his majority need not hasten to pluck the laurel. His twenty-second birthday had gone by but a few months when some new whim transported him once more to his native town. He made another effort to become acquainted with his family, though its members remained as alien to him as he to them. In the midst of the old clashings, he attended the theatre, and lost his heart—a very losable organ, it must be confessed—to a dark-eyed and somewhat mercenary actress. Having an engagement in Marseilles, she went there to fill it, and he followed her. The new passion absorbed him. Under its spell he ceased to think of letters; his sole idea being to keep near her. He procured a situation in a mercantile house, and staid there contentedly for ten or eleven months, at the end of which time his charmer underwent a sentimental or, more properly, a financial revolution in favor of a rich Russian, and married him on the spot. The couple departed for Odessa, and the lorn lover journeyed to Paris, where his mind had always dwelt, and where he would have been happy to stay had fortune permitted.

Disliking France, and most Frenchmen, he adored the capital. He asserts, in one of his letters, that

his highest happiness would be to live on the fourth floor of a Parisian lodging-house, and earn six thousand francs a year with his pen. He gauged himself correctly, no doubt; for his wants were few, his tastes simple, and both were easily gratified. In most things he was a philosopher in spirit as well as in intellect; being singularly consistent, despite his inconsistency, for a man of complete artistic temperament. Moderate as his wishes were, he could not realize them; for his writings were so far from popular during his life—it is questionable if they ever will be really popular—that he had great trouble in finding a publisher, and, when a publisher had been found, most of his books attracted little attention, and gained him no money. There is something pathetic in the inability of a man of unquestioned genius and large culture—remarkably industrious and upright withal—to earn by the exercise of his art, in the boasted capital of civilization, near the middle of the nineteenth century, the paltry sum of six thousand francs. No marvel that in bitterness of spirit he renounced his native land, and stigmatized it as the ugliest country of the world, which fools alone call beautiful France.

The late Leo Lespès had in Paris fifty thousand francs annually from the *Petit Journal*, and seventy-five thousand from the *Petit Moniteur* for a daily *feuilleton*, mainly compiled from cyclopædias, volumes of memoirs, and books of travel. Indeed, almost any really clever contributor to the press can readily earn there from ten to twenty thousand francs a year. If Beyle were alive now, and would condescend to address the average French mind, he could make in a month what he would have been contented with for a whole year. Even without such condescension, he could soon create to-day a public of his own. The world of ink does move.

With the loss of his mistress his love of literature returned. He had recommenced his studies and his manuscripts, when the friends who had induced him to leave Italy besought him to enter the government service again. He was loath to do so; but, having no particular prospects, he finally consented, and went to them in Germany. He witnessed, as a non-combatant, the battle of Jena, and a few days after the entry of Napoleon into the vanquished city of Berlin. He was immediately made intendant of the subjected domains of the slaughtered Duke of Brunswick, and profited by twenty-six months of residence in Germany to learn the language and study the literature and philosophy of the country.

In his new office he displayed marked ability, and demonstrated his ownership of the loftiest courage. His entire coolness in the presence of danger, his power of execution, and his fertility of resource, denoted his fitness for a military career. On one occasion, a formidable insurrection having broken out in one of the towns of the duchy, after the departure of the French garrison, it was promptly and effectually quelled by the young intendant, who armed the invalid soldiers in the hospital, and led them in person.

Afterward appointed auditor, Beyle accompanied

Napoleon on several of his memorable campaigns, and discharged all his duties with the strictest integrity; evinced, in the midst of peril, consummate valor, and, in the face of overwhelming adversity, unvarying and unflinching fortitude. With every temptation and opportunity for speculation and self-appropriation, and the knowledge that they would have been leniently regarded by the emperor, he preferred his honorable poverty to any ill-gotten gains. His probity was too singular not to be noticed. It became known to Napoleon, who never rewarded it, though he might have done so, had his downfall been longer deferred.

Beyle was with the host that invaded Russia, and implicitly participated in the terrors of that most terrible retreat. His calmness, his intrepidity, his elastic spirit, his consideration of others, never deserted him. He watched the burning of Moscow with the eye of an artist, and has left in his correspondence an admirable description of the historic event. Even at the awful passage of the Beresina he was full of encouragement, always ready to help the wounded, cheering, and dying, and appeared, in that Gehenna of agony, as self-possessed as if he had been at a ball at the Tuileries. He has hardly referred to his own suffering; his sympathy with others seeming to have rendered him oblivious of himself. He adhered most faithfully to the falling fortunes of the greatest of great captains, and, after the second abdication, refused to imitate the example of so many of his countrymen in soliciting favors from the restored monarchy. His whole course as an imperialist was consistent, manly, honorable.

His master being irretrievably overthrown, he quitted France for Milan (in the autumn of 1814), where he remained, with a number of temporary absences, for seven years. The metropolis of Lombardy was very congenial to Beyle. He loved Italy and the Italians; he had large opportunity to study art there; he was passionately fond of the opera, and La Scala furnished at its best what he so keenly enjoyed. From Milan he could easily reach other Italian cities; he had in that capital many friends, among whom were Rossini, Monti, and Byron; he could live—a prosaic though very important consideration for paladins of the pen—much cheaper than in his adored Paris; and he could pursue literature with fewer interruptions, and under more favorable conditions. While in Milan he published (1817) his first works, “History of Painting in Italy,” “Lives of Haydn, Mozart, and Metastasio,” and “Rome, Florence, and Naples.” The last was the only one that attracted immediate attention, which it richly deserved because it is, in the main, an elaborate and eloquent account of the music of those cities, and the author clearly understood and appreciated Italian music, and interpreted it to the French. Notwithstanding his great need of money, he was not disappointed at getting so little from his earliest works. Indeed, he was zealous artist enough to write for the love of art. He had no expectation of any large recognizance during life; for he believed himself in advance of his age. He sought only to earn by his

vocation sufficient means to insure a very modest independence; and even that, poor fellow! he never gained. How he should live—simply, sincerely, honorably, let it be said—appears to have been seldom out of his mind. That was one of the seriously disturbing causes of his whole career—with him, as with so many before and since, the canker in the bud of genius. He had hope, when his father died (1819), of a legacy of one hundred thousand francs, and forty thousand was all he received. What we name luck seems never to have been on his side. He often laughed at the ill manner in which his affairs turned out; saying that, when Fortune condescended to look on him kindly for a moment, she was instantaneously attacked with amaurosis, which shut him out from further vision.

The year following he was deeply distressed at a report, widely circulated and believed in Milan, that he was living there as a secret agent of France. No man was less likely to be, less capable of being, a spy; his faults were those of excessive candor and outspokenness; and the charge rendered him, as he avowed, more miserable than anything that had happened to him. He was so free from suspicion that, though the report had been credited for six months, though many of his acquaintances had treated him coldly, and tried to avoid him, he had divined nothing of the matter. A friend informed him at last; and, while he was unsettled as to his course, the police ordered him from Austrian territory, on the ground of his being a Carbonaro.

Neither the Milanese nor the Austrians could comprehend why a Frenchman should live so quietly and privately in an Italian capital, unless he had some ulterior motive. The author was a philosopher, and they knew not the first meaning of philosophy. Besides, he had excited suspicion by a jocular fondness for giving himself divers names, misrepresenting his antecedents, and pretending to be a dozen things that he was not. This had always been one of his idiosyncrasies, and, as the official Austrian capable of taking a joke will not be born for five hundred years yet, it is not strange that Beyle should have been expeditiously expelled. One would think he must have seen enough of the Austrians to have known their invincible misapprehension of anything appertaining to a jest. His marvelous dullness in this one respect is illustrative of the lack of balance in his character, and of the fact that every genius has its possibility of boobyism.

His banishment led him once more to Paris, and he resided there until 1830—a period of nine years. His life this time seems to have flowed more evenly in the capital, where he made many friends, and more enemies—the latter by his uncompromising frankness and uncontrollable antipathy to fools and bores. He was a brilliant member, frequently the centre, of the best political, social, artistic, and literary circles, and would doubtless have gained valuable preferment, could he have restrained his caustic tongue. Whether he could have done so or not, he never made the slightest effort of the sort. One of his utterances was: “I am very poor; but not so poor

as to deny myself the luxury of free speech. I must keep that at any price." On this he uniformly acted. He did not believe in the inalienable, eminently human right of every man to be a fool or a bore, or both; and his disbelief necessarily brought him into constant trouble. Mentally he perceived and acknowledged that an immensely preponderating majority of the globe's inhabitants must be composed of those two classes. And yet, temperamentally, he would have abolished their privilege of existence, and thus have gone far toward depopulating the planet. Inscrutable being! How could he find it in his humanity to refuse to the great mass of his fellows a prerogative from the exercise of which he was saved only by a trick of his constitution?

His disqualification for reserve involved him in a number of duels, to which, without malevolence, he was nothing loath. "I don't want to hurt anybody," he once said; "I have not a bellicose appetite naturally. But I would rather fight every week than withhold an opinion I am justified in expressing." He was persuaded that one duel at the proper moment would often prevent several duels at inconvenient seasons; that an understood readiness to fight was the strongest guarantee against a great deal of fighting. "When you are beginning life," was one of his many aphorisms, "let no man look askant at you without calling him to account. After you have done this, you will be likely to stand in the exact focus of his eyesight." The ex-army officer had not the figure of a swordsman, being short, stout, and not at all agile; nor did he ever make much progress in fencing. He was, however, a fine shot, having a quick eye, and before danger the steadiest nerves. He relates that, on a certain occasion, he brought down with a pistol a small bird on the wing, at a distance of ten rods, and that, though he might not have been able to do it again, the reputation of his skill in the one instance was not without benefit to him. He never killed anybody—the European Continentalists very seldom do—and was never seriously injured himself; his four or five wounds leaving no permanent trace. He admits that he deserved a dozen deaths for his oral offenses—for stinging sarcasms that, while they may be outwardly forgiven, are never entirely forgotten. His frankness is equal to that of Montaigne—one of his favorite authors—who declares he never knew a man who ought not to have been hanged from ten to twelve times; and he does not pretend to make an exception of himself. There must be a large element of wisdom—the result, perchance, of infinite understanding—in any man who thinks that he ought to be put to an end—or, still better, ought not to have been begun. Though it be a paradox, he who sees least reason for his life is best fitted to live. Only the idealist, to whom the opulence of to-morrow becomes the poverty of to-day, to whom all achievement is, in some sense, mean, can honestly doubt of himself and of his highest possibilities.

Beyle was a sparkling and charming conversationalist, and as such found in Paris—the peerless abode of fine talk—the fullest recognition. Every-

body pronounced him brilliant, and, from what has been said of him, he would seem to have been even more gifted in oral than in written expression. Unlike most fluent and eloquent talkers, he was in no wise a monologist. He could not talk long to silent or unresponsive persons. He required the sustenance of sympathy; the presence of several stupid people (*bêtes*), or a company of Philistines (*épiciers*, the French call them), would render him silent as an oyster, but nothing like so sweet. He had the true conversational art—the art of making others talk; of bringing out the diffident and encouraging the timid. He says he would rather listen to others than to himself; that he who is enamored of his own voice soon loses his power to entertain. Judging from the record of his contemporaries, he was never tiresome, and for the reason that he delighted in facts, incidents, anecdotes, reminiscences, instead of discussions, abstractions, generalities, and declamation. He thought an excellent recipe for interesting conversation would be to talk as unlike Madame de Staël as possible. As everybody knows, she needed no stimulant, no motive, no congeniality for speech. She would begin anywhere, on any topic, at any time, and end only from sheer physical exhaustion. The last thing that occurred to her was her auditors. If they were swept away on the torrent of her glittering egotism, she still continued, self-absorbed, to address the splendid vacuity of her own creation.

While living in Paris, the author wrote copiously, though he printed very little, more the fault of publishers than himself; for he could hardly keep out of debt, economical as he was, and would have been but too happy to have had a market for his wares. He believed he was unlucky, and he was, partially owing, no doubt, to that very belief. He would have been very glad to get a position under the government; but he was too proud to beg for one, and he made it hard for his friends to act in his behalf by the unremitting license of his pen and tongue. It is so difficult usually to do anything practical for a man of genius that it seems plausible that, in a sphere of inner and outer harmony, men of genius will either be rich or superfluous. He despised place-seeking or place-taking as much as anybody could. But an unvarying necessity existed in his case, and therefore he despised himself for the very necessity. He contemplated suicide from time to time, from his lack of pecuniary independence—having no objection to suicide on general principles; but when his circumstances got desperate, and he likewise, they always underwent some kind of amelioration.

The consulship of Trieste was procured for him in July, 1830. He was supremely discontented after going there, and not at all sorry when, Prince Metternich refusing to approve his appointment, he was transferred to Civitá Vecchia. What must have been his detestation of Trieste! Anybody who has traveled in Italy will, perforce, pity Beyle's last allotment of fortune. Was he ever resigned to it? No, indeed! A consulship at Civitá Vecchia is near akin to a dukedom in the midst of Sahara. Nevertheless, he kept it as a choice of evils. It gave him

bread sweetened with the sense of earning, and an opportunity, also, of frequent visits to Rome. He staid there for six years—Ixion bound to the wheel, he termed it—trying vainly to secure another appointment; and then procured leave of absence on half pay for an indefinite period. He traveled in Italy, France, and England, spending some months in London, where he had never been before; but was obliged to resume his consular functions in the spring of 1839, on account of a change in the French ministry. The malaria of the region about Rome had gravely affected his health, and its improvement was more than undone by his return to Civit  Vecchia.

After twenty months of his second residence his constitution was so impaired that his physicians advised him to seek medical advice in Paris. He had then published all the works he had written, and he hurried to the city of his heart with the hope of complete recovery, and of brighter days than he had ever known. He was doomed to disappointment. His health was irremediably shattered; some of his friends had died, others had gone away; Paris had lost much of its charm; a deep melancholy settled upon him—the reflected shadow of the end. In less than a year he was struck with apoplexy in the street, and carried to his lodgings in the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs. He never moved, never spoke; and, after lying totally insensible for twelve hours, the troubled, fervid, veiled pulses of Henri Beyle forever stopped. It was the exit he would probably have asked; for he abhorred death-bed scenes, sentimental shows, melodrama in every form. It was well in the present, and in the future he had not a shadow of belief. Death, he had frequently affirmed, is but the falling of the curtain between egotism and annihilation. He was buried in Montmartre; and on his tomb was carved by his own direction an inscription in Italian, which, literally translated, runs thus:

"HENRI BEYLE, MILANESE;
WROTE; LOVED; LIVED;
59 YEARS, 2 MONTHS;
DIED AT 2 A. M., MARCH 23, 1842."

Not in his writing, nor loving, nor living, had he met, in his own judgment, with anything but failure. His writings had been vain; his loves unfortunate; his life disastrous. Why he chose to call himself a native of Milan, when he knew everybody else knew that he was born in Grenoble, is curious enough. This would seem like a disposition to be thought odd; though to affect oddity, or to excite sensation in any manner, was not one of his weaknesses. He unquestionably deceived himself, but he never willingly attempted to deceive others. His defects, and they were many and manifest, were the defects of a strong, open, inharmonious, contradictory nature. Whatever his motive, he was most singular in denying his nationality. Who ever heard before of a Frenchman willing to be thought, in life or death, in time or eternity, anything but a Frenchman?

Beyle's works—not one of which, so far as the writer knows, has been translated into English—have

been reprinted in Paris, and embrace thirteen volumes, exclusive of two volumes of his correspondence. The thirteen volumes, independent of those already mentioned, embrace "Love," "Life of Rossini," "Racine and Shakespeare," "Walks in Rome," "Memoirs of a Tourist," "Rouge et Noir," "The Carthusian Nun of Parma," and "Romances and Novels." Most of his writings were given to the world under the pseudonym of Stendhal, by which he is still spoken of, and indeed generally known, in Europe. He appended a variety of signatures to his miscellaneous compositions. Those contributed to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*—a series of Italian chronicles and tales like "The Cenci," "Vanino Vanini," and "The Abbess of Castro"—comprised in the two volumes of "Romances and Novels," appeared under divers names, and were not recognized save by a few personal friends as the product of the same mind. He appears to have been as fond of variegated nomenclature in his literary as in his actual life, and to this eccentricity many persons have ascribed his failure to secure contemporaneous fame. He could not have believed an author's name to be his capital (all the author owns usually), unless he counted it as shifting capital—which is quite probable—to be concentrated and indemnifying after death.

"Love" is virtually a singular, elaborate, and fantastic essay, which, notwithstanding the threadbare subject, he has managed to infuse with a good deal of originality. As it treats of the universal passion, it might naturally be thought one of the most read of Beyle's books. On the contrary, it is one of the most neglected; and yet in it the reader often sees him at his best. The author glorifies and idealizes his theme, on one hand, and, on the other hand, reduces all its marvels, magic, and mystery, to his philosophy of self-interest. His theory is, that love is what the lover makes it; that all its witchery dwells in the eye of the loving; that the charm of the beloved cannot survive the loss of the lover. He revels, in "Love" as elsewhere, in whimsies, incompleteness, irrelevancy, paradoxes, incongruities, so that it is very laborious sometimes to follow his thought or grasp his conclusions. His besetting sin is want of clearness—a very rare fault in a Frenchman (perhaps it would be less observed in any other language), not in the style but in the arrangement of the parts, and presentation of the whole. His ideas are incomplete, his illustrations disjointed, his meaning often deliberately obscure. Still, he was the antipodes of hasty or careless. Nearly all his manuscripts were rewritten, some of them ten or twelve times; but it was the thought, not the style, he toiled over and altered. For style, as such, he proclaimed his contempt (he could not perceive that art exists almost entirely in form); making the fatal mistake that Carlyle, Browning, and so many Englishmen and Germans, have made; and unmindful that fame is prone to reject what is hard to understand. He was entirely conscious of his peculiarity—he did not consider it a fault—and he rigidly adhered to it, it is alleged, on account of his superla-

tive dislike to Staël and what he regarded as her school of mawkish sentimentalists and commonplace high-fliers.

"Racine and Shakespeare" is a study of and appeal for romanticism in opposition to classicism. Beyle was one of the earliest, bravest, and ablest advocates of romanticism, and to him more than to anybody else, perhaps, it owes its establishment in France. He was one of the few Frenchmen who have been capable of understanding and doing justice to Shakespeare, while recognizing at the same time the full merits of Racine. He has left us an admirable distinction between the two schools. He calls romanticism the art of presenting to a public the works which, in its habit of sympathy and manner of thought, can furnish that public with the largest amount of enjoyment; while classicism presents it with the works that have furnished its great-grandfathers with the largest amount of pleasure they could enjoy.

"Walks in Rome" is a remarkable delineation of the art, customs, manners, and people of the Eternal City, as they were in the early part of the present century. The book abounds in curious information, rare learning, excellent criticism; but it represents the Italians so much worse than they now are, that one cannot help thinking he has emphasized and exaggerated their vices, and neglected their virtues altogether. He knew Italy and the Italians better than any of his countrymen have known them, and he greatly liked them, also; though he has described them generally as a people shockingly licentious, and wellnigh destitute of moral principle. No doubt the instances he cites of corruption and profligacy are individually true; but they must be the exceptions that disprove the rule.

"Memoirs of a Tourist" exhibits the author's extraordinary talent for observation—this was instinctive, involuntary in him—his keen insight, and his vast power of analysis. The volumes (there are two) bristle with ideas, but contain very few pictures, and have the palpable defects that mar his genius everywhere.

"Rouge et Noir," a romance of the nineteenth century, is full of characters too wicked and too clever ever to have lived. They are hardly humanly inhuman, albeit they may be regarded as inhumanly intellectual. They are metaphysical embodiments of Beyle's prejudices and theories; they speak, move, and act as, in the purely selfish philosophy, men and women are supposed to, but really never do. The faults of the book are so kindred to those of "The Carthusian Nun of Parma (La Chartreuse de Parme)," which is universally regarded as his best work, and which Balzac has pronounced a masterpiece of literature, that what is said of one may apply almost equally well to the other. Praise from Honoré de Balzac is praise indeed. In the *Revue Parisienne* (Septembr 23, 1840), he paid to "La Chartreuse" the most generous tribute; declaring its author, moreover, to be one of the most accurate observers and most original writers of the age. Beyle was duly grateful for the superlative compli-

ment—such, he said, as no author had ever received from another—and in a note, kindly thanking Balzac, admitted he had read the article with bursts of laughter. He deemed the encomium, as he did the scheme of salvation, altogether too agreeable to be true, which showed his modesty and skepticism at the same time. The magnanimous critic was by no means blind to the defects of "La Chartreuse" (aesthetic excellence was in him a sixth sense); and he freely commented on its inadequacy of form; deeply regretting, after its author's death, that he had not pruned it into proper shape.

The title of the romance is irony intensified. The austere nun is presumed to be the heroine, Gina Pietranera, a noble Milanese, of ravishing beauty, exhaustless spirit, and totally imperceptible morality. Her nephew, Fabricio, is the putative hero, and as handsome, shrewd, and accomplished a scoundrel as French fiction can furnish. Then there are Ernesto VII., sovereign of Parma (the scene is laid in Parma and Milan; the time 1815-1820), and his minister, Count Mosca della Rovere, Rossi, prefect of police, Duke Sanseverina-Taxis, Palla Ferrante, a radical republican, with other husies and rascals equally remarkable for good looks and bad morals. A large portion of the book is taken up with the adventures of Fabricio, of whom his aunt is very fond. Not sinfully, however; sin being prevented, not from principle (none of the characters are so superfluously burdened), but from the fact that he cares nothing for her. He is constantly falling into trouble, and Gina is as constantly getting him out. After he has violated all the articles of the Decalogue, and committed many offenses unknown at the date of the framing of that instrument, he is considered vicious enough to entitle him to an archbishopric. His precious aunt has some difficulty in securing for him the ecclesiastic dignity; but she finally succeeds, and he is dismissed to the happiness which holy and exalted villains, according to the code of Parnesian ethics, so richly deserve. Gina, who has several husbands and numberless lovers, and is true to none of them, promises at the close of the story to continue her enchantments and iniquities while she has breath. The book has no regular plot: it is a series of scenes providing opportunity to the author to exhibit wickedness intellectually, and set his cynicism in shining epigram. Its moral is its excessive immorality—that is, as respects the behavior of the characters. The incidents are related without the slightest coarseness; the evil consisting wholly in the idea. "La Chartreuse" is a metaphysical presentation of reasoning misanthropy in narrative form; the persons introduced being so exquisitely drawn as patterns of corruption and exponents of art, that the reader simultaneously rejoices at the felicity of their delineation and the impossibility of their existence.

Henri Beyle had with genius much of its eccentricity, its lights and shadows, its discords and antagonisms. He had selfishness and sensibility, sensualism and spirituality, passionate introspection with self-misunderstanding, deep insight with igno-

rance of his kind. He believed the best of his friends and the worst of his fellows. His theory of humanity was abominable; his own practice, under the most trying circumstances, upright, honorable, and conscientious. One of the least French of Frenchmen, he idolized Paris; absent, was ever longing for its delights. He steadily ridiculed its people, its pretensions, most of its literature, and yet went joy-

ously home, only to die in its unappreciative arms. Unable to earn his bread by his pen, ceaselessly struggling against unappreciation and a proud heart, thousands, after he is dead, are officious in his praise, happy to name him brother of Balzac.

How often it happens that Genius, symbolized by Saturn, must devour its own children, ere it is translated to the gods!

AS HE COMES UP THE STAIR.

BY HELEN B. MATHERS,

AUTHOR OF "COMIN' THRO' THE RYE," ETC.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

CHAPTER I.

TWO YEARS AFTER.

"HUSH!" said Rose; "do not speak to her, she does not even see us;" and, stretching out her hand, she softly drew her husband back.

It was Ninon's slender shape that came fluttering by, seemingly blown on its onward path by the vagabond, roving wind—so listless, so shadowy, so irresponsive, did she appear, a mere pale resemblance to the fresh, gay young beauty that had passed this way in all the flush of her careless youth and love but two short years ago.

She wore a knot of blue ribbons at her bare breast, and others in her hair of the color that Michael had always loved and praised, yet deemed not half so richly dyed as her beautiful, faithful eyes, or one half so soft in their silken gloss as the sweet, red lips he had so often kissed. She wore the ribbons still, though praise and blame were surely forever overpast from the man who lay sepulchred safely enough in the treacherous bosom of the smiling, sparkling sea yonder.

Moving to and fro in her daily life, she heard the speech of no man, nor woman either, save one.

A harsh word would have been no more to her than a kind one, a blow have moved her no more than a caress; looks of pity, words of reproof, were alike lost upon her, and naught of either good or evil could touch her in the isolation of her soul.

And so it was that they who had loved her not in by-gone days, having held her in light esteem, were moved even to tears by the dumb anguish of her eyes, and, after their simple fashion, would do her kindly service, and evince in fifty ways their sympathy with her sorrow; but she heeded them not one whit, nor their looks, nor acts, nor words; the world to her was full of shadows that came and went, went and came, among which she sought by day and night the living, breathing shape of Michael, her lost love.

It came to pass after a while that the Lynaway folk, in looking after or speaking of her, began to touch the forehead significantly, and to say, among

themselves, that the catastrophe had turned her brain, never a very strong one at the best of times.

What else could be supposed of a woman who had never been seen to shed a single tear, or heard to utter a syllable concerning her loss to any living creature; who refused to believe that a dead man was in very truth dead, but spent half her days and nights in watching for his return; and would not wear a vestige of mourning in honor of his memory, but dressed herself always in the colors that he had preferred, so that she might be fair in his eyes at whatever moment he might appear?

And as time went by, and growing weary (as do all people) of bestowing pity where it is not returned in the small change of gratitude and confidence, they came to believe more and more in the fact of her being astray, and less and less in the intense reality and depth of her suffering. They could not understand the existence of anything, whether of joy or sorrow, that had no outward form of expression. Since their own experiences had never been anything out of the common way, they did not know that great suffering is invariably reticent, nay, that, when it shall have reached its extremest limits, it is absolutely silent and incapable of words or complaint.

He who can express his agony with suitable force and vigor, in the form of words most adapted to display its strength, retains too much the mastery over his own emotions, is too little abandoned to the fury of them to be regarded as a truthful and natural exponent of human pain. The extremity of anguish is dumb, since no mere words can fill up the measure of what it endures, while the inarticulate sounds that may be heard proceeding from a soul in travail, and that form the only true and actual language of woe, contain in their uncouth strangeness a meaning that no actual words, however well chosen and aptly uttered, could boast.

"See," said Rose, and her voice was still low, though Ninon was far out of hearing, "she is going to the old place at the edge of the sea. Hark you, Enoch; it lies upon me sometimes like a chill that some evening or morning we shall find her there—

her spirit looking for Michael still, but her body cold and dead !”

She shivered, and pressed more closely to her a little sleeping babe, that lay like a flower in her breast—Enoch's child and hers. The touch of those rosy, tender lips had smoothed the greater part of the bitterness out of her heart ; the aching void that she had thought no love save Michael's could ever fill, was empty no longer, for the child had crept into and filled it, drawing father and mother together as the father never guessed, who knew not how far away from him Rose had been in the days when he had deemed her most truly and entirely his own. Passionately as Rose had wept for Michael's sudden and violent death, her grief had been tempered, ignobly enough, by the thought that he was now lost forever to her rival Ninon.

One might have supposed that the poor girl's miserable fate would have softened Rose's heart to her, but, with that curious dislike that one woman can retain for another, long after the man who caused it is dead or forgotten, she could not pardon her for ever having possessed Michael's love. Excusing herself to her heart, she said that Ninon's wrong-doing did but bring its own punishment, and that at her own door, and at hers alone, lay Michael's death, and that no amount of after-suffering could atone for her past misconduct.

Nevertheless, like most women who are unpitiful in their conclusions, she could not bear with equanimity the sight of the working out of her doom ; and often, with that half-hearted pity which is at the same time cruel and womanly, she would rise from her bed at night to see if the lone watcher was at her accustomed vigil ; often paused by day to speak some kindly words, which might have been the harshest upbraidings for aught that Ninon knew or cared.

Enoch's eyes, following his wife's, rested with fear and trouble in them upon the girl concerning whom Michael had asked him such a terrible question just two years ago.

“Poor lass !” he said, with as pitiful a sigh as ever man gave at sight of moving spectacle yet. “To see her as she looks this day, an' to mind what she was when Michael lov'd her ! 'Twill ever be in my thoughts that I might ha' been more quick that night, and not let him see I had my doubts about her ; but, at the very moment he spoke so earnestly, one or two things came into my mind, an' I couldn't tell the lad a lie, ye see.”

His eyes turned back from that lonely figure on the beach below to the wife and child beside him, and the contrast of his own happiness with the fate of Michael, whom he had so dearly loved, smote him with a more than usual sharpness. The sweet of his own life, as set against the bitterness of that other ending, often seemed to him as a cruel disloyalty to his lost friend. Such faithful thoughts have true friends one to the other when united in the bonds of an affection which death itself cannot break.

“'Twas not you that did the mischief,” said Rose,

her cheek turning pale. “Michael had speech with Martin Strange that night. One of the men swears he saw them standing on the plot before Michael's cottage together, though nobody knows what passed—nobody ever will know.”

“If Martin spoke agen the girl after she was Michael's wedded wife, 'twas a coward's trick an' a shameful thing to do,” said Enoch, his features kindling with indignation. “If he'd got aught to say agen her he oughter ha' spoke up afore the ring was on her finger ; a true man 'ud ha' bitten his tongue out afore he'd spoken after.”

“But, supposing,” said Rose, looking downward, “that Martin had not meant to speak ; that he had made up his mind (although he loved her so madly) not to stand between her and Michael—would he have been so bad and cowardly then, Enoch ?”

“Not if he had kept to it ; but that he didn't do, my dear.”

“I have been thinking,” said Rose, still looking downward, “that perhaps he was not so bad as we thought ; that Michael, having found him, compelled him to tell the whole truth ; and, if so, Martin wouldn't have been so much to blame.”

“He might ha' saved the lass's credit, I'm thinkin', if he'd had a mind to,” said Enoch ; “for, in spite of their bein' lovers, an' there bein' scandal about the girl, I never will believe there was real harm in it, or more than a girl's bit o' folly, for she has an innocent face o' her own, my dear, an' a look on it as I never saw in a sinfu' one yet.”

“Nevertheless,” said Rose, “it must have been something more than folly to drive Michael away from her like that, and to make him say to her before all the men—that he had no wife !”

“Ay,” said Enoch, “there's no denyin' that Michael went away full o' the belief that she had wronged him ; but I shall always think he might ha' given the girl a chance o' clearing herself ; and, mark you, Rose, there has been known such things as a man tellin' a lie to prevent another man from gettin' the girl he loves ; and who's to tell if, when Michael asked Martin for the truth, that, bein' so tempted an' mad wi' love an' despair, he didn't forget his honor and his God, and foul his lips wi' a black lie ?”

“But what made you ever think of such a thing ?” cried Rose, thoroughly startled ; for such words as those had never fallen from her husband's lips before. “What reason can you have for thinking it, Enoch ?”

“Do you not see yourself,” he said, “the change that has come over the man ; ay, an' that began about the time Michael came home and began to court Ninon ? From bein' a merry, outspoken chap, wi' his heart on his sleeve so as all might see it, he has come by degrees to be a downcast, miserable-looking creetur, avoidin' everybody, and seemin' to have such a bad opinion o' himself that other folks can't choose but have the same o' him theirselves. Now it takes summat more'n truth to bring a man to that state, an' 'tis not in natur' for him as is sound in heart and conscience to become such a wreck ; an'

for no visible reason neither. If he'd been Ninon's honest lover, an' given her up or fought for her like a man when he found she preferred Michael, why he'd ha' had naught to reproach himself wi' when Michael died, an' be free now to try his luck wi' her again, 'stead o' which he just follows her about like a dog, seemin' not to expect a word or a look, an' that's not the way a man as respec's himself tries to win a good lass's love, my dear."

"That is true," said Rose, thoughtfully. "And if it should be that 'twas as you think, then it is accounted for that Martin, who stood on the shore when the boat came in without Michael, should have gone on like a madman, saying that 'twas impossible Michael was dead, and that it must be all a mistake; and then, when they had convinced him, did he not fling himself on the ground at Ninon's feet, imploring her forgiveness, she never heeding him any more than if he had been a stone?"

"If ever," said Enoch, slowly, "she should let herself, through bein' lonely or in want of somebody to care for an' set store by her, she should give her promise to Martin, 'tis a worse opinion than I've ever had o' the girl before that I should have that day."

"Some of the gossips persist in it that she'll marry him sooner or later," said Rose, "but I don't think so myself. Did you see how, when that old fool Peter said to her the other day, 'Tis no good crying over spilt milk forever, Ninon, and nobody knows better than yourself that you can take a new husband whenever you please'—how she turned upon him with all the vacant look gone out of her pale face, and such a horror in it as though some creeping, loathsome thing had come nigh her?"

"'Tis plain that she's got some reason for doubting him," said Enoch, "though she's too gentle an' heart-broken to rail at him or speak her mind, an' there never was any strength in the lass save in her great love for Michael; but that she suspects what passed between the men that night I have not a doubt."

Martha Nichol came hurrying along with intelligence of some sort written on her plain, hard-featured, but not unkindly face.

"Hester Winter is dying," she said, "and I'm come to fetch Ninon."

At that moment the girl turned and began to retrace her steps to the house.

CHAPTER II.

HESTER WINTER AND NINON.

THE bushes of white and red roses had blossomed and faded twice since the day of Michael's marriage, and the time of their second flowering was even now as Ninon passed through them to her home.

She heeded not their saucy pride of beauty and fragrance, nor ever plucked one for gladness at the sight or scent of it. They were to her as insignificant portions of the cruel and heartless whole that

men and women and all animate and inanimate creation made to her now, that seemed to her to have forgotten her darling as utterly as if he had never existed. She wondered sometimes in her silent, helpless fashion if, after all, she herself was unnatural and strange in thus *remembering* when it was apparently in the nature of all things to forget.

Even his mother wept no longer for her only son now that before her eyes the gates of the eternal city were opening more widely day by day; for in the looked-for rapture of that expected greeting no tears of earthly tribulation might dare to intrude. Only upon the joy and gladness of her going fell the shadow of poor, desolate Ninon, whom she was leaving friendless and alone, pressed, moreover, by a wild and fallacious hope that could not but be productive of bitter disappointment in the future as well as of feverish unrest in the present.

It was strange in what different fashions these two women, united in the bonds of an intense love for Michael, looked forward to again being restored to him. To one Death was to give back her treasure, to the other the reaper was as a frightful enemy who had power to rend from her the fulfillment of a desire, to the exclusion of every other idea, thought, or wish, for that if Michael returned to find her dead, and the words which she lived only to utter lying forever dumb upon her lips, would not the day of intercession go by forever, while to the end of all time he would believe that she had deceived him?

That he was not dead, she was very sure; he breathed not one air, she another; her very flesh—she thought—would have crumbled to dust had his gone down to the grave or the deep, and there was justice neither in heaven nor in earth if God permitted her to die before he returned.

And so she watched for him always, in the dead of night, at break of day, in the heat of noon and cool of even; and sooner or later, perhaps, but not for a long while, not until her youth had departed and she lay a-dying, she would hear the sound of his foot on the stair, and he would take her in his arms once again, knowing her at last for the innocent, faithful Ninon that he had loved so long ago.

Her faith was so intense, her patience so absolute, that these two past years of waiting seemed but a small matter to her, and in no way made her fearful or doubtful of his ultimate return. And so, that he might never feel that he was shut out from his own home, the house-door stood open, night and day, summer and winter, and night by night from the highest chamber shone a light to guide his footsteps, should the time of his coming be after the sun had set. His hat and coat still hung on the wall, in the corner where he had been wont to sit of evenings was set his favorite chair, and upon a little table hard by was laid an open book with a sprig of lavender on the page, as though at any moment he might come in and continue his reading where he had left it off!

At all these foolish, loving tokens of what she considered to be a sad and pitiful craze, Hester never murmured, trusting in time, and the inevitable

certainly it would bring, to convince the girl of the irreparable nature of her loss.

The way in which it befell that Ninon and Hester Winter dwelt together was in this wise: it had come to the ears of the mother, following quickly on the news of her son's death, how that Ninon's mother, cold-hearted yet passionate, and resenting, with all the strength of her ignoble nature, the disgrace that Ninon had wrought upon herself and home, had in her fury spoken bad and cruel words to the silent and despairing girl, and, bidding her never return again to the threshold to which she had brought nothing but shame and scandal, thrust her from the door; whereupon Ninon, scarcely heeding her, and all unmoved, had returned to the spot whence Enoch had led her half an hour ago, and resumed her stony, tearless gaze at the water which held—they told her—the body that yesterday was her living, joyous, beautiful bridegroom. Then it was that Hester, all stiff and tired as she was with her sixty-five years of toil and trouble, arose and went to her, asking no questions, uttering no reproaches, moved to pity by that young and terrible face, received the girl into her faithful trust and affection. And this, I am sure, she would never have done had she not found something in her, invisible to all the rest, that satisfied her own spotless mind; for, who shall deny that there exists a freemasonry between the pure in heart as between those that are corrupt and vile? With the one as with the other, speech is not necessary for a perfect understanding.

And so in the house that had been Michael's, but now, by the law, was Ninon's, they lived together in love and friendship.

It had chanced, very soon after Michael's death, that an old man, who had been fond of Ninon when she lived in Bayonne, died, and bequeathed to her as much money as amply sufficed for the simple wants of the daughter and mother-in-law.

Mrs. Levesgne, oppressed, for all her coldness, by the undisguised contempt of the Lynaway folk, had long ago departed to her husband's people, so that Ninon was utterly alone save for our friend, and this, the last and (after Michael) the best, was even now hurrying away from the girl with a willing gladness that with her slow, dull heart, she sought to understand but could not. Already upon Hester's faded brow and lips had come the light that never shines on mortal face unless reflected from the sun of the kingdom of heaven; already the voices of those about her sounded far away and indistinct as the finer spiritual ear opened and the gross bodily one grew dull; already love, pity, memory even, were fading out in the full glory of that new and perfect existence that in some happy few begins before the soul has taken actual wing, enabling it to pass from life to immortality without any conscious pause in the intermediate stage of death.

And Ninon, entering from that piteous pilgrimage for which she stole an hour only from Hester's side day by day, turned colder and paler as she saw that many faces closed around the bed upon which her mother lay, many voices whispered the one word

that will be spoken of us all some day, and, drawing nearer, she saw, with only an added oppression at her numb heart, that Hester was already beyond the reach of human voice or prayer.

"Mother," she said, kneeling down beside her, "are you, too, going away from me as Michael did—without one word?"

Her voice, scarcely higher than a whisper, yet seemed to have power to call back the spirit that hovered on the very threshold of its departure; a human, tender look replaced the unspeakable rapture in Hester's open eyes, a smile played for a moment about her lips, the hand that Ninon held stirred with ever so faint and tremulous a motion.

"Your love," she said, "your faithful love to Michael—I'll not forget."

Then, it being about six of the clock, and she ready and willing to go, the pale king touched her gently on the heart and she departed.

CHAPTER III.

AT THE SIGN OF THE GOLDEN APPLE.

A STREAM of light poured through the narrow casement of the modest parlors set aside by mine host for such of his customers as could afford to pay for the luxury of smoking their pipes and drinking their grog in more comfort than that which was afforded by the public bar.

On the particular evening of which we write, the room contained two occupants only, Stephen Prence and William Warly.

Each being provided with a full glass and a churchwarden-pipe, they presented the solemnly-satisfied appearance of men who, having reached the acme of comfort and bodily ease, are yet agreeably conscious that they are in the full possession of all their faculties, and equal to discussing the affairs of this or any other nation with sagacity, skill, and considerable credit to themselves. A different thing this from, and in no way to be confounded with, the objectless garrulity of the man whose tongue waxes lax in proportion as the consciousness of the loss of his self-mastery demoralizes him. For, let the unwise assert what they will of the thoughtless readiness with which men will exceed the bounds of moderation, I will aver that none save an habitual drunkard ever crosses the boundary that divides moderation from excess without a passing twinge or thought of self-condemnation, and it is partly the knowledge of the loss of his self-respect that impels him faster on his brutish way. The fact that most men have an inveterate tendency to lie in their cups is, in the teeth of that false old proverb, "In vino veritas," sufficiently well established. When the key of the tongue is lost, and the portals of the imagination are left unguarded, commonplace Truth appears to the rosy dreams of the revelers as too dull and sober a deity to compel their allegiance, and, abandoning themselves to Fancy, play all manner of frolics under her fickle guidance, although even as a person's dis-

position and true character will come out more clearly under the influence of wine than any other known test, whether of prosperity, adversity, or mental suffering, the peculiar bent of his false speaking will guide one to the idiosyncrasies of his mind.

Betrayed into this digression by the desire of making patent to all whom it might concern that, though sufficiently elevated to be more than usually talkative, Stephen Prentice and William Warly could yet be trusted to speak truth if they chose, and only falsehood if they deliberately willed it, let us hasten to their conversation as it floats audibly enough through the open window, although there is only the sea, as they suppose, to hear it.

"You wasn't here last night, Bill, when Martin Strange came in?" said Stephen, a big, broad-shouldered man with a good expression of countenance, filling his pipe slowly as he spoke.

"No; but I heard on't. Queer, an' no mistake."

Stephen nodded. "There was a deal o' noise an' talkin' goin' on," he said, "when in came Martin, as white as a sheet, his eyes burning like coals, and down he dashes his money, an', says he, 'The best you've got, and plenty of it, too; for the prettiest girl in Lynaway's accepted me for her promised husband at last!' Everybody stared at him; some thought he was drunk, but he wa'n't—he was just mad wi' joy. He looked round at us all as if he was waiting for us to wish him good luck, but nobody said a word, and unkind enough it seemed, seein' what a favorite he used to be wi' us all, an' that not so long ago.

"But old Peter, whose tongue can't help waggin' in or out o' season, called out, 'An' if she do mean to marry you, Martin Strange, I'm thinkin' 'twould ha' saved a deal o' trouble if she'd ha' made up her mind as well fust as larst,' upon which Martin bade him hold his tongue for a blockhead, and swaggered out again.

"Some believed him, some didn't, but all agreed that they hadn't expected it of Ninon, seein' how faithful her thoughts always seemed to Michael."

Something—it might be but the rustle of the evening wind, or the flight of some vagrant animal across the September leaves—stirred without in the darkness, unnoticed by either of the men who sat within.

"Old Peter was about right," said William Warly, speaking slowly, and with grave deliberation. "If it is to be, 'tis a pity it warn't at fust, instead of larst."

"There I don't agree wi' you," said Stephen, with spirit, "and I don't mind laying anything reasonable upon it that Ninon never marries Martin Strange fust or larst."

"Then ye think he was tellin' a lie last night," said William, stolidly; "and, if I might ask the question, what call should he have for to do that?"

"P'raps he deceived himself, or Ninon didn't make the matter plain to him, for that she has given her word I never will believe."

"Her making up her mind to marry him," said William, overlooking Stephen's last remark, "shows her to be a young woman of sense—and that I never

considered her till now. When a female gets her name mixed up with a man's in folks' mouths, whether she fancies him or whether she don't, there's only one respectable course open to that female—she ought to marry him. And if not at fust why then do it at larst, 'and with the best grace you can,' says I."

"People had no cause to be always couplin' their names together as they did," said Stephen, settling himself more comfortably in his chair to argue the matter out, "seein' how they was kind o' cousins, an' that she had no brother nor sister, nor nothin', but that cross, ill-natured mother o' hers to speak to. An', as to loving Martin, why, she never loved nothing nor nobody till she saw Michael. I mind it as if it was yesterday, how, when Michael came back, just as he set foot on shore, he looked up and saw Ninon standing up like a flower in the sunshine, with the light shinin' on the red o' her lips and the gowld o' her hair; an' he just kep' on lookin' at her seein' none of us, and we all knew how 'twould be."

"She ought to ha' kep' to Martin," said William, who, whenever he found out a text for himself, always stuck to it like a man. "A lot of courtin' as don't ever lead to nothin' ain't ever no credit to the man nor the maid, and there was circumstances in this partickler case as made it desirable as they should marry—and nobody knows that fact better than you, Stephen Prentice."

"As to there being circumstances, as you call 'em," said Stephen—"though, in my pinion, ye might ha' found a shorter word, but then you always was such a chap for showing yer bit o' eddication—I ha' been thinkin' lately as how p'raps we was all too ready to think evil o' that matter as we knows on; an' there might ha' been another side to it, as ha' made all the difference; an', if 'twas so, why shouldn't she ha' married Michael? Many a girl as is a bit foolish afore she's married makes a good wife arterward."

"It wasn't a question of foolishness," said William, solemnly, "but of character. A girl may be foolish up to a certain p'int, Stephen, but beyond that p'int she can't without getting blown upon. And p'raps you won't be denyin' that, for a young woman to go off with a man from twelve o' the clock one day to five o' the same the next, ain't exactly the kind o' conduct as one could wish to see in one's sister or daughter (if a person happened to have one), an', if there was another side to the tale, 'twas mighty strange as nobody ever heard on it, neither from Martin, or the girl, or her mother, but people was just let to think what they pleased; an' it's a failin' of human natur' that, when it's axed to believe either good or bad of a matter, havin' it left to its own conscience, so to speak, it generally, I may say always, believes the bad."

"Because human natur' has a nasty way of its own in a good many respec's," said Stephen, "ain't no reason why we should have it too, and I shall always say that I believe Ninon were good for all that 'pearances were so dead agin her. An' seein' how careful you was to stan' by her, William, an' how you dared Peter ever to say a word, an' couldn't ha' done

more to save Ninon's credit if she'd ha' been your own sister, why it have always surprised me that you should ha' got sich a bad 'pinion o' her; she worn't worth all that trouble if she was what you think."

"Stephen," said William, with deliberation, "you're a good-hearted chap, but you can't argufy—it ain't in your line. When I did what I could for Ninon, 'twas because I thought her but young and heedless, and that if as how there was harm anywhere 'twas Martin's fault, not hers—he being so much older and more knowledgable. Being over soft-hearted and a bit foolish about the girl myself, I couldn't abide as she should be the talk of the place and picked to pieces by the women; so, as you mind, we just agreed to hold our tongues, and frightened that old fool Peter into holding his, though I'm much mistaken if he didn't drop a word here and a word there, else how was it that folks began fur to look queer at her, and the women to nod and whisper when she was passing by? Thinking as how she was going to be Martin's wife sooner or later, I say I was minded to shield her; but afterward, when I saw that she and Michael meant courting, I took a bad opinion of her, and had a mind to warn Michael: but 'tis thankless coming betwixt a man and his sweetheart, so I let the matter bide. Then they was married, and we all know the ugly end of it—for I shall always believe that it was something mortal bad to drive him away from her that night, so deep in love with her as he was and all; but it didn't surprise me, and if you mind me, I said, as I was coming home from the feast—"

"Ay!" said Stephen, eagerly; "an' dye hear, William, it ha' been on my mind ever since that 'twas that same speech o' yours as made all the mischief that night? He must ha' heard or been told summat to go off like that, an' you an' I was the only two as knowed anything to lay real hold of agin the girl. Rose Nichol 'ud ha' told him like a shot if she'd know'd. She were allers that jealous o' Ninon, an' Enoch bein' such friends wi' him might ha' spoke, thinkin' it his duty; an' as to Peter he wouldn't ha' dared, bein' sich a coward, so I'm thinkin' as it must ha' been you an' me as did the harm, a pair o' fools as we was."

William Warly, grown a little pale, and with some of his high manner disappeared, took a good long pull at his glass before making any reply.

"What we said didn't go for nothing," he said, at last, "leastways it wouldn't have if it hadn't been sure. And if there was any explanation to be given of that slip of Ninon's with Martin, why couldn't she have told Michael the rights of it, and then, if he did hear rumors, he could have given them the lie? Facks is facks, turn 'em inside out as you may, and I can't but think as Ninon couldn't give a right account of that business, or she must have done it to Michael. Lord! it seems but yesterday I saw her standing at her mother's door, dressed so pretty and smart, and says she to me: 'I'm going to Marmot this afternoon, William, to see the peep-show and all the sights, with Martin; and we shall have to step out brisk and no mistake if we want to get

home before dark.' She didn't say it like that, you know, but in her funny fashion; and I said to her, liking to stop and talk just for the pleasure of looking at her, 'I s'pose yer feel very happy, my dear, as yer going along with Martin?' She looked up at me without a bit of a blush or even a smile to show as she understood, and said, 'I should rather have gone with Rose and Enoch to-morrow, but Martin was so set upon it.' And as I know she was always a bit too ready to give up her own way to other people's, if by so doing she could please them, I said, 'Ah, you'll get a better will of your own some day'—thinking of when she'd be married to Martin; for, though it's possible to find a sweet-heart without a temper of her own, where will you find, from one end of the world to the other, a wife as hasn't the same? Just then Martin came along, and they went away together."

William paused, and again there was that low, muffled sound without, too vague, too much like the moaning of the sea, to attract the attention of those who talked.

"About five o'clock next morning, it being foggy and raw for all that 'twas in the month of March, and you and me going down to the boats, we was startled at coming face to face with Ninon and Martin—she in all her bits of finery as I had seen on her the day before, and he in all his Sunday best, and they both coming along the way as led from Marmot."

"The same path 'ud ha' brought 'em from the rocks," said Stephen, doggedly. "An', if they'd come by the short cut from Marmot, they might well ha' got caught by the tide, an' if so wi' the fog an' all they might ha' been hours there, an' through no fault o' theirs. It wouldn't ha' been the first time a Lynaway man had got served that fashion."

"A drunk Lynaway man, you mean," said William Warly, "not a sober one. An' d'ye think Martin don't know well enough how the tides go? If they came back beach-way that night, Martin at least knew what he was about, and ought to have been ashamed to bring her; besides, couldn't he have spoken out like a man and explained it, and then nobody would have gone for to say a word?"

"Martin didn't come well out of it," said Stephen, shaking his head. "He must ha' known reports got about, an' yet he wouldn't say anything one way or the other. Then that old Peter got ferretin' about, an' got hold of a bit o' the matter; he ought to ha' spoken out, an' cleared the girl somehow, even though he had to tell a big lie or two to do it. Though I never will believe but that she was good an' honest, an' it comes often to my mind how that mornin' when we came upon them she didn't seem any ways ashamed or put out at meetin' us, but called out in her gay, innocent way, 'Good-mornin' to you, Stephen Prentice and William Warly, an' is it not a frightful ugly fog?' an' seemed to be going to say somethin' more, but Martin, who seemed mad to ha' met us, pulled her away before she could say another word. P'raps he thought we should s'pose they'd been walkin' out 'early in the mornin',

not knowin' as they'd been to Marmot overnight. Now, if she'd been guilty o' wrong-doing, an' her conscience had been sore, she never could ha' looked at us that way or spoke as she did that mornin'; an' afterward when I met her agin there wa'n't a sign o' trouble in her face; only after a bit, after Michael come, she looked at us so piteous once or twice as if she was sayin', 'Don't tell Michael—don't tell Michael!' But that same trouble always seemed to me to be Martin's doin', for at first she was as happy as a bird without a thought o' a mistake of any kind on her mind; 'twas only arter she'd promised Michael that she got to notice people's looks an' ways."

"If Martin threatened her," said William, "having a sartin hold upon her, 'twas a bad and cowardly thing to do, and not one as Ninon or any other girl of sperrit 'ud be likely to get over, so I can't believe he ever did, or she wouldn't have made up her mind to marry him now. And mind you, he's always loved her, from fust to last; so, seeing as how Michael's dead and gone, anything 'ud be better for the poor lass than the life she's been living, so let's drink to the health of Martin Strange and his wife as is to be—Ninon!"

Something or somebody without uttered a low exclamation that made the two men start and glance simultaneously toward the window.

"Who goes there?" cried William Warly, starting up, angry as men usually are when disagreeably surprised, and cursing himself for a fool to have been talking with such freedom by an open window. Leaning far out of the casement, and repeating his question still more impatiently, he saw passing out of the darkness of the night the face pale and angry, and distorted by a bleak look of menace and despair, of Nino's lost bridegroom, Michael!

CHAPTER IV.

PART OF THE TRUTH.

THROUGH the September night, the lamps set high in Ninon's chamber shone like a beacon before the eyes of two men who approached the cottage from entirely opposite directions.

The footfall of the one, uneven, rapid, and impatient, suggested a person ruled by a strong, though irresolute impulse; that of the other, in its steady, almost noiseless oncoming, possessed to the ear of the close observer a purpose not likely to be balked of its fulfillment.

Martin Strange, for to him belonged that eager, hasty step, crossing the narrow grass-plot of which mention has been made, came to the open house-door at the very moment that Ninon, bearing a light in her hand, appeared on the landing and began slowly to descend the stairs.

Simultaneously a man entered the garden, and, passing without sound over the damp grass, halted by the beech-tree that as nearly as possible faced the entrance to the cottage.

Advancing to the door, and not perceiving Martin, who, obeying some inexplicable instinct, had drawn back into the shadow, Ninon lighted the lamp above her head, and gazed intently before her in the direction of the sea.

She wore a white gown of some clinging stuff that followed the curves of her lovely, youthful shape, brightened at breast and elbow with blue, and, the light being fully concentrated upon her, she shone out from the distance like a living picture framed in ebony. Accustomed as the watchers were to her beauty, it came upon them alike as a pure, fresh surprise, as are mostly God's fairest, most delicate gifts that come to us now and again in the stress and turmoil of our passionate, struggling lives.

The girl's tender, innocent lips parted, and the words that she uttered floated out like a caress on the evening air.

"To-night," she said, "and will he not come to-night? My well-beloved, my dearest!" The thought stirring so sweetly at her heart shone through her eyes until they were bright and clear as stars, her pale cheeks glowed to the richness of a domestic rose; in one magic moment she compassed again the freshness of her youth, the undimmed splendor of her girlish beauty; and whereas a moment ago she had in her pallor appeared unsurpassable, there was between now and then the difference of a flower irradiated by vivifying sunshine and the same when from it are withdrawn color, light, and warmth.

Martin Strange, beholding her face, hearkening to her words with a dizzy, unreal sense of amazement and rapture, stepped out of the shade and appeared suddenly before her.

What was the word that broke from her lips like a living thing of joy and that made him recoil from her as though she had stricken him to the heart, while that other listener yonder creeps a step nearer, asking himself if his brain has turned, and his senses in good sooth left him at last.

"No," said Martin Strange, "it is not Michael!"

In the poor wretch's voice was the negation of utter despair; the *ignis fatuus* of hope after whose gleam, now bright, now pale, he had danced so long and through such deep and miry paths of dishonor, died out at once and forever, even in the very moment that the cup so passionately longed for, so long patiently compassed, had seemed to be within his very grasp.

"Ninon," he said, and his voice sounded stale and worthless even in his own ears, "have you forgotten how yesterday, 'twas but yesterday you hearkened to my suit, and didn't give me 'nay' when I said as how I'd reckon you'd give me your promise to be my wife?"

"No," said Ninon, pale and wan; "you did ask me, but I did say nor yes nor no, for by this you should have known that not any other reply could I give you ever; and if you did think that, because I said not 'no' to you, I meant yes, you were then altogether deceiving yourself. And if I could not find words to speak, it was because I was so sorry

for you in my heart that you should to me have been so bad a friend."

"So bad a friend?" he repeated, faltering; "an' how could I ever be that to you, Ninon, when I've always loved you so desp'ritly?"

"You did mislead me," she said, and her voice was very calm and quiet. "I am not so young and foolish now as I did use to be, and I do see it all now, and cannot help but for to despise you."

A bat, whirling with sudden violence against the lamp Ninon held, extinguished the gleam, so that the darkness swallowed the sweet, sorrowful beauty of her face, and the haggard, shamed misery of his.

"And to me it does not seem ever that you did truly love me," she went on. "Michael he did love me, but not you, or you would not to me have brought so great misfortunes. When first I came to Lynaway you was kind and good to me always, but after we did go to Marmot—ah!" she cried, breaking off suddenly, "that night so fatal and unhappy, you did change to me, and when Michael came and wooed me, you did make my life a bad thing to me day by day, so that I was in fear always, for you did say to me, 'And if you will not love and marry me, I will to all people tell the story of Marmot, and to you no one will ever speak again if it shall be known, the least of all Michael Winter who is your shadow always.' And I did believe you because you were to me so old and wise, and I—I did know nothing of your English ways and thoughts, although it was strange to me why Michael or any one or other person should be angry with me for what was never any fault of mine, but—oh! I did love him so with all my heart, that it was to me as death that he should scorn me and convey himself away from me, and as you did say to me always, 'If to his ears shall reach one word, he will go away and you will see his face no more,' my life to me was one fear from the one day to the other."

For a moment she paused, then the soft voice went bravely on again.

"On the evening before my wedding that was to be, you did follow me to the ruins of the old chapel to say: 'Ninon, it is but a fancy you have in your heart for Michael; to me belongs your love, since you did love me before he came, and will you not come away with me this night, and I will be good and faithful to you always?' But I did say, 'No, it is not so, you was my friend, and kind to me, but of love to you I had never one thought;' and then you were as one who is mad, and cried out that you would to Michael tell all the story, and on my knees I did beseech you to have mercy. And then you did seem ashamed, and bade me to have no fear, for that between Michael and me you would not come, and I did think you kind and good, for I was then not so quick to see evil and condemn it as I am now become, since in these two years that are passed I have been thinking, thinking always, and you do seem to me a thing poor and to be despised by the side of my dear husband Michael. Perhaps I do wrong you in thinking that you did break your vow to me, and speak evil of me to Michael on my

wedding-night, for it shall be possible that Stephen Prentice or William Warly, who did also know, betrayed me, though to me it is not likely, since they were of hearts so good, and their ways were always true and honest."

Did the girl know how pitilessly cruel sounded her words to the man who had been honorable and honest until the one fatal temptation of his life overcame him, turning all good in him to bitterness?

For the harshest judgment that can be delivered by one mortal upon another can in no way approach in severity the unspoken condemnation of self that permeates the soul of a man who has once been virtuous, but is now absolutely abandoned to evil. If none but himself can realize the succession of stages through which he passed before he committed moral suicide, at the same time no one but himself can tell how every good impulse, every startling attribute, has in passing through the alchemy of sin been transmuted from uses the most beautiful to prostitution the most bad. No one but himself is able to lay side by side the pictures of what he once was and what he now is.

"And so it was ever," said Ninon, sadly, "that while in my mind I did have such thoughts of you, it has seemed to me a bad thing that you should dare to bring to me your words of love, for if Michael had died that night it is his murderer that you would have been. But when to me he shall return I will tell to him the story—all, and he will know that poor Ninon sinned against him never. To wait for him is long and weary, but the end of it will come. To-night a feeling strange and joyous did overcome me, as though somewhere my darling was at hand, and to myself I said, 'To-night—he will surely come to me to-night;' for his sake I did put from me my dress of black for one such as he once did love; but you—you do still come between us."

"He will never come back," said Martin, gently; "but this thing I can do for ye, sweetheart, that ye shall never see my face no more. The love that have been my pride an' my joy, my curse an' my ruin, shall go wi' me where I go this night; but it shall be a weariness to you never again. An' I will not ask ye to forgive me, for if ye knowed all ye would hate me worse than the lowest thing that crawls upon the earth this night; but if ye could jest promise me that in the futur', when all folks speak ill o' me, an' cast stones at my memory, ye would jest say to yerself, 'He was a bad un, weak an' wicked, an' a coward an' a cruel traitor to me, but he loved me, he loved me always, an' but for one moment's temptation he might ha' lived an' died honest.' Do ye think ye could promise me that, my dear? And jest say, in your own sweet voice, 'Good-by, Martin, and God bless you!'"

"Why should I say that?" she said, troubled at his tone, and timidly putting out her hand to touch his, her gentle heart already reproaching her for having been unkind to him.

He drew himself away from her as though she had stung him. "A murderer's hand!" he muttered to himself, then aloud he said, gently:

"Would ye mind saying them words, Ninon, just them, no more nor no less?"

Following the bent of his fancy, she repeated his words after him, "Good-by, Martin, and God bless you!"

For a moment he stood quite still, as though the echo of her voice still lingered in his ears; then he lifted a fold of the dress she wore to his lips, and went away without another word.

CHAPTER V.

THE WHOLE TRUTH.

MARTIN STRANGE, quitting the path above the shingle, and striking across the beach, paused to listen to footsteps that seemed to be following close upon his own.

A superstitious fear seized him as they drew nearer, for in them he thought he recognized just such a decisive tread as had been Michael Winter's in his lifetime. Rendered indifferent, however, to either spiritual or human interference, by the resolve that animated his breast, he pushed steadily on, coming before long to the line of rocks that lay between the village of Lynaway and the town of Marmot up yonder. These rocks had one peculiarity that rendered them remarkable—it was this: About half-way across them, at two feet above high-water mark, and to be reached by clambering on the detached pieces of rock at its base, was a large, circular cave, cut out of the face of the gigantic and beetling cliff that in some places literally overhung the sea.

Whether originally used by smugglers, or carved by the hand of man many hundreds of years ago, no Lynaway or Marmot man could tell, but of one thing they were very certain, that every year it was the means of saving more lives than one from drowning.

For the coast was a treacherous one, with many sharp curves and breaks, so that he who was not well acquainted with it might pass on his walk indifferently enough, believing himself to be in no danger from the advancing tide, until he suddenly discovered that he was hemmed in at all points, and, unless he knew of the cave, and could reach it in time, that a certain death awaited him. Such misfortunes were, however, rare, as but few strangers ventured in so rough a passage, and those who lived hard by were well acquainted with the locality.

Knowing every step of the way, and making neither falter nor stumble, though the night was black as pitch, Martin came at last to the cave of which we have spoken, and, rapidly climbing into it, stood still for a moment in an attitude of surprise and doubt as those other footsteps paused, as his had done, on the rocks below.

In another moment a man had slung himself up, and was standing beside him in the mouth of the cave.

One of those lightening convictions that now and again come to us mortals we know not whence, and, defiant as they are to all our preconceived traditions,

belief, and thoughts, may be accepted as a divine and unerring gleam of light upon the paths where we grope blindfolded, came to Martin, then, as he drew back cold and giddy waiting for the other to begin:

"Martin Strange," said a voice, and the voice was that of Michael Winter, "was it a lie or a true thing that you told me on my wedding-night when I asked you if there was any reason why Ninon Levesgne should not have been made my wife that day?"

Being so near the end of all things, his last card played, his last hope gone, Martin answered slowly:

"Ay, it was a lie."

"O my God!" cried Michael, in a terrible voice, "only a lie—one lie to give to her and to me two such years as they that are gone! One lie—only one—and he could live—live with the knowledge of what he had done always before him, and dare to offer his love to the wife of the man who was, so far as he knew, murdered by that same lie! And this is the man that I have called friend, whose word I believed before the whole sweet teaching of the life and ways of my pure and spotless girl, who had power to drive me forth an outcast from all I loved and held dear on earth. Man!" he cried, fiercely, "what had I done to you, what had she, that you should deal so vilely with us? O my dear, my dear!" he groaned, as he leaned against the stone-wall behind him, shaken by love, remorse, joy, and a mad longing for revenge.

"I loved her," said Martin, sullenly, "an' you stole her away from me, an' the loss o' her drove me mad an' made a coward an' a beast o' me, that's all."

"When first she came to Lynaway (I'll tell ye the whole story of it, ye'll never ha' the chance o' hearing it agin), she bein' my cousin, she got to be home-like wi' me, an' warn't shy as wi' the other lads, and when I came to the cottage (for her mother favored me a bit an' didn't mislike to see me there), Ninon 'ud talk away to me in her pretty gentle way, an' it seemed to me that every day she grewed to like me a bit better, but I said to myself, 'I'll wait awhile longer, I won't press her for an answer yet, she bein' so young an' gay, wi' no thought o' sich things as marriage, an' lookin' arter a house,' an' I never said a word till the day we went to Marmot."

(In the darkness Michael drew nearer, nearer still, and listened intently.)

"Niver havin' been there before, she was so pleased wi' the sights an' the gran' shops, that 'twas past six o'clock afore we turned our faces round to go toward Lynaway. But, as luck 'ud have it, we come past a big show where they was acting wi' puppet-dolls, an' a crowd o' people was goin' in an' out, an' Ninon she stopped an' said, 'O Martin! I niver see anything like that in my life!' an', seein' her face so wistful, I was so foolish as to take her in, though I knowed all the while as I was wrong, an' that I, bein' so much older than her an' wiser in the ways o' the world, oughtn't to ha' kep' her out so late, or giv' in to her wish. I mind to this day how she laffed at they redik'lous figures as danced about the stage on strings, an' when we was come out she

put her little hand in mine, and said she, 'O Martin ! thank ye iver so for sich a treat.' How it happened I shall niver know, but on lookin' at the clock I mistook the time an' thought the hour were eight when it really were nine ; an', knowing that the tide wouldn't be in till half-past nine, I said to her, 'Will you be afeared to come home the beach-way, Ninon, as 'twill save us a good mile an' a half o' the way, an' it's gettin' very late to be abroad?'

"She was not at all afeared, an' so we set out, an' the way being so rough an' the night so dark, I got her to put her hand through my arm, an' all at once, afore I knowed what I was doin', I'd told her how I loved her, and begged her to give me a bit promise that she'd be my wife some day.

"But she said, iver so gently, though I could tell she was frightened, an' for that I blamed myself, that she liked me dearly, and reckoned me her good friend, but she had no love to give me or any other man. The words were scarcely out o' her lips when a cold sweat broke out o' my face, for what should I hear but the sea rushin' an' roarin' about the base o' Smug-gler's Holly, an' I knew as I was out in my reckonin', that the tide was comin' in, an' that, if we couldn't get to the cave in two minutes, our lives wasn't worth the snuff of a candle.

"I caught Ninon up in my arms an' ran like mad, an' cryin' to her not to be afeared. I went straight into the water that comed up to my neck, an' her gown was all wet an' drippin' when we got to t'other side. 'Twas easier work to get to the cave, an' I lifted her in, an' felt wild wi' myself at havin' made such a foolish mistake about the tide, and so brought all this trouble on the poor, delicate lass, for I knowed that we should be shut up here for hours, an' what would Lynaway be sayin' about us the whiles? I took off my coat an' wrapped her in it, she bein' so bitter cold, an' then, thinkin' that the wall was a bit hard for her pretty head (she havin' falled off sound asleep), I sat down beside her so as she could rest her head agin my shoulder, an' so she slep on an' on, an', though I knowed the tide was out agin, I hadn't got the heart to wake her, an' 'twas such a joy to me to just feel the touch o' her head agin me—ye needn't grudge it to me, Michael, for 'twas the fust and the larst time, an' she never knowed it, for I moved away when she was waking. She looked about all puzzled, for there was jest a streak o' daylight ; an' then I told her we must go our ways home, an' lifted her down from the cave.

"'Twas an unlucky chance as brought Stephen Prentice and William Warly to meet us that morn, but I was hopin' they'd think Ninon and me'd got up early to do a bit o' courtin' out walkin' ; so, when Ninon wanted to stop an' tell 'em all about it, I pulled her along wi' me, and bade her niver say a word to any one, not even her mother, who had gone away, but was coming back in the artemoon, for, though she was so innercent an' ignorant o' harm, I knowed what folk's tongues is, an' I didn't want 'em all clacking together over her and me.

"But somehow, arter that night, Ninon were niver the same to me as she'd been afore, an' niver

give me a smile or a welcome when I came to the cottage, but, knowing the queer ways o' girls, I didn't fret over it, for I guessed she'd been a bit frightened at fust, an' I still think that she'd ha' grown to love me in time if ye hadn't come back when ye did.

"Well, ye came, an' it was all over wi' me then ; I worn't so blind as I couldn't see that, but it seemed hard—hard, an' I went bitter mad over the loss o' her, and all the good in me was turned to bad, and the bad to worse again, so that 'twas no wonder, as I often said to myself, as how she couldn't larn to love me. Seein' her slip away from me, an' wi' my bad heart always full o' her, mornin', noon, an' night, there come into my head a cruel an' cowardly thought, 'an when next I come across her alone I said, 'An pray have you told Michael Winter that you was my sweetheart afore you was his, an' that you staid away wi' me from twelve o'clock i' one day to five o' the clock the next?'

"'No,' she said, 'because you made me promise never to tell any one ; but I wish you'd let me, as I do not love to have any secret, however small, from him !' Those was jest her words, an' she looked at me so innercently that I could see she didn't understand ; but the look o' her sweet face only made me the madder to think o' what I'd lost, so I said, 'An' are ye pretendin' not to know, Mistress Ninon, that, if I was to go to Michael an' tell him that, he'd niver look at or speak to ye agin?'

"She got as white as snow, for she'd come to believe all I told her ; an', moreover, she was so gentle an' humble always that she niver set up her 'pinion 'gainst other folks, an', God forgive me ! but, when I saw how she took it, I couldn't but know as how the devil had put a weapon in my hand, if only I was so base an' dishonorable as to use it agin her.

"I said to her, 'Just you go an' tell Michael all about it, and see if he don't say good-by to ye, for, mind ye, he's a very partic'lar man about wimmin, an' he'd niver look at one as any one could up an' say a word to him about.'

"An' then she got all puzzled, an' at sea, for she couldn't see how she was to blame, an' yet if I told her she was, why then it must be so, for she niver could argy, an' was a child in all her ways an' thoughts, 'wi' not so much knowledge o' the world as a Marmot girl o' ten years old might have."

"Coward !" burst from Michael's lips, "an', knowin' her to be this, you could abuse her trust to so torture her?'

"I have told ye," said Martin, quite unmoved by this outbreak, "that my heart were bad and black, an' from such a heart only black deeds could come.

"I niver met her arter that but I give her a look or a side word as made her wince, an' once agin I asked her if she'd told you ; an' she cried, an' said as she loved you far too well to run the leastest risk o' your lovin' her less.

"Time went on, an' the night afore your weddin'-day an' hers came roun', an' 'twas that same evenin' I followed her to the chapel ruins, an', catchin' her there alone, prayed o' her that she should give you

up an' come away wi' me, I bein' mad wi' drink an' folly, and the wicked thoughts give to me by the very devil hisself. I said, 'If you will not come, Ninon, I will tell Michael bad things o' ye, an' he will believe them, for he will say, 'An' why did ye not tell me of it all yerself if there was no wrong in it, Ninon?'

"I seem to see her now as she went down on her knees to me, prayin' o' me that I wouldn't come atween her an' you. Somethin' touched me then, an' shamed me through an' through, an' I promised her, meanin' to keep my word."

"For God's sake," cried Michael, "get to the end of this infernal story before I have your blood upon my hands!—(O my darling, my little darling!)" he moaned to himself.)

"There's but little more to tell," said Martin, in the even, unconcerned voice of one who relates what he has seen, not what he has done—"ye married her, an' I bore the sight; ye took her home, an' I bore to see that too, but somethin' drove me to your garden, to give one look at the house as held ye two together, not knowing as ye was abroad learnin' things through the blabbing tongues o' two tipsy fools, things as could send ye to me wi' a question on your lips as could be answered in just one little word, 'yes' or 'no.'"

"My body an' soul cried out agin her bein' yours; the loss o' her was pressing on me then wi' a bitterness I had niver knowed afore, an' the awful temptation beset me then none can iver tell; an' I told the damnest, blackest lie that iver came out o' hell, not once but twice over!

"Oh, what ye said to me, or what I did arter that, I have niver knowed to this day; but the next thing I mind was standing on the shore beside Ni-

non, watchin' the boat come in, in which old Peter said ye had gone away. The words was trembling on my lips that I should say to ye when ye touched the shore, an' that should make ye reckon me the vilest wretch alive, yet send ye straight to the arms o' your wife, when the boat came in wi'out ye, an' I knew that I was as guilty o' yer death as though I had killed ye with my own hand the night."

"And believing in my death," cried Michael, scarcely able to articulate through the intensity of the emotions that swayed him, "you could insult her with the offer of your love, the foulest, most sinful passion ever inspired by aught so sweet an' innocent!"

"Ay," said Martin, "I could do that. I'd ha' kept lovin' an' sinnin' for her for ever an' ever if I'd thought there was a chance o' winnin' her love; but she told me to-night as she despised me; an', when a gentle creature like her says that, there's no more to be said or done.

"An' now," he said, "why don't ye go to her? She said ye'd come to-night, an' you're come, but ye needn't hurry—there's lots o' time afore ye, years—an' after a bit ye'll both forget all about them two years that's gone.

"Have ye any more questions to ask me? If not, ye were well away, for I'm grown tired an' sleepy. I shall sleep soundly an' well to-night.

"Are ye there still? If ye're waitin' till I say I'm sorry for all I've done, ye'll wait foriver, an' don't forget as I loved her, loved her always!"

At the same moment that a man slain by his own hand murmurs, in dying, "She said, '*Good-by, Martin, an' God bless you!*'" Ninon hears the sound of Michael's footsteps as he comes up the stair!

[THE END.]

LIFE IS SWEET.

I REMEMBER how the small stream ran,
Gurgling beneath its rustic span,
And how its white lips seemed to say,
"We laugh and sing, and sing all day,
For life is sweet!"

I remember how the lilies bent
Their graceful stems in calm assent,
And how each little violet's head
Quick nodded, as if plain it said,
"Oh, life is sweet!"

The great trees stirred the summer air,
The white clouds flitted everywhere,
The fair ferns on the hillside sprung,
And wood-birds, brooding, joyous sung,
"Oh, life is sweet!"

How oft I watched the sun arise,
Its yellow flames athwart the skies!
How oft I dreamed o'er its repose—
A golden heart in leaves of rose—
"Oh, life is sweet!"

How idly, through the grassy lane,
I drove the cows to whistling strain,
Breaking the daisies at my hand,
Dipping my bare feet in the sand—
"Oh, life is sweet!"

Day after day, night after night,
Life laughed and frolicked in its flight;
The world of men was naught to me,
I loved, and sang out merrily,
"Oh, life is sweet!"

Now just as bright the stream runs by,
And just as gayly wood-birds fly;
The great trees fan the flitting cloud,
The winds that pass cry out as loud,
"Oh, life is sweet!"

But heart of mine broods still and cold,
A thousand fears its hopes infold;
A sigh there is for smile away
Swift following when I try to say,
"Oh, life is sweet!"

MARIE LE BARON.

A CASE OF STARVATION.

BY H. M. ROBINSON.

THE recent finding of a negro, alone, in an open boat in the Caribbean Sea, the sole unconscious survivor of a boat's crew who had successively walked overboard in the delirium of starvation,¹ and the comments of the daily press upon the peculiar sufferings of the starving, have induced me to narrate an experience, the publication of which has hitherto been deterred by a fear lest some portions of it might be received with incredulity. And even now I do not feel assured that a stranger to the feelings of which I am about to speak will receive my story with the confidence which it deserves, nor even that those who are somewhat familiar with the actual sensations of starvation will admit every feature of the picture which I draw to be the living truth; but my recollections are clear and strong; I know what I assert, and am upon honor with my readers.

In the month of October, 1871, the writer left Manitoba House, a small post of the Hudson Bay Company, on Lake Manitoba, British North America, for the purpose of visiting an island some ten miles distant. His companion, at whose invitation the journey was undertaken, was a Mr. Macdonald, the clerk in charge of the post. The object of the visit was to inspect the work of a fishery located upon the island. The conveyance used was an old and frail skiff, all the better craft at the fisheries being absent.

We started rather late in the afternoon of a cold, dreary day, expecting to easily reach our destination before night. No food was taken, as an abundance could be obtained upon the island; but a somewhat careful selection of robes and blankets was made, in the full assurance that no provision for night-lodgers existed among the fishermen.

The immediate shores of the lake for some days previous to our departure were bordered with a narrow rim of brittle, white ice, such as usually forms before the freezing of any body of water, and upon its surface floated a thin film of slush, or partially congealed particles, separated into patches of greater or less thickness by the action of the waves. While this would impede our progress in some degree, we still apprehended no difficulty in reaching the island before the final closing of the lake, intending to remain there until the formation of the ice. When, however, under the regular strokes of two pairs of oars, the skiff had passed a huge promontory sheltering the land-locked bay about the post, and encountered the currents sweeping beyond it, we found the congelment more perfect, and the slush of the immediate shore superseded by thin and comparatively brittle sheets of ice, having sharp, cutting edges. The entire surface of the lake, as far as the eye could reach, was covered with these opaque masses, which interfered seriously with our progress. The regular dip of the oars was prevented by the strokes glancing

off the smooth surfaces, while the cutting edges of the circling floes threatened at times to penetrate the frail skiff, in the power of resistance of which but little dependence could be placed. But, without thought of retracing our path, speed was simply lessened by the loss of one pair of oars, now wielded at the bow to fend off the ice-cakes and open a passage for the boat.

Under this loss of the propelling power, coupled with the retarding force requisite to push off the floes, the advance became exceedingly slow. But, our minds being occupied and fully intent upon the manner of progress, we noticed the rate but little. The farther we penetrated the lake the more dense became the cakes. They floated lazily upon the surface, sometimes visible in their entirety, again half hidden beneath the waters. At times they appeared massed together, covering a large area, and necessitating a considerable *détour* in passing them; but, for the most part, they were not over ten or fifteen feet in diameter.

The first full realization of the extreme slowness of our progress was, I recall, occasioned by our having drifted beyond the circling currents of the lake, and penetrated a comparatively undisturbed sheet of water, upon which the ice-cakes had collected in a thick mass and were freezing together, forming an unbroken surface. The lines of demarkation between the cakes were distinctly visible, however, and connected as yet only by a thin film of ice; but this film constantly grew in thickness as we advanced, until, at the distance of a mile or more, the cakes began to overlap each other, and further progress became a matter of serious difficulty. At this juncture Mr. Macdonald ceased his labor and looked at his watch. Hitherto our whole attention had been given to rowing, and both the rate of speed attained and the passage of time had been comparatively unnoticed. Now, when we came to look about us, we found the night closing in, and the promontory which intervened between the skiff and its point of departure not more than four miles distant—in all, we were about five miles from the post. Mr. Macdonald's watch told the hour of five. The cessation of active labor revealed the fact of a rapidly-falling temperature, and, upon looking back over our route, thin films of ice could be seen already stretching across the channel made by the passage of the skiff.

The thickness of the ice-sheet in front, the late hour, and the frail character of our conveyance, forbade any further attempt at continuing the voyage in that direction; while the exhausted state we were in from the labors of the afternoon, and the thickly-gathering floes in the rear, equally debarred us from return. Added to these considerations was the assurance of Mr. Macdonald that by waiting until morning the ice would have formed of sufficient thickness to admit of the continuance of the journey

¹ March, 1876.

on foot. Apparently there was nothing else to do, so we penetrated a solid-looking ice-cake and allowed the skiff to be frozen in.

In the position we were now in, we were concealed from the view of the inmates of the post by the high promontory mentioned, and from the fishermen upon the island by the fact of their camp being located upon the other side of the island, and hidden by a dense growth of cottonwood-trees. It was very improbable, too, that at that season of the year an inhabitant of either place would wander so far from his respective locality as to be enabled to see us.

In the course of an hour the skiff was firmly frozen in, and partook of the slight undulations of the ice-field. When it became thus secure, we wrapped the robes and blankets about us and composed ourselves to sleep in the bottom of the boat, feeling assured of an early escape on the morrow. The fatigues of the day brought sound and refreshing slumber, despite the cravings of hunger, the morning waking revealing an unbroken sheet of ice as far as the eye could reach. But, upon trying its strength, it was discovered to be scarcely an inch in thickness, and, of course, of insufficient strength to sustain our weight; that is, the bands of ice connecting the cakes were but an inch through, the previously-formed cakes being somewhat thicker. It was still very cold, however, and after some consultation we resolved to remain until toward evening, when the increased thickness of the ice would permit of escape. The plan of effecting our return by means of a channel broken through the ice was suggested, but eschewed as demanding unnecessary labor. At that stage there is no reason why it might not have been done. We were, in all probability, physically equal to the task. If in extraordinary cases people would only do extraordinary things, it would wonderfully embellish incident. If we would only do and say as we might have done and said, what a world of trouble would be saved! But who will not remember how sadly he reflected afterward, in the contemplative seclusion of his chamber, what he might have said in that little after-dinner speech—but what did not occur to him? So with us; it seems now to have been almost as easy to escape as to remain—but we simply did not.

Without going into details concerning the state of the weather from day to day, it is deemed sufficient to ask the reader to imagine—which he can fairly do from his own experience—a slightly-varying temperature which did not materially affect the thickness of the ice for five consecutive days, but which was of so delusive a nature as to give constant promise of increasing cold, and so render our release possible.

During the discussion of ways and means, the feeling of hunger had been held in abeyance; but, when it was decided to remain, the craving for food renewed its importunities. I imagine, too, that its pangs were more severe in my own case than in that of Mr. Macdonald, as, in leading the somewhat irregular life of a company's officer, he was in a manner accustomed to such privation. For the rest, we

were nearly physically equal—both being of slender build, and destitute of superfluous adipose tissue. Mr. Macdonald having made up his mind to endure hunger for the day, apparently dismissed the subject from his attention, and thought no more about it. But I was less successful in doing so: my thoughts reverted to it again and again; and, finding some relief from the use of water, I partook of it frequently.

To dissipate in a measure the craving for food, and for lack of anything else to do, we arranged our bedding again and fell asleep, arising about two o'clock in the afternoon, after intermittent slumber, to find the ice no firmer than before, and that we would be forced to remain in the boat during another night. The plan of breaking a channel through the ice was again suggested, but dismissed as impolitic. Having now been twenty-four hours without food, we were growing apathetic and adverse to exertion. Every inclination prompted us to lie quietly in the boat until the ice should be formed of sufficient strength to sustain our weight. This inclination was strengthened by the fact that exercise of any kind increased the cravings of hunger. So, after drinking freely of water, we lay down again.

From this time until the following morning we made no further attempt to better our condition, but remained quietly prostrate in the bottom of the boat, alternating periods of sleep with fragmentary conversation. We were sufficiently warm and comfortable under the bedding, and grew more averse to motion of any kind as the night wore on.

When the morning dawned, however, and we found escape to be as far removed as ever, we sat up in the boat and entered upon a serious discussion of the situation, and especially upon the twice-discarded method of breaking a channel. I urged an immediate attempt to escape by this plan, although the pangs of hunger were then so severe that I could maintain a sitting posture only with much pain. Mr. Macdonald, while willing to try it if I insisted, urged the indications of a rapidly-falling temperature; the precedents of years of life upon the banks of the lake to prove that its waters congealed sufficiently hard to bear the weight of a man in three days at farthest; our own exhausted condition, and the impossibility of breaking a channel with the light oars, even if in full bodily strength, at the rate of more than three miles per day. Both being rather willing than otherwise, perhaps, in our depressed condition, to accept any argument which would obviate the necessity of exertion, and believing, too, from the general aspect of the weather, that a hard freeze would speedily ensue, we concluded it best to accept the situation, and so returned to bed. In the end it was well we did so, as we could not at this stage have broken a channel, and the loss of strength occasioned by the attempt would have prevented the successful issue of the final and only method of release.

We again wrapped the bedding about us, lying close together for the sake of warmth. As the day wore on the cravings of hunger grew more intense, so that the slightest motion or change of position

materially increased our sufferings. Mentally we grew more apathetic and averse to exertion of any kind. All conversation ceased, and we only spoke when uttering a complaint. Thirst increased in a marked degree, which, when satisfied, produced only a momentary cessation of pain. It became impossible also to concentrate thought upon any subject foreign to that of personal suffering. This constant contemplation of pain produced a corresponding depression and despair of recovery, while it allayed all desire to exercise the bodily functions necessary to escape.

Toward the middle of the afternoon, Mr. Macdonald, who had previously announced himself as suffering intensely, suddenly suggested that we should try the Indian custom of using pressure to relieve hunger. Accordingly, we each folded a pair of mittens in as compact a shape as possible, and, placing them over the stomach, bound our belts tightly about them. We experienced, to our great delight, a very decided sense of relief, and by use of this contrivance were enabled to obtain a light sleep during the early part of the night. By midnight, however, the pressure ceased to exercise its salutary effect, the pangs of hunger, returning with deeper intensity, becoming now almost unbearable. The slightest motion was productive of extreme pain. To this was added, by morning, a sense of weakness and sinking, as if falling through the bottom of the boat, to be caught suddenly when almost lost to sight, and brought back. An insatiable thirst supervened, so that it seemed an impossibility to satisfy the craving. At the same time the apathetic condition of the physical being began to change; we became restless and uneasy, conversed more, and repeatedly shifted our positions.

When we sat up in the morning, after sixty-six hours of abstinence from food, the personal appearance of each of us had undergone a considerable alteration. I recollect that the expression of Mr. Macdonald's face struck me, for the first time, as being so decidedly changed that I called his attention to it. His countenance, generally florid, was exceedingly pale, pinched, and sharp in outline; the eyes rather wild, and with a peculiar glistening coating over them; the muscles and nerves of the mouth and lower face tremulous and twitching at times. He replied by telling me that my own appearance was similar to his, the conditions, if anything, being deepened. We were both weak, and afflicted with a slight tremor, which showed itself upon any attempt to move. I recall, also, a peculiar feeling of uncertainty, in attempting to lay hold upon any object, as to whether I would be able to seize it at once upon extending the hand toward it. This feeling was intermittent, however, being quickly succeeded by the usual certainty of the limbs following the direction of the will. In my own case the gnawing pains of hunger were now beginning, in some measure, to pass away, but the insatiable thirst still continued. With Mr. Macdonald, however, the pangs of hunger were apparently at their worst.

After trying the ice, as usual, and realizing the

hopelessness of an escape upon it, and our utter inability now to break a channel, we turned our attention to the raising of a signal, which might by some faint possibility attract attention from the shore. With little exertion we succeeded in raising an oar in the bow of the skiff, upon which we hung a blanket. This accomplished, we lay down again. Hunger pressed so hard upon Mr. Macdonald, however, as to suggest an article of food, the use of which undoubtedly saved our lives. In pulling on his woolen mittens, his attention was attracted to the tanned dog-skin leather lining of the palms. He at once cut it from both mittens, giving me one of the pieces. It was unpalatable enough, but by vigorous chewing could be reduced to pulp, and so swallowed. With the first mouthful my hunger, which was slowly passing off, returned with redoubled force, but was in a measure appeased by the leather.

By noon we had finished the bits of dog-skin, and were relieved from the extreme pains in the stomach from which we had suffered. We were fully conscious, however, that such food could supply but an infinitesimal amount of nourishment, and that, while relieving the sharp cravings of hunger, it would bring no perceptible increase of strength. Still, in conjunction with an abundant supply of water, it might arrest absolute starvation for days. We had, too, a plentiful supply of covering, which, with the moist atmosphere, prevented the escape of the exhalations of the body, while the limited dimensions of the boat precluded all but the lightest exercise, thus preventing any waste of vital force save by the natural disintegration of the tissues. A healthy man may be deprived of food and drink from eight to ten days before death ensues. Cases are upon record where, with abundant supplies of water alone, life has been protracted until the twenty-third day.

After finishing the lining of the mittens, Mr. Macdonald began cutting strips for further consumption from the buckskin trousers which he wore. This leather, being of Indian tan, was as devoid apparently of all fleshy substance as sawdust, and was reduced to pulp with much difficulty. Still, we chewed away vigorously upon it through the afternoon, and, with frequent draughts of water, mitigated the severe cravings of the stomach. Under the influence of this food the condition of physical restlessness passed away, being succeeded by apathy, as before. We were, undoubtedly, slowly growing weaker, but the pains incident to total abstinence from food had ceased. We were content to lie quietly chewing buckskin, with an increasing antipathy to exertion.

As the evening came on, I began to experience a slight dizziness upon any attempt to move, and the feeling of uncertain volition rather increased. I found, too, that closing the eyes was at once followed by the sinking sensation before mentioned. I seemed to be falling into a great deep, from which to as suddenly return upon opening my eyes. This probably was the most painful sensation experienced at that time, and continued far into the night. I was obliged to keep my eyes constantly open, and, as the night

was bright and starlight, and my range of vision was limited, in the recumbent attitude we were in, to a portion of the robe covering me and the side of the skiff, everything became magnified to the sight. Each particular hair of the robe stood out in clear relief, swollen in dimensions, and standing at every conceivable angle, like trees in a forest; the straight grain of the wood assumed fantastic curves, and fashioned itself into the outlines of living forms and creatures of the imagination. Who shall show how this imagery of the brain was physically cast; who shall disclose that imagery as a world to be visibly seen?

Toward midnight I fell asleep; that is, into a condition in which, one of the senses being awake, with some of the mental faculties, I dreamed, and was conscious of the illusory nature of the dream. The sense of sight was still awake, as I recall having still seen, during the period of sleep, the robe and side of the boat. During the first part of the night my mind had dwelt almost continually upon the desire for food. I was unable, I remember, to concentrate my thoughts upon any other subject, though making frequent efforts to do so; and it seemed as though the same subject, modified and often richly embellished, in harmony with the mental constitution, was prolonged during sleep. The last sound I heard was the expressed desire of Mr. Macdonald for one of his wife's good dinners, and when sleep followed it was made up of scenes the most lovely. I seemed to be partaking of a feast in which all the luxuries of earth were lavishly profuse, and hearing music from celestial choirs. I passed from dainty to dainty, and, wandering among ambrosial bowers, slaked my thirst at many a crystal fount, and quaffed deep of rarest vintages. These visions became often repeated and embellished with many beautiful accessories, retaining throughout, however, as their principal characteristics, profuse supplies of food. And during the period of their continuance I was thoroughly conscious of their illusory nature, although unwilling to dissipate the pleasures they represented.

Later on, all the senses fell asleep, while some of the mental organs were still awake, and then the dreams continued and seemed realities. The feasts and music, the murmur of fountains, and wanderings through vales enriched with living green, all proceeded with the order of a day-dream. These pleasures continued till morning, when I awoke, with my tongue dry, the skin dry and cold, head slightly dizzy, and an intense craving for food, with considerable pain in the stomach.

Mr. Macdonald being awake, we sat up, and, after drinking freely of water, resumed the chewing of buckskin. In fact, we had chewed it every moment of our waking hours since it had been seized upon as food. We had been very careful, however, to masticate it thoroughly, being fearful of its results in any case. Our appearance on this morning—supposing my own to be identical with that of Mr. Macdonald—was an intensified type of that of the previous day; that is, an increased wildness and glis-

tening of the eyes, and inclination to stare; cadaverous countenance; very perceptible emaciation; tremor of the limbs, and dryness of the skin. To this may be added a growing chilliness of the entire body—a feeling that the cuticle was frozen, and the congelment increasing in depth. This sensation was, I suppose, occasioned by the loss of vital heat. The dizziness had also become greater, together with a more perceptible uncertainty of volition. I recall being unable to believe, in attempting to step over a seat, that my foot would not fall short of its mark, and upon the seat. It required a strong concentration of the will to effect the performance of a slight action. The mental faculties were not obscured, however, except when we gave way to the inertia caused by weakness; and we were, moreover, perfectly aware that a period was rapidly approaching when the exhaustion of the physical organism must inevitably derange the intellect.

Upon trying the ice again, we thought its thickness slightly increased. I am unable to say whether it really was, or whether its power of resistance only seemed greater to us. At all events, it raised our hopes of escape, and served to dissipate much of the depression which enveloped us like a funeral pall. We lay down again; and, while chewing buckskin, earnestly discussed a plan of escape. Mr. Macdonald argued that, by crawling over the ice in such a manner as to spread our weight over a considerable surface, and avoid centring it upon any one spot, its strength would be sufficient to bear us. By grasping an oar in the hands, and pushing with the knees, this object would in a great degree be obtained. If by this method the ice proved of sufficient strength, release then depended solely upon our physical capacity to accomplish the journey. To remain was certain death by starvation; to attempt to escape might be death by exhaustion; but we decided to try it. And as Manitoba House lay at a distance of five miles, as nearly as we could judge, and presented the only occupied habitation within a radius of one hundred miles, saving the tents of the fishermen, we resolved to make it the objective point in our efforts to escape.

We remained in the boat until about ten o'clock, eating buckskin preparatory to the journey. Lest any accident might occur necessitating a sojourn upon the ice, we each folded a blanket, and, placing it upon our backs, secured it there by means of the sashes we wore. Mr. Macdonald left the boat first, and, by grasping an oar, and extending himself almost flat upon the ice, found it would sustain his weight, although cracking and bending ominously beneath him. This occurred more particularly in the thin ice connecting the cakes; the cakes themselves being often of sufficient solidity to permit of being stood upon. Progress was made by resting the hands and the weight of the upper portion of the body upon the oar extended at right angles to it, and pushing or hitching along with the legs and feet. This distributed the weight of the body over a considerable surface, but was very fatiguing. Whenever it was possible to rise or crawl upon the hands

and knees, of course we did so ; but such opportunities occurred infrequently, and but for ten to fifteen feet consecutively. We were obliged, also, to travel at some distance apart, and could consequently have rendered no assistance to each other in case of accident.

Progress in this manner was necessarily very slow, especially as the exhausted state we were in necessitated frequent stoppages. But, buoyed up by hope of ultimate deliverance, we turned again and again to the task, compassing during the day what seems to me now an almost incredible distance. When the journey was fairly begun, every faculty of the mind became centred upon its completion. No external influences were capable of effecting the concentration of force upon the one idea of escape ; and this constant overaction of one centre of the brain caused it to gain undue power, and become the dominating influence throughout the journey. It raised us for a time above the depressing effects of exhaustion, and dispelled the cravings of hunger. The hope and interest excited by it brought forgetfulness of the minor ills of the body. I can now recall no continued thought during the day upon any subject foreign to that of escape and food. There were, however, frequent intervals of time in which the mental faculties were clouded by stupor. I know that many stages of that dismal journey must have been crawled during mental unconsciousness, or at least when all the faculties save one, perhaps, were sunken in stupor. The exact pathology of such a condition I cannot explain ; but I frequently awoke, as it were, while crawling along, when my last recollection had been of sitting still, resting. I recall, too, having approached quite close to Mr. Macdonald without, for a considerable time, being aware of his presence. Bodily, I was very weak and trembling ; and during the afternoon the sensation of sinking frequently returned, and could only be dispelled by sitting erect, and gaining possession of the mental faculties by a strong effort of the will. The sense of hearing, too, was painfully acute ; the sliding of the oar over the ice producing a continuous roar. The feeling of fear, experienced at first in crossing the connecting bands of ice, disappeared entirely in a short time, being succeeded by a total indifference upon the subject. Still, there were no attempts made to walk in dangerous places, or thought of forsaking the method of progress adopted. Twice during the day we halted for the purpose of obtaining water and eating buckskin ; and, although we sat side by side, we were so exhausted as to render conversation difficult, and so spoke no word. We were, in fact, gradually losing sight of each other in the selfishness of individual desire of escape.

I am free to say just here that up to this time there had been in all our sufferings an abnegation of self. We sympathized with and cared for each other as best we could, and neither entertained a thought of deliverance unaccompanied by the other. From four o'clock in the afternoon, however, the time of our last meeting until night closed in, we undoubtedly drifted apart in the selfishness of suffering. We

ceased to speak, each crawling along as he chose, regardless of the haltings of his fellow. I think we regarded each other from this time on with feelings akin to suspicion and jealousy, lest by any means either might effect an escape, leaving the other to perish.

Toward the close of the afternoon the periods of unconsciousness or stupor into which I lapsed from time to time began to be peopled by the weird imaginings of delirium. I caught glimpses of beautiful visions—of fairy forms beckoning me to green fields and sparkling fountains ; of feasts rivaling in profusion and luxury the banquets of Lucullus ; of lighted apartments aglow with genial warmth, fragrant with perfumes, and filled with the harmonies of angelic harps. These visions seemed so real that it was with difficulty I restrained myself from following the course of the beckoning hands, and can well understand how the starving mariner walks deliberately overboard in the expectant fruition of these vivid mirages of the brain. I found myself, too, when regaining possession of the intellectual faculties, muttering in a desultory way, and dimly realized that only a violent and continuous effort of the will would prevent me from becoming insane. To this end I concentrated my thoughts with all the intensity I could command upon the work before me—an intensity augmented by the dominant desire to escape and secure food, which had been the controlling, balancing centre of the brain throughout the day. I was enabled, however, to ward off the recurrence of periods of mental aberration, which rather increased in frequency and brilliancy of coloring. But they in no wise, I think, retarded progress : that continued to be performed in a purely mechanical manner.

Shortly before dark I overtook Mr. Macdonald sitting upon the ice, removing the blanket from his back. He appeared utterly exhausted, and, after spreading the blanket upon the ice, lay down upon it without a word, and began eating buckskin. I extended my hand for a supply, which he gave me, and then took my place beside him. The reclining posture, however, producing an immediate return of the sinking sensations, I sat up for a time ; but, soon conscious of falling into stupor, and feeling cold, managed by a great effort to loosen my blanket, and, spreading it over us, lay down again. My body was cold and dry, and felt frozen in over its entire surface to the depth of half an inch, although during the day this condition had disappeared under the perspiration induced by weakness and violent exercise. The lethargic state into which I now fell was brought about by the direct abstraction of caloric from the cerebrum, equally with the rest of the body, and may be said to have resembled the insensibility of an animal sleeping after the inhalation of chloroform. How long this insensibility continued I am unable to state. I only know that it was unaccompanied by dreams, and that the living function returned during the night, probably from the increase of heat produced by our lying close together. The weather had turned warmer, and I was suffering from thirst ; but, being unable to exercise sufficient volition to

rise and break the ice, I soon relapsed into stupor again.

It was broad day when I became dimly conscious of seeing Mr. Macdonald about three yards distant, and crawling off upon the ice. His face was turned over his shoulder, his eyes regarding me with a glistering stare, giving me the impression of an attempt on his part to slip away unperceived. I do not know that such was the object, but it immediately filled me with the most intense alarm. By constant dwelling upon the hope of escape, every faculty of the mind not contributing to that object had been held in abeyance, giving undue power to one centre of the brain. Overcome by the thought of being left to my fate, this balancing centre, no longer controlled, overcame all for the time, and produced a phenomenon not before experienced. An uncontrollable impulse—sudden, vehement, propulsive, onward, under the influence of the impression which for the moment paralyzed the mental organism—took possession of me. I at once arose, grasped the oar mechanically, and followed.

From this time forward mere animal instinct regulated my movements. I retain no recollection of anything that ensued, saving the one all-pervading desire of keeping close to my companion. The wish to escape merged into mere dread of being left. Had Mr. Macdonald discontinued his efforts at any time, I entertain no doubt that I should have done the same. Fortunately, he proved possessed of the more vigorous vitality of the two, and kept on. To the fact of his having done so I doubtless owe my life.

There yet remained about one and a half mile of the distance to be traversed when we left the spot where the night had been passed, and it was two o'clock in the afternoon when we were discovered in the kitchen of the single dwelling at Manitoba House. As before stated, I am unable to recall any physical or mental sensations experienced during that interval of time; and as Mr. Macdonald represents himself to have been in a similar condition, and as we were seen by no one, the verification of what actually did occur was impossible. It is probable, however, that our style of progress was a fac-simile of that of the previous day; and the time occupied would suggest

frequent intervals of rest. The fact, too, of the oars being found by the door of the house would indicate our belief of being still upon the ice, or a total absence of the reasoning faculties. For our actual condition when found I am indebted to the statements of Mr. Macdonald's wife.

It appears that we had approached the house from the rear. The kitchen being a separate building, connected with the main structure by a narrow covered passage, and nearest the lake as we came, we had entered there. It was unoccupied at the time of our entrance, and, it is supposed, continued so for a short period afterward. When Mrs. Macdonald, in the discharge of her ordinary domestic duties, had occasion to visit the apartment, she found her husband couching upon the floor beside the open doors of a cupboard in which was kept the day's supply of provisions. He held in his hands a loaf-cake, a small portion of which he had eaten. Being unable to sit erect, he had sunk into a shapeless heap, the loaf resting upon his knees, which were drawn up under him, and his head fallen upon the loaf. At the distance of two or three feet I lay stretched upon the floor, unable to rise, but gazing with pathetic longing upon the loaf in the hands of my companion. The eyes were widely open, but I recall no exercise of their functions. Shakespeare describes their condition in the fearful instance of *Lady Macbeth*:

"Doctor. You see her eyes are open.
Gentlewoman. Ay, but their sense is shut."

We made no answer when addressed, nor gave any indications of a consciousness of the presence of others. Mr. Macdonald made a feeble resistance when the loaf was taken from him, but a moment later seemed to have found it again, and continued an imaginary consumption of it until stupor supervened. When returning to consciousness, after a season of careful nursing, I recall no feeling of surprise at finding myself safe and in bed. It appeared perfectly natural that it should be so, and as if I had anticipated just such a termination of our sufferings. Nevertheless, three weeks elapsed before I was able to totter feebly from my couch, and months before perfect health returned.

GLAMOUR.

AH, dear, my love! how consummate you are!
Ripe with the perfectness of all delight,
And white shining like that far, fair star,
That tops the glory of June's sweetest night!

Oh, my all-beautiful! my soul's chief good!
What is this strange pain that devours my heart?
I suffer, yet am glad in this strange mood,
In which my pulse beats all my life apart.

You draw my soul up to your splendid eyes!
Ah, fair! full moon! I am your vassal sea!
Let not one cloud your lovely light disguise—
Pour your full flood of radiance over me!

Ah, sweet! too sweet! since love has grown to fear!
Ah, sweet! too sweet! for what now shall I do?
I live but through my eyes when you are near;
Yet death's dark in them would not trouble you!

HOWARD GLYNDON.

THE OLD FIVE.

BY CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

MISS FARNO was playing on the piano. And, as Miss Farno played well, and her piano was north of the forty-sixth degree of latitude, there is more in the statement than the mere words imply. The United States had not many people north of its forty-sixth degree at that time. The upper part of Maine, above Katahdin, held up one end of the parallel, which, touching the country again on the southern shore of Lake Superior, pushed on westward, through the newly-admitted State of Minnesota, and out into the wild, unnamed territory beyond, as far as the Walla-Walla country and the Columbia River, where, on the coast, it found Astoria, the one romance of the sober old furrier John Jacob, and, bidding us farewell, plunged into the ocean, so called, of peace. Metals open up a country sooner than mountains or furs. While Katahdin and Astoria languished, the southern shore of Superior, rich in iron, and copper, and legends of silver, was dotted with mines at an early date: men will search for ores who scorn to plant and plough, and the pickaxe precedes the spade. Hence, among others, the settlement of Dead River, the ore-schooners, the one steamer, and, finally, Miss Farno and her piano. The steamer was a novelty. On her second trip she had brought Miss Farno, on her third the piano; Dead River now felt itself a town indeed. For all her houses seemed to grow straighter when Miss Farno put white-muslin curtains into the windows of hers; all the little gardens, fenced around confusedly in the woods, seemed to be actually facing somewhere when Miss Farno planted rose-bushes in hers; you could even fancy you saw the streets where now were but cow-paths since Miss Farno said she lived on Huron Avenue, and asked if your street was not Cherokee.

"Somebody has come at last," said Catharine Wells; "I am so glad! I shall go to see her immediately."

So, on the first Saturday after Miss Farno's arrival, Catharine knocked at the cottage-door. It was the most ambitious house in the place, the home of the one resident director of the mining company, John Parr, Miss Farno's half-brother. He was a tired-out city man, who had never had much money, but had only found it out when past middle age, and no longer a buoyant companion for those who had. These last agreed that they "must really do something for Parr," and, after a while, they put him in as resident director at Dead River (owning among themselves a quantity of the stock), with the vague idea that perhaps he might begin over again, and really be somebody up there. Parr had the same thought himself, and packed his possessions with a mixture of importance and self-pity. The pity grew into gigantic proportions during his first year at Dead River; the mines, the office, the store, and the dock, he saw dimly, as through a great cloud

of compassion for himself—for himself, as though it was some other person—sadly and wrongfully exiled. He was important enough as far as that went; but who cared about importance up here in the woods? He wrote a number of complaining letters, took to smoking almost constantly, and at last turned about and went at the business with all his might. In his second year he was a curious mixture of the manager and the lazy fine gentleman; but the men at the mines had learned to feel no confidence in any softness he might be supposed to possess as the latter character. John Parr had no idea of asking his sister to visit him at Dead River; the idea was hers. But on principle he seldom objected to anything she wished. So he allowed her to come, and even consented to pay for the transportation of the piano. "You know I am nothing without it, dear brother," wrote Miss Farno. She was a tall, tired, foreign-looking girl, with dark hair and eyes, thin face, and slender, graceful form. She had been everywhere and seen everything, attached as an agreeable and orphaned appendage to various wealthy families; but lately she had felt a little bored by the betrothals which the daughters of these families had made before her very eyes, and their marriage-services, to which she had listened, standing, graceful as usual, enveloped in her bridesmaid's tulle, seemed to suggest certain questions to her mind with unpleasant distinctness. "But I cannot marry a poor man," she said to herself. "Resist the devil and he will flee from you. I will both resist him and flee; for to marry a poor man would make a devil of me, of that I am well aware." Then it was that she wrote to her brother.

"I am glad to see you," said this first caller. "I am Catharine Wells, the school-teacher. I came to see you immediately, because I hope we shall be friends."

Miss Farno, as was said before, was playing upon her piano; she paused, and came forward to meet her visitor.

"You are very kind," she said.

The schoolmistress was a prim little creature, with a very high opinion of herself and her acquirements, fostered and strengthened by conscious superiority over the communities in which she lived. Tried by other scales, her poor little knowledge was, in truth, small enough; but at least it was sufficient to show her, the moment she entered the presence of Miss Farno, that here was something new to her. The mere fall of the stranger's drapery, the tones of her voice, her accent, her attitude, opened a new world to Catharine Wells; herself dark and thin also, but small in person and irregularly featured, with nothing foreign or in the least suggestive of the tropics about her, like the tiny wing of a West-Indian bird in the hair, or the sandal-wood fan, which formed adjuncts of Miss Farno's equipment. The

schoolmistress had the sense to dress always plainly among the cheap fineries of Dead River; but, although neat as a Quaker, she now said to herself, with inward conviction, "Any one might take me for her maid." But, in her own small world, Catharine was as ambitious as Napoleon. Instead of fleeing from this queenly personage, and taking her pleasure among her inferiors, she swallowed her discomfort, and prepared to win over the stranger to the coveted friendship by a display of her mental powers. As a beginning she quoted Emerson. "Good Heavens!" thought Miss Farno; "have I run into a literary woman up here?" She then assumed her most sweetly incompetent smile, and gently remarked that she read very little; didn't Miss Wells think that human books were more interesting than printed ones?

Catharine stared; then she caught the drift of the remark, and her face fell.

"I know very little of human books," she said, after a moment, almost with humility; "but of course *you* know them, Miss Farno?"

Miss Farno admitted that she did; and she said to herself: "The girl is worth something, after all; an ordinary woman would never have admitted that."

But Catharine never opposed facts; she took them as stepping-stones, no matter how disagreeable they were, for her own advancement. She said to herself, "Some day I will be like Miss Farno;" which would have amused Miss Farno very much could she have known it.

The two girls sat together all the afternoon. There were no other callers to interrupt Miss Farno; her brother had already told her that the schoolmistress would probably be her only companion—"A prim little woman, with an enormous opinion of herself, and about as much real knowledge of the world as a wren," he had said. After a while Miss Farno began to play for her visitor; she played well, wonderfully well, by rare imitative talent, however, rather than any originality of her own. Catharine sat gloomily listening. She had accepted the superiority of Miss Farno's dress, manner, accent, and attitude, by buoying herself with determinations on all sides, like so many cork life-preservers, to become like her, if it were possible; but here was an accomplishment which it would take years if not a lifetime to acquire. "Still I shall try," she thought, as Miss Farno's fingers brought out a yearning strain of passion from the rippling undercurrent of a German nocturne—a strain that rose and fell like a human voice, calling with love and grief, and then dying away, while the undercurrent went rippling on gently, as though nothing had happened. It was as if, on a wide, shoreless, moonlit sea, a voice was heard calling across the water—calling, calling, each time with a deeper passion, until at last it sank under the rippling wavelets, which went on softly playing together just the same, although one lay still and white on the dark water-mosses below. A young German student had taught Miss Farno to play that nocturne; she did not consider him an agreeable teach-

er, but she had caught the expression from those wild fingers of his perfectly. As she was finishing the last bar—"What is that?" she said, in a low tone. "I have heard it for some time."

Catharine listened; then she rose and peeped through the curtains. "It is as I thought," she said. "Wait a moment." She went out softly through the front-door, ran around the house, and caught the culprit on the spot; as a punishment she brought her in, for it was one of her own scholars, the one with whom she was always a very Rhadamanthus in judgment. "My worst pupil," she said, sternly presenting her.—"Polly, beg Miss Farno's pardon."

The criminal was a sturdy young girl, rather below than above medium height, with a mighty breadth of shoulder and loin, and the arms of a stone-heaver; flaxen hair crowned this bulk, blue eyes, and a face as innocent as a sheep's.

"Are you not ashamed to be caught listening under windows in that way?" said the schoolmistress.

"I wanted to hear the music," said Polly, gazing at Miss Farno with open-eyed wonder; "did *she* make it? I coomed by in a chance, as it wur, Miss Cath."

But, although she made this half-apology to the mistress, her eyes never turned from the lady who "made the music."

"And who is Polly?" said this lady, smiling.

"Polly is a Cornish girl by birth, Miss Farno, although she was brought to this country in early childhood; her father works in the mine, and, as she has no mother, I have the charge of her. But she does not do me much credit, I am sorry to say," said Catharine.

Polly made no further attempt to conciliate the mistress; she went forward slowly, almost reverently, toward the piano, and touched it. "Make it sing again," she said, under her breath; and Miss Farno began to play. Polly stood transfixed with rapture, her mouth half open, her arms crossed over her broad chest. After a while they could hear her breathing heavily.

"That is it; the same sound we heard before," said Miss Farno, pausing and looking at the girl with some curiosity.

"Oh, she does it on purpose," said Catharine. "She never cried like other girls, but just keeps on sighing and sighing in that heavy way."

Polly did not seem to heed the schoolmistress's remark; she sighed once or twice more, looked vaguely around the room, and then came gradually back to common life again. She drew her little plaid shawl around her shoulders, and dropped a courtesy.

"Good-day, leddies," she said, turning toward the door.

"You may come again if you like," said Miss Farno.

"Moight I? Then coom I will," said the girl, her face lighting with pleasure.

She went out, and Miss Farno, at the window,

watched her walk away under the trees down toward the miners' quarter, with the even, steady gait of a young elephant.

"What a tremendous breadth of shoulder!" she said, half in admiration, half in pity. "How old is she?"

"Not eighteen yet. I have had the charge of her for four years, and she drives me almost distracted sometimes."

"She looks amiable enough."

"That is the very point, she *is* amiable; I never saw her out of temper in my life. But how can I scold such a great, innocent-looking creature? And her faults are very annoying. If you will believe it, I have not been able to teach that girl simple division in four years! She hardly knows her right hand from her left."

"Pray consider what a space there is between them," said Miss Farno.

"Ah, now you are laughing at me; but I am a teacher, and I like to succeed in my work. Emerson says, you know, that we respect ourselves more if we have succeeded," said Catharine, bringing out one of her neatly-stored little quotations, and delivering it like an expressman.

The next morning Miss Farno found a bunch of wild-flowers on the front-door step, and on the following day a plaited grass-basket full of cool, dewy blueberries, the great blueberries of Lake Superior; then came two beach-agates, and on the fourth morning she caught a glimpse of Polly herself, and the offering the girl had this time was a little birch-bark box full of Indian sugar.

"Come in, Polly," said Miss Farno, from the window. Polly started; but came in, nothing loath. Miss Farno, in a long white robe, was taking her breakfast at a little round table near the open lattice; a black-lace scarf hung from the high comb she wore, and, crossing under the chin, fell over the clear white muslin; there was a red rose in her hair. She was a Spanish lady that morning; but Polly did not know that. She only fell to wondering how long it would take to wash and iron that ruffled white robe. "Polly, is it you who has brought flowers to me, and berries?"

"Yes," said Polly.

"But what shall I do for you in return for so many nice things?"

"I thought you might play a bit," said Polly, calmly; she had no idea of favors, she expected to pay for all she wanted.

"But you need not have brought me all those presents; I would have played for you at any time if you had come."

"I was a-cooming this morning," said Polly. "I thought it 'u'd about pay now."

Miss Farno opened the piano, and began to play. Polly stood in the centre of the room, with her arms laid as usual over her broad breast. She never seemed to care for a seat, and indeed her poise was solid enough for a colossus. She listened silently, and, after a while, two tears stood trembling on the edges of her eyes, dropped, and then rolled unheeded

down her round cheeks; she was so absorbed that she did not wipe them away—let them wait till the music ceased.

Miss Farno played on for an hour; then she closed the piano.

"You can come again if you wish, Polly," she said; "but you need not bring me presents for it."

"But I like to," said Polly.

"Oh, very well, as you please. Those little agates are so pretty that I am going to have them set as a shawl-pin when I go back to New York," continued the lady, graciously. But Polly's interest was not awakened; her world was a small one—Dead River and the mine, that was all. Shawl-pins and New York were beyond her ken.

In the afternoons, after school-hours, Catharine appeared; she walked systematically every day for the benefit of her health, and she had decided that Miss Farno must walk too.

"Is there anything to see?" said that lady.

"The forest."

"Anybody?"

There was just that involuntary little pause which a quick woman notices, before Catharine answered.

"No," she said, in a more decided tone than usual. "With the exception of yourselves, there is not a gentleman or a lady in the village."

"Very probably," replied Miss Farno; "but there may be some wandering nondescripts, you know, not without interest. Abraham, I presume, was not in the habit of regarding the sons of Heth as gentlemen, exactly." As she made this sally, she glanced searchingly at Catharine. But the little schoolmistress's face remained unmoved. "There *is* somebody," said Miss Farno to herself.

There was. And on the fourth walk they met him.

"This is Robert Kenrick, Miss Farno," said Catharine, presenting him with formal carelessness. She could not avoid presenting him, since the path was narrow, and he, stopping to speak to her, filled the way. She allowed him to speak two sentences, and then walked on with a rigid little bow, with the intention of leaving him where they had found him chipping a rock with his exploring-hammer. But the man, who was a bronzed, good-looking fellow with a curly brown beard, spoiled her plans with a ready question or two, addressed, not to herself, but to Miss Farno, standing meanwhile, hat in hand, before her, and looking as though he would like, in default of Raleigh's velvet cloak, to cast himself at her feet, that she might walk over him rather than touch common earth. Miss Farno smiled; it was really very well done at a moment's notice—such a look as that. She answered the questions in her soft voice, and took him in rapidly meanwhile. "He is no boor," she said to herself, "but a person who has seen a good deal of the world; dubious in character, no doubt, but not common. A gambler, perhaps, with a taste for mining."

But, on the contrary, it was a miner, with a taste for gambling. Kenrick was the son of a New Eng-

land Congregationalist clergyman; he possessed a fair knowledge of Greek and Latin, the wandering spirit of an Ishmaelite, and a vague interest in ores. He had drifted to California and back, and was now here. His father was dead, much grieved for his son Robert; there was no one left in the little New Hampshire village who cared to know what had become of him; he did not care much himself, but enjoyed life, meanwhile, in his own way; and, for the rest, he was generally whatever people chose to consider him. Kenrick kept on deftly and readily talking to Miss Farno; he showed her some curious bits of ore, and what he thought was a trace of silver; he offered to guide her to a cold spring; he clambered up the rocks after a flower she saw there.

"Do not talk to him," said Catharine, taking advantage of the opportunity for one swift, cautionary whisper.

"Why not? I see plainly enough that *you* like him," answered Miss Farno, in the same tone.

If she had thrust a dagger into the little schoolmistress, she could not have frightened her more; the girl shrank back, turned red, then pale, and, as Kenrick was now near them again with the scarlet blossom in his hand, she walked off to a little distance and pretended to be gathering berries.

"Oh!" she was saying to herself, over and over again, "what *can* she mean? What can she mean? I shall die of mortification. That she should dare to suppose or suggest that I, Catharine Wells, had ever given a thought to that man! I will go back and confront her calmly, scornfully, and, as soon as he leaves her, I will *demand* what she means?"

She went back; but Kenrick was talking of the blossom, with a flood of *à propos* botanical knowledge, which seemed to overflow the path, the rocks, and the whole ravine, and Miss Farno was listening with a touching expression of girlish interest in her dark, well-trained eyes. She did not notice the approach of the schoolmistress, but went on looking submissively up into Kenrick's face, while Catharine stood by silent, much amazed and angry to see the deference she paid him. But the botany could not go on forever; even Kenrick saw that. He gave the flower to Miss Farno, bowed, and walked away; but not until a far turn in the ravine did he put on his hat, having remained all this time bareheaded before her, as before a queen.

"Now," said Catharine to herself, "*now* I shall ask her what she meant."

But something seemed to come up in her throat and choke her; she was afraid to speak lest her altered voice should betray her; she looked down at the juniper-rings, and nervously stirred the blue-green berries with her little shoe. Miss Farno, meanwhile, was arranging the scarlet blossom in her round hat; after a while she said, carelessly enough: "Why do you treat that man so, Catharine? It is easy to see he adores the ground you walk on."

The little schoolmistress's breath stopped. What would this woman say next? "I—I had—I had no idea you were going to say *that*," she answered, making a desperate snatch at her composure; "but it

makes no difference, the subject is the same. I have never, in all my life, been so mortified, Miss Farno, as now, when I hear you suppose or suggest that I—I, Catharine Wells—would ever have anything to do with such a man as that!"

"Why? What kind of a man is he?" said Miss Farno.

"A person of very little stability, I fear—"

"If stability is all he wants, *you* can give him that—you have enough for both," said Miss Farno, carelessly.

"Do you think," said the schoolmistress, almost fiercely, "that I would so much as *look* at him—a man of no character, no principles, no station in the world, almost, I might say, no name? Do you think that of me? Do you dare to think it?"

"I do not think anything about it," answered Miss Farno, lightly. "You must not pay so much attention to what I say, Catharine—half the time I mean nothing at all."

"Oh!" said the schoolmistress. She had no other reply ready.

"John," remarked Miss Farno to her brother that evening, "do you want a new study of character?"

"I don't know that I do," replied John; "nobody has any character up here?"

"Catharine has."

"Oh, the little schoolmistress! Anything new about her?"

"I do not know whether it is new or not, but she is in love with Robert Kenrick?"

"What do *you* know about Kenrick, Adele?"

"Not much; I met him to-day when we were walking."

"Adele!"

"John!"

"Well; you must do as you please, I suppose," said the brother, taking up his newspaper with an annoyed frown.

"Of course I shall," replied Miss Farno; "but have I ever done anything in all my life that was foolish or dangerous?"

He made no reply.

"Come, John, you must answer me," she said, crossing the room and laying her hand on his shoulder. "Have I ever been silly, like so many girls?"

"No, you have not, Adele."

"Then you ought to have confidence in me."

"So I have; but—but I wish you would give up this—this study of character, as you call it. Or, if you must have somebody, take up the parson instead."

"I do not care for parsons," replied Miss Farno, moving away, with a smile, "and as for the study of character, John, I only proposed it to *you*. I do not need to study character; I know it already." She went over to the piano, and began arranging the scattered sheets of music; her brother's eyes followed her.

"Adele," he said, after a moment, "you have no idea how well you look to-night, and you would look even better if you would only think seriously of that Larramore affair."

"Do you think so?" said Miss Farno. She went on arranging the music. When she had finished her task, she went toward the door, then paused a moment, candle in hand. "There is not an hour in the day, brother, when I do not think of it," she said, gently. Then she left the room.

"Larramore is a good enough fellow," thought John Parr, with his eyes on the paper, "and seriously taken with Adele. Besides, she needs wealth to make her happy; and he has it. I wonder what made her come up here—a mere waste of time! But women will have their freaks, I suppose."

Polly came regularly once in three days to hear the music, bringing in the mean time her little offerings.

"There must be a certain fineness in her nature somewhere," observed Miss Farno, "although I hardly know where or what it is."

"Oh, some animals like to hear music!" said Catharine; "they will stand stupidly listening to it very much as she does."

"You do not think much of Polly, do you?" said Miss Farno, smiling.

"Literally, I have been obliged to think a good deal of her," said the schoolmistress, an expression of impatience coming into her dark little face, "for she has been under my charge. She can bake and brew astonishingly well in her slow way; but, as for anything else, I might as well talk to a stone."

"Perhaps her mind is as big and slow as her body," said Miss Farno. "Has she friends among the people here?"

"They like her well enough, but she seems to get on better with the men than with the women; all the miners have a smile and a good word for Polly. There is one of them, too, Dick Heath, who is, I think, a lover."

"A small-sized man, I presume?" said Miss Farno.

"Not exactly," said Catharine, laughing; "still, he is by no means as broad as she."

The schoolmistress was far from easy in the company of her new friend during these last days; she was very nervous at first, then she regained possession of herself, and preserved an outward calm. "What did she mean?" she had thought a thousand times. But there always followed Miss Farno's own answer, that half the time she meant—nothing at all! And through it all she held on stubbornly to her first intention of improving herself as much as possible upon this new model, and learning gradually all its acquirements; for she was still convinced that they were acquirements, and not the natural gifts of that sinuous, suave, dark-eyed woman.

A week later they met Kenrick again; this time he was able to render them a service, for a storm was upon them, and they were several miles away from home.

"There is a small cave in the cliff directly above us," he said, hurriedly; "if you hasten, you can reach it before the rain comes."

"We do not mind the rain," began Catharine, loftily. But Miss Farno was already on the rocks,

beginning the ascent; it was evident that *she* minded it. Lithe, sure-footed, and long-armed, with Kenrick's aid, in five minutes she was snugly ensconced in the cave, and peeping down to watch Catharine's slower approach. The schoolmistress was coming up almost on her hands and knees; she could not swing herself up by means of the tree-trunks, or take the long steps from rock to rock by means of which Miss Farno had reached the high ledge. Her short feet slipped from perches where the elastic foot of her companion had poised itself and clung; she could not stretch forward and grasp a branch in mid-air like the supple Adele. Kenrick had tried to help her, but she refused his aid sharply; he contented himself, therefore, with keeping near her, and watching her efforts with exasperating calm. She slipped and fell, slipped and fell again; her cheeks flamed. "I wish you would leave me," she said, at last, tears of vexation coming into her eyes. The presence of this man was a grief and a mortification; for had not Miss Farno said—first one thing, and then another, but both of them a degradation? "I feel myself far above him," she said, with decision; and then she lost her footing, and went sliding down a sloping rock with helpless velocity.

Kenrick was with her in an instant.

"You foolish little thing," he said, laughingly yet kindly, "why do you act so?" And then he threw his arm around her, and helped her up the ascent almost without her own volition. True, she moved her feet, but it was the arm behind that carried her along, whether she would or not. "Now, then," said Kenrick, when they had reached the cave, and the schoolmistress was safely seated by the side of Miss Farno, "shall I stay here with you, or go to the village for cloaks and umbrellas?"

The wind was swaying the tops of the trees below them; the great drops were falling; from their high eyrie they could see the dark lake. Miss Farno leaned back comfortably in her rock-angle, and left the decision to Catharine. It was evident that she felt herself equal to any situation, in caves, or rocks, or whatever it might be. The schoolmistress, still exasperated, and with her mind in a tumultuous state, replied with asperity, "Do not dream, sir, of remaining here with us."

"Fortunately, I never dream," replied Kenrick, smiling. "I will go down to the village after your cloaks and umbrellas, then—shall I?"

"No, no; not for the world," said Catharine.

"If I am neither to go nor to stay, please tell me what I am to do, Miss Catharine," said Kenrick, reading her troubles at a glance with an inward laugh. "I am not to stay here, because—you do not like me," continued this bold person with a look that sent the blood all over her face, "and I am not to go to the village, because you think people will talk.—It is a very uncomfortable thing, Miss Farno, to bear such a character."

"It is," replied Miss Farno, quietly; "I have often wondered that men endowed with intelligence were willing to bear it."

Kenrick looked a little disconcerted.

"You do not know the whole story," he said, after a moment.

"Oh, I do not care to know it; they are all alike!" replied Miss Farno, carelessly.

This time he was angry.

"Excuse me, but I doubt if you do know it," he said, with some dignity.

"I wish I could doubt it, too," said Miss Farno. "Go down and get umbrellas, please; but go only to our house, Mr. Kenrick; you will find enough wrappings there for both of us, and in that way the people will know nothing of Catharine's being here."

He bowed, and disappeared over the wet rocks, swinging himself down by the tree-trunks with dexterous hand.

Catharine fully expected that the talk would turn upon him now that he was gone, but, instead of that, Miss Farno began a long description of a Swiss journey she had taken, and all the events that had occurred during a space of two weeks. It seemed interminable to Catharine, and yet she tried to listen, for she said to herself that it was very improving. But herself, for once, seemed to rebel, and would think of nothing but the most unimproving and discordant subjects. After a long while they heard the bushes crack down below, and knew that some one was coming.

"Catharine," said Miss Farno, suddenly leaving Switzerland to take care of itself, and touching the pale cheek next to her, with a smile, "you know you care for that man."

"I do not," said the girl, stamping her foot on the pebbles of the cave.

"You would not marry him if he asked you?"

"Never! I would die first. Why, he is not my equal in any way; how *can* you speak so? Are all the pains and labor I have taken with myself nothing? Are they all to be thrown away?" said the voice, beginning to break down.

"Ah, well, love equals all things," said Miss Farno; "and I thought perhaps— However, I see I was mistaken; forgive me."

There was no time for more; in another moment Kenrick appeared, and behind him the flaxen head of Polly, well drenched in rain.

"I met her, and she would come," said Kenrick; "she said she could take you down, Miss Catharine, better than I could."

"Polly," began the schoolmistress, "there was not the least necessity for you to come. I am surprised—"

"But I *can* carry you easy enough, Cath, while he takes the other lady," said Polly, with cheerful disregard of the reproving tone.

"Yes," said Miss Farno, "we certainly do need two helpers; and I give you fair warning, Catharine, that I intend to take Mr. Kenrick entirely to myself."

This was said gayly. A little dart of pain went through the schoolmistress's breast, followed by a vague surprise and uncertainty; Miss Farno was without doubt descending the rocks with Kenrick in the most familiar and laughing way. But she

had little time for thought, for, before she knew it, Polly had lifted her on to one arm, as a child is carried, and was solidly descending the cliff, holding on by the trees, and deliberately choosing each step with the slow majesty of a young behemoth. The schoolmistress remonstrated angrily, but in vain; her feet remained suspended in air, and Polly went stolidly on. In spite of her vexation, she could not help watching, whenever the rocks gave her a chance, the two below, who were swinging themselves down with many gay words and much laughter. But her cup was at its fullest when she arrived in their presence at last on Polly's arm, with her feet hanging down like a baby's. Miss Farno, enveloped in her light, sleeved cloak, was not in the least wet; Kenrick had opened an umbrella, and was holding it over her. They gave hardly a glance toward Catharine; but, seeing that she was safe, they started forward through the woods together toward home. That long walk marked an era in Catharine's life. Fortunately, Polly was a wordless sort of a creature, born without much taste for question and reply; the schoolmistress could think her own thoughts, and she thought them.

On the edge of the town the four came together again in the fine, gray rain.

"Go you in by the straight road with Polly," said Miss Farno. "Mr. Kenrick and I will go around and come in on the other side.—That is what you would like best, Catharine, isn't it?"

"Yes," said the girl, mechanically. She was silently studying their faces: entirely out of her knowledge was the momentary fleeting interest the two felt in each other, entirely out of her world the light conversation gemmed with little meanings which had taken place between them. The schoolmistress, poor thing! was always in earnest.

"I cannot understand it," she said to herself, as she walked homeward, after leaving Polly at her own door—"I cannot understand it."

She changed her wet clothes conscientiously, made a little pot of tea and drank it, and then sat down to Wordsworth, where the marker pointed out the two hundredth page of "The Excursion."

For the next two weeks she saw Miss Farno daily as usual, and daily Miss Farno made some allusion to Kenrick—something quoted which he had said, some chance remark which showed that she had seen him. Catharine listened, but made no reply. The two took their afternoon walks as usual; but they did not meet him. "It is only when I am absent," thought the schoolmistress. She had herself well in hand now; but lines settled nevertheless in her cheeks and at the corners of her firmly-closed little mouth.

It was about this time that John Parr said to his sister:

"I hope you know what you are about, Adele?"

"Perfectly," replied Miss Farno. "I am amusing myself and educating a schoolmistress."

One morning not long after this the two companions started for a distant point which went by the name of the Old Five. It was an old digging, an

abandoned mine, looking like a quarry half-way up the cliff; the diggings were numbered, and this was Number Five. Some rare flowers were said to grow in the vicinity, and on their account Miss Farno had been tempted to take the walk, although it was much longer than their usual stroll. The two girls entered the woods together, and turned northward, following an old Indian trail. Miss Farno's tall, slender figure moved forward with a long step and slight, swaying motion; Catharine followed, with head erect, inflexible little back, immovable as though corseted in steel, and quick, short steps, two to her companion's one. When they had been walking ten minutes they met Kenrick. Catharine looked at him darkly, withdrawing herself instantly into her inmost fortress, and closing all the doors behind her. Miss Farno, however, smiled graciously.

"I am glad we have met you," she said, "for we are bound for the Old Five, and feel a little timid about going alone."

"I do not feel timid," said Catharine.

"Ah, you are so far above the little weaknesses of most women," replied Miss Farno, sweetly. "Now I confess my cowardice at once, and ask for help."

"Which a man is proud and happy to grant," said Kenrick.

Catharine said no more, but, taking the lead, she walked on down the trail with a quicker, harder step than usual. Miss Farno followed, the draperies of her long skirt caught up gracefully and thrown over one arm, revealing a pair of slender, high-heeled, city-made boots, while Catharine had only clumsy little brogans that ended at the ankle. Kenrick walked at Miss Farno's side through the low underbrush; for the trail was narrow, the Indians apparently not seeing "the wit of walking and talking at the same time." Catharine could not help hearing fragments of the conversation behind her, but she put her feet down more deeply into the white sand of the trail as she walked, and resolutely refused to turn her head. "She has a tremendous will in that little frame of hers," thought Miss Farno, who had been talking especially for her ears—"like a little steam-tug that is all engine. How steadfast she is to her inflated idea of her little self!" After an hour's walk they left the trail and began to ascend the cliffs, or rather the range of highlands which followed the line of the shore half a mile back from the beach. When part-way up, Miss Farno paused to rest a moment; the Old Five was still some distance above them.

"Look, Catharine! isn't that Polly down below, following the trail?" she called out.

Catharine, who was above her, paused and looked down. Through the open woods below she saw Polly coming along on a slow, regular trot, her hands resting on her hips, her head stretched forward like a race-horse, and holding between her teeth a basket.

"If we were down there, I am sure we should feel the ground shaking," said Miss Farno.

"Polly, Polly!" called Kenrick; "Polly, Polly!"

The girl paused, looked up, and caught sight of them on the rocks; she nodded her head two or three times as a signal to them to wait for her, the basket swinging to and fro meanwhile, still held between her teeth, as a dog would hold it. Then she turned from the trail into the thick bushes at the foot of the cliff; they could hear her crashing through them, and, after a while, her head appeared below, and her strong arms soon brought her to their resting-place.

"Not in the least out of breath either," said Kenrick, admiringly, giving her his hand to help her on to the ledge. But that deep, broad chest of Polly's had room for more breath than he knew.

"I coomed to bring a note, Miss Farno," she said, putting down the basket, and taking an envelope from her pocket. "I met Maister Parr, and he sent me after you with this and the dinner."

"Dinner?" said Kenrick. "Is it in the basket, Polly? Do you know what it is, and whether it is good?"

Polly grinned broadly.

"'Twill be the victuals Miss Farno has at hoom hersel'; so I reckon 'twill do for the likes of you, Maister Kenrick."

"The likes of me, Polly! Why—am I not a fine fellow? Next to Dick Heath, say?"

A deep rose-red covered Polly's face and neck as he spoke; she looked down bashfully, and sidled against the rocks like a great, awkward calf.

Meanwhile Miss Farno was reading the note:

"I had no idea that you were going as far as the Old Five, Adele, and I do not approve of it. I send out Polly with dinner for *four*, as I presume that is your number; and, later in the day, I will come out there myself, with two or three of the clerks, so as to give it the air of a picnic. Allow me to say that you are going too far, to-day, in more ways than one.
"J. P."

Miss Farno was much annoyed. "John does not understand me at all," she thought. But she made the best of it, and quickly threw the glamour of a picnic over the scene, gayly leading the way upward to the Old Five. High up on the side of the cliffs was the old mine, a large excavation cut into the hill, with piles of loose stones, and fragments of rock, on its uneven floor. They found the flowers; they ate their lunch; they drank from the spring; they told stories; and Kenrick sang songs and carved little wooden images as souvenirs for them all. One of these was an old man, grotesquely bent in the shape of the figure five. "I will keep that as a memento of to-day," said Miss Farno. She was very fantastic in her tastes that afternoon; she seemed to be trying her power over Kenrick, for the purpose of tantalizing—whom? The schoolmistress? Kenrick? Or was it herself? At length, after other tasks, she espied a tuft of green high up on the side of the excavation, and was sure it was a fern she had long wished for, the *flix-mas*, whose habitat was given in the botany as "rocky woods, southern shore of Lake Superior." Kenrick started immedi-

ately in quest; the lofty devotion of his manner made the little comedy they were playing together that afternoon a very good one. He bowed low before her ere he went, and craved a token; she took off her little Persian scarf and tied it around his arm. She was sitting on a rock, with Polly at her feet; Catharine stood behind her, leaning against a tree. They all watched Kenrick as he descended into the excavation below, crossed it, and then began to make his way up the cliff opposite them. He reached the spot, plucked the green tuft, waved it in triumph, and then began the descent, but, instead of returning by the way he had come, he began to run down the steep slope, covered with sliding stones which had been loosened from the top of the cliff by the digging down below. After a moment or two he could no longer lift his feet in the moving mass, but began to slide; and it seemed as if the whole hillside was sliding too. The little stones, the great stones, and the flat pieces of rock, came rapidly down behind him, reached him, passed him, and at last, still coming faster and faster, piled themselves against him and flung him forward, carrying him head downward rapidly toward the level base. Miss Farno screamed; Catharine turned deadly pale and clasped her hands; Polly rose, and stood watching. Two breaths more, and he was at the bottom of the slide, but, before he could rise, the great flat stones were upon him, not one or two, but by fifties and hundreds, coming down relentlessly, and piling themselves upon him until the watching women opposite could see nothing save a heap of gray rocks. And still the stones slid down with a dull, rattling sound, and piled the mound higher.

"What shall we do?" said Miss Farno, turning with blanched face toward Catharine.

And for answer Catharine sprang forward and struck her.

"You sent him!" she said, with terrible emphasis.

"You acknowledge it then, at last, do you?" said Miss Farno, not heeding the blow; "you acknowledge that you love him, now that he is dead—you miserable little piece of conventionality!"

But Catharine was already over the rocks on her way to the bottom of the digging.

Meanwhile Polly had not changed her attitude; she was leaning over the verge watching attentively; she had not heard this little by-play. Miss Farno joined her.

"He was yore sweetheart, worn't he?" said Polly.

"Oh, no, Polly; not mine, but Catharine's."

"Ho, no!" said Polly. "I've seen you and him together too much for that!"

"Nevertheless, she loves him, Polly, loves him dearly," said Miss Farno, sitting down miserably, and covering her face with her hands; that still mound of gray rock made her feel sick and faint.

"The stoones isn't sliding so much now," said Polly; "they'll stop afore long, and then, if he can breathe in there the whilst, perhaps we can get him out. Happen he can help himsel' a little; I'll go down and see."

She descended swiftly, and found Catharine at the side of the mound lifting off the upper stones.

"Let be," said Polly, holding her back; "you're only making it woorse for him, mayhap. If he's goot a crack to breathe through, let him keep it, poor chap! When the stoones stop sliding, we'll goo to work. 'Twur *thy* sweetheart, then, Cath? I didn't know that."

The little schoolmistress, held firmly back in the grasp of the strong-armed Cornish girl, burst into tears and beat her breast wildly.

"Save him, Polly!" she said; "save him! You are so strong."

"I wull," said Polly. "Don't greet, Cath; I'll haul him out for you yet. Coom, now, the stoones are stopping. Cast off."

And then they both went to work, throwing the stones off the pile as rapidly as they could; the schoolmistress threw three to Polly's two; but Polly took the big ones. After several minutes' work, Polly paused.

"Hoosh!" she said. "Likely we can find oot now whether he's alive."

She put her mouth to a crack, and roared his name; then bent her ear to listen. A voice answered, dull, muffled, and weak—yet—a voice! The schoolmistress fell on her knees and offered up thanks.

"Can you help yoursel'?" called Polly, down the crack.

A dull murmur came back.

"What?" said Polly.

Listening intently she made out that his arm was broken, and that he was caught under the trunk of a tree which had slid down with the stones.

"There's the end of it," said Polly, "over there close to the cliff, and t'other end's just beyond him. If I could heft it oop now, he might crawl out a bit. Coom, Cath; let's take off all the stoones we can.—Can you wait a while longer?" she called to the man below.

But Kenrick answered that he could not wait. His voice, too, was perceptibly fainter. Miss Farno was on her way down the rocks to help them; she had seen what they were trying to do. Now it was that the young Cornish girl showed her strength: firmly planted herself, she heaved the great stones off the pile with tremendous rapidity and force, while Catharine toiled at the smaller ones.

"Now, then," cried Polly, cheerily, "take coorage, lad; ye'll soon be out."

But no voice answered. Catharine sank down and covered her face with her hands.

"He's only fainted, perhaps.—Coom, lad; Kenrick, Kenrick! here's yore sweetheart waiting for you," called Polly. This time Kenrick answered, but very faintly. "No time to lose, now," said Polly. "Must heave up the log that's crooshing him. Do you keep on at the stoones, Cath."

She ran over to the end of the tree-trunk that was close to the cliff, and, with her great strength, lifted it a little, stooped, and placed her back under it.

"Polly, Polly!" called Miss Farno from the other side, waving her hands and her feathered hat, "don't

do that. Those loose stones above will slide down and crush you; I can see the whole side of the cliff."

Polly paused an instant; her face, reddened by her position, looked first toward Miss Farno, then toward Catharine.

"I most take my chance," she called out; "I can't let him dee down there for want of a heft."

Then she gave a mighty lift with her strong back and loins. Two or three large stones fell off the mound, and the smaller ones rattled down with a clatter as the tree-trunk rose slowly into view; beneath it was visible a portion of Kenrick's body. Catharine threw herself upon it and drew him clear.

But, at the same moment, the loose stones on the other portion of the slide, disturbed in their position, rattled down with tremendous force on Polly, and buried her from sight.

Kenrick's right arm was bruised and broken; the Persian scarf was soaked with blood; he was very weak. Miss Farno, crying out loud, watched the rocks slide down on the mound that covered Polly. Catharine, with renewed life in her heart, kept saying, feverishly, "We shall save her yet."

When the slide ceased at last, John Parr had arrived with two of his clerks, and they all went to work at the mound. But this slide had lasted longer than the first one; the rocks lay closer together. After half an hour's work they brought out Polly alive, but dying. Her fair, girlish face was unhurt, but that broad young bulk of hers had been crushed in more places than one, and her arms lay helpless by her side. The most of her suffering was over now; they could all see that death was near. They laid her down; she opened her eyes and looked at them all quietly. Miss Farno took her hand and said a few gentle words.

"You have given your life for another, dear; the good Lord will love you for that, and make you very happy in heaven. And we—we will remember you always, Polly; you are better than we are."

"Oh, no," said Polly, earnestly; "I never was good at all, Miss Cath knows that.—But you'll forgive me now, Cath, won't you? And I'm glad I've saved yore lad for you. I couldn't let him dee in there just for want of a heft."

Her voice failed—she closed her eyes.

"I liked yore music always, Miss Farno," she whispered; "I'm serry I'll hear no more. But perhaps they'll play oop there." She lay in silence for a moment or two, then she opened her eyes and looked at Catharine. "Give my loove to Dick," she whispered, as the schoolmistress bent over her; "tell him I tho't of him at the last." Then she died.

Six days afterward Kenrick asked Catharine if she would marry him. He spoke curtly, and said little more than the bare words.

The forlorn little schoolmistress, broken in spirit, had not the strength of mind to refuse, "although I know he does not really care for me," she thought, sadly. Miss Farno had been gone five days. Kenrick hastened the marriage, took his wife away, and, on the whole, throughout a long life, was not unkind to her; but he remained a wandering Ishmaelite to the last. As for Catharine, she adored the very shadow of her husband, obeyed him meekly, and forgot even the name of Emerson.

A year later a middle-aged husband said to his wife one morning:

"Adele, why do you keep that ugly wooden image on your dressing-table?"

"It is a memento, Mr. Larramore."

"I did not know you were romantic."

"Nor am I; for I married you."

Kane Larramore turned and looked at his wife.

"There are some things better than romance, my dear," he said, quietly.

"I thoroughly agree with you," replied Mrs. Larramore, smiling. "Will you ring for the carriage, please?"

THE NUMBER OF THE SENSES.

"IT knocked me out of my seven senses," said a plain farmer, describing an accident which had left him stunned on the ground.

Was the farmer right in his number? There are many who will speak of seven senses, yet, when asked to enumerate, they tell us only of the ordinary five—sight, hearing, taste, smell, and touch, or feeling.

Whence the popular notion of two more?—for surely so wide-spread a notion must have a history. Perhaps it is traceable to the fact that seven, being regarded as a sacred number, is used in the sense of *completeness*, and is intended to mean *all*, whether that all be more or less than seven. Possibly, however, the popular mind, dissatisfied with a limitation of the number of the senses to five, while convinced that it is greater, has taken this method of uttering

its protest. If this conjecture be correct, the implied protest is sustained by the fact that the number seven stands authoritatively connected with both color and music, there being seven tones in each musical octave, and, as Newton decided, seven primary colors in the solar spectrum, although, in fact, the colors of the spectrum appear to be scarcely more capable of definite limitation than are the senses, and although Sir John Herschel has added to the violet end an eighth color, which he calls lavender, and while other philosophers have pronounced their number to be beyond limitation.

It is a noticeable fact, however, and not without significance in the question before us, that a more critical investigation of the solar spectrum, since Newton's day, has convinced the majority of scientific men that the number of really primary colors is

only three—to wit, red, yellow, and blue—and that all the rest are only intermediates, of which no one can tell the precise number. In like manner of the senses, the question has been raised whether their number is really more than three—namely, sight, hearing, and feeling, or touch; the other two, taste and smell, being regarded as only modifications of the last named; while, *per contra*, the doctrine has been held by some of high repute, that not only should taste and smell be retained in the list, but others added to them.

Without pretending to an exhaustive investigation of this subject, we propose to take a peep into it, sufficient to obtain at least a glimpse of what may be said on either side.

The senses are usually defined as those bodily powers or faculties by which we become acquainted with external Nature. Each sense, properly so called, is endowed with an organ or apparatus, usually in duplicate, as the eye, the ear, the hand, fitted to receive from external Nature, and to transmit to the brain, the impressions suitable to that sense, and no others; and the number of the senses is supposed to correspond to the number of organs so fitted. Thus we have the eye, an organ wonderfully contrived to receive and concentrate upon a sensitive curtain in its rear those undulations of the ether (and no others) from which we receive our sensations of light and color. The faculty in connection we call the sense of sight, always first named of the category. Next we have the ear, provided with a still more wonderful apparatus for the purpose of receiving and conducting to the auditory nerve those undulations of the air which give us the sensations of sound. This sense is always the second named. Extended over the whole bodily surface, and pervading a large part of the interior, is a network of nerves, sensitive to a vast variety of impressions from without, and to almost as many from within, by some named, from the usual mode of its impressions, the sense of touch, and by others, from the effect of its impressions, the sense of feeling. In the ordinary enumeration it is placed fifth and last; but for special reasons we give it the third place, and for the present dismiss it, with the promise of soon saying more. Diffused over the roof of the mouth and the fauces, and more especially among the papillæ of the tongue, is this same network of nerves, but endowed here with a new power *superadded* to that of touch, the power of discerning the flavors, such as sweet, bitter, etc., of substances brought into moist contact with it. In this capacity we recognize it as the sense of taste. Additional to the two services already rendered by this network of nerves, it is extended through a thin, wrinkled membrane lining the cavity of the nostrils, and the sinuses adjacent, and is there endowed with a power still different from the rest, yet so closely akin to that of taste as to be in many cases confounded with it—the power of discerning odors, and therefore called the sense of smell. Viewed and enumerated thus, the senses are usually held to be five in number.

But just here arises the question, *Are they so*

many, and no more? May not the farmer's seven be the right number, after all? Let us examine.

No one doubts that the number is at least three. The two senses which deal with the two undulations light and sound are so complete in themselves and so different from all others that if any of our powers deserve the name of distinct senses these do. The eye deals with light alone, nothing else; the ear with sound alone, nothing else. They deal with undulations both, yet cannot possibly be confused; for not only do these undulations proceed from different substances, and at vastly different rates, but they are received into the sensorium by different channels and in different modes. No one ever saw a sound nor heard a color. Then, again, there certainly is a third sense, if not a cluster of senses, embraced under the name of feeling, and marked by the peculiarity common to them all, that the impressions made upon them by external Nature are solely by contact. Moreover, we may say that the sensations referred to this one sense, even when reduced by a subtraction from it of those belonging to the two minor senses, taste and smell, are more numerous, more diverse, and more important to animal well-being than those of any other sense, or perhaps of all the others united; for, although we may live indefinitely long without either sight or hearing, we cannot long exist without the sense of feeling. Some idea of the number of sensations usually referred to this one sense will be attempted at a more opportune moment, but at present we content ourselves with putting a few of them into *contrast*, to show not their diversity merely, but their incongruity: for example, hunger and distance, roundness and number, motion and hardness, weight and heat, sharpness and nausea, pain and figure. Had we not been always accustomed to hear and to speak of these perceptions under the indefinite name of feeling, we should no more think of classing them together than we should of thus classing those of sight and hearing. Or perhaps it would have been natural for us, were we classifying the sensations for the first time, to place this seemingly universal sense in the foreground, as the basis and participant of all the rest, and then to name sight and hearing, taste and smell, followed perhaps by many others not now recognized as so many subdivisions of the general faculty of perception.

But to return from this digression. We have seen that the senses cannot be fewer than three in number, viz., sight, hearing, and feeling. Shall we also acknowledge taste and smell? Some may object to admitting each as a distinct sense, because their organs are so closely contiguous and their sensations are so closely akin that they seem to run into one another; and some may object even to receiving both united as distinct from the sense of feeling, because they appear to be only local *superadditions* to the powers of the one last named. Yet we may reply:

I. That, although the sense of taste has very little scope, being able of itself, and without the aid of the olfactories, to distinguish only the four pri-

mary tastes—sweet, bitter, acid, and salt¹—yet it *can* distinguish these, which is a power possessed by no other sense, and which, however small a service, entitles it to a place.

2. That if the smell and taste are to be rejected from the list of distinct senses because they are only superadditions, in the nervous network of the mouth and nostrils, to the sense of feeling, then must sight and hearing be also rejected, because they are only powers of perception superadded in the eye and ear to the same sense, which is as keenly alive in those organs as anywhere else.

In view of the above facts we will admit that the senses are at least five in number. But are they no more?

We have just now seen that the same organ is capable of being the basis of more than one sense. A sense may be defined (with a slight but important change from the former definition) to be a bodily power or faculty, by which, through an appropriately-adjusted organ or nervous apparatus, we become acquainted with the properties and states of material Nature. And any such faculty may be regarded as a distinct sense, if it be so endowed as to introduce us to a field of Nature not explored by any other faculty. Thus, the faculty of vision introduces us, by means of the eye, to the field of ethereal undulations, so long as those undulations lie within the measure, *as to length*, of not fewer than thirty-seven thousand to the inch, and of not more than fifty-nine thousand to the same space, and, *as to time*, of not fewer than four hundred and fifty-eight trillions, and not more than seven hundred and twenty-seven trillions of vibrations per second. And the faculty of hearing, by means of the ear with its wonderfully-complicated apparatus,² acquaints us with undulations of the air varying in length from half an inch (the highest note audible to us) to seventy feet (the lowest), and varying in time from thirty-two vibrations a second (the lowest note) to forty thousand

per second (the highest). The sensations of sight and hearing are such as are producible by no other bodily faculty.

A recent writer has remarked: "Acoustics tell us the story of one undulation; optics of another; and thermotics (the science of heat) of a third." This third undulation is introduced to our knowledge by that network of nerves, and by that alone, to which we owe already so many of our impressions of external Nature that they have been called the nerves of "common sensation." The sensation of heat, and of its correlate cold, is so distinct from all others that it can never be mistaken for any of them, nor is its importance to animal comfort and well-being inferior to that of any other. Now, the question naturally arises at this point, "Does not the faculty by which, and by which alone, we receive impressions from this third class of undulations, claim the dignified position of a distinct sense?" We have the optical sense and the acoustical, why not also the thermotical? It may be objected that the distinction would be useless. But is it not *due*? Is it a whit less important than the distinction into two of the almost inseparable senses, taste and feeling—especially when considering that these last are confessedly minor, while the sensations pertaining to that are clearly indicative of its being a primary? May it not prove a graceful yielding to the popular demand for a greater number than five? And will it not have the effect of so reducing the confused mass heaped together under the name of feeling that we shall be able to conceive and speak of what remains with greater clearness? If we admit the thermotical to an honored place among the senses, then the number will be six.

But, as may be suspected from the incongruities noticed in a digression made a few paragraphs back, a large and important subdivision yet remains to be made, and the nature, not to say the necessity, of it seems to be foreshadowed in the terms used to describe this sadly-burdened sense, sometimes called touch, which naturally means contact, and as naturally fixes the attention upon an external object, and sometimes called feeling, which conveys primarily the idea of sensation, and directs the attention to something, whether agent or effect, that is internal. Guided by this hint, we find the sensations crowded under the name of this one sense to consist of two classes, very distinct and almost immeasurable: one class awakened by agents wholly outside the subject, and the other awakened by agents mainly, if not wholly, within.

Of the sensations awakened by agents without we may mention those from which arise our ideas of number, figure, size, weight, distance, motion, relative position, and others.

Of the sensations awakened by internal causes we may mention first those which are *correlated*—namely, the sensations of pleasure and pain, health and sickness, rest and weariness, vigor and faintness, exhilaration and depression, and the various appetites, hunger, thirst, etc., with their correlatives of satiety: after these, the solitary or unrelated sensa-

¹ If any persons doubt the correctness of this statement, let them test it by firmly closing the nostrils and trying to taste anything destitute of these four. For the pleasant flavors of tea, coffee, wine, etc., we are wholly indebted to the contiguous organs of olfaction.

P. S.—Since this note was written, a merry experiment was made by a company of intelligent ladies, who had questioned the correctness of the above-stated fact. Closing firmly the olfactory by an honest use of the handkerchief, they tried various fruits and herbs, and were surprised to find that the *flavors proper* had all disappeared. No tastes could be discerned except sweet, bitter, and acid (for nothing salt was included in the experiment). Not even the powerful aroma of peppermint could be perceived until the handkerchief was removed, though they felt its pungent action on the tongue.

² Tyndall, after describing the drum and labyrinth of the ear with their tiny chainwork of vibrating bones and cells of water and elastic bristles, says: "There is also in the labyrinth a wonderful organ, . . . to all appearance a musical instrument . . . of three thousand strings, . . . with its cords so stretched as to accept vibrations of different periods, and transmit them to" the sensorium. "Each musical tremor which falls upon this organ selects from its tensioned fibres the one appropriate to its own pitch, and throws that fibre into unisonant vibration. And thus, no matter how complicated the motion of the external air may be, those microscopic strings can analyze it, and reveal the constituents of which it is composed."

tions, such as nausea, itching (particularly of members that have been cut off), formication, cramp, approach of dissolution, and many others.

Most of the ideas enumerated above, under class first, as derived from sensations belonging to the sense of touch, limited in meaning to the word *contact*, are popularly referred to the sense of sight, and this reference is to a large extent correct *after the ideas have been once gained*, and after the eye has been trained by habit to recognize their several phenomena. But their *origin*, as has been often explained, is almost of necessity in the sense of touch. It is currently reported that persons who have been endowed with sight for the first time after they have arrived at years of observation describe the objects of sight as if perceived by the *touch of their eyes*, and this impression continues until it is worn off by habit.

The sensations named in class second evidently arise from varying conditions of the nervous system. In many cases these conditions are confessedly induced by external causes: for example, bodily pain will always follow lacerations of the skin by wound or bruise, as well as accompany nervous derangements from within. Formication, or the sensation as if of ants crawling on the skin, may be wholly nervous, or may be induced by an overdose of laudanum, or may be caused by an actual irritation from without; and so of the other cases noticed. Nevertheless, whatsoever may be the primary cause of the sensation, the *proximate*—and this is our only concern at present—is wholly internal, and in this particular it differs essentially from the sensations of seeing, hearing, taste, and smell, which are the products of agents from without. The sensations enumerated in class second pertain so manifestly to the nervous system, and to that alone, as to make it fairly questionable whether they do not demand a transfer from their present equivocal location in the sense of touch to the position of a distinct sense clearly marked as the neural or neurotic.

Of what has been said, the sum is this: That, although the number of the senses *may be* reckoned at three only, to wit, sight, hearing, and feeling, if the demand be made (which certainly is not without reason) that each sense shall have a distinct organ, yet if we admit that one organ may effectually serve more than one sense, by being endowed at different points with different susceptibilities—as illustrated by the recognized senses, smell and taste, which are served by that universal network of nerves known as the nerves of common sensation—then we may set down their number not only at the ordinary five, but at our good farmer's seven, or even at a larger figure.

Before closing this article, several more thoughts may be appropriately appended.

Those who object to admitting into the category of recognized senses any faculty which is not honored by a distinct organ, or which may be excited into action by some other than its usual and natural agent, may find themselves in difficulty on discovering that one or both of these supposed defects are predicable of every sense in the catalogue. The elec-

tric current may be so directed as to produce a flash of light in the eyes, a humming sound in the ears, independently of the undulations of the ether or of the air; also the smell of phosphorus in the olfactories, and the sensation of taste in the mouth, and of tickling in the skin, and of a nervous feeling along the limbs, and of heat in the thermostical sense or its equivalent. Besides the agency of the electric current, a flash of light may be produced in the eyes and a rumbling sound in the ears by a quick, sharp blow, or even by pressure. Also, by concussion, more or less rapid and severe, a taste may be awakened in the tongue, tickling in the skin, and cramp, like the galvanic, in the hand. To a certain extent, similar effects may be produced by opium, digitalis, and other narcotics, and also by the pressure of coagulated blood in the capillaries.

More than this, if there be any truth in mesmerism (and, despite all the deception and humbuggerly attempted, there seems to be enough of it, or of the semblance of it, to perplex the mind of a close and candid experimenter), we may easily conceive the necessity of admitting the existence of some recon-dite power or faculty, by which to account for those mysterious perceptions which, if not exceedingly adroit deceptions, are effected without the use of the ordinary senses. This necessity is strongly sustained by well-attested facts, in which are left no grounds for suspicion. There are unquestionable cases of supernatural powers exercised during a morbid sleep, in which persons of not more than ordinary endowments performed feats almost beyond credulity, not only of a somnambulist but of a somni-visual character—that is to say, they actually, readily, and clearly, saw what was beyond all reach of ordinary vision. Besides instances of a transient character, there are on credible record instances of greater permanence—possibly a morbid permanence—going to support the same general end. For example, a case was reported some twenty-five or thirty years ago, and recently described again in a scientific journal of some note, of an Englishman in the island of Mauritius, represented as being still at his post, who was kept as a lookout, and who could discern, by a peculiar and unaccountable power, and minutely describe, the approach by sea of vessels distant one or two days' sail beyond the reach of natural vision.¹ Of a similar mysterious character are cases reported, on the authority of names that *seem* respectable, of persons endowed with the power of discerning objects of sight by the palm of the hand, or even by the ball of the thumb, when these objects were in their rear. The London *Spectator* recently gave an account of a Mr. Levy, who, "although quite blind," claims to possess the power of what he calls "facial perception," or of "perceiving objects through the skin of his face, and of having the impression immediately transmitted to the brain." He declared that by the power of this facial perception alone, and without the aid of any of the five

¹ This case is reported mainly from memory of the first account given of it, but is warranted as being substantially correct, i. e., as a transcript.

senses, he could determine the general shape, height, and structure, of objects passed in walking. Without giving any credence to reputed facts of this kind, or asking others to give it, unless sustained by the best of testimony and by almost crucial evidence, they are nevertheless quoted as illustrating what is necessary to be kept in mind when discussing the possible limits of sensual perception.

Another thought. The conception, *a priori*, of a sense perfectly new is as impossible as for a person born blind to conceive of color; and as impossible of conception would be those new states and properties of matter revealed by it. Yet that matter possesses properties and powers, and exists in states beyond our present reach of perception, or even of conception, is more than possible; and that there is abundant room in our organization for several, perhaps many, new senses, we can clearly discern. For example, the human ear can receive as sound only those undulations of the air which are not fewer in number than thirty-two per second, nor more in number than forty thousand per second. Yet sounds lower than our gravest appear to be audible to whales, and sounds more acute than our highest may be pleasantly audible to gnats and ants. So far as we can see, there is no natural impossibility in an increase in the rapidity of the undulations of the air until they shall even rival those of the ether, and be like them counted by millions and trillions per second, instead of by tens and thousands. But here our conceptions find their wall; we can have no idea of the effect of such rapid vibration of the air upon our senses, nor of the senses necessary to receive them intelligently. Yet the supposed case is illustrated in our actual experience every day and moment of life. Undulations of the ether less in length than ten thousand in an inch are not perceptible to any of

our senses, probably for the reason that we have no senses attuned to that grade of vibration. But as soon as they increase to ten thousand an inch and upward, we perceive them on the skin in what we all know as *heat*. Let these vibrations continue to increase till they attain the number of thirty thousand per inch, and we now perceive them not only by the skin as heat, but by the eye as color. This color is a low, dull red. Let them still be gradually increased until they attain to sixty thousand per inch, and the eye will have perceived, in the progression, all the colors of the spectrum from dull red up to intense violet, or to Herschel's lavender. Increased beyond that degree of rapidity, the eye ceases to take note of them as light or color—all is darkness. Yet there are chemical effects perceptible beyond the violet ray, and no doubt the human frame is affected by them, though without taking cognizance. If there are vibrations of the ether fewer in number than those which are perceived as heat, we do not know, nor if there are vibrations more frequent than those producing chemical effects. We do know, however, that below the number revealing heat, and above the number revealing chemical effects, there is *room* for an infinitude of senses perfectly new. But here, again, we stop, blocked by our ignorance.

Is it, however, unphilosophical, any more than it is unchristian, in thinking of that future state to which we all look forward, and where some obtain glimpses of "a spiritual body" and of "the spirit of just men made perfect," to indulge the hope that then shall be "experienced the perfection of all that is good in man," and as a part of which may be realized those noble capabilities of which science may pleasantly dream, but which cannot even be adequately conceived?

A CALIFORNIA WHEAT-HARVEST.

BY ALBERT F. WEBSTER.

SOME two hundred miles up the Sacramento River in California is one of those immense ranches that have become so famous, not only for their immense extent, but for the crops they are made to produce year after year without aid from artificial sources.

The place is known as the Glenn Farm, a tract of fifty-six thousand acres lying along the west bank of the river for fourteen miles and extending back into the country some five more. In the aggregate number of acres this farm is by no means among the largest of California private properties; there are many much broader tracts owned by single persons, but the greater part of these are grazing-lands, fit for the raising of immense herds of cattle, and for nothing else—at least at present. But the Glenn Farm is devoted to the production of wheat. *Thirty-six thousand* acres in this grain are annually run over by the harvesting army with its tremendous battery of machinery.

Before describing this greatest of all agricultural scenes, a word about the farm itself. The approach to it by the river places it high in the traveler's favor. Its frontage is exceedingly beautiful. Upon the high banks there grow innumerable trees of broad-leaved white-oak and the strong-limbed sycamore. The river winds somewhat abruptly, and, as the boat turns in its passage, a splendid sliding-scene is always newly opening to the gaze. The water is earth-stained from the miners' camp near great Shasta far above, and the banks are of brownish clay. Near the landing some of the trees have been cleared away, though sufficient remain to give a composed and shaded look to the sunlit levee.

Close upon the bank, and almost overhanging the water, are two tremendous granaries, designed to hold the wheat if it is to be stored through the winter. A flat ferry-boat, guided by a wire rope supported by buoys, floats lazily across the stream

now and then to the landing on the other side. The modest white cottage of the owner of this vast estate is seen through the trees. A little beyond is a small frame hotel, a huge brick country-store, two or three small houses occupied by Chinese laborers, and one or two other buildings for the safe-keeping of goods. Along the edge of the bank runs a flat, brown road, sixty feet wide, for an endless number of miles. At this settlement, which is called Jacinto, and which is midway upon the ranch, the farmers and workmen gather on Sunday mornings to talk over the events of the past week and the prospects of the coming one—a broad-shouldered, sun-embrowned, jolly throng, each member of which knows all about it, whatever it may happen to be. Here the weekly steamer lands, bringing, in late spring, innumerable bales of sacks for the coming harvest, and always two or three reapers or headers or portable engines for use in the fields. Here the master sits daily in informal judgment on all complaints that are brought, one workman against another, or against his food, or what not, and to give advice to all who are not certain what to do or how to act.

The ranch is divided this year into four parts, the owner working one of fifteen thousand acres, the rest being divided among three renters, who are practically farmers for the estate, though they take their pay in a share of the product of their respective portions. When all is in full working order, say on the 1st of July, the work is carried on from seven different points. Each of these places has its lodging and eating house for the men, its stables, repair-shops, water-supply, and its own set of machines for harvesting.

On a day when all is quiet, if the visitor ascends to the roof of one of these buildings, a scene something like this will meet his view: Before him, almost as far as his eyes can reach, away into the faint recesses of the foot-hills, and just as far to the north, and also as far to the south, is one unbroken sea of yellow grain. Its very limitations make it seem limitless. It is huge, calm, and exceedingly beautiful. It is almost necessary to say that it is yellow in order to create the proper impression upon the reader's imagination, but its hue is something far more delicate than that. It eludes the analysis by just a little. The gleams that travel slowly over the broad expanse give its gold a silvery sheen, and there seem to be life and light in it. Here are thirty-two thousand acres, ready for the sickle of the reaper. It is impossible not to feel a sense of exultation at the great display.

Far to the east are the rugged, dusky sides of the Coast Range; to the north is the pale, pinkish cloud of Shasta Mountain; behind is the Sacramento flowing slowly past between its tree-lined borders; and above is the pale-blue sky, without the merest trifle of a cloud to shelter the glowing land.

While the grain has been approaching its season, the master of the place has been gathering his forces together for the final act of the year. The number of his men had been reduced to one sufficient to keep the place in order. He now increases it to

nine hundred; among these people are a few Chinese to do the drudgery. He looks about and gathers up all the stray bands of mules that may be seeking a purchaser, until his force of animals, horses included, reaches nearly a thousand. He has long since put his engineers at work upon the engines that are to be used to drive the separators. In the repair-shops a host of blacksmiths and wagon-makers are patching up the old headers and the broken wagons of last year, and are putting the new ones into order. All is bustle and confusion. The overseers ride hither and thither all day long, directing, suggesting, and listening. A tremor of impatience is observable everywhere. One improvement after another is effected, more of the machines are said to be ready for the field, and the teams of men and horses begin to organize. It is an army in preparation for battle. The great plain, now tuneful with the low, sweet rustle of the wheat-stalks, is soon to resound with the roar of their destruction, and a dull man would be not to feel that there was something of war and rapine in the prospect.

Permit me to describe, in as clear a manner as possible, the machinery used by these great farmers in the harvest-field. The machines employed are headers, header-wagons, separators, and steam-engines.

A header is a machine which cuts the standing grain at the elevation the driver may see fit, and throws it into the header-wagons which attend it closely. It consists of a broad, strong frame poised upon a single axle, with a tail-piece supported by a grooved steering-wheel which is managed by the driver. Along the front edge of this frame, which is parallel with the surface of the ground, is a sickle like that of a reaper; a set of triangular teeth moving to and fro through projecting tongues. Sometimes this sickle is twelve feet long, sometimes sixteen, sometimes even more. Just above the sickle is a long, revolving frame, which catches the tops of the grain-stalks and bends them in upon the hungry lips of the knife. The four horses that work the machine are in the rear behind the axle, and, as they advance, all abreast, the knives are forced into the grain and cut a swath in advance. The driver, who must be very cool-headed and very expert, stands upon the tail-piece with the tiller of the steering-wheel between his legs, his left hand handling the reins, the ends of which are tied above him upon a brace, while with his right he raises or depresses with a huge lever the frame which carries the sickle. It is easy to understand that that man may be wearied at the end of a long day's labor in the sun. After the sickle has done its work, the heads of the grain, together with the portion of the stalk that has been cut off with them, fall to the rear upon a traveling-belt some forty inches broad, which, running up over a shoot projected from the left side of the header, carries the grain out of the header and tips it overboard into a header-wagon, which is always in attendance.

A header-wagon is a very broad, tray-like structure, cut down upon the right side to a depth of only

twenty inches, while upon the other its depth is some five feet. As soon as one of these vans is filled with grain, it is driven rapidly away to the separator, and another takes its place.

The separator is the great machine of the field. It is a monster for size, a giant for work, and a volcano for noise. Its mission is to seize the grain as it is brought to it, separate it, and to send the chaff flying in one direction and the wheat pouring out in another. It is a marvel of ingenuity, and its machinery is packed almost as closely as that of the human body.

It consists outwardly of a casing shaped something like an enormous slender frog, thirty-five feet long and thirteen feet high. It is mounted upon very heavy wheels. At the rear end are two shoots covered with traveling-belts called drapers. These drapers convey the grain from the ground, where it is thrown from the header-wagons, to the revolving drum within the separator, where the heads are crushed. Within the huge body of the machine the current of mingled straw and wheat-kernels is sifted, blown upon, dusted, and sifted again. Out at the upper end of the monster a huge cloud of waste is continually issuing, while low down upon both sides between the wheels, from capacious spouts, pours the grand result of all this pother—two streams of nut-brown wheat, and with a gushing noise that is high opera to the ear of the farmer.

The separator is driven by a steam-engine of fifteen horse-power. It is stationed at a safe distance in the rear of the machine, and communicates its force by leather belting.

One working party consists of one separator, five or six headers, one engine, some twenty-five header-wagons, seventy or eighty men, and the same number of horses and mules. Most of the men are Americans, but there is a sprinkling of three or four other races; among them, strange to say, the Portuguese.

The work is systematized thus: One of these working parties places itself in a certain position, and then cuts over an allotted section. For example: in case a mile square of grain is to be cut and thrashed, the area is divided, supposititiously, into nine equal parts, and the working force attacks each of these in regular order, advancing from one to another on successive days. This division is by no means an arbitrary one, for separators of larger capacity than usual can finish a mile in less than the above time, but the statement is sufficiently accurate to convey a general understanding.

The harvesting of the winter-sown crop begins commonly about the 1st of June. This year, however, it was delayed on account of the lateness of the warm season. There is no necessity that a farmer in California should begin to gather his grain immediately upon its ripening, for the immunity of the land from rains in the summer relieves his crops from all danger. To be sure, a strong north wind might come and cause the standing wheat to thrash itself, but even this peril is remote.

No man delays, however, unnecessarily; but, as

soon as his overseers report that all is ready, he gives the word, and his little army is put in motion.

And when it is in motion, when all obstacles are overcome, when the gearing is all made true, and the men have learned their places, and the animals become accustomed to their work, then there are scenes that are gloriously exciting.

Suppose that upon one of the many days of the harvest-season you get out of bed at an unusually early hour, and again climb to the house-top.

Beneath and in front of you will lie, as before, the pale, golden sea of wheat, girdled in the cool distance with the purple mountains. The air will be soft and delightful to breathe; the oaks upon the river-bank will throw shadows across the roadway, and the rays of the sun will spread over the enormous plain—a smile of greeting for the day.

You will sweep the horizon with your glass. Hardly to be seen, even with that, are some curiously-shaped dots, moving slowly hither and thither. They seem to crawl like insects, some going north, some south, some east, and some west. After a while you will distinguish that nearly every one of these dots is of a deep-red color. A little later you recognize the awkward shape of the separators, and the broad-topped funnels of the engines. Throngs of people, most of them in wagons, yet some afoot, follow on behind. After a while all of these now widely-separated groups will come to a standstill. They have taken up their positions for the onslaught upon the grain-fields as deliberately and with as much thought as batteries take up positions for battle.

When one of these corps approaches its station, a header, with its attendant wagons, is sent forward to cut a clear place in the centre of the area to be worked upon that day. The machine is pressed upon the wheat, devouring it as it goes, and then, having accomplished a proper distance, turns and works in a circle, cutting out a bare spot from three to five acres in extent. This is the point from which seventy acres of wheat are to be hewed down, cast into the thrasher, and sacked for market before sundown.

Then the separator, and engine, and all the teams, move forward up the lane, and into the circle. The first comes to a halt in the centre, the second takes up its position in the rear, and the headers at once attack the wheat; the first taking the first swath of the encircling grain, the next the second, a little in the rear, and so on.

The belting between the engine and separator is adjusted, and the engineer starts his fires. The shoots that are to convey the grain from the canvas on the ground upon which it is pitched from the header-wagons are attached, and the bag-fillers bring up their sacks. All the lids that cover the inner works of the great machine are drawn over, and all is made fast. The wheels are locked, as are those of the engine. Great care is taken to keep all things on as perfect level as may be, to insure the proper economy of force.

The scene even at this time is one of great animation. The men are all fresh, and are working

with ardor; the stimulus of the noise, the movement, and the bright sun, is great. It is impossible not to feel the pulse quicken even at this early stage of the play, and one recalls his old-time ideal of a harvest-field, with its beribboned reapers, and their long, curved sickles, with a little doubt of its superior grace.

They try the engine. It is all right. The separator clatters, in tune, and nothing is amiss. Now, then, for the grain! In a moment the wagons begin to unload. Huge forkfuls are pitched upon the ground, from which it is borne into the recesses of the separator. Then there ensues a strange combination of tremendous noises—a sound of grinding, a sound of brushing, a sound of thumping, and a sound of roaring. The entire fabric shivers from top to bottom, and from out every crevice there pours a thin sheet of dust. The upper part belches out the waste, hundreds of pounds and tons of chaff, and a stifling cloud follows it. In a second everything is on springs. The men who fill the bags hang them at the edges of the troughs. The brown flood comes pouring down—a stream of clean kernels of wheat—and the day's work fairly begins. From the largest separator in the field there run out six sacks, or eight hundred pounds of grain, fit for market, each minute. This machine, one day in August, 1874, thrashed five thousand seven hundred and seventy-nine bushels. Its owner calls it the Monitor. All the engines have names as well—Gladiator, Phoenix, Mars, and the like. No one would ever be mad enough to call one of these Ceres, for instance. There is no suggestion of gentleness, or grace, or poetry, in the whole field. All is ingenuity, precision, order, force. A cry of admiration rises to one's lips time and again, but the sensation is the same that one feels upon witnessing a string of ten-strikes in a bowling-alley, only a thousand times extended.

It is great to see the headers keep their circles of destruction, hewing down the fair expanse of bowing

golden heads as a ship hews down the crested waves, and to hear the smooth, unending click-clack of their glistening sickles. Even the movements of the ungainly red wagons that wait upon them have an unfailling order that has a strange power to please.

Most of the men are dressed in brown-canvas jumpers and overalls, and wear broad-brimmed hats of straw or felt. Not one of them is idle, nor seems to wish to be. Most of them are driving. Some are pitching, a few are feeding the separator, a few more are filling, sewing, and carrying away the bags, and some are brushing away the heaps of chaff. Early in the day there is plenty of talk and laughter, but later on, as the work tells, and the sun grows hot, the tongues become silent, and the hubbub of the machines alone fills the air.

At noon a huge van is driven upon the field, laden down with a dinner of meat, vegetables, and pies, all well cooked, and very palatable. Farmhands, like fishermen, nowadays are epicures. This van is so constructed that its sides form broad tables. The cooks who serve stand in the body of the wagon, and the diners range themselves around the outside. All are sheltered by a screen of wood or canvas overhead.

By nightfall all the seventy acres are bare; that is, not a head of wheat is left. A trampled stubble higher than one's knee remains to tell the tale, but all the beauty and worth have departed, and the place is desolate. To-morrow the same scene will be enacted in another section of the same size, and a similar bustle and uproar will ensue, and a similar pile of plethoric brown bags piled very high will reward the labor of the day.

It must be remembered that there are six other corps, exactly like the one described, at work simultaneously upon the Glenn Ranch. Seven throngs of men and two hundred and fifty machines will labor incessantly for over two months to deplete these vast fields of their splendid yield.

THE SERVANT-QUESTION IN PARIS.

BY LUCY H. HOOPER.

THE servant-question has become a vexed and important one all over the world. Nor has Paris, with her admirable social system and vast reserves of trained labor, escaped from the trials and tribulations incident to this important element in every-day life. And till households are run like factories, by machinery, and we cook our dinners and sweep our floors by steam, we suppose that a certain amount of botheration is inevitable all the world over.

In Paris, however, the trials are fewer in number and less oppressive in character than they are at home. At least, skilled labor is always to be procured. One is not obliged to take a raw peasant fresh from an immigrant-ship, and to install her—her who has been used to a peat-fire, with a live pig

beside it—as mistress of our dainty kitchen and well-appointed range. At least, Marie or Fanchette thoroughly understands her business. And the amount of understanding that one can purchase by simply paying high enough is perfectly astonishing. You may, if you choose, have a cook who can send you up a dinner that would not disgrace the Café Anglais, and would do honor to Delmonico, to say nothing of Augustin. But if your finances and your inclinations lead you to treat yourself to a *cordon bleu*, then look out for airs! Your highly-paid man-cook in his pride of office would no more think of preparing vegetables or cutting up meat with his own dainty fingers than Worth would consent to sit down to a sewing-machine to run up a seam. He must have one aide at the very least, and be thankful

if he does not demand two. And such wages as the creature gets—twelve hundred and fifteen hundred francs a month, for something like four hours' work each day! Nor will this great man condescend to prepare the dessert or make pastry or confectionery; *that* is out of his line entirely. His business is with soups and sauces; with dainty *entrées* and delicate *filets*, with fish, and fowl, and game. In minor households, where his lordship is superseded by a female-cook of less elaborate pretensions, his airs and elegancies are too often replaced by a system of covert thieving, which is extremely annoying, and against which it is impossible for foreigners to guard. A certain percentage is charged on every article purchased by the servants for the use of the household, which percentage is paid by the tradesman, and comes indirectly out of the pocket of the consumer. It is not unusual for servants to break glass and china intentionally, for the purpose of obtaining the percentage for replacing it. Nor does it at all avail the housekeeper to go to market herself, as the grocers, provision-dealers, etc., are in league with the servant, and will not fail to demand from the unhappy stranger as much as the cook had charged for her purchases, if not more. Besides, such a course of action will inevitably bring about a quarrel with the servants, who look upon the additional charges as their lawful perquisites. Sometimes a compromise is effected by the householder agreeing to pay the cook one sou on every franc expended for provisions or household utensils.

A gentleman who had kept house for some years, and who was very weary of this system of petty thieving, once called up his cook and asked her what sum she would charge additional to her present wages to act with perfect honesty in all matters. She named a fixed sum, which her employer agreed to pay. Matters went on very smoothly for a week or two, when the gentleman detected her again in some of her old practices. On being summoned before him, she did not deny the fact. "It has grown into a habit, sir—*c'est plus fort que moi*." The plea was allowed, and things were suffered to return to their olden channel.

When a large dinner-party is given in an American household in Paris, the remains of the viands disappear as if by magic. And it is generally a wiser course for the lady of the house to order in her dinner from some first-class restaurant than to undertake to have it cooked and served at home. The latter method, though apparently the least expensive, is almost invariably the most costly in the end.

And nowadays French servants quarrel dreadfully. The "rows" between Protestant Mary Ann and Catholic Bridget in our kitchens pale into insignificance before the fights between Communist Pierre and Bonapartist Armand, or between Legitimist Louise and Republican Jeannette. Knives are drawn, *carafes* and other heavy articles in glass and china are used as missiles, and it is well if it is not necessary to summon the police to put an end to the conflict. And, speaking of the police, it is an unpleasant fact for Americans abroad that the law and the author-

ities, in the case of any dispute between the foreign master and the French servant, are altogether in favor of the latter. About a year ago a peculiarly flagrant case came under my own observation. The maid of an American lady was charged with having stolen a jeweled watch, which had mysteriously disappeared. A warrant was procured, and her trunks were searched. The watch was not found therein, but in its stead a quantity of the lady's fine embroidered under-garments and other articles which had been missing for a long time, whereupon the master of the house gave the girl into the hands of the police. When her trial came on, the line of defense adopted by her advocate was certainly a novel one. He took the ground that the American family was rich and the servant was poor, that she needed the articles which she had taken, and consequently took them; and, moreover, that the lady had no right to expose her servants to temptation by leaving her drawers and trunks unlocked. The girl was triumphantly acquitted, whereupon she turned round and sued her late employer for damages for false imprisonment!

The *concierge* is in all French houses an important and useful functionary. And if this class be civil, honest, and obliging (and they usually are so), they are not only useful, but eminently convenient members of the household. But woe betide the unlucky dwellers in a house that rejoices in the possession of a surly or exacting *concierge*! If he or she be not well feed, cards will disappear, invitations be lost, and parcels fail to reach their destination. The New-Year's gift, always an oppressive tax, reaches really unpleasant proportions in the case of the *concierge*, who in a fashionable house expects something in the neighborhood of one to two hundred francs from the lessee of every suite of apartments in the building. On one occasion a lady of my acquaintance sent fifty francs on New-Year's-day to the *concierge* of the house wherein she lived, and the amount was returned with an intimation that it was not nearly enough. And they *must* be propitiated, these household tyrants. As they are hired by the landlord, it is impossible for the dwellers in the house to turn them away, and they are absolute masters of all cards, parcels, notes, etc., that are sent to the establishment for any of the residents of the different floors. The *concierge* usually lives, moves, and has his being in a set of rooms that, to American ideas, would seem hardly large enough each for a china-closet, and from which light and air are almost wholly excluded. In the new quarters of Paris, the accommodations provided for the *concierge* are superior to those in the older parts of the city, but still ventilation is too much neglected. In this small space the *concierge* and his wife, for he must be a married man—that point is imperative—contrive to eat and cook and sleep, and sometimes to carry on a trade, such as shoemaking or clothes-mending. As to children, there is no room for them, and so there never are any, or at most but one. A *concierge* with more than one child would be a curiosity. But the children of the domestic class in Paris do not trou-

ble their parents much. With us, when John or Patrick marries one of his fellow-laborers in the kitchen, the bride straightway leaves her place, quits her home in the large, comfortable house of her employers, her soft bed, her three good meals a day, and goes to housekeeping, usually in two rooms, or perhaps in one. Then come children innumerable to diversify the scene. But when Jean and Jeannette are joined together in holy matrimony, the case is different. They engage with some family, she as *femme de chambre* or as cook, and he as *garçon de service* or as waiter. The birth of an infant makes no difference in their mode of life. The event takes place in a *maison d'accouchement*, the child is taken at once to the country to be reared in some peasant-family, and in three weeks at the furthest the mother has returned to her duties.

Nor do these little incidents frequently diversify her existence. Sometimes the parents do not see their child again till it is three or four years old. One would think that such a course of proceeding would stifle every spark of parental and filial love in the hearts of both parents and children, and yet it is a well-known fact that such ties in France are far closer and more revered than any other. A Frenchman may mock at his God, and may ridicule faith, hope, and heaven itself, but he reveres and honors his mother, if no one or nothing else. The children of wealthy parents, on the other hand, are no longer sent to the country to be reared, as under the *ancien régime*. The dismemberment of estates and the breaking up of the feudal system deprived the great families of their herds of peasant-vassals, some healthy mother among which could always be selected as the foster-mother of a baby-noble. The *nourrice* has taken the place of the peasant-guardian, and now forms part of every grand household, magnificent to behold, in the gayest of caps and the grandest of gowns.

The best French servants are recruited from the provinces, your Parisian being too pleasure-loving and untrustworthy to give general satisfaction. Switzerland and Belgium also furnish hard-working and honest domestics. The Alsatians make generally admirable servants, honest, faithful, and industrious. But they are not nearly so clever as their quick-witted Parisian *confrères*. Some of the women are very pretty with a blond, Gretchen-like sort of beauty, but they are almost invariably of untemptable purity, which is more than can be said of those among their Parisian sisters who chance to be fair of face. In the immorality of the Frenchwoman of the lower orders lies another source of annoyance for the American housekeeper in Paris.

Yet, with all drawbacks, the servant-question in Paris is far less tormenting than it is with us. Skilled labor is far more abundant, and the departing domestic can usually be replaced at half an hour's notice. And servants in Paris *ought* to be better than they are with us, Heaven knows! They have infinitely less to do. There are no wash-days and ironing-days, with their steam, and heat, and general disorganization of the work, in Parisian households.

There are no baking-days, no cakes to be made up overnight and served from fiery ranges through a long breakfast. There are no halls to sweep, no stairs to sweep down, no front-door steps to be scoured. The *concierge* takes charge of the halls and staircases, which are the general property of the house. There is no preserving or pickling ever done on the premises. No house-cleaning day ever arrives to turn the house literally out of doors and windows. We pay heavily in America, both in money and trouble, for the sacred name of home.

The French servant is very apt to take undue advantage of the inexperience and ignorance of her American employer. In one instance, which came under my observation, a smart *femme de chambre* brought her sister every Saturday night, to stay with her until Monday; and, when remonstrated with by her employer, declared that such was the invariable Parisian custom. In another, a timid young bride commenced her housekeeping with a stout and strong-armed Normande as maid-of-all-work. She was a well-trained and indefatigable worker, but soon manifested a disposition to tyrannize over her inexperienced young mistress; and, after a series of overbearing and domineering proceedings, she capped the climax one morning by ending an altercation between the lady and herself, on some point of household duty, by taking her mistress by the shoulders and administering unto her a good, sound shaking. Being ordered to quit the house at once, she refused to go; and the intervention of the police was necessary to induce her to depart. But it must be confessed that much of the trouble that American employers experience from Parisian servants arises from the inability of the former to speak the French language. The American housekeeper, in consequence of this inability, is obliged to engage only such servants as can speak English. These, demoralized by a long course of service in American households and by the open-handedness and trustful dealing of our *compatriotes*, are too often bent only on making money, dishonestly as well as honestly—by every means, in fact, that comes within his or her power. Pierre or Fanchette will not take your money or your goods, it may be; but they will rob you by every indirect method that their inventive genius in that line can devise.

The immorality of the lower orders in Paris, and even of the best class of servants, has already been alluded to. It is unfortunately fostered by the French system of placing all the servants' rooms belonging to the different suites of apartments in the building in the garret of that building—the servants' room scarcely ever forming a part of the suite to which it belongs. Thus the Parisian maid-servant, her duties for the day once ended, quits your premises, shuts the door behind her, and goes off, absolutely independent of all control. Why should she sit, indeed, in the tiny, brick-floored kitchen that is scarcely roomy enough for the discharge of her culinary duties, wasting her employer's fire and gas, with nothing in particular to do, when out-of-doors the streets are gay with gaslights, and she can go forth to make her purchases, or to pay visits, or to take a stroll

with her husband if she chance to have one? At home we know all of Bridget's outgoings and incomings, and, were she to stay out all night, the act would soon reach her mistress's ears. She leads, in fact, a life as sheltered, guarded, and protected, as does any female member of the family that she serves. But Fanchette is subject to no such rules, and is guarded by no such influences. Her time, from nine or ten o'clock in the evening till seven o'clock the next morning, is absolutely at her own disposal. Nobody in the family that she serves knows when she goes out, when she comes in, or where she spends her time in the interim; nobody can tell what visitors she may or may not receive in her little up-stairs room, which is as completely cut off from the home of her employers as is the flower-shop next door. The system is a very bad one, and the only wonder is that it has left as many good, pure, and well-behaved girls in the ranks of domestic service in Paris as really do exist there.

For, after all, the "real treasure," that golden vision of housekeeping bliss, is far oftener to be met with in Paris than she is at home. If you do meet with a really good French servant, you have, indeed, found a treasure. Honest as steel, neat as a new pin, industrious as a bee, capable of taking on her unaided shoulders the work of a moderate-sized household, she soon sends your memories of devoted Dinahs and hard-working Biddies into the back-ground. But be not unjust, O American denizen of foreign climes! Remember how much more poor Bridget and Dinah have to do. Your tiny *appartement*, each piece fitting into the other like the fragments of a dissected map or toy-puzzle, is more easily kept in order than is the three-story brick mansion, with its halls and its staircases, its unoccupied and useless rooms that *must* be swept, and dusted, and kept clean; its rows of windows that *must* be washed. Recollect how your chambermaid has to go from her bedmaking and pitcher-filling to the hard labor of the wash-tub; how your waiter-girl must leave the ironing-table to answer the bell and lay the cloth for dinner. Fanchette may, indeed, do all the work of the household, but how much work has she to do? Breakfast once dispatched, and the dishes put away, she proceeds to make the beds and brush up generally, usually having no bedroom-carpet to sweep, but only bedside-rugs to shake out and keep in order. Then she trips up-stairs to her own room, whence she emerges neat and smiling, and ready to lay in her stock of provisions for dinner. The

dinner has to be cooked, it is true, but how? A little charcoal is lighted, or perhaps a gas-furnace is used; there is a simmering of half a dozen saucepans over tiny holes in the little range, and the thing is done. Everything lies ready to her hand. Her coal is stored in great drawers at either side of the range, and is brought up and placed there at so much a sackful. No panting up long flights of cellar-steps with great hods of coal for *her*. Then, the dinner once cooked, she proceeds to serve it. Unflushed by gigantic fires, unwearied by a multiplicity of roast and baked and broiled, with no staircase to climb with her dishes, she brings on her viands in due course, and serves them easily and well. And one hour after the meal is ended the kitchen will be shining and spotless as a new pin; and Fanchette, her duties for the day ended, every dish, fork, and spoon, in its place, will have gone a-pleasuring. Nor does that fearful trial to American housekeepers—"a day out"—ever intervene. Such an interruption to the strict routine of a well-regulated French household is not to be thought of.

One evidence of the spread of republican ideas begins to make itself apparent: the French maid-servant now often objects to wearing a cap, once the universal insignia of her class. She does not, like Bridget, aspire to dress like her mistress, she has too much sense for that; nor does she even wish to put on a bonnet, that startling badge of emancipation and aspirations toward style. But she does wish to show off her profuse tresses, smartly and neatly braided, though generally undisfigured by "rats" or false locks. Sometimes, out of patriotism, she will don the black ribbon-bow of Alsace, even though she has never set foot in that charming province in her life; but generally she prefers to go with her head uncovered. She never wears silk dresses or velvet cloaks; she would fancy herself insane did the idea of copying the toilets of the "upper ten" ever cross her brain; and, indeed, she would not be considered respectable by her own associates were she to do so. Consequently, she will not borrow the gowns of her mistress to go a-pleasuring in, nor will she furtively cut paper patterns from them to try and make others like them, as the very best of American servants are apt to do. Take her altogether, a good French servant is a fine exemplification of the best virtues in the French character. She is industrious, economical, and civil—always, be it understood, when not spoiled by the lax rules, profuse expenditure, and wasteful inexperience, of an English-speaking American household.

KATRINA VAN TASSEL.

WITH AN ENGRAVING FROM THE PAINTING BY BENJAMIN F. REINHART.

THERE is perhaps no more charming creation in the literature of our country than Washington Irving's Katrina Van Tassel. It has long been a favorite subject for the pencils of our artists, but we do not recall a more successful attempt to trans-

fer an ideal of the character to canvas than that of Mr. Reinhart, whose painting we have engraved for the JOURNAL. It is a recent result of the painter's labor, not having yet, we believe, been exhibited. The engraving does justice to the general



KATRINA VAN TASSEL.

From a Painting by Benjamin F. Reinhart.

execution of the work, with the exception of the face, which loses something of the charm of the original. This is one of the great difficulties of the engraver's art. Subtile touches of the artist's brush, that give shades of expression to the features, are apt to elude the best efforts of the engraver. In all other particulars the engraving faithfully reproduces the artist's composition; the graceful pose of the figure, the texture and character of the accessories, all are well given. Through the open window old Baltus Van Tassel is seen sitting on the porch, and it is the approach of Ichabod Crane, the singing-master and Katrina's persistent suitor, that has caused the young housewife to suddenly abandon her task at the table. The composition is pleasing and good, and as an evidence of the fidelity of the ideal to the original we will quote Irving's description of the fair young damsel, the reader's

recollections possibly failing him in some of the particulars: "Among the musical disciples who assembled each week to receive his instruction in psalmody," writes Irving, the "his" referring, of course, to Ichabod Crane, "was Katrina Van Tassel, the daughter and only child of a substantial Dutch farmer. She was a blooming lass of fresh eighteen, plump as a partridge, ripe and melting and rosy-cheeked as one of her father's peaches, and universally famed, not merely for her beauty, but her vast expectations. She was withal a little of a coquette, as might be perceived even in her dress, which was a mixture of ancient and modern fashions, as most suited to set off her charms. She wore the ornaments of pure yellow gold which her great-great-grandmother had brought over from Saardam, the tempting stomacher of the olden time, and withal a provokingly short petticoat to display the prettiest foot and ankle in the country round."

FALLEN FORTUNES.

BY JAMES PAYN.

CHAPTER XLIII.

IN THE COFFEE-HOUSE.

THE post flies quickly in town, and the next afternoon brought a letter from Mr. Holt, in reply to Kitty's, and asking permission to call on the ensuing day. She was well aware of the significance of this request; he had called already without permission; but this would be altogether a different sort of visit; one wherein she could not deny nor excuse herself to him, and which would be paid to her alone. Even should he not ask the question upon which she knew he had so resolutely set his mind, this interview would be the forerunner to it, and, in permitting it, she must needs foreshadow her reply.

To think was torture; to delay was vain. She sat down, and wrote a few words at once to say that she should be at home at the hour he had named.

The interval, which she had expected to pass in apprehensions of his arrival, was spent in fears of another kind. Jenny grew much worse, so bad that, in spite of her (for Jenny had small confidence in unknown doctors), Kitty yielded to Nurse Haywood's advice, and called in the nearest practitioner.

"Aggravated febrile symptoms; nervous debility; and great cerebral excitement," was his account of the patient. (He talked like a medical hand-book, but he was by no means ignorant of his business.) "The young lady requires quiet—freedom from anxiety of all sorts. How does she chiefly occupy herself?" asked he of Kitty.

"In reading and writing."

"You mean, by writing, composition? I thought so. The very worst thing for her in her present condition. Reading she must have in moderation; but pen and ink must be kept from her. And, as soon as she is fit to be moved, I should recommend sea-air."

Kitty bowed in assent—she believed him the more because Jenny had always been recommended Brighton in the spring—and, blushing, tendered him one of her ten guineas.

"You have not lived in Brown Street long," he said, smiling. "Science is cheaper here than in

some places." And he returned her thirteen shillings and sixpence. Freedom from greed is one of the many virtues of the medical calling; but to poor Kitty this seemed only another proof how pitiful must be the case of her and hers, since even strangers compassionated it, and returned her money.

"Perfect rest" and "sea-air." The prescription was doubtless good, but could only be carried out in one way—at her own proper cost. If she had hitherto entertained a doubt of the sort of reception that she should give to Mr. Holt, she had none now. And yet things did not happen quite as she expected.

Mr. Holt came, indeed, with the punctuality of clock-work, but matters had become by that time so serious with Jenny that little else could be added to.

"I am very much shaken and unnerved," said Kitty, pleadingly; "you must forgive me if I do not acknowledge your late kindness as it deserves."

"It deserves nothing," returned Mr. Holt. "I hope you will not pain me by alluding to such a *bagatelle*." (He *would* air his French even to her.) "But, if I can be of real use, pray command me. Now, with respect to Brighton—"

"My sister cannot be moved for weeks," interrupted Kitty, quickly; "she is very, very ill."

"Still, when she *can*, I adjure you to remember that the means will not be wanting. If your father were—were in England, do you suppose he would spare any expense for such an object? A hundred pounds or a thousand—what does it matter? We have a saying in the city that 'money may be bought too dear,' but that does not apply to life."

His manner was most respectful, and yet tender; he took her hand in his, and pressed it as he said the words, "Money may be bought too dear," which was inopportune, to say the least of it. But she did not withdraw her hand.

"I entreat you," he went on, "not to add to your real sorrow by worrying yourself about pecuniary troubles; for so long as Richard Holt is alive they are visionary. I shall send or call to inquire daily; but I shall not intrude upon you while your sister remains so indisposed—unless it would be any re-

lief to you to see me," added he, with gentle pleading.

"You are very, very good," said Kitty. "I am not fit to see any one just now."

If he had hoped for any other answer, he did not show it. His behavior was the perfection of patience and devotion. Kitty would have felt really sorry for him—as her mother had done—if she had not been so wretched on her own account. It was impossible to doubt that the man loved her; and to be loved without return is almost as bad (to a kind heart) as to love under the like circumstances.

"Did you walk?" inquired she, mustering some show of interest in him, as he took his leave.

"No, I rode; my horse is at the corner of the street. I left it there because Mr. Derwent told me that your sister was so ill, and I feared the noise would disturb her."

This was thoughtful of him in one way, but he was foolish to have mentioned Jeff; it somehow stopped her thanks.

"Good-by," he said, "my dear Miss Dalton; or rather I should say, *au revoir*."

He came the next day and the next, but had no speech with Kitty. Her place was by her sister's pillow, and she could not leave it. Thus once more it happened that by a caprice of Fate she was saved by one species of misery from the endurance of another. Weeks went by without much alteration in the condition of the sick girl; and then the spring came, and with it a little renewed vigor. In the mean time her story had appeared in the *Smell-fungus Magazine*, and achieved what in the periodical world is held to be a success. A second edition of that serial—the first had not been a very large one—had been called for in consequence. Mr. Sanders had written to Jeff a cautiously-expressed letter of congratulation, bespeaking a "more sustained work" from the same "gifted pen, combining fiction with antiquarian details."

"The beggar takes me for Walter Scott," was Jeff's observation. Yet he could hardly smile at this new proof of the editor's misplaced confidence, for he knew that many a month must pass away before she, whose representative he was, could resume her pen, even if she could ever do so.

He wrote to say that indisposition would incapacitate him for the present from writing for the *Smellfungus*; and the next day Mr. Sanders met him at luncheon-time in a city oyster-shop eating like Dando and drinking stout.

"You are writing for something else, you know you are," exclaimed the editor, with a burst of irritation. "I should have thought the author of 'The Monk of Monkwearmouth' [Jenny's successful tale] had been more of a gentleman."

"He is nothing of the kind, and never made any pretensions to it," said Jeff, coolly.

Mr. Sanders thought him more like Chatterton than ever.

One morning Mr. Holt received a telegram, which, as was usual with him, he opened in Jeff's presence. His table was covered with letters every morning, yet he received more telegrams than letters; and none of these various communications ever seemed to move him. But on this occasion he leaned back in his chair and turned deadly pale.

"Are you ill, sir?" said Jeff, with interest.

"I feel a little faint; it is the spring weather. Get me a draught of water."

When Jeff brought the glass, the telegram had disappeared, and his employer was consulting *Bradshaw*.

"I shall have to go away from office to-day," said he, speaking more thickly than his wont. "I have

been summoned to—Plymouth. There will be no business of any importance to transact, I believe."

"Very good, sir. In case any one wishes to see you, when shall I say you will be back?"

Mr. Holt did not answer; he seemed to be in difficulties with his *Bradshaw*, a work which he had generally at his fingers' ends.

"Tell the boy to fetch me a cab—a hansom," said he, presently. "There is not a minute to lose," added he, as if to himself. Then, before Jeff could leave the room, his employer uttered so terrible an execration, that the young fellow turned to look at him in astonishment. He had never heard him swear before, and it really seemed as though he were making up for past omissions in that respect. Mr. Holt's usually calm face had become a sea of passion.

"I said a cab!" exclaimed he, imperiously. Jeff himself flew for a hansom, and as he caught one passing the archway out of the court, Mr. Holt was at his heels. He did not seem to notice him, and perhaps took him for the boy, as he leaped into the vehicle.

"King's Cross—and drive like the devil!" was his direction to the cabman. And the man drove off at the pace supposed to be affected by his satanic majesty.

In his hurry and passion, had his employer given the wrong address? thought Jeff. Or had his statement that he was going to Plymouth been an untruth? Certainly, King's Cross was not the station for that town.

He had left his letters behind him unopened; even those from Liverpool, where he had a small branch establishment, and which generally claimed his first attention. Something serious had certainly occurred.

At eleven o'clock arrived Mr. Dawkins, a pretty frequent visitor in Abdell Court. He appeared greatly excited; his neckcloth, always tight for his large throat, seemed almost to suffocate him, making his face to swell and his eyes to project in a very alarming manner. "Where is your master?" inquired he, hurriedly.

"Do you mean Mr. Holt?" replied Jeff, with stiffness. "He is gone away. A telegram arrived for him this morning which took him out of town."

"Ay; to Liverpool, of course," said Mr. Dawkins. "Then the news is true, I suppose?"

"What news?"

"Look here, my young fellow," said Mr. Dawkins, persuasively, "everybody must know it by this evening, and before your employer comes back; it is a question of hours. You cannot possibly do any harm by telling me just 'yes or no' about the Flam-borough Head. I can make it well worth your while;" and he tapped his breast-pocket, which was always bulging with bank-notes.

Jeff looked at him severely.

"No!" roared he. He was very angry, but he knew that words—as a vehicle for moral sentiments at least—would be wasted upon Mr. Dawkins.

"Do you mean that the news isn't true, or that you won't take the money?" asked Mr. Dawkins.

"I don't know the news, and I don't want your money," answered Jeff, contemptuously.

"This is ridiculous," said Mr. Dawkins, regarding him attentively. "Look here, young man: if anything should happen to your employer—I don't say it will, mind, but if it should—you may hear of something to your advantage by calling at this address." He pulled out a card and threw it on the table. "What luck Holt has!" he murmured as he left the room. "But where on earth could he have ever met with such a boy?"

Just before one o'clock, Jeff the Incorruptible had

another visitor. A *commissionnaire* called with a note for "Geoffrey Derwent, Esq." "*Immediate; bearer waits,*" was underlined upon the envelope.

"Are you Mr. Derwent?" inquired the messenger, scrutinizingly; "because I was to give this into your own hands."

"It is all right, my man. Are you from Islington?"

Jeff was afraid there might be bad news from Brown Street, where he called every night and morning.

But the handwriting of the letter, which consisted of but a few words, was strange to him: "A friend wishes to see you at once upon important business at the Good Templar's Coffee-house, Ludgate Hill. Please keep this communication private. Ask for Mr. Phelps."

When Jeff looked up, the messenger had vanished.

This young gentleman was not of a romantic turn of mind. "I believe it's Sanders, who wishes to keep me under lock and key till I shall have produced a three-volume novel," mused he. "In that case I shall be a prisoner for life. Or perhaps it's a dodge to get into the office." This last idea seemed probable enough; and before Jeff left he gave the policeman a hint to look after the premises in his absence, since the boy in charge was but an inefficient guard. It was his own time for dinner; so he had no compunctions about spending some portion of his usual hour in answering the mysterious summons, which considerably excited his curiosity. There was a teetotal smack about the Good Templar's Coffee-house; but none of Jeff's acquaintance were teetotallers, having most of them the power of imbibing spirituous, or at least malt liquors, without getting hopelessly intoxicated. Perhaps, after all, the whole thing was a hoax, to which species of humor the young gentlemen of the Stock Exchange are almost as much given as their seniors. At all events, Jeff was resolved to see it out. As he passed by Lloyd's, two men pushed by him talking eagerly, and he thought he heard one of them mention the Flamborough Head. Was it humanly possible that that vessel had come safe to port, after so many weeks and months? His reason told him it was not; yet still the incident, taken into connection with Holt's summons to Liverpool, and Mr. Dawkins's hint about great news, was curious. The Good Templar's Coffee-house was a third-rate establishment, situated, not in the main thoroughfare of Ludgate Hill, but in one of the small streets to the south of it. So unpromising, indeed, was its appearance, that, had it been evening instead of noonday, Jeff might have hesitated to enter it on such an invitation as he had received. But, as it was, he walked in unconcernedly enough, and inquired of a very dirty waiter, who was lounging in the passage with a napkin under his arm that matched his linen, for Mr. Phelps.

The man nodded, and led the way through a swing-door into a low-roofed and dingy coffee-room, arranged in compartments like tall, old-fashioned pews.

"Gent for Mr. Phelps," said the waiter, sharply; and immediately from the farthest corner there emerged a stranger, and came forward to meet the visitor.

A stranger, as I have written, he was to Geoffrey Derwent, and yet there was something about the man not wholly unfamiliar to him. His face was dark and wrinkled, and his hair was gray; but his eyes were bright and piercing. He had never seen so old a face with eyes so young before, save once.

"It was good of you to come so soon, Mr. Derwent, and on so unceremonious a summons," said

he, in grave tones. "Oblige me by sitting down for a few minutes and hearing what I have to say."

He pointed to a seat in the compartment next to that from which he had risen, and lighted better than most by a dusty window.

Then Jeff could see that the man was curiously clothed, like one who has just come from travel in foreign lands, and to whom either time or means has been wanting to equip himself like other people. The latter was probably the case in this instance, for even such clothes as he had were worn and threadbare, as well as being of too slight a texture for the season.

Jeff gazed at him long and earnestly; while his new acquaintance, as though to give the opportunity of doing so, drew out a note-book and cut a pencil.

"We have met before, I believe, Mr. Derwent?" said he, presently, as if in reply to this examination.

"Never. But you bear a strong resemblance to one very dear to me, though you are an older man."

"You mean John Dalton?"

"Yes."

"I am his half-brother, Philip Astor," returned the other, still more gravely than before; "and it is of John Dalton that I wish to speak with you."

"Have you any news of him, sir?" inquired Jeff, eagerly. "Your tone gives me little hope; and yet there is a report—or at least some sort of talk—in the city that the Flamborough Head has come into port."

"Indeed?" returned the other, with some surprise. "I am sorry to say, however, the news is false. You are acquainted, I believe, not only with my half-brother, but with his family. Be so kind as to speak out, as I am a little deaf."

"I am well acquainted with them," answered Jeff, in distinct tones; "they are the dearest friends I have in the world."

"And yet they are in bad circumstances, I understand?"

"They are not rich. When one says 'dear,' one does not always mean a money value," returned Jeff, coldly. He began to dislike this man, with whom, too, he now remembered Mr. Dalton had had some sort of quarrel or litigation.

"The object of my inquiries is a friendly one, I do assure you," observed the other, reading his thoughts. "I wish to be assured of our friends' welfare, that is all." He paused; then, with a slight tremor in his voice, continued: "Are they all well?"

"Kitty is well."

"And still Miss Kitty, I suppose?" put in the other, quickly.

"Certainly," returned Jeff, with heightened color.

"And she is not engaged to any one that you are aware of?—Well, well, I only asked, meaning no offense. And how are the rest of them?"

"Jenny has been very ill, but she is getting somewhat better. She was always delicate, as you are probably aware; and her poor mother's death—"

"I know, I know," interrupted the other, hastily; "that sad news has already reached me."

A heavy sigh broke forth from somewhere in the darkness of the room.

"What is that? We are not alone," said Jeff, angrily. "I do not choose to speak thus of the affairs of others in the presence of strangers."

"It is a friend of mine in the next box."

"I don't care who it is. I won't—" Here Jeff stopped short, transfixed with awe.

A face was looking down upon him over the next partition which he had never thought to see again. It was a worn and weary face, older by ten years than when he had seen it last—as old as that of his

present companion, senior (as Jeff knew) to him by many, many years—but it was that of John Dalton.

"Jeff, do you know me?" said a weak and half-choked voice, very different from those musical tones that had once won every ear.

"Oh, yes, Mr. Dalton. God be thanked! What joy, what happiness, you will have brought with you!"

"Do you think so?" inquired the other, eagerly, as they pressed each other's hands. "Have they forgiven me, and yet not forgotten me—my dear ones?"

"Sir, they think of you, and pray for you—I know Kitty prays for your return even yet—every day and night."

"My Kitty, my own bright Kitty! Jenny, you say, is better. And the boy—dear Tony?"

"He is as blithe as June, sir, and as gentle. To see him watching by his little brother, amusing him—"

"Ay, there is another," said Dalton, gloomily. "Her baby boy."

"And as jolly a little baby as one would wish to see," interposed Jeff, cheerfully. "He is the plaything of the whole house, though Kitty and he are inseparables. They are all well, Mr. Dalton, and need only to see their father's face again to be all happy."

"God bless you, Jeff, for saying so! I did not dare to ask about them myself, but got Philip here to be my spokesman. Where are they all?"

"At Mrs. Haywood's, in Brown Street. The old dame is delighted to have them, and they feel quite at home."

"Perhaps there is not much temptation to leave it," observed Dalton, significantly. "Are their friends kind?"

"Oh, yes. There is Dr. Curzon—he came up expressly to see Jenny; and, and— Why, who could help being kind to them!"

"I see one who could not help it; but I should like to hear of others. Tell me the truth, Jeff. Are my children quite deserted? Do none of all my old acquaintances visit the motherless and the poor in their affliction, for my sake or their own?"

"Well, you see, Jenny has been ill of late—"

"Was it infectious, then?" inquired the other, apprehensively.

"No; it was not infectious; but when there is illness, it is well to keep a house quiet; and, besides, Kitty made up her mind, when she found herself in charge of the family, and there was a necessity for great economy, to seclude herself as much as possible."

"In spite of invitations and hospitalities," said Dalton, bitterly. "I see. The Riverside people, however, have surely not forsaken them?"

"There was a misunderstanding with Mrs. Campden, sir; Jenny returned some money that she had sent them or lent them, and there has been a breach."

"And 'Uncle George,' he took his wife's part?"

"Upon my life, sir," said Jeff, earnestly, "I don't think he could help it."

"He must have some good in him, since *you* stick by him, Jeff," answered Dalton, with a faint smile.—"You see how it is, Philip. There are just three—Dr. Curzon, Mrs. Haywood, and this one here. Just three. Think of it!"

"And a very good average," returned Astor, curtly. "I have got *one* friend, just one. And perhaps I shall not have him long," added he, moodily.

"As long as he lives, Philip," returned Dalton, quietly taking the other's hand.—"Jeff, you have stood by me and mine. Take my brother also into

your wide and loving heart. It is through him, next to God, that I am now alive. It is through him that those who, I have just heard you say—and bless you for it—were dearest to you, are about to be made happy. I cannot see them to-day—at least not yet. I have something to do first; something"—here his voice grew very harsh and stern—"that has nothing to do with happiness, but with woe, and wrath, and retribution. You are in Richard Holt's employment; it seems, as good men have been before you. Where is he?"

"He left his office this morning, he said for Plymouth, but, as I have reason to believe, for Liverpool."

Dalton and Astor exchanged significant glances.

"Ill news flies apace," said the latter. "What matters it? He cannot escape us."

"That is true," answered Dalton, in a slow tone of satisfaction. "He would have to take my life ere he could do that."

"And mine, John," observed Philip, in a tone of reproach.

"I know it," returned Dalton, with tender gravity; "but you and I are one, brother."

CHAPTER XLIV.

RETROSPECTIVE.

WHEN Dalton arrived at Liverpool upon the day of his leaving Riverside, it was too late to go on board the Flamborough Head, and therefore, notwithstanding his desire to be economical, he was compelled to sleep at an hotel. The next morning was a wet one; yet, for the sake of a few shillings, he sent his luggage by a porter's truck, and went down through the rain to the docks on foot. It was just such an arrangement of the "penny-wise and pound-foolish" sort as those unaccustomed to frugality are wont to make; and grievously did he afterward repent of it. He found everything on board in confusion; there was a difficulty, or seemed one, about getting at the contents of his portmanteau; his cabin, indeed, was infinitely better than he had expected, thanks to his wife's kind extravagance, and not a moment was to be lost in acknowledging *that*. One thing and the other, in short, combined to make him careless of so small a matter as damp raiment, and the end of it all was rheumatism in the knees. This is a malady—let those who enjoy the acquaintance of sciatica boast as they please—not easily matched for habitual discomfort, and it crippled Dalton. It was some time before he could leave his cabin and so much as crawl about the saloon, and even then he was subject to severe relapses. On one of his "better days" he managed to make a grand tour of the vessel; he was on that part of the deck appropriated to second-class passengers, when suddenly his pains came on, and he fell rather than sat down upon a coil of rope.

"You are ill, Mr. Dalton: shall I give you an arm?" said some one, in cold but courteous tones; and, looking up, he saw his half-brother.

The phrase "More familiar than welcome," which would have suited with the sight of Astor's face a few days back, had now no meaning for Dalton. Any face that he had known of old, and which, therefore, reminded him of home, was welcome to him.

"What! you here, Philip?" said he, with genuine emotion.

A pleased expression flitted across the other's grave, gray features; for hitherto his half-brother had been scrupulous to call him "Mr. Astor."

"Yes, John, it is I. I suppose I must say I am sorry to see you, since you are outward bound, like myself, but, unlike me, have left so many dear ones behind you. You are in pain, I fear, too?"

"I have got a touch of rheumatism; that is all. But how came you here? I thought, from what Holt told me, you had left England some time ago."

"It is not well to believe what Richard Holt tells you about anything," answered the other, bitterly. "I should have thought you had found out that for yourself by this time. If otherwise, I am surprised you speak to me, after what he must needs have told you about me."

"He told me nothing, except that he was dissatisfied with you; by which I understood that you had parted company on account of some business disagreement."

"Dissatisfied?" echoed Astor, contemptuously. "Yes, he has cause to be dissatisfied with me: he took me into his employment upon speculation—in the hope that, after all, I should make good my claim of legitimacy against yourself. He didn't tell you *that*, I'll warrant?"

"No, indeed," said Dalton. "On the contrary, he gave me to understand—though he never actually said so—that he retained you out of his regard for me."

"Regard for you!" exclaimed Astor, with a bitter laugh. "Why, he would have put all your money into my pocket—*minus* what he claimed as his own share—if the thing could have been done. I would have gained from you what I considered my own, Mr. Dalton—as I still consider it—but I would never have played you false, as *he* did."

"But you have quarreled with him, you confess, yourself?" remarked the other, cautiously. He had his own suspicions of his late business friend, but he felt that that was no reason for believing all that a personal enemy might say against him.

"Yes, we have quarreled," answered Astor, frankly; "and, legally, it is I who have been in the wrong. He led me to imagine that I was his partner. The whole plot is plain to me now; but I was deceived as easily as a child by a trick at cards. John, tell me the truth. Did that villain ever hint to you that I had forged his name?"

"Never, upon my honor, Philip: he would not have dared to do it."

"I thank you, brother, for that word," answered Astor, gravely. "Well, he might have done it, and, in a sort of way, yet spoken what was true. He knew that I had meant no wrong, but it might have been hard to persuade others so. He gained a hold on me, at all events; and when I got to know more of his affairs than was agreeable to him, he used his hold. I am no felon, John, believe me; and yet, thanks to Richard Holt, I am transported. He has compelled me to leave England—as he has compelled you."

"He has not compelled *me*," answered Dalton, haughtily. "In fact, I am doing so contrary to his advice."

"I understand," said Astor, quietly. "He wanted you to part with your shares; but your motto was, 'Stick to the *Lara*.'"

"Good Heavens! how do you know that? Why, Philip, it was you who wrote that warning letter?" exclaimed Dalton, in astonishment.

"If four words can be said to be a letter, yes, I did. You are bound for Brazil, to discover if the advice be good for yourself. Time will show; yet, I think you have acted wisely."

"But, Philip, why should you have done so? Why should you have taken the trouble to do so good a turn to one whose interests—and, unhappily,

whose acts, though of necessity—have been so antagonistic to your own?"

"Well, there was a reason, for which you yourself owe me no thanks."

"I owe you thanks, whatever it was."

"No; the thanks, if they turn out to be owed to any one, are due to Kitty."

"To my daughter Kitty?"

"Yes; and my *niece*," answered the other. "Listen, John. Years ago, when that unhappy litigation between us had resulted—though, as I thought, and as Holt thought, only temporarily—in my defeat, I set foot for the first time under your roof. We met—not cordially, but without ill blood—and you would have behaved, if I had permitted you to do so, with what you doubtless considered—and, indeed, what was so from your point of view—with generosity. Well, we need not talk of that now. You refused to acknowledge me as your brother. As I left your house—full of wrath and bitterness—a little maiden, beautiful as a fairy, ran up to me in the hall, and, with eager eyes, exclaimed, 'Why, you are Uncle Philip!' I snatched her up in my arms and kissed her. It was very illogical in me, no doubt, for, if the little lady had known the circumstances of the case, she would probably have been the last to give me such a title; but I loved her for acknowledging the relationship that you denied. She has forgotten me, no doubt; but I never forgot her; and when years afterward I discovered—no matter how—that my employer, Holt, was bent on making her his wife—"

"Ah, you know that too, do you? I have sometimes suspected it," said Dalton, gloomily. "Go on."

"Well, I say, when I found that that false hound had dared to lift his eyes to Kitty, I swear I hated him for that worse than for all the rest. I had no means of foiling him, of course; but I felt that his opportunity could only lie in your necessity, and therefore strove to avert your ruin. What losses he has caused you, I know not; my belief is he made a cat's-paw of you from the first, and has robbed you right and left; but with the *Lara* he has still connection, that is certain. I heard from Brand (himself dismissed, like me, for knowing too much) that Holt was pressing you to sell your shares. And so I wrote to you to stick to them. That's the whole story."

Much of this was of course news to Dalton, though somehow it only tended to confirm his own suspicions. Yet, after all, like them, it was but vague. He had a greater distrust of Holt than ever, yet he had no more tangible ground than before for entertaining it. Had the opportunity, for example, been at once afforded him of returning to England and taxing his late business friend with malpractices, he would scarcely have taken advantage of it. No proof of any kind was to his hand. As time went on, however, and he got to know more of his half-brother, his confidence in him increased, and in proportion his suspicions of the man he had got by that time to consider their common enemy. The little episode of Kitty's reception of her uncle touched her father's heart, and out of it there flowed a tenderness not only toward Kitty herself, but toward him who had thus recalled her, and spoken of her so fondly; while the anger Astor felt against Holt for daring to wish to win Kitty's favor, combining with his own suspicions of that intention, made somehow a still stronger bond between them.

The intimacy between the saloon-passenger and the second-class man, as well as the unmistakable family likeness between them, excited considerable curiosity and some comment; and here, again, Dalton endeared himself to Philip by at once owning

him as his half-brother, without saying a word of his illegitimacy. John's mother was supposed to have been married again to a person of larger means than her first husband; and hence the difference of the social position of the two brothers. It was generous of him—for it cost some sacrifice of pride—but Philip was more than grateful for it. No liberality which John had shown him in the past touched him half as nearly. Unhappily, he was in no position to repay him; for he was going to Brazil, a mere adventurer, as friendless as and even more penniless than his kinsman; but as a comforter and, when occasion required, as a sick-nurse, his companionship was invaluable. The two men would sit together for hours talking over Holt's conduct, chiefly in relation to John; speculating as to whether he had played him false in this and that affair, but especially concerning the mine. And then, for relief, they would turn to Kitty, of whom Philip was never tired of hearing; and from her John would diverge to his wife and the other children, and find at least a patient and apparently an interested listener.

It was curious how the adversity which thus knit John to Philip isolated him from the rest of his fellow-creatures. His genial nature had been nipped and frozen by its cold breath, and, where the blossoms of wit and fancy had been wont to hang in such profusion, there was naught now but bare boughs. If to any one among the saloon-passengers on board the Flamborough Head the social reputation of John Dalton was known by repute, he must needs have thought it ill earned. Dalton was, to be sure, an invalid; but even when he was able to take his seat at a table, or hobble up to smoke a cigar upon the deck, he did not mingle in the conversation, but sat in silence and sad thought. He was polite, of course, and answered when addressed; but that was all. There were some young ladies on board who interested him, by some faint resemblance perhaps to Kitty or Jenny; but he was constantly asking himself how it was with Edith and the little household at Sanbeck. The recollection of the unpaid premium to the Palm Branch also occurred to him, and gave him great uneasiness; for, though he strove to believe that Mr. Campden would surely discharge that debt for him, his thoughts were full of bitterness and disbelief in the loyalty of all friends. From the little gayeties and amusements of life on shipboard he shrank with pain, except on one occasion. That pretty custom had just come in vogue of committing a miniature vessel, decked with ribbons, and named after some young-lady passenger, to mid-ocean laden with letters for England, in hopes that some homeward-bound ship might pick it up, and act as postman. In this case, the fairy craft happened to be named the Edith; and since it could carry but a very limited mail-bag, there was much competition for the privilege of sending letters by it. The coincidence of the name with that of his wife made John strangely solicitous to be one of the favored few; and he succeeded in his desire. Perhaps his only happy hour on board the Flamborough Head was during the launching of this fragile toy; his eyes were the last to watch it as it rose and fell upon the calm bosom of the ocean in their wake. After that day there was no more calm. Stormy weather set in, and with it the pangs of his rheumatism increased. He was confined to his berth, and day and night lay listening to the roar of wind and wave. Philip came to him, and sat by his side, conversing as long as it was possible to converse; but after a time the gale so increased that no human voice could well be heard.

One day—it was but noon, but the cabin-window was so hidden by sheets of water that it was almost

dark—John asked, with difficulty, "Is there danger, Philip?"

His brother nodded gravely, holding on meanwhile to the side of the berth. The ship so pitched and lurched that the floor was as often the ceiling as the floor; the howling of the wind and the roar of the sea were deafening and incessant; but above them both could be heard hurried movements upon the deck.

"They are getting out the boats. Is it not so, Philip?"

"I will go and see. Do not fear, brother; I will not desert you."

"I fear nothing—only for my poor wife and the children; thank God, I am well within the days of grace, however." John Dalton's thoughts amid that whirl and woe were centred on the premium of his life-assurance. Presently the door was burst open—it would open in no other way now—and Philip rushed in.

"Quick, quick! You must get up, and I will carry you on deck."

"Not I," answered Dalton, resolutely. "What should I do, a poor cripple, in this tumult? Could I jump into a boat? Could I live in one, if I did? No. Let me drown in peace."

Philip's only answer was to seize him in his powerful arms and drag him from his berth.

Thence, by immense exertion, he got him across the saloon; but up the cabin-stairs, now steep, now sloping, and now staggering toward them like a thing of life, it was impossible to carry him: he was not only a helpless cripple, but every movement gave him torture.

"Leave me, Philip, leave me!" exclaimed he, vehemently. "God will reward you, though he will not suffer you to save me. Tell Edith my last breath was—"

There was a rush of water down the cabin-stairs, that swept the men apart, and dashed the speaker senseless against the cabin-wall.

When he came to himself, he was lying on the floor, wet through; the turmoil of the elements had nowise abated, but the trampling and hurrying overhead had ceased. Sometimes all was in darkness—when the maimed and shattered vessel fell into the trough of the sea—and sometimes there was light enough to behold the devastation and wreck of the saloon as the ship battled to the surface, and was hurried on the crest of a wave. From her aimless and uncertain progress, it was evident that she no longer obeyed the helm, but was rolling like a log, now under and now above the water.

If John's personal discomfort had been less, he might even now have congratulated himself that he had lived his life thus long, and had not ended it upon Bleabarrow Crags, as he had once thought to do; Edith could now have no sort of difficulty in realizing the five thousand pounds from the Palm Branch, and there would be no guilt of self-murder upon his soul. But his knees gave him such intolerable pain that he could think of little else. He contrived, however, to drag himself on to one of the couches let into the sides of the saloon, and presently swooned away there.

When Dalton next awoke to life he was in his own berth; the roar of the tempest had greatly diminished, but there was a slush and whirl of water in his ears, and he perceived—or was he dreaming?—that some articles in his cabin were advancing to and retreating from him in the strangest manner: they were in fact afloat. From the complete absence of any sound save that of the elements, it was plain to Dalton that the ship was deserted. Yet how, if this were so, could he have been conveyed back to

his berth? His pains had abated, but he was faint and sick with hunger, and conscious of some strange disturbance in his brain. Was it a dream, or was it reality, that some one was splashing about the cabin? Dr. Curzon, perhaps, upon his pony; yes, and with a prescription, too, which he persisted in thrusting into his mouth—a mixture of biscuit and brandy, which so revived him that he presently sat up, and said, "Hollo, Philip!"

"Hollo, old fellow," answered his half-brother, cheerily; "the old ship floats, you see, still."

"Yes; only the water is inside of her, instead of outside of her; is it not?" said Dalton. It was a point that puzzled him, and which he really wished to have cleared up, but the other mistook it for a joke.

"Come, that is spoken like yourself, John. You are getting round now, though you have had a bad touch of it."

Then Dalton began dimly to comprehend that he had been ill for days.

"Where is everybody, Philip?" inquired he, suddenly.

"The ship is water-logged; as for the people, I don't know for certain," answered Philip, gravely, "but I fear that you and I are all that now remain of them. That day when you saw me last—to know me—was one I shall never forget. The scene on deck was heart-rending. The women—You remember those two girls who launched the Edith?"

John nodded; he remembered their doing that.

"Well, they clung about the captain like poor demented creatures at the feet of their idol. Their shrieks, their cries for help, where no help could come, while the wind and waves stormed at them like devils, were terrible to listen to. The launching of the boats was with great difficulty effected; but some were staved in, and some were swamped with all on board, before our eyes. It was a sea, the captain said, such as it was scarcely possible for a boat to live in. I told him how you were left below-stairs; but he said, taking into account your maimed condition, you had as good a chance of life—if chance there was—in remaining there, as in endeavoring to leave the ship."

"And you?" inquired Dalton, taking the other's hand, and pressing it with what little strength he had.

"Well, I thought I would see the thing out along with you, John. The boats, I verily believe, are lost, with all that went with them, and the old ship herself was bound to have gone down too, but for some empty casks it seems she has below."

"There is hope in your eyes, Philip!" cried the other, eagerly. "Is a sail in sight?"

"No, indeed. Only, since the ship has floated so long, lop-sided and water-logged though she be—"

"There is land ahead?" exclaimed Dalton, excitedly.

"You have hit it, John. There is land of some sort, and you must make shift to come on deck and look at it."

CHAPTER XLV.

IN BRAZIL.

"To come on deck and look at it" is not quite the professional phrase for sighting land and deciding upon its bearings. But the fact was that, *except* Dalton, there had probably not been a man on board the Flamborough Head who knew less about nautical matters than Philip Astor. These two men were, in fact, the very last that a ship's captain

would have selected to help him to navigate a vessel; and almost the last whom any one would have chosen as coadjutors in such an adventure as lay before them. Dalton was a product of the highest civilization, if not of culture. His natural place was in drawing-rooms and club-houses; he had never done anything of a menial, or, indeed, a useful, kind since he had been a fag at Eton, and was "blown up" (and worse), like another King Alfred, for burning his master's toast. The idea of his being shipwrecked on a desolate island was preposterous, and would have placed the stern Fate that brought him there among the first class of humorists.

Philip Astor had, it is true, been more knocked about in the world; but the shifts and contrivances to which he had been pushed had been those of town-life; he knew scarcely more of what may be called the rudiments of life—how to build, to cook, to clothe himself, even to guess the time by the position of the sun—than his more highly-placed half-brother. At present, however, he had much the advantage over him in health and vigor; and he now put forth his strength to the uttermost to carry his companion through the slush of the saloon, and to assist him up the now sidelong staircase to the deck.

Dalton was better, however; he got along with much less difficulty than he had expected, and the fresh air revived him wonderfully. The prospect itself was not exhilarating; the storm had ceased, but left the sea of a dull, leaden color, as though its liver (as must certainly have been the case if it had one) had been much "upset." The ship it was a compliment to call a ship at all. The masts were gone, though the stumps were left, and one of the steam-funnels; some broken rigging was trailing in the water, which was level with the bulwarks on one side, while the other was lifted up, and to a landsman's eye threatened an overturn every moment. To stand upon the sloping deck without holding on to some fixed object was impossible. Still the vessel moved, though very slowly, and fortunately in the direction favorable to the voyagers' hopes.

In front of them lay a low, scantily-wooded island, with sandy shore, and to this they were tending, though not in a straight course. The wind was slight, and from the northeast, and bore them toward a rocky promontory to the south of the island, which formed one side of a little bay. If the ship should drive ashore inside this promontory, matters might go well; but, if outside, there was the open sea again, where the question of her remaining afloat could be only one of a few hours at furthest. The helm, even if she had a rudder—which was more than doubtful—was gone, and the two men watched the course of the vessel in utter helplessness.

Suddenly the wind shifted a little, and turned her head more to the southeast; that is, to seaward. It was now obvious that she was about to miss the promontory. The two men looked at one another in silent despair.

Then suddenly Dalton cried:

"Can you find a hatchet, Philip?"

Fortunately, in a corner of the deck, there was one—the last left of many that had been used to cut away the ship's gear on that terrible day.

"If we can get rid of that rigging, perhaps she will wear a bit."

A few powerful strokes from Philip's arm freed the ship from this incumbrance, and at once she rose a little in the water, and altered her course as was desired.

It was not just then a time for compliments, but afterward Philip told John that from that moment he was reconciled to the idea of his (John's) having succeeded to the Dalton property; for that a man

with such intelligence deserved to be the head of the family. Thus the dismayed ship, though rolling and swaying, yet floated into what, by comparison with where she had been, might be called port; that is to say, under the sheltered side of the promontory, close to which, and in almost shallow water, she grounded upon the sand, as safe (while the weather continued fine) as though she were in the London docks.

Of this much in respect of their common adventures both John and Philip often spoke; but with regard to their subsequent life upon the spot they had thus had the good fortune to reach, these twin Crusoes were very reticent. The fact was that, from their excessive ignorance, they got on worse than almost any persons in such a situation could have been expected to do. The island, a small one, lying to the south of the West India group, and little else than barren rock, could certainly not have sustained them had they been dependent upon the development or even the realization of its resources. But, fortunately for them, the sea had not robbed the Flamborough Head of its contents, although it had damaged much of them excessively. They lost no time in removing all the stores they could lay their hands on to land, and took up their abode in a cave upon the promontory, on which they erected a flag, to call the attention of any passing ship. They had to thank the island for nothing save, indeed, for a limpid spring, without which it might have gone hard with them, neither of them possessing that kind of genius that hits upon scientific plans of extracting fresh water from plants, precious stones, or even from salt-water.

Before they got to the end of their preserved meats and vegetables, their "extracts" of this and that, and their ship-biscuits, a Spanish vessel, bound for Rio, passed by, and, seeing their signal, sent a boat and brought them off. They came away in very good case, and almost fit to be Fellows of All Souls, *bene nati* (though one of them, it is true, the law held to be illegitimate), *bene vestiti* (for they had had all their fellow-passengers' clothes to choose from, besides their own), *et mediocriter docti*; that is to say, they were almost as ignorant of how to provide for themselves as when they landed. Yet they had learned something: to respect one another very heartily, and also—this was especially the case with John—to look upon life otherwise than through the tinted spectacles of society. He had had cause to recognize very literally "a man and a brother" in his unacknowledged kinsman, to whom he owed his life twice and thrice over. If Philip had not remained with him on board ship, he would have perished in his narrow cabin, or certainly have never reached land; and if he had reached land, he would have perished there, but for Philip's companionship, cheerfulness, and sympathy. Even as it was, he had been consumed with apprehensions about those dear ones he had left at Sanbeck, and only too truly, as we know, had his heart misgiven him respecting Edith, overwhelmed as she must needs be by this time with the news of the loss of the Flamborough Head. His dead wife, his orphaned children, were spectacles that were rarely absent from his eyes, and he needed all Philip's sanguine arguments and pleasant prophecies to win him from deep despondency. For the rest, his out-of-door life and simple fare had physically bettered him; he had got rid of his lameness, and felt himself strong enough for any hardships that might yet lie before him in his quest. Upon visiting San José, and seeing with his own eyes how matters were with the gold-mine, his mind was as fixed as ever: much as he yearned for home, he was resolved not to return thither with the mis-

sion unaccomplished for which he had left it; and the opportunity was now—at last—afforded him of effecting his object. The two castaways had a sufficient stock remaining of the good things saved from the Flamborough Head to make them very welcome on board the Cadiz without the payment of passage-money; so Dalton's slender purse was still intact upon their arrival at Rio.

Here, however, misfortune was awaiting him: a letter that had long been lying for him at the post-office informed him of his wife's death. His forebodings, as we know, had pointed that way with an inexorable finger, but they had not prepared him for it, and for a time the news utterly overwhelmed him. To say that Edith had been his better half, his *alter ego*, and the good angel of his life, so far as he had permitted her to be so, was feebly, indeed, to express what she had been to him; and with his anguish there was mingled the most bitter remorse; for had he not killed her with the work of his own hands? Out of the very depths of his wretchedness, however, came a motive for action; all the reparation he could now make to his lost love and lover was to further the interests of her children. Whether they were still left to him, or in what plight, he could not tell, nor had he the means of informing them that they had yet a father, since, unhappily, the mail-boat had left Rio the very day before his arrival.

There was time to reach San José and return before the next steamer left the port for England; so the two brothers at once started for their destination. They had to husband their resources, and traveled slowly, and with what, six months ago, Dalton would have felt to be great discomfort, much increased by their ignorance of Spanish, or the native tongue. And even when they reached San José they found they had by no means accomplished their journey. The *Lara* mine, about which people seemed to know little or nothing, was still far away, and, since it lay out of the main track, they were compelled to push thither on foot.

The scenery was splendid: they were always in sight of the stupendous Cordilleras, although they scarcely seemed to approach them nearer. The gold district lay between them and these mountains. In the good old times, the precious metal had been exclusively the product of alluvial washings; but these had long become exhausted, and the gold now yielded was dug deep out of the solid rock, which cropped up on the surface in dome-like masses, often covered with foliage. If Dalton's mind had not been bent so earnestly on a single end, he could not but have been enchanted with these scenes, in which men contend so energetically with Nature, and yet could not mar her beauties. The two friends had passed by three such mines, and on the third morning of their travels came upon a fourth. They asked its name of one they met upon the road who knew a little English, and he had told them it was called the *Quito*. It was situated in the most beautiful spot they had yet reached.

"Forest on forest" hung above it "like cloud on cloud," so that, though itself in an elevated region, it looked sunk in a shady vale. A little river ran through it, which turned the stamping-mills and the pumping-machinery, which was in full action. The din was incessant, yet by no means deafening; and the bustle and movement, contrasted with the quietness and sublimity of its natural surroundings, were very striking. The chief-engineer—who was one Mr. Blake, as usual an Englishman—gave a welcome to his two wandering fellow-countrymen that was more than cordial; there being no inn in the place, he invited them to dine, and after that repast showed

them over the works, which were of considerable extent. Not content with watching the tram-carriages, bearing each a ton of the mineral, coming steeply up from the shafts, they descended in them to the depth of nearly a thousand feet, to the very home of the gold. Afterward they had explained to them how the rough rock gives forth its treasure; saw it freed from slate upon the spalling-floors, and afterward, stamped fine, issuing through the copper grates, to pass over the bullock-skins, and—lower down the inclined tables—over woolen cloths, the washing of which yields the golden fruitage. Then they once more repaired to Mr. Blake's one-storied dwelling, tiled and slated, with its broad verandahung with flowers and creepers, to be again refreshed before they started on their way. With pardonable pride he spoke of the *Quito's* prosperity, which he said was but of recent date. He had been its engineer but for a few months, and had taken it when it was in a very depressed condition. There had been even a doubt as to whether it would repay working at all, all its ancient wealth having been supposed to be exhausted.

His wife, also English, listened to the story of his achievement as though she had heard no word of it before.

"Your friend has suffered a recent loss, I fear?" observed the engineer apart to Philip, for Dalton was in deep mourning; and the spectacle of the domestic happiness of his host and hostess, and of their prosperity, touched his bruised heart with a sense of contrast.

"Yes," returned Philip; "losses of all kinds. His wife is dead, and his fortune has been spent in the same sort of adventure that has turned out so differently in your case."

"Indeed! I am sorry for it. The fact is, only about one in six of these Brazil mines, formerly so profitable, now pays its expenses. There is also a deal of roguery about some of them, very difficult for those who are not upon the spot—I mean for English shareholders—to get to the bottom of. I am afraid some of my own calling—who are my fellow-countrymen, like yourselves—do not always keep their hands clean. The agents, the experts, and the engineers, have it all their own way, you see, out here."

"Just so. Well, we are now bound for my friend's mine, just such a one as you have described, I fear—the *Lara*, and, if you can tell us anything about it, he will be greatly indebted to you."

"The *Lara*!" echoed the engineer. "Are you really serious? Did you come from England to look after the *Lara*?"

"Yes; though, I am afraid, upon a fool's errand. The people at Rio and those we have met upon the road seemed to know little or nothing about it."

"Are you talking about the *Lara*?" here put in Dalton, earnestly. "Can our host tell us anything about it, Philip?—Pray, don't fear to tell me the worst, Mr. Blake," added he, addressing his host.

"I don't know what you mean by 'the worst,' Mr. Dalton," returned the engineer, curtly; "but I have only to say that this mine here is the *Lara*. It has only been called the *Quito* for the last six months."

CHAPTER XLVI.

MINE AND COUNTERMINE.

MR. BLAKE'S astounding announcement was of course a revelation to his two guests, but they had the prudence to conceal it as best they could. The

engineer was a thoroughly honorable fellow, and consequently loyal to his employers. It would have been difficult to convince him—and on the whole Dalton thought it better not to try—that the mine with the conduct of which he had been intrusted—and here, again, Holt had shown his peculiar idiosyncrasy in favor of honesty in other people—was in fact a swindle of the most Machiavellian kind. Instead of existing on paper only, like other fraudulent institutions of a similar class, it did *not* exist on paper—that is, under its real name—at all, but had a very actual and *bona-fide* existence in fact. The last local agent of the *Lara*, Brooks, had been in the pay of Holt, and had played into the hands of his creature Tobbit, the expert, in representing the mine to the English shareholders as worked out and valueless. The whole affair had been transacted with consummate skill, but not, as we have seen, without exciting the suspicions of Philip Astor, and even of a certain financial circle in the city with which Sir Richard Beevor and Mr. Binks were connected. Up to this time, however, the real state of things was undiscovered, and, for the present, Dalton thought it better it should remain so. Of the proofs of it he presently acquired full possession, but, in dealing with so astute a scoundrel as Holt, it was expedient to be very cautious; while so long as the latter was kept in ignorance of Philip and himself having been saved from the Flamborough Head, they would have a great advantage over him.

Dalton therefore confined the statement of his wrongs to the fact that endeavors had been made to persuade him to part with certain shares in the *Lara*, as being of no value. His account of the affair was not indeed very intelligible; and Philip had to lend assistance by hinting that his brother's grievance had—as grievances are apt to do—not left him altogether a logical being upon this particular topic; but the pair so far succeeded that, when they quitted Mr. Blake's hospitable roof, that gentleman had no suspicion that he had been entertaining an angel unaware in the person of one of his proprietors; while on the other hand it was pretty evident to Dalton that the only individual who held any shares in the *Lara* besides himself was in truth Richard Holt, who held half of them, and had certainly left no stone unturned to secure the other moiety; while in the mean time, as though already possessed of it, he had been receiving the proceeds of the whole, which made up a very substantial income.

"But for your '*Stick to the Lara*,' Philip," said John, with grateful frankness, "I believe I should have let the scoundrel buy my shares of me for a song."

"Nay, brother, it was not much to do—the writing those four words; but I hope you will stick to *me*, in recollection of them," answered Philip. The words were said in jest, but the tone had a serious sadness in it, which stung the other to the quick.

"Do you doubt it, Philip?" said he. "Do you conceive it possible that when I have grown rich again—'assumed my former social position,' as Mrs. Campden called it (I wonder how that woman is behaving to my poor children?—however, George will keep her straight)—that I shall inherit with it my former follies? that I shall not know my true friends, those who have been tried in the fire—and the water—from the false ones, and, above all, shall not cleave to the brother to whom I shall owe all?"

"We shall be quits," said Astor, pressing his hand, "and more than quits, when you introduce me to Kitty as 'Uncle Philip.'"

"Then I hope we shall be quits within the next six weeks," was John's reply.

They returned to Rio, however, only just in time

to catch the steamer *Sancho*, the fore-cabin fare of which almost exhausted their finances. The ship was a slow one compared with the *Flamborough Head*, and Dalton was in such a state of impatience and anxiety throughout the voyage, that Philip feared he would have had a fever. A thousand apprehensions consumed him, and as many hopes: among the former was the dread that some news of their having been rescued by the Spanish vessel should somehow reach England before them, and set Holt upon his guard.

From Liverpool they came straight to town, yet not without some vague tidings of passengers having been picked up from the *Flamborough Head* preceding them, as we have seen, to London. So much, indeed, Holt's Liverpool agent had telegraphed to him as took him thither in hot haste to learn the truth. John and Philp had, however, taken the precaution to enter themselves on board the *Sancho* under false names; nor was it likely that they two of all that sailed in the ill-fated steamer should have come home to blast his fortunes.

A REVERIE ABOUT ROADS.

BY JOEL BENTON.

"Afoot and in the open road, one has a fair start in life at last. There is no hinderance now. Let him put his best foot forward. He is on the broadest human plane. This is the level of all the great laws and heroic deeds. From this platform he is eligible to any good fortune."—BURROUGHS'S "Exhilarations of the Road."

GEORGE SAND speaks somewhere of the deep mystery of the road. Its vistas and windings, its shining approaches and retreats—how steeped they are in enchantment! How like a ribbon it lies across the landscape—a shining strip on the garment which drapes and infolds the earth! Its gentle undulations and quiet curves soothe one like the meanderings of a peaceful river, and its bewildering endlessness repeats the riddle of eternity. As you look down on it from a distant eminence, it is eloquent in its very stillness. When the passengers begin to move, and the vehicles to rumble over it, how fantastic is the pied procession! 'Tis pleasant, and often pathetic, to look at the strange and various craft that go by. The broken but ever-repeated stream gives you the earthy flavor and motley of life. What divers ways and purposes! What a multitude of errands!

I confess I never walk over the commonest country highway without thinking how much the road itself has to do with the landscape. It furnishes a sort of frame to every out-of-door picture. On an articulated thread it holds the field and the hillside, the cozy glen, the babbling rivulet, and the far-off mountain, together. It somehow spreads itself over, or drops itself down into, the chaos and wildness of Nature, and brings them at once, not only into broader relationship, but into a new spiritual order. In early boyhood, the beaten path which the road made past the house was always a special mystery to me. It stirred the imagination, and set the blood in motion. The house stood, as it still stands, on a junction where three roads depart; and, from the little triangular greenery around which they clasp, the trefoil wonder looked up with appealing significance. Those wheel-tracks and foot-marks of men and horses were incessantly repeated, and blurred out, and where might they not take you if you should once follow them? The possibilities were endless and tantalizing. On the other side of the world lay Asia and Europe and Africa; and, for all that I knew, the passengers may have been going in those strange directions. For the road has, presumptively,

no end, and spans the round globe itself. If it seems to break at some river-bank or ocean, the break is a seeming and not a real one. Joined by the intervening floor of water, its continuance is not only sure, but multiplied—since the boat picks up the path and extends it to the other side.

Thoreau says:

"If, with fancy unfurled,
You leave your abode,
You may go round the world
By the Old Marlborough Road."

"The village," he says, "is the place to which the roads tend—a sort of expansion of the highway, as a lake of a river. It is the body of which roads are the arms and legs—a trivial or quadrivial place, the thoroughfare and ordinary of travelers." But Thoreau was himself too much of a Bedouin (though a moral and cultivated one) to keep to the ordinary highway. He had villas of his own to which he carried his thought—the only baggage he cared to equip with—that no public path ever reached. He confesses, in fact, that "roads are made for horses and men of business. I do not travel in them much, comparatively, because I am not in a hurry to get to any tavern, or grocery, or livery-stable, or depot, to which they lead."

It is the magnitude and purport of the journey that give value to the road. Where the beaten one does not serve, we can go "across-lots," or beat a new one for the occasion. Not every one's errand is ours. The sacredness of that which we seek may often take us where no previous foot or footway hath entered. It is the custom, I believe, of such monarchs as the Shah of Persia and the Khédive of Egypt to build newer and broader roads, at incredible cost and labor, whenever some royal guest is to arrive who may need them, and to whom this luxury is necessary. I suppose they fall into disuse thereafter; or perhaps the sleepy citizens walk up to and around them, and look in mute-eyed wonder at all that remains of the half-forgotten and inexplicable pageant to which they testify.

There are plenty of roads in the world; but the

vill is palsied at times, and does not know which direction to take. There are so many, and such beckoning sirens sit by their sides to lure us on, that we are dumfounded. We fail to start because we are drawn so many ways, or we take the wrong one altogether. But, after all, we are traveling while we stand and wait, if only on the world's orbit; and Time, who is our steadfast companion, never fails to bring us to some indifferent or shining goal. As Thoreau has again said: "We would fain take that walk, never yet taken by us through this actual world, which is perfectly symbolical of the path which we love to travel in the interior and ideal world; and sometimes, no doubt, we find it difficult to choose our direction, because it does not yet exist definitely in our idea."

The first knowledge we have of the road is when we are early led over it to school, or to the neighboring church, or, perhaps, to the village store. How it liberates and unburdens the mind! We get the first taste of the world. The Here and the There dawn upon us with a new and broader meaning. 'Tis the experience of the hen and chickens, in Hans Christian Andersen's story, that had strayed to the end of the farm whereon they were born. They discovered that there was an orchard and still another farm beyond, and this shock of surprise so widened their horizon! "Is it possible," thought the little chickens, "that the great world extends so far?"

When we see a very crooked road, which is tortuous without visible cause, its strange genesis at once occurs to us. Most roads, in fact, had at first this one origin: The wild animals pushed through the forest where the openings allowed the best paths on their way to the water-courses for drink, or to seek their prey. The Indians found these paths easy and convenient, and so adopted them. When the European emigrant came with his cattle, those passages from place to place were ready made for him, and he enlarged them at length into the roads over which our vehicles run. But do the horse-car passenger and pedestrian in Boston and New York ever think that the peculiar route they take over streets which turn capriciously one way and the other is taken by them because some sleek panther or timid deer, or the wily savage, had marked it out three or four centuries ago?

The forest-paths even now have their attractions. "We follow their windings through the spicy pine-woods, where a trout-brook babbles over its bed of pebbles and shoals, falling ever and anon into some quiet pool to sleep between banks of softest moss. Feathery ferns creep close to the water's edge, while dainty willows bathe their finger-tips there. Although far away from any human habitation, we know that the fisherman and sportsman, and even school-children, may have wandered here. Afar in the depths of the woods we hear the cow-boy calling until the echoes are lost, and we know that over these paths the cows are coming home, where wait the shining pails and falling bars."

The real history of roads, if one had it at hand, or could put it in this brief chapter, would be found

to be the history of culture and civilization. How much, of course, had to precede them! The shepherd-races and herdsmen of Asia in primitive times did not have them, and among barbarians and savages they are never found. Where life was simple and nomadic the ground was pastured for a night, or for a few days at most, when the tent and its occupants, and their retinue of cattle, passed on. Even when boundaries and landmarks were set up and became somewhat distinct and the land was divided into separate possessions, the necessity did not at once arise or was not discovered. The paths which accident and use had marked were kept; and there was no fence or moral bar to a universal passage. It is pretty certain that Abraham and Lot were not troubled with either fences or litigious questions of the right of way, nor was the world that lived around about them. The right of way of a bird in the air was probably not much greater than theirs to pass and repass where they would.

All over Asia, and in other large parts of the world to-day, the ways of travel are primitive. Vehicles are often without wheels. These are frames, with seats and boxes simply, or chairs borne on the shoulders or by the arms of slaves and peasants. There are muleteers and camel-riders, equestrians and pedestrians—the latter being always the great majority—so that narrow paths suffice. In Lapland and the far North the reindeer and sledge, or trained dogs, do efficient service; but the road probably is more fluctuating even than that of the desert, being blotted out or changed by the drifting snow, as that is by the sirocco and the sand.

I know of no American road which has much fame on its own account, though there are some to which history and association supply a certain amount of local interest. Of the Boston and Concord road, running near the old home of Hawthorne, and the present one of Emerson, a Concord writer remarks: "If any road may claim the originality of being entitled to the name of American, it is this—since along its dust the British regulars retreated from their memorable repulse at the Old North Bridge, the Concord military following fast upon their heels, and from the hilltops giving them salutes of musketry till they disappeared beyond Lexington, and gave a day to history."

The great road-builders of the world were, undoubtedly, the Romans. The stupendousness of their efforts in this capacity may be seen to-day in Italy. The road, with them, took on an importance that has never yet been surpassed. It was the necessity of their empire—a corollary, so to speak, of the dream of the Cæsars. Gibbon says that Antioch and Alexandria and hosts of dependent cities "were connected with each other and with the capital by the public highways, which, issuing from the Forum of Rome, traversed Italy, pervaded the provinces, and were terminated only by the frontiers of the empire. If we carefully trace the distance from the wall of Antoninus to Rome, and thence to Jerusalem, it will be found that the great chain of communication, from the northwest to the southeast

point of the empire, was drawn out to the length of four thousand and eighty Roman miles. The public roads were accurately divided by milestones, and ran in a direct line from one city to another, with very little respect for the obstacles either of Nature or private property. Mountains were perforated, and bold arches thrown over the broadest and most rapid streams. The middle part of the road was raised into a terrace, which commanded the adjacent country. It consisted of several strata of sand, gravel, and cement, and was paved with large stones, or, in some places near the capital, with granite." The houses and relays of horses every few miles supplied the facilities for those incredibly rapid and effective marches which were accomplished by the legions of the Roman Empire, and which kept the world quiet at her feet.

Diodorus Siculus says that the construction of the famous Appian Way nearly bankrupted the Roman treasury. It was built in 313 B. C.; was in perfect repair nearly eight hundred years after, and still remains. It was built practically of solid rock, and with footpaths each side.

The Romans built famous roads also in Britain, and over the islands in the Mediterranean Sea. Those which were built among the Saxons remained long after the Roman rule had departed from their shores, but were allowed to go gradually into decay. It is said that in England, until so late as the time of Charles I., the common roads were foot and bridle paths—no provision being made for wheeled vehicles, for there were none. Footpaths still have their rights in England. Mr. Burroughs says he heard "of a surly nobleman near London who took it in his head to close a footpath that passed through his estate near his house, and open another one a little farther off. The pedestrians objected; the matter got into the courts, and after protracted litigation the aristocrat was beaten. The path could not be closed or moved. The memory of man ran not to the time when there was not a footpath there, and every pedestrian should have the right of way there still."

How curious that, while the wheel and axle was utilized, in chariots, for purposes of war, from a time back of which no man's memory or record takes us, it should not have sooner played its part in modes of passage and traction! But the social evolution which needed it, it would seem, had not yet come.

Montaigne tells us of a road, which was a causeway as well, that was built in Peru, between Quito and Cuzco. It was three hundred leagues in extent; was paved and inclosed with high and beautiful walls, inside of which two clear rivulets ran; and was bordered with a beautiful kind of tree. It was cut through mountain and over valley, with, of course, an evenly-descending grade. No stones were used in the construction of it which were less than ten feet square; and all this work was done by a people who had no knowledge of machinery and appliances, and who made no use of scaffolding. To complete the marvel, palaces were provided for rest and refreshment at the end of each day's journey.

We should like to think this were true; but the early chroniclers about Peru and Mexico were such arrant Münchhausens that the story had better be mixed with a grain or two of salt.

Napoleon's roads, however, deserve suitable mention. "Louis XIV. had said," says Alison, "after the family compact was concluded, 'There are no longer any Pyrenees,' but with greater reason Napoleon might say, 'There are no longer any Alps.' And in another place he remarks: "The Alps, traversed by three splendid roads, ceased to present any obstacles to an invading army; and works, greater than the Roman emperors achieved in three centuries of their dominion in Italy, were completed by Napoleon in the first three years of his consular government." To-day we do not level mountains, or mitigate them, but, bore an aperture, pass through undisturbed, and without perceptible grade, to the other side. Mont Cenis and the Hoosac range remain, but their elevation is something more than merely baffled; it is conquered, and is henceforth, for us, as if it were not.

But of the railroad we shall speak presently.

It is easily seen that the road, in all its ramified forms, is the great nervous system of our complex civilization. Where it does not exist at all is either the trilobite stage of society or its decay. To know the roads of a people is to know, in more than a single sense, what *progress* they are making or have made. In New England, which represented the early, and now shows the more complete, culture of American rural life, our Puritan ancestors built the towns on broad streets, and offset the stinginess of the soil by liberal thoroughfares—as if they had some presentiment of the room which would be required here for so many jostling races of men. It is not at all to our credit, though, that the general character of the roads in nearly all quarters, except in the vicinity of some large towns, is now quite below what it used to be a generation ago. This may be owing to the fact that railroads have obviated long journeys by carriage; and, also, that labor is too scarce and too dear for securing the thoroughness which once prevailed. The result is, that we see the common highway of our boyhood in a chronic state of neglect wherever we travel on it; the very stones that lie by permission on its gravelly bed preaching eloquent sermons on its sloth and decadence, and joggling by constant jars and thumps, as we ride, our memory of a better time.

In the Western and Southern States, where the distances are long from place to place, and the soil lacks the materials for a good road-bed, there are occasionally some adventurous experiences narrated. A passenger by one of the Western stages, after paying his fare, went on foot the entire way; and, when the wheels sunk in below the hubs, helped to pry them out with a rail he was obliged to carry. He found no fault with the fare, but protested on the day following against carrying the rail. Another annalist tells us, with a sober gravity that becomes the story, of picking up a hat on one of these execrably muddy roads, and finding, to his surprise, a

man under it. On his proffer of help, the stranger politely thanked him, saying he was in no need of assistance, as he was on horseback, and hoped to pull through. That Western road which begins magnificently broad, and tapers first to moderate and then to insignificant dimensions, and finally ends in a squirrel-track and runs up a tree, is the American symbol of a career which opens with large expectations and ends in fruitlessness. Somewhere, but more likely in New England, a traveler is quoted who, on reaching the point where two roads separate, asks a neighboring citizen—as both serve for his journey—which one he shall take. The reply is, "Take either one, sir, and you will wish you had taken the other before you have gone half-way."

The road signifies travel, and travel means collision with various peoples and places, and consequent culture and knowledge of the world. But there are certain mystic thinkers of absorbing and fecundative mentality that would somehow be developed into their natural order if they were planted upon a rock. Emerson, although he has been to Europe two or three times, and has explored the best-known portion of the Nile, recalls the fact that he has himself been quoted as saying captious things about travel. Thoreau thought that nearly everything worth looking for lay under the Concord horizon, and this ardent faith found him many rare things and experiences which would never have come to less observant eyes. Plato, in "The Laws," would not have any person under forty years of age go abroad at any time, unless he was commissioned by the state to go, or was engaged as a soldier in actual war.

The people of China, instead of building roads, built huge walls to intercept communication, and show thousands of years of almost undisturbed crystallization. But the railroad is the wedge which is destined, sooner or later, to disintegrate this, and to wake up also, by its terrific scream and prophecy, the many-centuried sleep of Egypt.

While the necessity of the railroad to modern thought and industry is now confirmed by general affirmation, there is occasionally a solitary thinker like Ruskin who bemoans its arrival, and sighs for the Arcadia it has replaced. "People will discover at last," he says, "that royal roads to anything can no more be laid in iron than they can in dust; that there are, in fact, no royal roads to anywhere worth going to; that, if there were, it would that instant cease to be worth going to." Elsewhere he says: "Your railroad, when you come to understand it, is only a device for making the world smaller; and, as for being able to talk from place to place, that is, indeed, well and convenient; but suppose you have, originally, nothing to say? We shall be obliged at last to confess, what we should long ago have known, that the really precious things are thought and sight, not pace. It does a bullet no good to go fast; and a man no harm to go slow; for his glory is not at all in going, but in being."

But, on the other hand, charming as is the idyllic

picture which Ruskin is so loath to lose, does he suppose the world will go willingly back to Corydon and Phillis, to Ruth and Boaz, and to the homespun times, to shepherding and weaving, to the cottage and the coarse brown crust? He is making an experiment which he thinks is to bring this about; and there will be no harm, at least, if, in one place, it shall succeed. I do not doubt—nay, I deplore with him—the gross materialism which sometimes seems to be the predominant note struck by our English and American civilization. For there are moments when these remorseless Juggernauts of trade and travel, and the mammoth warehouses, and gorgeously-bedecked palace-stores, weigh down the soul by their very earthiness; and when multitudes who are absorbed by them seem to forget, in mere business turmoil, all the finer sanctities and the sweeter significance of life. We feel very often when we pass down Broadway, and dip into Wall Street, that a week or two of Asia, if it could be interjected occasionally, would render us all an inestimable service. But there is reason to think that, on the whole, the newer times are the best times; and that what seems evil now, and perhaps inseparably so, will be eventually sloughed off, while the assured benefits must abide. It is well to remember that periods of transition from the old to the new are always more or less periods of pain and obstruction; but, when the world gets accustomed to them—when the new itself becomes old and customary—will not some moss-covered sacredness, some tender halos of association, wreath it also and remain?

In the cities, the railroads come to their own. They bring activity and tumult, and find it. But in sequestered country retreats they ruthlessly break up the old habits and traditions, and change all the social and business polarities. Scores of picturesque villages are either extinguished or left stranded in isolation, and the new, flashy depots take their place. Old highways are changed or abandoned; and thrifty herbage and grass, with streamers at half-mast, signal the departure of busy motion, and the reign of unbroken silence. It is one of these that Buchanan Read has celebrated in his pathetic lines of—

"THE DESERTED ROAD.

"Ancient road, that wind'st deserted
Through the level of the vale,
Sweeping toward the crowded market
Like a stream without a sail;

"Standing by thee, I look backward,
And, as in the light of dreams,
See the years descend and vanish
Like thy whitely-tented teams.

"Here I stroll along the village
As in youth's departed morn;
But I miss the crowded coaches
And the driver's bugle-horn.

"To the merry wayside tavern
Comes the noisy throng no more;
And the faded sign, complaining,
Swings, unnoticed, at the door.

" Ancient highway, thou art vanquished ;
The usurper of the vale
Rolls, in fiery, iron rattle,
Exultations on the gale.

" Thou art vanquished and neglected ;
But the good which thou hast done,
Though by man it be forgotten,
Shall be deathless as the sun.

" Though neglected, gray, and grassy,
Still I pray that my decline
May be through as vernal valleys
And as blessed a calm as thine."

By a quite natural symbolism, the picturesqueness of the road has been universally used to express the exaltations of mental and spiritual conflict. If "all roads lead to Rome," as says the proverb, there is always in advance to all some capital of the heart. No one is so poor in expectation as not to have some Mecca of his pilgrimage in view. There are ways of pride and triumph, and *vias dolorosas*, hinting of the greatest tragedy in human history. Bunyan's immortal allegory gets its unsurpassable power by depicting the adventures of a pilgrim who goes over a hard and

difficult road which exhibits the perilous evils and pitfalls that surround the tragedy of life. It is a Singhalese saying which asserts that the path of virtue and peace is eightfold ; and Gotama is described as prescribing the way to his followers. The road which leads to paradise, the Mohammedans say, crosses the bridge El-Sirat, which is represented to be as narrow as the sharpened edge of a razor, while perdition rolls beneath—thus intimating how few there are who shall be able to walk in it. With that fine extravagance which animates the Oriental mind, Sasan, in his religious rapture, exclaims, "The roads leading to God are more in number than the breathings of created beings !" The Hill of Science and the Temple of Fame are each pictured as presenting to their devotees nearly inaccessible cliffs—so rough is the way they demand ; and, of the latter, one of our modern poets has written :

" Ah, few can tell how hard it is to climb
The steepes where Fame's proud temple shines afar !"

Plato says, "The point where all paths meet is the soul's true resting-place and the journey's end."

SPARE THE TREES.

THE ancient Greeks used the word *dendrokopein*, literally, "to cut down the trees," to denote the utter ruin and devastation of a country. They were wise men, for by the cutting down of the forests, more than by any other cause, many of the most densely-peopled regions of the Old World have been reduced to deserts. Palestine, when the Hebrews took possession of it, was a land of rivulets and fountains, being thereby distinguished from Egypt, which must be "watered by the foot." In the palmy days of the nation this territory, not as large as the State of Massachusetts, supported in plenty a population of at least five million, where now not more than two hundred and fifty thousand find a scanty subsistence. Even the conquests of the Assyrians did not permanently reduce the population, for under the Roman rule it was still densely peopled. But during the wars which followed the revolt under Vespasian and Titus, the Romans systematically cut down, not merely the fruit-trees, but the forests, and in the course of a few generations the greater part of the country was reduced to the almost waterless desert which it now is. The channels of the rivulets still remain, but they are dry ravines, except directly after a rain, when they become roaring torrents, the only exceptions being those streams whose sources lie high up among the wooded heights of Lebanon.—Greece tells the same story. In a large part of it the forests which once clothed the hillsides have long been destroyed ; the famous fountains of antiquity now flow only in song, and rivers of historical renown are now but scanty brooks which a child may ford.—The African shores of the Mediterranean, long the granary of the Roman Empire, have from the same cause be-

come not merely uninhabited, but practically uninhabitable by any except nomads wandering from one scanty fountain to another.

The same story is repeated in modern times, down to our own day, and all over the world. In Ceylon the forests have been cut down for coffee-plantations, and more than twenty years ago the loss of springs and fountains had grown to be a threatening evil.—When, two centuries ago, the Spice Islands fell into the hands of the Dutch, they were clothed with dense forests of spice-bearing trees. To increase the value of the monopoly, the Dutch set about an indiscriminate destruction of the forests, and these islands were converted into arid deserts.—Not many years ago the world was thrilled by the reports of the famine in the Cape de Verd Islands. The soil there is very light and porous, and requires constant moisture as a condition of fertility. For many years the increasing lack of humidity was noticed. The river Socorridos, in Madeira, down which ship-timber was formerly floated to the sea, gradually dried up until it became a mere rill, whose waters, except at flood-time, could hardly be seen along its pebbly bed. The diminution of moisture was found to have kept equal pace with the destruction of the forests on the mountain-sides, and the Portuguese Government made laws prohibiting the cutting down of trees near springs and river-sources. But wine-culture was profitable, and the laws were powerless against immediate interest. So the trees were cut down more and more ; the springs failed, the fountains dried up, and drought and famine followed.—Only a quarter of a century ago the Danish island of Santa Cruz was a garden of fertility. The hills were covered with forests, and trees were every-

where abundant. A person who had formerly resided there recently revisited the island, and found a third part of it reduced to an utter desert. The planters had bared the island of its forests; the soil was gradually desiccated; even the short, copious showers had ceased. — The island of Curaçoa was, within the memory of living men, one of the most fertile and well-watered spots on earth; "but now," says Mr. Hough, "whole plantations, with their once beautiful villas and terraced gardens, are nothing but an arid waste; and yet, sixty miles away, on the Spanish Main, the rankest vegetation covers the hills, and the burdened clouds shower down abundant blessings." — The United States Commissioner of Agriculture in 1871 writes: "In Upper Egypt the rains which eighty years ago were abundant, have ceased since the Arabs cut down the trees along the valley of the Nile toward Libya and Arabia. A contrary effect has been produced in Lower Egypt from the extensive planting of the pasha. In Alexandria and Cairo, where rain was formerly a rarity, it has since that period become more frequent."

A regular supply of moisture from some source is everywhere an indispensable requisite of fertility; and there can be no doubt, from these and a hundred other cases of which we have notes, that, under certain circumstances, the absolute amount of rainfall is greatly influenced by the presence or absence of forests. Dr. Hooker, the celebrated botanist, in urging that the British Government should take upon itself the supervision of the maintenance of forests in India, writes, "There is good reason to think that in tropical countries the removal of wood operates effectually in reducing the rainfall." Under almost all circumstances trees must have much to do with producing the more insensible deposition of moisture from the atmosphere. The reason of this is obvious. In a hot day the temperature of the leaves is considerably below that of the atmosphere; which is partially cooled when it comes in contact with them, and forced to give up a portion of the latent moisture which it had taken up in passing over the oceans, and which is deposited in the form of dew, often very abundantly. A notable instance is that of the famous fountain-trees of the Canary Islands. So great is the condensing power of these trees that they always appear wrapped in a vapory cloud, and the moisture stands in drops upon the leaves, and, trickling down the branches and trunks, forms a perpetual fountain at their feet. It is just what occurs when one brings a jug of iced-water into a heated room.

But of still higher importance, at least to us, is the influence of forests in regulating the distribution of the rainfall, even when we cannot perceive that it affects the absolute amount. Trees shelter the soil beneath them, and thus retard the rapid evaporation from the surface, and allow it to penetrate the sub-soil to the lower water-bearing strata, whence it finds its way by hidden channels, keeping the springs and fountains in perpetual flow, even in the driest seasons. Their interlacing roots penetrate the soil,

forming a sort of sponge, which prevents it from being washed away by sudden showers, and give out the water slowly and uniformly, thus equalizing its flow, preventing floods on the one hand and droughts on the other. When the forests on hillsides and mountain-slopes are cut down, the rain glides off from them as from a roof. A sudden shower swells every rivulet into a torrent, every tiny brook pours its accumulations into the rivers, whose channels are inadequate to carry off the sudden accession. Hence disastrous inundations, followed at short intervals by low water. The supply, which should have been distributed over weeks, is exhausted in hours; that which should have bubbled up in springs and flowed through rivulets, making the meadows green, is carried at once through the great rivers to the ocean, to be again taken up by evaporation, only to go through the same round, with little benefit to the land, and often to its great injury. The absolute yearly discharge of the great rivers, the Mississippi, the Niles, and the Volgas, may undergo no sensible change from generation to generation, for they are fed from a wide extent of country, and droughts in one part are balanced by floods in another; but smaller rivers, even of very considerable size, such as the Danube, the Vistula, and the Connecticut, are sensibly affected; while the rivulets fail one by one, except immediately after a rain-storm, when they are greatly swollen. Thus, through the operation of one and the same law, man brings upon himself the two opposite evils of floods and droughts.

Our first settlers and pioneers were of necessity destroyers of trees. Until they reached the great prairies and treeless plains, they found almost every rood of ground covered with dense forests, and these must be made away with before cultivation could begin; and it was easier to make a fresh clearing than to keep up an old field by manuring. But, notwithstanding this destruction, it was estimated some twenty years ago that twenty-five per cent. of the area of the United States was yet a dense forest. In 1870 the estimate was fifteen per cent., a diminution of forty per cent. in less than half as many years. And this decrease was not owing to mere wanton destruction, but to the enormous demand for fuel, lumber, and railroad consumption. The consumption of forests by railroads, even though coal should be mainly substituted for wood as fuel, must be enormous. We have about 75,000 miles of railroad in operation, requiring 2,500 ties per mile, or in all more than 185,000,000, and, as a tree usually furnishes but one tie, and as these last only about six years, 30,000,000 trees are demanded every year for this one purpose.

The effect upon the climate of this enormous destruction of forests has begun to attract the attention of all careful observers. "In many portions of the Mississippi basin," says a competent authority, "it is a common observation that the summers are becoming drier and the streams smaller, several rivers showing a considerable decrease of navigability during the last fifty years. The summers are hotter and the winters colder. This is to be attributed to

the destruction of the forests along the tributaries of the Mississippi."

The Commissioners of Agriculture for the State of Maine reported in 1869: "From all parts of the State come up complaints of the diminished volume of waters in the streams, occasioned by the clearing up of the forests and denuding the hills of trees. The snows are not so heavy nor so frequent as they were twenty or thirty years ago, and there is less rain in summer. Many of the old trout-streams of twenty or thirty years ago are now completely dry, and several parts of the State suffer more than formerly from drought."

The same fact will have struck any one who after the lapse of several years has revisited his early home in any of the Atlantic States from Maine to Virginia. There is probably now no water in the brook which turned his little water-wheel; the springs in the pasture which he remembers as ever flowing are nearly all dried up, and the small ponds in which he was wont to fish, are all gone. Spring freshets and summer droughts have become the rule rather than the exception.

In a word, we are doing what man has done in so many other parts of the world, converting what should be the homes of future generations into deserts. This we have no right to do, even though our own immediate interests would be served, for no generation has more than a life-interest in the soil, which it holds in trust for the benefit of those who are to follow. The laws of Nature are, in a measure, the blind servants of man, and will do his bidding, whether for good or for evil, and probably to a much greater extent than we as yet imagine. Perhaps man will never be able to control clouds or sunshine; but it is certain that he can convert a fertile land into an arid waste, or, by patient industry, wisely directed, can change the climatic character of a continent, causing shaded springs to gush forth in a dry land, and water-brooks in a desert. One of the special aspects of the case now under consideration has been tersely summed up by M. le Vicomte de Bonald, in a report made to the Assemblée Nationale in 1872: "The truth of the following aphorisms has been rigorously demonstrated: 1. The presence of forests in a country hinders the occurrence of floods; 2. The destruction of them exposes the land to their ravages; 3. The development of forests furthers the prevention of inundations; 4. The cutting down of forests will bring back the old inundations." So fully have these aphorisms been acknowledged in Switzerland that the cantonal governments give special care to the preservation of the forests, and have endeavored to bring about a common legislation for this end among all countries watered by the same rivers.

In France and Germany much has been done, and more is now doing, by government for the perpetuation of the remaining forests, especially those in mountain-regions. In Prussia and Hanover especially an admirable system of forest management has been introduced, which it would be worth while for our government to study and imitate. It is based

on the principle that the trees shall be allowed time to attain their full growth, and that for every tree cut down there shall be in another part of the forest another one, nearly as large, growing, to take its place. For the beech-forests one hundred and twenty years is the assigned period of growth. A large division of a forest is marked out into six blocks, as nearly equal as convenient, each allotted to as many periods of twenty years' growth, so that one block will be filled with trees not more than twenty years old, a second with those from twenty to forty years, and so on. The beech here matures its seed every third or fourth year. After the first seed-year in the final period, a *Lichtschlag*, or clearing for light, takes place in order to afford light for the germination and growth of the young, self-sown seedlings, the forest-trees being left standing. When the ground is well covered with these, the old trees are felled, and the whole block presents the appearance of a thrifty young plantation—and so on, in regular succession, with each of the six blocks of the forest. With us this system would be modified by the character of the trees to be treated. Those of more rapid growth would require a shorter period; but the essential feature would be that, in these conserved forests, for every tree actually felled there should be another one ready for the axe, and so on through every period of growth, be it longer or shorter. By some such measures as this only can the live-oak, so invaluable for ship-building, be preserved from speedy extermination. Fortunately for us, the government still owns forest-lands which, by careful management, can be made to supply all rational demands forever. To sell any more of these forest-lands for the sake of a few dollars an acre is like killing the goose which lays the golden eggs.

As to the forests, which from their situation upon the mountains are of little or no immediate value, they should be rigorously conserved for the different reason that upon them depends the ultimate perpetuation of most of our rivers. These (for instance, the Adirondack forests) require little more than to be let alone. They have perpetuated themselves in all the past, and, if the axe and firebrand be kept away, will take care of themselves for the future, and will always remain the parents of perpetual streams.

In the immense treeless regions, including the prairies and great northwestern plains, the planting of forests should be sedulously fostered. It would be wise, for example, to exempt from taxation for a very long period all lands devoted to this purpose. Our great railroads would make a wise disposition of a very considerable part of their immense land-grants by reserving them for plantations. In a few years they would be able to supply themselves with the millions of ties which they are now obliged to bring from great distances all along their lines; while the proximity of a forest-patch would greatly enhance the value of the neighboring sections. There can be no doubt that a judicious system of forest-culture would be an important adjunct to the admirable system of irrigation lately begun in what is now styled the Great American Desert. There it is

certain that it would greatly augment the regular annual rainfall, and the insensible dew-deposit.

An immense field for useful effort in this direction is open for every local community, and for every individual landholder. With little effort, not only every village street but every highway might in a few years be bordered and shaded by trees. It was wise advice which the old Laird of Dumbiedikes gave to his son: "Be aye putting in a tree; it will be growing while ye are sleeping." This one sentence is said to have been worth millions to Scotland by turning the attention of landlords to the subject; and it is good advice here as well as there. Wherever on your farm is a rocky knoll, unavailable for plough or scythe, put in a tree and let it grow. Wherever on a hillside or by a spring there is a clump of trees, preserve them as the apple of your eye. A keen axe in a stout woodman's hand will in an hour destroy what it has taken a century to produce, and what a century cannot replace. A few cords of wood are indeed worth something; but not so much as an ever-flowing fountain.

In nearly every part of our settled states one of the most pressing needs is that of more trees. Plant them then in every spot not needed for other uses. Above all things, spare every fine tree now growing. Spare the trees! Not merely the one particular tree which sheltered you in childhood, and which you have so solemnly vowed to protect, but a great many other trees—every tree for the destruction of which you cannot show good and sufficient reason. Spare them not merely from the reason that a fine tree is one of the most beautiful works of Nature, although that is a good and valid reason; but also for the far higher reason of the duty which you owe posterity. Science is beginning to lift up her warning voice and tell us how manifold are the relations which forests bear to human welfare. History has taught us, and observation and experience are still teaching us, that our woodlands stand between the death and the life of a land; that their destruction surely, and by no means slowly, will bring about the decay of fertility, and the consequent desolation of the fairest portions of the earth's surface.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

WE imagine that the greater number of those who listened to Professor Huxley's three lectures at Chickering Hall in September, or who read the reports of them in the newspapers, found themselves no nearer conviction of the truth of evolution than they were before. Many persons must have believed that, if one of the most distinguished exponents of the theory could educe no better evidence than that advanced by Professor Huxley, there is really very little ground for the confident assumptions of its advocates. We cannot think that the learned professor adopted a very good method for his purpose. The whole first lecture, which was devoted to the arraignment of some of the accepted theories of the genesis of life, was unnecessary. These beliefs, or hypotheses, as Professor Huxley called them, must obviously fall if the truth of evolution is ever established; and hence it would have been better to have given the time occupied by these arguments to the more direct purpose of the lectures. The second lecture was also at least partially unnecessary. It was devoted to the examination of certain variations of animal types, which, though favorable to the hypothesis of evolution, did not distinctly demonstrate it. The third lecture only was devoted to the exposition of what was assumed to be positive evidence in favor of evolution. And this consisted of the examination of certain successive variations of the leg and foot of the horse found in the tertiary rocks, which were elaborately dwelt upon as conclusive evidence of the theory—conclusive, because the variations are successive in time and uniform in tendency. No doubt to many purely scientific minds this demonstration was eminently satisfactory. To show to these persons that the hoof of the horse has by regular and uniform processes

been evolved from the five-fingered or five-toed limb is satisfactory evidence that a process clearly established in this case must inevitably be paralleled by other instances in Nature. The evidence is typical, and as such is to certain persons complete. But we imagine that it was far from convincing to the great majority of people. They are prone to ask why the foot of the horse cannot undergo variation, and yet the horse have been originally a separate and special creation. They are, moreover, appalled by the length of time required—running into millions of years—for these few variations in one animal, and argue therefrom that for all the forms of animal life to have been produced by a process so slow would require a period of time far beyond that assigned by the geologists for the existence of the globe. It was generally expected from Professor Huxley that, instead of entering into the minute elaboration of a typical case, he would give a summary of the evidence in favor of evolution—a presentation of the leading facts in Nature that support it, so as to afford his listeners a measurable conception of the extent and the abundance of the testimony. For this reason the lectures, we suspect, were rather disappointing, and scarcely extended or strengthened the belief in evolution.

BUT, whatever opinions were entertained as to the conclusiveness of the evidence advanced by Professor Huxley, we apprehend that no person capable of judging failed to admit the marked literary excellence of the lectures. The lecturer spoke without notes, yet always fluently, with sentences sharply chiseled and exact to the meaning designed, with admirable arrangement and perfect sequence, uttering with close precision and the ut-

most clearness the thought in hand, all with no rhetorical flourishes, and yet with well rounded and balanced sentences. According to our American idea, he was not eloquent—that is, he was without turbulence, declamation, or rhetorical situations. He was smooth, logical, persuasive, cogent; so supremely possessed with his theme that his argument flowed forth in a calm and steady stream of utterance, which, while wholly ungarnished with ornament, took possession of every listener. The examples of subdued style which English lecturers commonly give us may at first seem tame by the side of our noisy American manner; but we may be sure they are proofs of a higher taste and better cultivation, and in the end are calculated to win the approval of intelligent listeners. This calm, insinuating style, if we may so call it, is very different from the prosiness of a dull address—different mainly because there are behind the placid utterance pregnant sentences, coherent argument, amplitude of language, and fullness of thought. If the listener, fresh from the clamorous delivery of certain itinerant speakers, condemns this style as dull, it is because his ear has been excited by sound and fury, and he needs a little educating into the purer and rational methods of persuasive or argumentative eloquence. Professor Huxley's voice lacks volume, but his utterance is slow, and very distinct.

THE season of the succulent oyster is full upon us. Pleasant piles of the crusty bivalve once more rise from the tables of the innumerable shops which are devoted to dealing them out to the million, and the rich sea-ish smell wafts to the tempted nostrils of the passers-by. The old inviting signs, "Oysters in every style," calling to mind the delightful multiplicity of ways in which culinary cunning has learned to serve up this favorite food, are brought out from summer obscurity, and are displayed here and there and everywhere. Men of business, whom the close of the oyster season sets completely adrift as to the matter of lunching-places, and who wander vaguely from restaurant to restaurant, never satisfied, during the oysterless months without an *o*, once more settle down to a steady noon diet, varied by the deft cookery of the oyster-saloon. Theatre-parties no longer find it difficult to choose the bill-of-fare for a toothsome supper, with which cozily to finish off the evening's entertainment; the givers of modest tea-parties are provided with an always-welcome and always-popular dish.

It is specially at the season when oysters return to us that we are able to appreciate of how much consequence they are to the material comfort of our existence. What, indeed, should we do without oysters? We know that the unhappy European has to forego the pleasures of what we know as "an oyster-supper." To be sure, he has at command a miserable, coppery little species of mollusk; but how contemptible is this compared with the big, round, smooth, juicy, and lordly denizen of the beds of the Sound and the Chesapeake! He consoles himself with whitebait in England, with an infinite variety of cunning made-up devices in France, with a hodge-podge

of meat and vegetables in Germany; but who that knows the delights of the American oyster would exchange it for all the savory dishes of Europe? The foreigners who have come to the Exhibition will, for the most part, have gone away without having tasted this most pleasant of American edibles; but those who have remained to partake of it must have felt the Saddlerock or Norwall—a curiosity scarcely less notable than many things displayed in the great Exhibition Hall at Philadelphia.

Even the statistics of oysters are not without interest. They would seem to be the most fecund of all the denizens of the sea; and for this fact, surely, we should be fervidly grateful. Somebody has been lately studying the bivalve, and tells us, after careful observation, that, "if every oyster in the sea were to spat every year, the sea would soon be filled up with oysters!" In the interests of commerce and the other fishes, we would fain hope that the tasty tribe will not wax quite to this extent; though, if they would make a bridge for us from America to Europe, the legions of the sea-sick would have one more reason to bless the oyster's existence. We may take it for granted that every oyster in the sea does *not* "spat" once a year. It is, however, boldly asserted by a no less scientific authority than Mr. Frank Buckland that a single oyster may contain, at one time, over eight hundred thousand embryo oysters. Mr. Buckland, moreover, avers that he has had in his possession "as many molluscous protoplasm as would have grown in time into one hundred and twenty-three million marketable oysters." Thus there is no prospect whatever of a famine in this delightful food. Every year the supply will become greater, and already their cheapness puts oysters within the reach of the poorer classes; and, as they bring health and enjoyment at the same time, this fact is one which we may well rejoice at.

To the Massachusetts Institute of Technology is about to be added a new department, which may fairly be said to mark an era in American technical education. It is designed to convey practical at the same time with theoretical industrial knowledge, by means of a number of workshops, which are now in process of erection. The hint of this project was given by the Russian exhibit of industrial instruction at the Centennial Exhibition. The idea at the bottom of it is that an engineer or master-machinist should not only be able to supervise a work within the line of his profession, but that his knowledge of it should be so intimate and minute that he could at any period of its construction take the tools from the artisan's hands and go on where the artisan left off. This is certainly an important step in the right direction; if carried out faithfully, the graduates of the Institute can scarcely fail to become thorough engineers and machinists.

Perhaps the special danger of this age in the field of education, and especially of technical education, is in the direction of a too long, minute, and elaborate preparation. For instance, the Birmingham (England) School of Art has laid out a scheme for the candidates for its

free scholarships which almost makes it appear as though art were a subsidiary instead of a leading feature of its purpose. The student has to go through a long training in literature, arithmetic, Euclid, botany, modern languages, and what not, before he so much as begins the practical elements of art. Moreover, the ages at which candidates are eligible are, considering what they are expected to accomplish, non-artistic and theoretical studies, much too advanced. No competitor is admitted until he or she is thirteen, and the course comprises six years. Now, at thirteen Millais and Landseer were skillful artists; the same may be said of Vandyck, of Raphael, of Canova, and Flaxman. The artistic instinct is commonly evinced very early in life; moreover, it is worth while to consider, in a design which is to some degree charitable, and has for its purpose the enabling of poor youths with artistic proclivities to get a living by brush or chisel, whether art is not a whole education in itself. So, too, in industrial teaching, too much time may easily be spent in studies which may have, it is true, some remote bearing on the subject to be specially dealt with, but by pursuing which precious time is lost before theory is aided by practical illustration and action. This evil of overdoing the preparation for technical instruction is to be avoided by the workshops of the Institute of Technology, wherein students will not only be taught the philosophy of machinery, but will be set to constructing machines with their own hands, and even to making the tools which are used in that construction.

"PRAY, sir," said a fair, anonymous correspondent of the *Spectator*, "what have you to do with our petticoats?" The substance of the same question is very often asked in these days by ladies who are called to task for their extravagance or want of taste in dress. Not long since a long and certainly eloquent complaint was made by an ardent "woman's-rights" advocate of the onslaught made by masculine critics on each new fashion as it comes into vogue. Yet it may be doubted whether our wives, sisters, and daughters, in general, would be any more inclined to echo the complaint than to follow its author into the heat and dust of the conflict for woman suffrage. Our ladies, undoubtedly, like to have their male kind take notice of their toilets and attire; they are frankly pleased when their carefully-prepared devices to array themselves are complimented; and we suspect they would rather be criticised on this score than have their pains go entirely for nothing. The author of a book prays for a "slashing criticism" in preference to being utterly ignored; and, for a less mercenary reason, Ophelia is better satisfied to be told that pink is less adapted to her complexion than magenta, than she is when her husband tells her next morning that he really thought she wore blue. It is to the credit of the ladies that they dress, in very many cases, to please the sex of blunter tastes; and, as to extravagance, the domestic chancellor of the exchequer has assuredly the right—and the sensible ladies freely accord it—to allude to the annual estimates.

Besides, the young lady who so sharply took the *Spectator* to task was possibly ignorant or forgetful of certain men who have, and always must have, a great deal to do with "our petticoats." For some of these, Worth, of Paris, is a brilliant example. Is it not a fact that not only the makers, manufacturers, jobbers, and sellers of laces and silks, are men, but that the fashioners of these fabrics into elaborate, graceful, and ingenious robes, the people who measure for them and cut them out, are men also? Not only so, but the mysterious creators of the often *bizarre* and startling fashions which lend new life to trade and feminine ambition every month or two are a little coterie of fashion-draughtsmen, hid away in some rear street of Paris. We know that in Shakespeare's time men dress-makers were extant, for it was such a one who came to take the measure of the shrewish *Katherine*; nor has the custom, as is pretty well known, quite gone out yet. Some critics, in their heat, blame the ladies for the sometimes uncouth fashions that invade society: as a fact, persons of their own sex are the culprits. The ladies but submit to a long-established and very obstinate despotism. It is but a matter of justice to declare that the "pull-back" and the "bustle" were the product of masculine brains. It saves the reputation of the gentler sex for taste, and all that can be said is that the ladies have not that masculine trait, courage, to defy the fashion tyrants. History records that a French medical student invented the "bustle," and an Austrian gentleman "crinoline;" and we suspect that every fashion that has been decried as a deformity may be traced to a masculine source. The Parisian despots must be unearthed and deposed before we can hope for a reform in the creations of fashion. We are quite sure that, if they were superseded by a fashion court of intelligent ladies, dresses might vary in form, but would never cease to be graceful.

ONE of the characteristics of the age is the erection of monuments and statues to the heroes and worthies of the past. New York for many years could boast of but one bronze statue; but recently Lincoln, Walter Scott, Shakespeare, Franklin, and Morse, have been honored here by bronze effigies, and within a few weeks statues of Lafayette and Seward have been added to the list. Decided as the taste has been for the elevation of bronze and marble monuments to great men, the statue of Seward is the first memento erected by the people of the city of New York to one of the citizens of their own State; while so far no statue, whether of metal or of marble, no commemorative column or fountain, no public memento of any sort, exists in honor of any local celebrity. Doubtless there are but few who deserve such commemoration; yet we apprehend the difficulty has not been so much in selecting the persons as in the popular indifference to the past history of New York. Otherwise we would have taken pleasure in honoring our colonial city in an effigy of Henry Hudson, its discoverer; of Peter Stuyvesant, its ever-famous governor; of Jacob Leisler, one of its early martyrs, and other of the many worthies

whose names reflect glory upon the days gone by. Not a monument to any good old Dutchman recalls the homely yet glorious period of the ancient Knickerbockers. Not even a building stands with its quaint gables to speak of the forgotten New Amsterdam. Nor have our later worthies been more fortunate in awakening the sympathy or patriotic zeal of New-Yorkers. There is no statue to Alexander Hamilton, or to John Jay. There is none to George Clinton, nor even to De Witt Clinton, whom, perhaps, as worthy citizen and admirable mayor, it is not strange, in view of our indifference to our local history, we should forget, but as originator of the Erie Canal, which has brought so much wealth to the city, our selfish instincts, at least, ought to have prompted us to honor him. Nor have we cared as yet to erect statues to our great writers or our great lawyers. Some ladies, it is true, have proposed a statue of Washington Irving, and one to Fitz-Greene Halleck was projected some years ago; but at the present moment not only have we ignored our local intellectual celebrities, but not a statue, not a bust, not a monument of any kind, exists in our city streets or squares to the name and fame of any national poet or author. Statues of Shakespeare and Scott, and busts of Schiller and Humboldt, stand in our Central Park; but where is there an effigy of Cooper or of Irving, of Prescott or of Hawthorne?

It is a satisfaction that in the Seward bronze we have begun our long-neglected duty, and there is an enhanced pleasure in the fact that this beginning is a marked success. We shall not attempt to criticise the statue in its details: there is no monumental bronze in the world that will not be found faulty in some minor particulars if subjected to a microscopic examination; it is sufficient that the statue is large and effective in composition, well balanced in parts, and that the likeness in form and features is good. It seems to us one of the best efforts of the kind in our city. The Lafayette statue, which is a gift of the French Government, is a spirited figure, but from some points of view it impresses us as theatrical in pose, and in others as being rather feeble. Looked at from the Washington statue, which it faces, it is really very good, but from the opposite direction it scarcely satisfies the eye.

THE *Saturday Review*, criticising a book descriptive of life in Germany, complains that the writer seizes upon exceptional persons and exceptional instances as types, and therefore does gross injustice to the German people. Now, this is just the thing that we in America have so long complained of in English visitors to our shores. It is probably a defect of all books or criticisms upon peoples foreign to the writers or speakers thereof. It seems to be a law of human nature that, while we recognize a peculiarity in a neighbor as something individual, a similar idiosyncrasy in a foreigner is confidently set down as characteristic of his nation. We are rarely, indeed, so self-complacent, so unjust, and so preposterously ignorant, as when we attempt to judge of the habits, customs, and ideas of people educated under a *régime* dis-

tinctly different from ours. Instances of this kind of wrong judgment are common enough, but one comes to us recently from Philadelphia that specially calls for a word of protest. The New York *World* sent a reporter to the Centennial Exhibition to interview some of the foreign commissioners and exhibitors, the result being the utterance of a number of criticisms not very flattering to our people. One Italian gentleman criticised our young women as follows:

"They are the most impertinent creatures I ever saw. They go up to a foreigner with the most perfect *sang-froid*, stare him out of countenance, ask him if he is married, how many children he has, where he comes from, and I know not what. Their excessive freedom of manner to our hot-blooded people seems what I hope it is not. But they take the most extraordinary liberties. Fancy a pretty girl of eighteen laying her little dimpled hand on your arm and asking you, naively or boldly, I know not which, how you like the American ladies. What the deuce can one think? I am an old man, and, knowing how I feel, I can imagine the sentiments of my younger countrymen. Either your American darlings forget that we are flesh and blood, or they are horribly indifferent to the feelings of their fellow-creatures."

How unconscious the critic is of the whole mental attitude of these "impertinent creatures," and unconscious of his own turpitude in the suspicions he entertains! In the first place he has selected for his condemnation a few rustic young women, whose chief fault is that they are underbred, but whose experience has led them to look upon men with confidence as their natural protectors; who, being utterly without wrong motives, never dream of such an interpretation of their conduct as that put upon it by this Italian gentleman; or who, discovering it to exist, would not innocently suppose that the blame must rest upon him who attached evil suspicions to an act of careless innocence. A visitor from a land where women are watched with ceaseless distrust; where it is believed that virtue can only be maintained by laws of restraint and compulsion; where all men look upon feminine beauty as a legitimate object of intrigue and conquest—a visitor from a country where this degrading estimate of women prevails can no more accurately judge of the conduct of young girls in America than he can tell what the proclivities of the inhabitants of the planets are. He is dealing with creatures who are virtuous because they are innocent, and not because they are guarded like so many prisoners, and who are unsuspicious because suspicion is invariably associated with evil—beings which neither his education nor his instincts can comprehend, and who thus are entitled to his respectful suspension of judgment.

It is so much the fashion to assume that American domestic architecture is inferior in all respects to that of our other civilized countries, that one can but feel satisfaction in the very different critical attitude taken on this subject by an architect of Great Britain. In a paper read before the Architectural Association of Ireland by Mr. William Fogerty, entitled "Hints from American Architectural Practice," we discover that there are some things in our towns and cities which an instructed taste can approve of. Mr. Fogerty is particularly pleased with

our external doorways as "forming very imposing and attractive features in American houses," which generally are so miserably bald and uninviting abroad. It has always seemed to us that any one coming from Europe and walking up Fifth Avenue must be impressed with the broad sweep of steps, the handsome porches, and attractive vestibules, as compared with similar architectural features in England or on the Continent. Mr. Fogerty thinks the English prejudice against anything like style in a doorway should be discountenanced, and that our example is well worthy of imitation. The veranda is a feature of our suburban houses which this critic admires, but he doubts whether it would be practicable in the damp climate of his native country. The interior of our dwellings Mr. Fogerty unqualifiedly commends, and he even approves our method of heating them. He thinks it preposterous that the halls, staircases, passages, and even some of the bedrooms of a house should be destitute of any provision for warming them, while a few of the living-rooms are heated by open fires, which just give a comfortable seat or two in the immediate vicinity. "The effect of this defective system," he says, "is seen in our (English) internal domestic architecture, which is cramped and confined as compared with the American. Our doors are miserably small, and have to be placed in lop-sided positions, with a total disregard to symmetry, while draughts have to be guarded against by frequent cross-entrances, while the American system permits of more spacious, elegant, and symmetrical doorways." It must be admitted that the heating apparatus used so common-

ly in America has the advantage indicated by Mr. Fogerty, but, in cases where it is the sole means of warming the house, where it closes up the fireplace, drives out the cheerful blaze, and charges the atmosphere with a dry and unwholesome heat, we, for our part, look upon it as wholly bad. Heating methods which simply reduce the cold of the hall and passages, but leave the living-rooms to be warmed by the open fire, possess every advantage dwelt upon by Mr. Fogerty, without vitiating the atmosphere or banishing the cheer of the hearth. But our open, comfortable interiors have a great charm for Mr. Fogerty: he finds peculiar satisfaction in the fact that our "halls, stairs, and passages, are handsomely furnished and carpeted, and are generally quite as agreeable lounging-places as the sitting-rooms to which they are thrown open by the large folding-doors already referred to, to a much greater extent than prevails with us."

Mr. Fogerty finds many other things to praise: he comments upon the conveniences and mechanical appliances of our kitchens and dining-rooms; admires the stairs of our houses as "really beautiful and elaborate pieces of work;" and altogether, instead of sending up a fierce howl at everything in America, as is usually the custom with superior Europeans, he discovers that we have applied to our methods of life many good ideas, and exhibited in our constructive-arts not a little skill and taste. Perhaps the sanction of this gentleman will enable a few discontented Americans to see that a *few* matters at home are managed a little better than they are abroad.

New Books.

WITHOUT being, as Mr. Larned claims in his "Talks about Labor,"¹ the question of to-day which inevitably in the nature of things succeeds the slavery-question of yesterday, the labor-question—the problem of the relations between labor and capital—is certainly one of the most important that can attract the attention of thoughtful men, and is fraught with vast issues in the future of human society. And it is symptomatic of the growing interest in the subject that so many writers who have no relish for political economy as a science are devoting themselves to an exploration of this particular branch of it in the hope of finding some solution more satisfactory than those that have hitherto been formulated. The philanthropic sentiment of the time could hardly rest content with the cheerless conclusions of the "dismal science." In his fine chapter on the future of the laboring-classes, Mr. Mill shows how strongly, even in the midst of the almost mechanical processes of his logic, he was influenced by this sentiment; and it was this more than anything else which started Mr. Francis A. Walker on the line of investigation which resulted in his rejection of the whole "wages-fund" theory.

Mr. Larned constructs for himself an avenue of escape from the slough of despond, which, according to

Ruskin, the political economists have thrown across the pathway of the race, not by repudiating established politico-economical laws, but by calling in modifying influences which he thinks have been either ignored or underrated. If a selfish desire for gain were the only element in human nature, then, as he acknowledges, the conclusions of political economy would be inexorable and irrefragable; but man is much more than a "money-making animal," and the author has a passionate faith that the same ethical principles which liberated the serf, freed the slave, and emancipated the mass of the people from the thralldom of feudal kings and lords, will ultimately secure for the "hard sons of toil" a larger share in the product of their labor than could ever be accorded them under the operation of merely economical laws. Mr. Larned has no faith in legislation, and still less in trade-unions, strikes, and similar schemes of social demagogues and agitators; his reliance is solely upon public opinion, and that slow enlightenment of it which is involved in what he calls the moral development of mankind. Even as to the time which must elapse before the sentiment of justice can obtain complete sway in this department of affairs, he entertains none of the sanguine delusions of an enthusiast; and no opportunity for dissent is afforded until he comes to propound the practical method by which the first step of readjustment is to be brought about. This method is what he defines as "co-partnership"—an arrangement in which the laborers, be-

¹ Talks about Labor, and concerning the Evolution of Justice between the Laborers and the Capitalists. By J. N. Larned. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

sides receiving fair wages, shall also participate in the profits of the business of which their labor forms such an important and essential factor. Coöperation he dismisses with contemptuous brusqueness, though curiously enough the only objection which he brings against it is singularly fallacious. "It is an attempt," he says, "on the part of men who represent the mechanical, constructive, producing faculties, to dispense with the coöperation of men who represent the organizing, combining, commercial faculties, and I hold that these two sets of faculties are indispensable to one another." The assumption here is that coöperation implies that the ignorant and inexperienced workmen who supply the capital and the labor must also act the part of the so-called "captains of industry," thus exposing themselves to almost inevitable defeat in the keen competitions of business. But coöperation does not necessarily involve anything of the kind. It is open to laborers possessed of capital to employ managers, just as it is open to managers possessed of capital to employ laborers. This appears to us the true and probable solution of the labor-problem—with the modification that the manager shall not be simply an employé, but a sharer in the profits of the business, and generally a contributor to its capital. Of one thing we are convinced, and that is, that no plan will fully emancipate the working-classes which does not involve the laborers' becoming a capitalist, and thus securing a share in the advantages which capital will assuredly command under any conceivable structure of human society.

Mr. Larned's "Talks" are brief, and, as he says, designed only "to suggest to some other minds a mode of thought which they may be willing to pursue." They show considerable study, however, and a good deal of independent thought, and the conclusions and arguments are those of a man of strong common-sense who believes in an ethical order as well as in an economical order of the universe. The only part of his doctrine (besides the strictures on coöperation) that seems to us objectionable is his attack on inherited wealth, the possession of which he regards as of doubtful equity, and therefore likely to be abrogated in the progress of society. Doubtless it is true, as he affirms, that there is no "natural right of inheritance;" but that is not the point. The point is, that the power of transmission by inheritance has been and is the very strongest incentive to that abstinence from current consumption which is the prime condition of the creation of capital; and nothing can be more certain than that the abrogation of this power would subtract far more in the long-run from the "wages-fund" than would ever be added to it by available savings of the working-classes.

If ever Darwinism, as it is called, is to meet with general acceptance at the hands of a generation educated in conformity with the great doctrines of Christianity, it must be in some such form as that expounded by Professor Asa Gray in his recently-published volume entitled "Darwiniana."¹ The essays of which it is composed were written from the standpoint of one "who is scientifically, and in his own fashion, a Darwinian, philosophically a convinced theist, and religiously an acceptor of the 'creed commonly called the Nicene,' as the exponent of the Christian faith;" and, quite apart from their value as expositions, they are keenly interesting as showing how an exceptionally able and well-informed man, who is fully aware of the difficulties involved, can heart-

ily accept all that Darwin appears to claim for his theory, and at the same time bring it into harmony with one of the most orthodox forms of Christian dogma. This harmony, it should be added, is not secured by strained analogies and subtle interpretations of Biblical texts, but by a clear appreciation of the fact that the Creator might have worked out his scheme of life by gradual evolution as well as by special, direct, and continuous creation, and that whether he did so or not science is quite competent to determine on the evidence furnished by Nature itself.

With the exception of the last, on "Evolutionary Teleology," the thirteen papers in the volume were written as occasion called for them during the past sixteen years, and contributed to various periodicals, with little thought of their forming a series, and none of ever bringing them together. For this reason they lack the thoroughness of a systematic and coherent treatise, and exhibit a tendency to encroach on each other's field, and also to some iteration of argument; but the author rightly concluded that more would probably be lost than gained by an attempt to recast or rewrite them. "It is better," he says, "that they should record, as they do, the writer's freely-expressed thoughts upon the subject at the time; and to many readers there may be some advantage in going more than once, in different directions, over the same ground." The majority of the papers in the volume are in the shape of reviews of Darwin's books, as they successively appeared, or of the multifarious controversial writings to which they have given rise; so that, taken together, they present an exceptionally comprehensive survey of the literature of the subject, as well as of its scientific and theological aspects. Professor Gray is keen in argument, fertile in illustration, and commands a singularly lucid, animated, and pleasing style; and no one has yet written a book from which the non-scientific reader will find it easier to obtain a precise idea of the character, scope, and limitations of the Darwinian theory.

ONE of the best of the many books of which Japan has been the subject during the past few years is "The Mikado's Empire," by William Elliot Griffis, A. M.¹ Mr. Griffis was among the first to be brought in contact with the Japanese youth who came to this country for purposes of education in 1868, and he subsequently spent four years in Japan itself under peculiarly favorable circumstances. "During all my residence," he says, "I enjoyed the society of cultivated scholars, artists, priests, antiquaries, and students, both in the provincial and national capitals. From the living I bore letters of introduction to the prominent men in the Japanese Government, and thus were given me opportunities for research and observation not often afforded to foreigners. My facilities for regular and extended travel were limited only by my duties. Nothing Japanese was foreign to me, from palace to beggar's hut. I lived in Dai Nippon during four of the most pregnant years of the nation's history. Nearly one year was spent alone in a daimio's capital far in the interior, away from Western influence, when feudalism was in its full bloom, and the old life in vogue. In the national capital, in the time well called 'the flowering of the nation,' as one of the instructors in the Imperial University, having picked students from all parts of the empire, I was a witness of the marvelous development, reforms, dangers, pageants, and changes

¹ Darwiniana: Essays and Reviews pertaining to Darwinism. By Asa Gray, Fisher Professor of Natural History (Botany) in Harvard University. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

¹ The Mikado's Empire. Book I. History of Japan from 660 B. C. to 1872 A. D. Book II. Personal Experiences, Observations, and Studies in Japan, 1870-1874. By William Elliot Griffis, A. M. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers.

of the epochal years 1872, 1873, and 1874. With pride I may say truly that I have felt the pulse and heart of New Japan." The result of all these advantages is exhibited alike in "The History of Japan," which fills one moiety of the book, and in the "Personal Experiences, Observations, and Studies in Japan," which occupy the remainder. The latter may fairly be said to give one a more detailed, trustworthy, unbiased, and intimate view of the Japanese people—of their manners and customs, social observances, modes of living, political organization, religious beliefs, mythology, superstitions, folk-lore and fireside stories, industries, sports, and amusements—than anything that has previously been offered to Western readers. Mr. Griffis appears to have really tried to see the Japanese from their own point of view, and, though his ethical standards are in the last resort those of a Christian and an American, he has not allowed them to blind him to virtues and noble qualities which happen to present themselves in an alien and unfamiliar guise. Few foreigners have enjoyed the privilege of residing for a considerable period in an interior city, far remote at once from the capital and from the treaty ports, and the account which Mr. Griffis gives of his life at Fukui (the most detailed portion of his book) shows that the Japanese are an enterprising, energetic, ambitious, and capable people, but amiable, sunny-tempered, courteous to each other and to strangers, and entirely free from that brutal prejudice of race which characterizes their Chinese neighbors.

The historical portion of the work is on a less comprehensive and elaborate scale than that of Mr. Adams, of the British legation, now in course of publication, but it contains all that the general reader will care to know, and much more than he will remember; seems to be accurate and reliable; and is written in a style which is animated, if somewhat lacking in dignity. Free use is made of native authorities, especially in the legendary portions of the history, but the most attractive chapters are those which narrate the momentous events of the years 1872, 1873, and 1874, of which Mr. Griffis was a keenly-interested spectator. The illustrations are numerous and exceptionally valuable, many of them being from photographs, while others were selected from native books, and others still are reproductions of original sketches by some of the most popular Japanese artists.

UNDER the title of "Condensed Classics," Mr. Rossiter Johnson, editor of the popular "Little Classics," has undertaken to prepare a series of works which, if the enterprise be supported by the public, will ultimately present, in a uniform style and abridged form, the principal novels and romances of Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, Bulwer, Hugo, Fielding, and other standard writers of fiction. This series, as he suggests, is not intended to raise the question whether the works composing it shall be read in this edition or in a complete one, but "to meet the question already existing, whether, in many cases, they shall be read in some such edition as this, or not read at all;" and he hopes that many readers will be attracted by the condensed editions, who would never attack the complete ones, and also that there are many who would be "glad to re-read, in a condensation which preserves every dramatic element, those romances which once gave them pleasure, but which are now forbidden fruits, because of the serious consideration of time." The scheme has a plausible air, and, though actual experiment only can demonstrate whether or not it meets a genuine want, we should not be surprised if portions of the series, at least, should be found to possess consid-

erable elements of popular success. We have long thought that an abridged edition of the "Waverley Novels" would meet with wide acceptance, knowing, as we do, how many readers there are, by no means illiterate, who confess, with shame, that they have never read these great classics, and urge, in excuse, that they are intimidated by their "innumerable number and vast voluminousness." Fielding, Richardson, Smollett, and Godwin, have sunk completely below the horizon of modern readers, and abridgments of their more noteworthy tales ought to prove an acceptable addition to the stores even of those who usually confine their attention to "current literature;" but Dickens and Thackeray are probably too familiar, and their spell too potent and recent, for any considerable number of readers to be content with their works in a mutilated form.

As a specimen of the manner in which the work of condensation is to be performed, "Ivanhoe"¹ is offered. Mr. Johnson has succeeded in reducing this greatest of Scott's romances to less than half its original bulk, with a real gain in dramatic force, sprightliness of narrative, and vigor of style. What we miss chiefly is that rich, splendid, and romantic mediæval atmosphere which gives perspective and *vraisemblance* to the story in its old form, and which was produced by an infinity of minute touches and details, the majority of which Mr. Johnson is compelled to omit in order to make room for comparatively full accounts of the banquet in Cedric's Hall, the tournament of Ashby-de-la-Zouche, the siege of Front-le-Bœuf's castle, and the other salient episodes of the narrative. It is plain that much must be lost in the process of abridgment, and yet we are bound to confess that not only is the loss less than we should have thought it, but that many readers will find Mr. Johnson's version decidedly more interesting than the original work.

THE recent great advance of physiology toward completeness and precision is well illustrated in Professor Julius Bernstein's "Five Senses of Man."² It is no very long time since a brief chapter or two of a popular treatise would suffice to present all that was known concerning the phenomena and operations of the sensory organs; but Professor Bernstein has easily filled a goodly-sized volume with facts and details which modern investigation has brought to light, but which have, as yet, found no place in popular literature or text-books. Of smell and taste, indeed, our present knowledge enables us to say little more regarding the why and the how than could be said at the beginning of the century; but the mysteries of sight, hearing, and touch, have been thoroughly explored, and there are few bodily organs whose structure, function, and methods of action, can be explained as fully and as accurately as Professor Bernstein explains those of the eye and ear. And we may remark that increased knowledge by no means tends to lessen our conviction that man is curiously and wonderfully made. The mere fact of sight has always been a marvel; and when we come to understand the exceeding complexity of the apparatus by which it is secured, its curious adaptations, its variations of structure, and the wonderful perfection with which it operates, our sense of its marvelous character is certainly not diminished. So of the ear, with its hardly

¹ Condensed Classics. *Ivanhoe: A Romance.* By Sir Walter Scott. Condensed by Rossiter Johnson. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

² *The Five Senses of Man.* By Julius Bernstein, Professor of Physiology in the University of Halle. International Scientific Series. Vol. xxi. Illustrated. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

less delicate adjustments, and the sense of touch, through whose instrumentality we get so large a share of our knowledge of the external world.

Professor Bernstein states frankly that he has endeavored at times to take the reader a step beyond the domain of ordinary popular treatises; and some of his experiments, and the reasoning based on them, undoubtedly imply more knowledge of biological laws and of the processes of scientific induction than is possessed by most readers. Close attention, however, will enable such readers to master at least the bearing even of these, and the greater part of the expositions are delightfully lucid and simple.

PERHAPS as much of permanent value as is possessed by any memento of the national anniversary will be found in "The First Century of the Republic: A Review of American Progress."¹ In scope, it covers every department of industrial and mental activity in which the national intellect, or genius, or taste, has manifested itself, and the list of contributors as given below is a sufficient guarantee of the character and quality of the work. Each of the gentlemen whose name figures in the table of contents is entitled to speak, and in fact does speak, with authority on the subject of which he treats; and in nearly every case the review is a condensation of the results of life-long research and special study. As a matter of course, the papers are of varying degrees of merit, some of the longer ones, such as those on "Scientific Progress" and "Mechanical Progress," attaining to the dimensions of treatises, and being a satisfactory and adequate record; while those on "American Literature," "Progress of the Fine Arts," and "Religious Development," consist of necessity of brief sketches and vague generalizations. The paper on "American Literature," in particular, though Mr. Whipple doubtless made as good use as possible of the time and space at his disposal, strikes us as totally inadequate and somewhat superficial. As regards the impression produced by the work as a whole, we may say with the publishers that the results of this retrospect of a century's growth, and the reflections naturally suggested by these results as to the characteristic features of our people, "contradict those which are drawn from a superficial review of the social and political abuses of the day, and are reassuring as to the hopeful future of the republic."

SINCE Mr. Longfellow exhibits no signs as yet of having exhausted his own store, it would certainly seem as if he might be more profitably employed than in compiling the productions of other writers; but there can be no doubt that his "Poems of Places"² will afford readers

¹ The First Century of the Republic: A Review of American Progress. By Theodore D. Woolsey, D. D., LL. D.; F. A. P. Barnard, LL. D.; Hon. David A. Wells; Hon. Francis A. Walker; Professor T. Sterry Hunt; Professor Wm. G. Sumner; Edward Atkinson; Professor Theodore Gill; Edwin P. Whipple; Professor W. H. Brewer; Eugene Lawrence; Rev. John F. Hurst, D. D.; Benjamin Vaughn Abbott; Austin Flint, M. D.; S. S. Conant; Edward H. Knight; and Charles L. Brace. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers.

² Poems of Places. Edited by Henry W. Longfellow. Volumes i. and ii. England. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

an agreeable opportunity of becoming acquainted with some of the choicest poetry in the language. Of course, if an anthology be sufficiently comprehensive, and the selections are of high quality, it makes little difference on what plan it is arranged, or what relationship between the various constituent poems is attempted to be brought out. While on the one hand the chronological arrangement enables us to observe the changing fashions of poetry, the great mutations of thought, and the different themes which at different times seem most powerfully to have awakened man's imagination—on the other, Mr. Longfellow's plan exhibits to us the kind of inspiration that has been drawn from the same scene by different poets—how Helvellyn, for instance, inspires Sir Walter Scott, Wordsworth, and Coleridge, and how London has inserted its huge bulk into the verse of two centuries. The only objection that has occurred to us on general grounds to Mr. Longfellow's classification is that it would, if rigidly applied, exclude all except purely descriptive poetry; but this objection is dissipated when we find Keats's "Ode to a Nightingale" introduced under "Hampstead" (which is not even mentioned in the poem); and, under "Lynn," Hood's thrilling "Dream of Eugene Aram."

The two volumes that have already appeared deal with "England," and there will be a third and perhaps a fourth before the scene is transferred to another country. They are issued in the tasteful and convenient "Little Classic" style, and, if carried out on its present scale, the series will probably fill a shelf in the library by itself.

THE general reader—that tribunal of last resort in literary matters—has so often reversed the verdict of the critics in the case of Dr. Holland that it is a somewhat discouraging task to point out faults in the productions of his pen. We might truthfully say of the contents of "Every-Day Topics,"¹ culled from the multitude of brief articles which he has contributed to *Scribner's Monthly* during the past five years, that they are rather trivial in character for reproduction and preservation in book form; but, then, it cannot be denied that they are as good as various others of Dr. Holland's works, which once had great vogue, and which are still, as the author says, "so kindly regarded by the public that they maintain for themselves a constant sale." Readers who have been edified by "Gold Foil," "Plain Talks on Familiar Subjects," "Letters to the Joneses," etc., will find the same literary qualities in "Every-Day Topics," with, perhaps, increased precision of treatment and an added pungency of style. The limitations of space under which the articles composing it were written have brought about a clear improvement in Dr. Holland's work; and the book will commend itself to many as showing what a "plain man" with "no nonsense about him" thinks of culture, literature and literary men, criticism, preachers and preaching, Christianity and science, the temperance question, politics and political men, manners, social usages, women, amusements, and those other topics of the time that would naturally challenge the attention of a wide-awake editor and book-maker.

¹ Every-Day Topics: A Book of Briefs. By J. G. Holland. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

APPLETONS' JOURNAL.

NOTES AND MISCELLANY.

PIANO AWARDS.

WEBER, OF NEW YORK, RECEIVES THE HIGHEST AWARD
AT THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION.

[Special dispatch to the New York *Evening Express*.]

PHILADELPHIA, September 27, 1876.

In no department of the Exhibition has the competition been greater than among the piano-makers, and, while the contest soon narrowed down to but few houses, it seems undisputed that Weber has distanced *all competition, and must be to-day recognized as the piano-maker par excellence of the world*, and the musical jury has but stamped the seal of the American Centennial Exhibition upon the generally-awarded verdict of every vocalist and musician by the award which gives the medal to A. Weber, of New York, for "*sympathetic, pure, and rich tone, combined with greatest power, as shown in the three styles, Grand, Square, and Upright, which show intelligence and solidity in their construction, a pliant and easy touch, which, at the same time, answers promptly to its requirements, together with excellence of workmanship.*"

While the judges accredit to Weber's competitors "largest volume, purity, and duration of tones"—mere mechanical qualities—to Weber alone are accredited the highest possible musical qualities :

Sympathetic, pure, and rich tone, with greatest power.

It is the sympathetic and rich quality of tone which has made the Weber Piano the favorite of every singer as well as the public. It is these *special qualities* which, combined with purity and greatest power in a voice, make the greatest singer, and which in an instrument make it the peer of its competitors. Purity, power, and duration, are but cold exponents of mechanical excellence. Add to these qualities, as the judges say are contained in the Weber, sympathy and richness of tone, and you breathe into it warmth and life, and you have the *ne plus ultra* of a piano.

This Weber has done at the Centennial, and, when the judges commend his instruments also for their solidity of construction and excellence of workmanship, they tell the public that the Weber piano is the best in the world.

THE ART JOURNAL, published by D. Appleton & Co., is giving a series of illustrations depicting the various art-objects at the Centennial Exhibition. This series of engravings is among the best of the kind ever produced, and greatly enhances the value of the publication. A series of papers on "American Homes" is also of great interest, the latest illustrations being views of cottages and villas at Newport. "Armsmear," the well-known residence of Mrs. Colt at Hartford, will be illustrated in the November number. The steel plates of this publication maintain their early-established reputation, a single plate often being worth three or four times the price of the number, judged by the prices at the print-shops.

An aquarium has just been opened in New York, the first of any notable size in America. It is the enterprise of Mr. Loup, of New York, who was prompted to the undertaking by a series of papers in APPLETONS' JOURNAL.

A RECENT number of the London *Examiner* has the following clever parody of a well-known poem by Southey :

"THE LODORE WATERFALL.

"BY A DRY-WEATHER TOURIST (AFTER SOUTHEY).

"How does the water come down at Lodore ?

Here it comes piddling,
The hot tourist diddling,
And leaves him his wrath in,
As it passes scarce frothing,
Just oozing and snoozing,
And sinking and winking,
And bubbling and doubling,
Delaying and playing,
Receding not speeding,
And draggling and dropping,
And lazily hopping,
Dribbling and daundering,
Trickling and maundering,
And weeping, and creeping, and sleeping,
And crying, and flying, and drying,
And dreaming, and steaming, and gleaming,
Biding, and sliding, and gliding,
Mizzling, and fizzling, and drizzling,
Slipping, and dripping, and skipping,
Tumbling, and mumbuling, and fumbling, and grumbling,
Falling, and sprawling, and drawing, and crawling,
And never quite ending, but always descending.
Always diminishing, never quite finishing,
Without any furor, or the slightest uproar—
This is how I saw water come down at Lodore !

"W. T. M."

IT is several years since an opportunity has been afforded to purchase the wine made by the late Dr. R. T. Underhill, of Croton Point. So many of the native wines cannot be relied upon for purity and freedom from drugs, that an article vouched for in these particulars by Drs. Willard Parker, Alex. H. Stevens, Gurdon Buck, and Thomas Cock, will be eagerly availed of.

By referring to their advertisement on another page, their place of sale can be obtained.

MADAME DEMOREST'S LATEST GRAND TRIUMPH.

THE Highest Honors of the Centennial Exposition were awarded only to Madame Demorest for Patterns of the Fashions ; also the highest award for System of Dress-Cutting, Stocking-Suspenders, Skirt-Supporters, and the only exclusive award, with the Highest Honors, for made Corsets.—(See *Judges' Report*.)

NERVOUS SUFFERERS will be glad to know there is a safe and reliable remedy for the various ailments, such as *Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Weak Limbs, Joints, and Back, Sleeplessness, and Numbness in the Extremities—Cold Feet*. We refer to the VOLTAIC ARMADILLO, an electro-magnetic remedy for nervous diseases, made by E. J. Seibert, 819 Broadway, cor. Twelfth Street, New York. The subjoined, from Rev. Dr. S. H. Tyng, Sr., is evidence of its merit :

E. J. SEIBERT, 819 Broadway, New York.

SIR : I have given a full trial to your Voltaic Armadillo in separate applications, and cheerfully express to you my satisfaction with the personal advantage and benefit which I have received.

STEPHEN H. TYNG.

ST. GEORGE'S RECTORY, 209 E. Sixteenth Street,
NEW YORK, November 30, 1875.

THE AMERICAN CENTENNIAL, 1876.

WHEELER AND WILSON VICTORIOUS!

AGAIN the WHEELER & WILSON Sewing-Machines triumph over the world. The Centennial Commission have officially announced the awards, and decreed for the new WHEELER & WILSON machine *two Medals of Merit and two Diplomas of Honor*. This is a double victory, and the highest award which it was in the power of the Centennial authorities to bestow. No other company received such a recognition in this department. More than thirty of the best producers of machines in this and other countries entered for competition, and at Philadelphia in 1876, as at Vienna in 1873, and at Paris in 1867, WHEELER & WILSON lead the list. After a careful, rigorous, and exhaustive examination, the judges unanimously decided that the superior excellence of these machines deserved more than one medal or diploma, and consequently they recommended *two of each*. The Centennial Commission unanimously ratified the action of the judges, and the public will doubtless indorse the decision of these ablest of mechanical experts. A claim of equally distinguished honor by any other sewing-machine company is only an attempt to hoodwink the people. Read the following, which stamps the "NEW WHEELER & WILSON" as the *Standard Sewing-Machine of the world*." From the Official Report :

AWARDS TO WHEELER & WILSON.

I.—A Medal and Diploma for the "NEW WHEELER & WILSON SEWING-MACHINE," for the following reasons:

"A Lock-Stitch Sewing-Machine, unsurpassed in the fine workmanship of its parts, great originality, great adaptability to different kinds of work, both in Cloth and Leather, beauty of Stitch, ease and rapidity of motion, and completeness of display."

2.—A Medal and Diploma for the "NEW WHEELER & WILSON SEWING-MACHINE" for Leather, for "Superior quality of work in Leather-Stitching."

APPLETON & Co.'s periodicals cover pretty nearly the whole intellectual field—THE POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY being devoted to science, the ART JOURNAL to art, and the Monthly Miscellany to general literature.

THE stomachic capacity for oysters is something astonishing, if we may believe the story of a man down East, who was wont, three times a week, to resort to a certain tavern, where he regaled himself invariably with steamed oysters and "whiskey-skins." The tavern stood between a river and a marsh; and once, when the oyster-lover was there, the river rose, a freshet followed, and the tavern was isolated from the land. His friends became alarmed for him; but he duly made his appearance in the village next day, and, when asked how he had escaped, replied that, "as he swallowed the oysters, he threw the 'valves out a winder, and by 2 A. M. had made a shell-road to dry land!"

FLORENCE MARRYAT's new novel, "My Own Child," is having a success. It is a rather sad story, but the interest is very decided, and the story fresh. Mr. Payn's "Fallen Fortunes," which has been appearing serially in the JOURNAL, has been published in book-form. It will be concluded in the December number of the JOURNAL. A new novel by Rhoda Broughton is expected soon.

MORTIMER COLLINS, the English author, who recently died, was not only a clever novelist, but the author of some of the most charming lyrics and *vers de société* of the time. We quote a pleasing *morceau* published in the *Athenæum* just after his death:

"Fast falls the snow, O lady mine,
Sprinkling the lawn with crystals fine,
But by the gods we won't repine.
While we're together,
We'll chat and rhyme, and kiss and dine,
Defying weather.

"So stir the fire and pour the wine,
And let those sea-green eyes divine
Pour their love-madness into mine:
I don't care whether
'Tis snow or sun or rain or shine
If we're together."

D. APPLETON & Co. have just ready a complete edition of Bryant's poems, including the latest productions of the venerable poet, and profusely illustrated, making a very handsome holiday volume.

To all students and lovers of art, Radcliffe's "Schools and Masters of Painting," recently published, is invaluable. It opens with an account of pagan painting, then gives an account of the rise of Christian art, Byzantine and miniature painting, early Italian painting, Italian painting in the fifteenth century, painting in Venice, early German painting, later German and Flemish, painting in Holland, painting in Spain, painting in France, painting in England, schools of painting, world-renowned painters; with an appendix containing mention of the notable pictures in the galleries of Florence, Rome, Venice, Madrid, the Louvre, London, Dresden, Munich, and Berlin, which will serve as a guide to the best pictures in those famous collections.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY's visit to this country has greatly stimulated the interest in his writings. His principal works are "Man's Place in Nature," "The Origin of Species," "Lay Sermons, Addresses and Reviews," "Critiques and Addresses," and "A Manual on the Anatomy of Vertebrated Animals."

SHEDDEN'S Diabetic Flour, a Food for the Dyspeptic and Diabetic. Ten-quart Tin-Cans, \$5.00. The Tonic Aperient, a gentle laxative admirably adapted for the relief of constipated habit, fifty cents per bottle.

THE first book printed in English was "The Recuyell of the Histories of Troye," which was translated by Caxton in 1471, but was issued without any date of printing. This was followed by "The Game and Playe of the Chesse," "Fynysshid the last day of marche the yer of our lord qd. a. thousand foure honderd and lxxiii." These two books were printed at Bruges, the first book printed in England being, it is believed, the "Dictes and Sayinges of the Philosophres," bearing date November 18, 1477, "emprynted by me, William Caxton, at Westmestre."

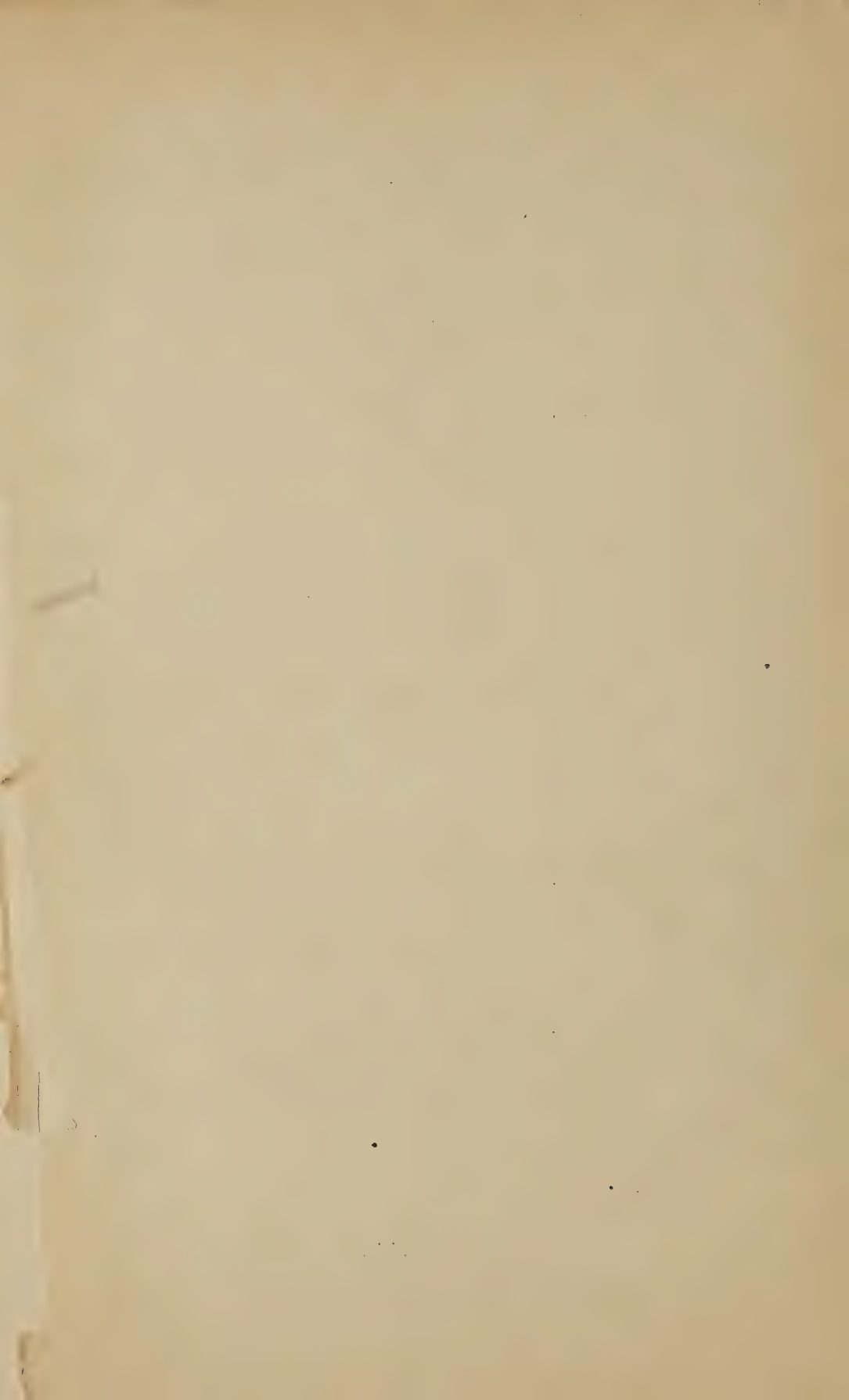
ENOCH MORGAN'S Sons' Sapolio received the Grand Medal at the Centennial, as the best Article in the World for Cleaning and Polishing Everything about the House.

THE Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington, has had placed in its Hall of Sculpture a cast of the fine antique-robed statue of Augustus Cæsar, in marble and of heroic size, that stands in the Louvre, Paris.



HACKLING FLAX.

From a Painting by E. WOOD PERRY.



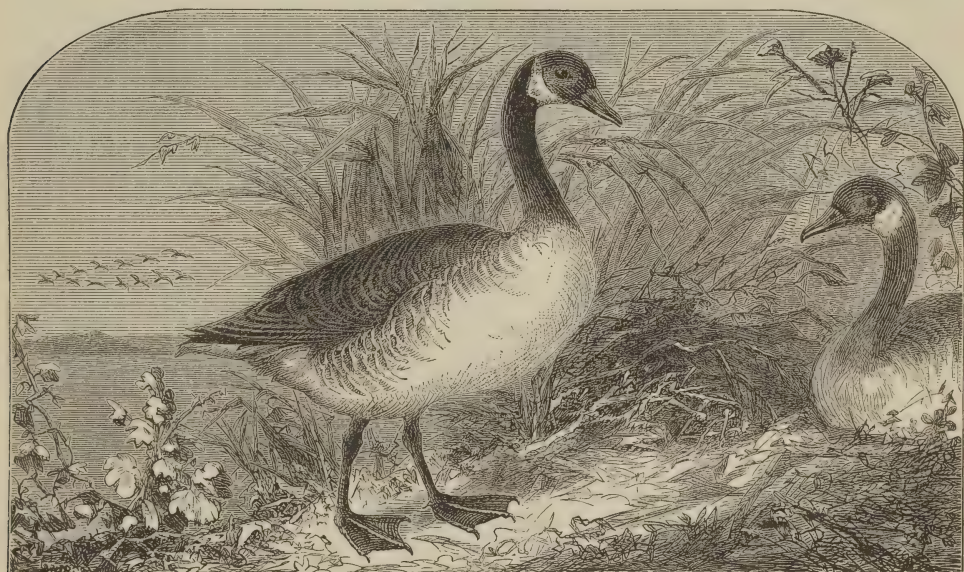
APPLETONS' JOURNAL.

SOME OF OUR GAME-BIRDS.

BY MAURICE THOMPSON.

THE wild-geese, a name very strangely applied to the male and female of the species, is the widest wanderer of all the game-birds. It goes from the tropics to the polar sea, and back again, every year. Like a barbed arrow-head in shape, and cutting the air at a great height from the earth, the safely-led and exactly-marshaled hosts may be

gregates at many places on the coast and in the interior of the United States, especially in spring and fall. The best sport I have ever had with it was on the prairies of Indiana and Illinois, in the vicinity of the Wabash and Kankakee Rivers, where large flocks drop down for rest and refreshment midway of the extremes of their flight in March and Octo



WILD-GOOSE.

seen in spring and autumn sweeping southward or northward, their clanging voices falling to the ears of man mellowed almost into musical softness. Wherever any considerable water-course flows in a direction nearly approaching a north-and-south line, the migrating flocks of these giant birds follow the general course of the stream in their flight. The wild-geese will probably never become extinct, from the fact that it nests and rears its young in the inaccessible polar regions, while it is also endowed with instincts of self-preservation most baffling to its enemies. It is a long-lived, hardy, plucky bird, affording the sportsman an ample field in which to display his craft and skill. When not too old, its flesh is peculiarly juicy, tender, and well-flavored. It con-

ber. To illustrate the powerful vitality of this bird let me record an incident of a week's shooting on the Kankakee. From the second-story window of a shooting-lodge I fired at a flock of geese passing over, and succeeded in knocking one of the birds off his wings. He fell hard on a sheet of ice formed over a lagoon, and lay for some seconds as if quite dead, but before I could descend and secure him he got on his feet, and began to run at a lively gait. One of my fellow-sportsmen, seeing my game about to escape, let go right and left at it at short range, knocking it over, and fairly stripping its back of feathers, but it immediately recovered again, and made off with great energy. The bird was shot six times before it was secured. The guns used were

hard-hitting breech-loaders, and the shot went through and through our victim's body at different angles. Geese are often very fat when found in the maize-fields of Illinois, which renders them less alert and slower of flight. Fine sport may be

taken in different localities. When they have been feeding for a month or so on wheat or Indian-corn, no barn-yard fowl can compare with them for tenderness and delicacy; but often, when taken on small spring-streams, where their food consists of



WOOD DUCK.

had in those places where the corn has been cut and "shocked." The gunner secretes himself in the vicinity of a feeding flock of geese by entering one of these shocks and sending an assistant by a wide circuit to drive the game to him. By this method I have killed many with both gun and long-bow. It is difficult to kill a goose with a shot-gun when the bird's breast is presented, but no coating of feathers can turn a well-sent arrow. In some of our Atlantic coast-regions great numbers of geese are killed by professional hunters for the city markets, and no game finds a readier sale at good prices.

Among aquatic game-birds, the wood-duck may be next mentioned as a general favorite with sportsmen. He is the most beautiful in outline, plumage, and bearing, of all our ducks. Though small, he is stately, and nothing can exceed in brilliancy of coloring, and happy contrast of gay tints, his oddly-blended feathers from crest to tail. The habits of this bird are peculiar. Its nest is built in the hollow of a tree, like that of the woodpecker, and its young crawl out from their home and tumble to the ground without injury before they can fly, and are led away to some adjacent pond or stream, where they immediately proceed to care for themselves, asking nothing further of their parents than mere attendance and companionship. I have killed these birds at many points between Lower Florida and Lake Michigan. Their food is various, which accounts for the great difference in the flavor of their flesh when

periwinklès, water-snails, and small shell-fish, they are unsuited to a discriminating palate. No bird affords better sport. When flushed, it springs into the air like a quail, and darts away with a loud sound of wings. You must be no poke-shot to cover it, or it escapes by plunging behind any cover that offers. In September and October all the thousands of little lakes and ponds scattered over Northern and Middle Indiana teem with rafts of wood-duck, and very often one or two teal may be seen in the midst of a flock, apparently quite welcome and happy. One singular habit of this bird I do not recollect seeing mentioned by any writer. When sorely wounded, it will dive under any floating substance, ice, drift-wood, or matted leaves or roots, and there drown rather than be captured. For shooting with my own favorite weapon, the long-bow, the wood-duck presents many "fine points." The sportsman, if at all crafty and light of foot, may, by taking advantage of the cover offered by a clump of papaw-bushes or a fallen tree-top, get within twenty or thirty yards of his birds without attracting their notice, and if his arrows be skillfully delivered he may knock over two or three before the flock takes fright and rises. The "elbow-ponds" of the West, so called from being grown up full of a kind of aquatic bush called elbow or button-ball, are the favorite resort of wood-ducks with their broods, hatched in the hollows of the trees during the summer months, and it is at the cost of the most careful manœuvring and watchfulness that their

habits can then be observed. The old birds are ever alert, and the young ones hide beyond any chance of discovery at the slightest hint of danger. Several kinds of hawks and the big-horned owl prey upon the wood-duck, and I have often found where a raccoon or an opossum had dined on one, leaving a heap of brilliant feathers as evidence of his delicious repast. I once saw a tall, lean, red fox galloping through an open forest with a wood-duck fluttering in his mouth. I started a dog after him, but—forgive the comparison—it was like starting a snail after lightning. The fox and the bird slipped from my sight like a shadow in a dream, one to its lair to sleep on a good supper, the other to the paradise of birds.

The woodcock is a game-bird highly prized by sportsmen and epicures. The peculiarity of its habits, and the fact that year by year it approaches extermination, make it an object of great interest, too, to the naturalist. You will find a solitary bird starting at your feet and whirring up through the air from some moist spot in a brushy wood. Your eye will scarcely be able to follow its short, zigzag flight to where it drops into cover. Its motions are those of a nocturnal bird. Its wings are almost soundless, and it whips about in its flight as if its dull black eyes would serve it better in the dark. It feeds mostly by night, boring with its long, flexible bill in moist earth, guided to its prey by a fine sense of smell. I have seen it in every State from Florida to Michigan. Woodcock-shooting is excellent sport

quick for sure aim, and I consider it more luck than skill to cut a bird down without getting your gun to your face. Occasionally a spot may be found where at twilight woodcock fly over, going to their feeding-grounds, affording a few minutes of rapid shooting; but it is a stretch of good-humored fancy to call such business sport. The best woodcock-gunning I ever had was in a large semi-marshy sedge-field in Georgia, whither I had gone to shoot plover. My dog, an old, slow pointer, came to a stand, as I supposed, on a quail which I had seen alight near the spot, but when I got the bird up it was a woodcock. The sedge was in tufts about waist-high, and nothing else but a few persimmon-bushes offered any flight-cover. I got up one after another until I killed a heavy bag. Not one in all the field escaped me. I once had an excellent opportunity of watching the manoeuvres of a woodcock while feeding. I was lying under some maple-bushes on the bank of a pond, my shot-gun to the right of me, and my long-bow to the left. It was about the 1st of May, I think, and I was in ambush for some buffle-heads I had noticed coming into the pond, late stragglers from the north-going flocks. All about me the shadows of the maple-thicket were dusker than ordinary twilight, and the ground was soft and damp. While I lay thus waiting for an assistant to slowly make his way round the pond and drive the ducks to me, a slight rustling directed my eyes to a woodcock running swiftly in elliptical lines on a small, almost



WOODCOCK.

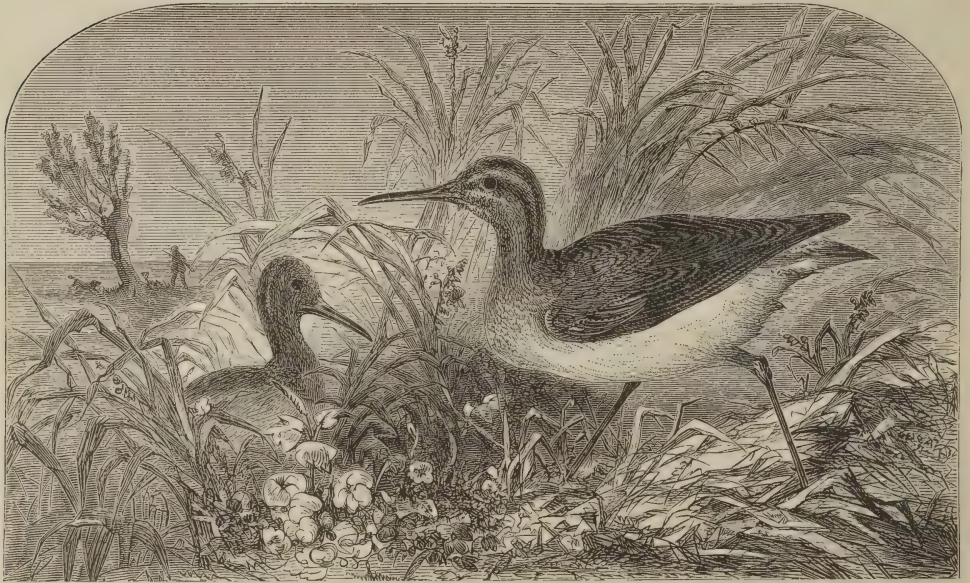
where the birds are found in sufficient numbers, but I have rarely seen a place from which taking a bag of three braces in a half-day was not grand luck even for the best shot. You must nearly always kill your bird at snap-shot, that is, by firing too

muddy flat some twenty yards away. Its motions were strangely eccentric, almost grotesque—its wings akimbo, its head thrown back till its long bill pointed almost directly upward, and its big eyes gleaming as if in ecstasy of fright or pain. Suddenly it

stopped, stiffened its legs like stilts, and began tilting up and down, piercing the soft loam with its bill to the depth of two inches at each movement. It drew forth worms and semi-aquatic insects, which it devoured with lively show of delight. After a few successful borings in this way, it again began its strange curvilinear running, which lasted for a few seconds, and ended in a repetition of the feeding process, then again the running, and so on till some slight movement on my part frightened it, whereupon it darted into a patch of water-grass, and I saw it no more. To my taste, the woodcock, served with currant-jelly, is the most toothsome of all the wild game-flavored birds. Whenever I can take home a brace I feel that my tramp has not been in vain.

The American snipe, while not so fine a table-

tufts of water-sedge. I have found excellent shooting, however, in fallow fields, or old corn-stubble plats whose surface was badly drained. With a well-trained dog, a No. 12 breech-loader gun, and a good meadow, the sportsman, on a hazy, mellow April day, may bag a hundred snipe. If the wind is rather strong, your dog will have some difficulty, and half your shots will be hasty ones at long range. A gentle draught from the south is best weather. While the snipe generally takes wing rather beyond desirable flushing distance, it sometimes lies very close and hard, having to be kicked out of the grass. This makes shooting doubtful, and the sport very exciting. When the bird jumps up at your toes, whirls over on the wind, and wriggles off like a fish in a swift shoal, you make no deliberate, graceful shots. Your gun goes to your shoulder on a skew,



SNIPE.

bird as the woodcock, offers much better sport. Indeed, a good broad meadow of snipe has but one thing to surpass it in the sportsman's estimation, namely, a field of low cover with plenty of quail. The snipe's manner of feeding is much like that of the woodcock, and in shape and plumage he somewhat resembles the latter. He is difficult to shoot till one has learned his ways. Jumping against the wind as he rises, he generally flies with a corkscrew motion very bewildering to the novice. His cry—"Scaip, scaip!" given out as he leaves the grass—is delightful music to the cultured sportsman. I have killed snipe from North to South wherever there are meadows suited to their feeding. They drop down upon us in spring and fall, and remain just long enough to give us our fill of sport. You will find them in marshy flats where little ponds or puddles abound in the midst of reaches of rush-grass and

and you fire on a half-turn in a cramped position. If you hit your bird, you hit it hard at close range, cutting it up badly, or, after a poke-shot, you knock it down, winged only, beyond ordinary killing distance. This bird is as swift of foot as of wing, and, when not instantly killed, generally escapes though mortally wounded. When shot through the heart I have known it to rise perpendicularly till it disappeared from sight, then presently fall to earth dead. One dropped at my feet from such a flight once, greatly to my astonishment, some minutes after I had shot it. The snipe breeds in the almost interminable swamps and marshes of the semi-boreal regions, goes south in April, stopping along his way, and returns in September and October, straggling and apparently reluctant to leave our States.

I have spoken of the wood-duck as, of all wild-ducks, the sportsman's favorite; but twenty other



WILD-DUCK.

varieties might be mentioned with satisfaction. Sea-ducks, with the canvas-back in the lead, and the fresh-water ducks, headed by the beautiful and

or early April, and in mid-autumn, vast flocks of mallard settle upon the inland streams and wood-fringed lakelets of Illinois and Indiana, where they offer



PLOVER.

gamy mallard, might be the subject of a volume. But I cannot refrain from registering here some observations and recollections touching mallard-shoot-in the West and South. In the spring, late March

good sport, of which the hunter may avail himself in many ways. The readers of the JOURNAL (old series) know my preference for the long-bow as a sporting-weapon wherever it can be used. I think

it the weapon *par excellence* for shooting our mallard in the West and South, but a No. 12 gun loaded with an ounce and a quarter of No. 7 shot before three drachms of strong powder is far more destructive, and requires much less skill and craft to successfully use it. I have an eight-pound, twelve-bore, breech-loading shot-gun, which is the size and kind I would recommend for shooting mallard on small waters. Take a skiff or "dug-out" that will hold two persons, viz., yourself and your assistant, seat yourself in the bow of the boat, and direct your man by signs in the way you wish to go. Now, if you are on a river like the Kankakee, you will keep along shore under the fringe of button-ball bushes and tall oat-grass till, just as you turn a jut of marsh, or strike across the mouth of a little estuary or creek, up goes a flock with a great clapping of

set out some excellently-finished mallard-decoys on a little lagoon within easy shot of my shooting-cabin, and, during the week that they were allowed to float there, twenty scaup-duck settled by them to one mallard. On Southern streams and fresh-water lagoons, mallard-shooting is often mere murder where ordinary shot-guns are used, and yet I have seen men, calling themselves sportsmen, using a kind of swivel loaded with a half-pound of No. 2 shot! At one discharge the water would be blackened with dead birds. This fine duck is not second even to the canvas-back in juiciness and flavor, especially where it has for some weeks had access to wheat, rice, or wild-oat fields. I think it best when kept from the table not longer than eighteen or twenty-four hours, and it should be drawn as soon as killed. If the weather is warm, stuff it with green-grass leaves and

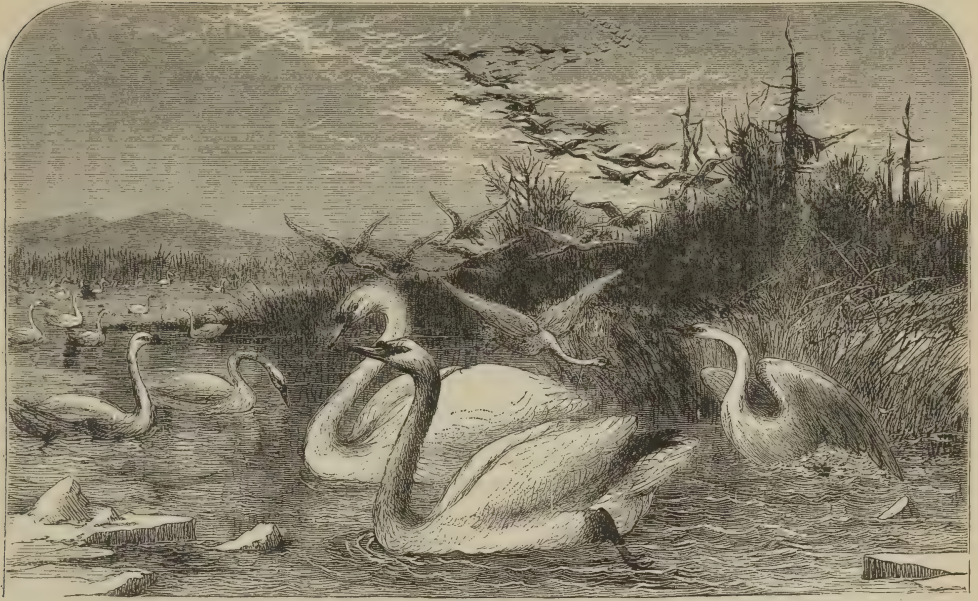


VIRGINIA RAIL.

wings and scattering cries of "Quap, qua-a-p!" their bodies darkening the air above the shaken and rippling water. At this instant your trained assistant backs his oars or paddle. Your boat steadies itself quickly, up goes your gun, and sharply, spitefully, rings out the double shot. The gentle wind bears off the light-blue smoke-puffs, under which with limp wings and ruffled feathers you see three, four, five birds pitch down upon the water and lie there, rising and sinking with the miniature waves their concussion has generated. Sometimes a lone mallard rises close ahead, giving you a pretty single shot. This game may be shot in great numbers if one can find a good "stand" in the line of flight from a "roosting" or sleeping pond to a feeding-ground. I have killed many at such points with both gun and bow. The mallard will drop to stool or decoy ducks, but cannot be relied upon to do so. I once

keep it in the shade. If, however, you prefer a rank gaminess of flavor, you may let your bird remain undrawn twelve hours.

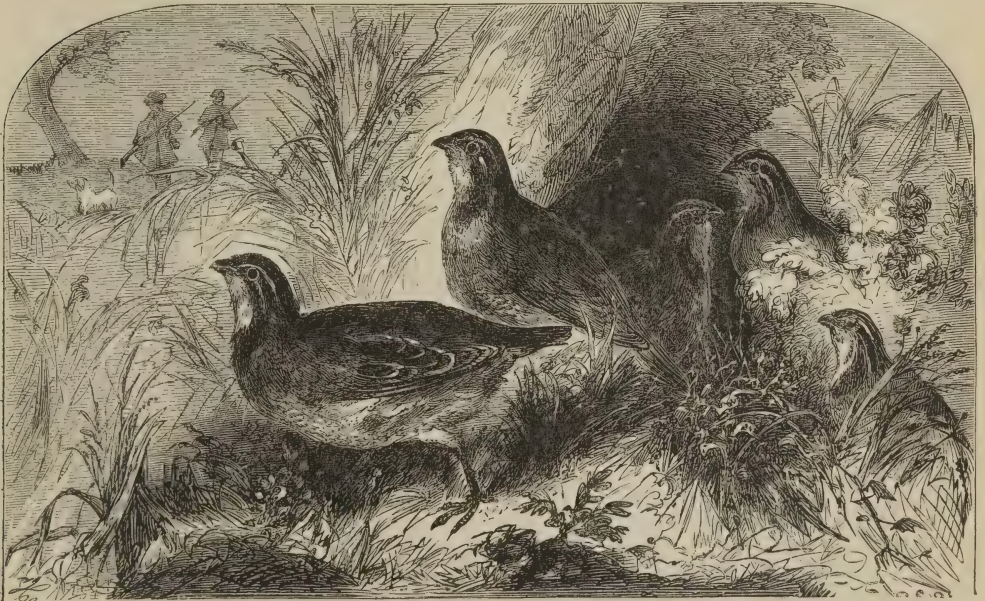
No accomplished American sportsman can look into his memoranda of days by flood and field without coming across notes of plover-shooting. I cannot speak in very high praise of the plover as a table-bird, but he is rather gamy and toothsome when well served. Most kinds of plover fly well, and, if killed clean, drop right down upon their backs with closed wings and without a quiver. I have found them from Florida to the Northern lakes in great abundance wherever the country is suited to their habits. The upland plover, so roundly lauded by Frank Forester for its delicious flavor, may be seen by the thousand on the prairies and flats of Illinois and Indiana, where in an hour's time a heavy bag is easily taken; but the prairie chicken or hen is there



WILD-SWAN

also, and the sportsman forgets the plover. The golden plover, the black-bellied plover, and quite a number of sand-pipers, all called plover by most sportsmen, and reckoned excellent table-birds, are in no wise difficult to shoot, though on clean ground and in windy weather they rise rarely short of forty yards from your feet, and scud away like a dry leaf on a strong breeze. I have seen places in Florida where kildee-plover made the day terrible with their

shrill clamor, and where at one shot I could have potted a score of them. The sportsman in the engraving has approached the birds under good cover, and will no doubt make a clean double shot, or, if he is a pot-hunter, he will rest his heavy gun against one of the trees and pour in a murderous three ounces of No. 8 shot among them as they stand. If, instead of a gun, he has a long-bow, he will be sure to bowl over the bird you see sleeping with its head behind



QUAIL.

its wing. On the savannas of Georgia and Alabama and the Opelousas of Louisiana the upland plover abounds, early in the spring, making a stay of uncertain length on its passage from the far South to the North. I have killed this bird on the mountain-brooks of North Georgia in midsummer, but I can-

seen these sleek little fellows slip out from their hiding-places in the reeds, and run timidly along the black line at the water's edge, as represented in the engraving. At the least unusual noise they glide as quickly and noiselessly as shadows back into the brake.



PRAIRIE-HEN.

not say it is ever resident there. I have reason to believe, however, that a few breed in our States from Georgia to Minnesota. All the plovers are trim, graceful birds, swift of foot and light of wing, wary, watchful, and timid.

The rail is justly a favorite with sportsmen. He is one of the sweetest and juiciest of table-birds, always tender and delicately flavored. I cannot say that rail-shooting offers particularly fine sport, however, for this bird's flight is slow and labored. He gets up at the last moment, right under your nose; and, if you are at all deliberate, you cannot fail to hit him. I have killed several kinds of rail from Florida to Michigan, and have not infrequently knocked down a clapper-rail on the mud-prairies of Illinois. On the marsh-islands of the Georgia coast, and on the meadow-bogs of the James and Delaware Rivers, great numbers of rail are killed every season. The negroes of the South "slash" them, as they term it, which is done by fixing a large pitch-pine torch in a canoe, and going, at or near high tide, on moonless nights, into the submerged marshes. The rail, startled by the canoe, and blinded by the light, spring up and flutter round the torch, and are stricken down by the negro "sportsman" with long, slender bundles of small oak limbs or switches. Though very slow on the wing, the rail runs rapidly, darting through thick grass and matted rushes at great speed. Lying in a boat at low tide, I have often

Passing from the smallest to the largest of aquatic game-birds, a word about the swan. He is an ungainly bird, poets to the contrary notwithstanding. He swims tilted forward, as if about to "turn a somersault," and his flight, though strong and swift, appears labored and rolling. The accompanying engraving will give the reader a good idea of the swan seen to the best advantage when sitting on still water, with his great neck curved to Hogarth's line. He is said to be a delicious table-bird when young. I cannot testify to the truth of the assertion, however, for the only one I ever tasted was not more savory than leather quilted with wire. He is also given the praise of singing his own requiem in a charming voice—but this may be a poetic burlesque on his rasping vociferations and his almost interminable longevity. The swan is probably by far the longest-lived of all birds. A few years ago one was killed, on a stream in Indiana, in the breastbone of which was found firmly imbedded a beautifully-finished arrow-head of fish-bone, which must have been there for very many years. Like the wild-goose, the swan goes farther north in summer than man has ever gone, probably to an open sea yet undiscovered by navigators. In winter I have seen him as far south as Florida. He is the wariest and most difficult of approach of all birds, and holds on harder to life after a death-shot than any animal, biped or quadruped, with which I am acquainted. As an in-

stance of the latter, take the following from our notes of shooting on the Chesapeake: "Shot a swan with a broad-headed arrow, striking him through the lungs. He rose heavily, and I gave him right and left of my No. 10 breech-loader at short range with swan-shot; but after whirling over a time or two he recovered his balance, and escaped." The swan is a brave bird, and, when wounded and infuriated, will fight with great desperation as long as life lasts.

Leaving the aquatic birds, let us spend a while with the feathered inhabitants of our woods and fields. The first in everything except size is the quail, which is altogether the best game-bird of America—strongest of flight, swiftest and readiest in rising, keeping down best in cover or out of cover, never flying beyond the limit of a five minutes' walk, and rarely taking to wing outside a circle of twenty yards' radius from the sportsman as a centre. The quail is often called the "Bob White" from the cry of the cock-bird in spring and summer, and in the Southern States partridge is its common name. From Texas to Florida, and thence to Maine and across to Minnesota, it is our most familiar bird, on the prairies and in the woodlands, in the grain-fields and clover-meadows, in the pine-barrens of the far South and the hazel-thickets of the North, everywhere busy, contented, querulous, well-fed, a beautiful bird and a hardy one, best for the table. The strongest strain on the sportsman's skill is its rushing flight, and the

handle it easily and freely in any kind of cover; then, when your dog stiffens on the game—there by the *bois-d'arc* hedge, for instance—while you are shoulder-deep in the blackberry-briers close by, if the birds suddenly flush, you may whip up the light weapon and do fine work under most adverse circumstances. Our quail is a very prolific bird, and but for its many enemies besides man would always be as plentifully distributed over the country as the most ardent sportsman could desire. Foxes, opossums, raccoons, skunks, muskrats, minks, weasels, house-cats, owls, various kinds of hawks, and the common snakes of our fields, all prey upon the quail. In cold winters, when the snow lies deep for a long time, the poor birds have nowhere to hide, and the contrast of their dark-brown plumage with the white of the fields exposes them to every enemy, and renders them utterly defenseless. No sportsman should ever let slip an opportunity to kill any bird, quadruped, or reptile, of the above list. Death to them is life to quails. Many and many a pinching winter morning I have heard the calls and answers of a scattered bevy attacked the night before by some murderous assassin, and it is quite common to find the blood and feathers of the hapless victims of the owl and fox. The quail has a peculiar cackling cry, never uttered save when fleeing from a pursuing hawk. The sportsman, if accomplished, never mistakes this sound, and he should always fire at the hawk, instead of the quail,



RUFFED-GROUSE.

mere sound of its wings sends the blood jumping through his veins. A well-trained pointer is the best dog for quail-hunting, as his short hair does not fill with burs like the woolly coat of the setter. Your gun should be light—say a six-and-a-half-pound twelve-bore, with twenty-eight-inch barrels, so that you can

under such circumstances. We have but one American hawk swift enough to catch a quail on the wing. It is the medium-sized bird known as the blue-tailed darter or blue chicken-hawk, a wary, cunning robber, and a voracious eater. All the hawks catch quails, however, by falling upon them unawares.

The prairie-hen, prairie-chicken, or pinnated grouse, is at present confined to our Western prairies, and is known in Western sporting parlance by the simple word "chicken." By the game-laws of most States wherein this bird is found, the season for shooting it begins August 15th and lasts till January or February. The prairie-chicken has habits very similar to those of the quail, but, being a much larger bird and slower of flight, and rising almost always from slight cover on an open plain, is very much easier to cover and cut down. It lies well before the dog in August and September, but after the cold winds begin to blow it generally rises beyond gunshot. In summer and fall its food is grasshoppers, oats, wheat, Indian-corn, and grass-seeds; and in winter it feeds upon the acorns of the oak-barrens. It is killed in vast numbers on the prairies of Indiana,

prophesied that I would miss the first one; they had never known it to fail. So I went forewarned and prepared. At the edge of a bit of oat-stubble my dog crouched, crawled forward a few steps, then came to a stand, glaring into a tuft of tall saw-grass. I walked confidently forward, spoke kindly to the dog as I passed, and—up went a pair of chickens! Bang! bang! Left and right, two clear misses and a shout from my two friends as they fired, knocking down my game! The cocks of the pinnated grouse are proud, arrogant fellows, and when they meet they sometimes have terrible fighting, especially at the dust-beds whither they go to wallow.

The ruffed-grouse, partridge, or pheasant, as it is indiscriminately called, is the drumming-bird about which naturalists and sportsmen have differed and quarreled so much. The "bone of contention" has



WILD-TURKEY.

Illinois, Kansas, Nebraska, and Iowa, for the Eastern markets. Its flesh is dark, gamy, a little dry, but tender and good. Shooting prairie-chickens over a good dog is delightful sport. The scent is strong, and your pointer or setter generally comes down at once, often on a stiff half-turn, with the bird not twenty feet from his nose. The game rises strongly with a loud wing-noise, and sweeps rapidly off in a right line, or nearly so. The engraving gives a fine idea of the excitement of the moment when the birds are up. The sportsman has cut down the top bird in good style, but why doesn't he let go the other barrel of his breech-loader? I fear me he is a raw hand and is taken with what is called "chicken-ague!" I remember well how easily I missed the first chicken I ever stirred up. I was fresh from the South and knew I was a crack shot. I had killed every game-bird except this. My Western friends

been as to how the noise is generated. I think I know (as I have been within fifteen feet of the cock while he was doing the thing) that the sound is caused by the striking together of the convex sides of his wings above his back, and then bringing the concave sides of them against his inflated breast. This causes a sort of double drumming noise, which, when heard at some distance, resembles low, murmuring thunder. The pheasant, as I shall call it, is generally found in hilly and even mountainous regions, but not always. The oak and hickory-flats of Northwestern Ohio and Northeastern Indiana are plentifully stocked with it, and I have shot it along the hazel-fringed brooks of Middle Indiana. It is a bird of strong flight, a good hider, wild, wary, watchful, and, being generally found in bad thickets or dense woods, it is very difficult to kill. Its flesh is very white, tender, and sweet, but dry and sometimes stringy. The

pheasant nests in May, and its young are hatched about the 1st of June. Until late in the fall the mother cares for her brood; then, when nearly full-grown, they separate, and through the winter may be found singly or in pairs, and occasionally in bunches of four or five. A good snap-shot with a well-trained dog may get good sport along the brushy slopes of our Northern hills if he well understands the pheasant, but nine times out of ten the game is not worth the candle. Tired limbs, torn clothes and skin, and an empty game-bag, are quite often the result of a day after the ruffed-grouse. Sometimes in damp weather this bird may be shot with a rifle after having been driven by a trained dog to the tops of the trees, but the hunter must be himself well trained before he can see a pheasant sitting on a bare limb right before his eyes, so strangely perfect is its power to render itself invisible. The name ruffed-grouse has been given this game on account of the ruffle or puff of dark, lustrous feathers conspicuously set about its neck like the parted cape of a jaunty hood. The cock is a sultan whose harem is limited only by his ability to persuade females to remain under his care and control. He is often seen happily strutting in the midst of a dozen wives, and when he beats his muffled long-roll it is to call these wives together.

The wild-turkey is our largest upland game-bird, and is so wild, timid, watchful, and possessed of such keen sense of sight and hearing, that the sportsman must have made its habits a special study before he can hope to ever see one at all. In the green foot-hills of the Georgian mountains is where I have had best sport with the turkey, though it is still found in most of the Western and Middle States east of the Rocky Mountains. In the vast pine-reaches of Florida I have seen great numbers of turkeys, but the game there seems not to have so fine a flavor to its flesh as in the regions farther north, which may be on account of its eating aquatic insects and the rancid pine-nuts and the bitter acorns of the water-oak. The turkey rises swiftly and readily in dry, windy weather, but will run for miles before a pretty swift dog when the air is damp and its feathers wet and heavy. When about half-grown the turkey is a fine table-bird served broiled and buttered, but the roast-turkey is a national dish with us, and cannot be surpassed for richness, mildness, and deli-

cacy of flavor. The bird is rarely hunted in a sportsmanlike way by even accomplished sportsmen: for this thing of hiding behind a log or in a brush-heap and calling the cocks to you by imitating the cry of their wives, and, after they have come close up, pouring in upon them four ounces of shot, can hardly be called decent, much less sportsmanlike; but it must be confessed that, in a general way, the choice lies between this and trapping them. In spring the cocks utter a peculiar guttural but far-reaching sound called "gobble," and from this they are termed gobblers. In the mating-season the breast of the gobbler is like honeycomb in its texture, which somewhat spoils it for the table. A good rifleman or long-bow-man may, if very quick and sure of aim, be quite successful shooting turkeys by silently stalking for them. Generally, when the game first sees you it will stretch its long neck up, and for a few moments stand quite still, uttering a shrill cry like "Pit! pit!" This is your opportunity. Whip up your rifle, catch sight in a twinkling, and fire, or, if you bear the long-bow, lay the string to your ear at once and let fly steadily, rather under-marking the distance, for this bird always looks farther away than it really is. You will rarely, however, get a shorter shot than sixty yards. The Spaniard's search for the Floridian fountain was not more perplexing and futile than that when one undertakes to discover a wild-turkey's nest. The bird during incubation is doubly wary, watchful, and wild. The most distant and slight sound, like approaching feet, sends her off her nest, and as she slips away she very adroitly kicks a few brown leaves or a wisp of wood-sedge, prepared for the purpose, over her eggs, completely hiding them. She will not return to her eggs till every sign of danger is removed; then she winds her course in and out and round and round, so as to baffle even the sharpest watcher, and finally slips like a shadow upon her nest. The turkey scratches for food like the common barn-yard chicken, and if you are a crafty woodsman you may come upon them best while they are thus employed, for the noise they make whisking the dry, resonant leaves about, drowns the sound of your approach. When you are near enough you utter a sharp cry. The birds take to wing, and you blaze away left and right. Your game falls heavily, and your heart is glad.

FAITH.

NO helper in the stranger land!
Hold thy burden, feeble hand;
Conceal thy sorrow, failing heart:
All weariness shall sure depart—
There's a morning and a noon,
Then the evening cometh soon.

No pity for thine often pray'r!
Take thine arms from empty air,
And clasp again thine orphan's woe
In patient silence as ye go—

There's a morning and a noon,
Then the evening cometh soon.

Look over to the changing west!
Look upon the pilgrim's rest;
See, darkness lieth down with day
And woos him into sleep away—
There's a morning and a noon,
Then the evening cometh soon.

JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

OLD-TIME FRANCE.

III.

PLEASURE AND PASTIME.

IT is very likely that the cynic who declared that "life would be supportable but for its pleasures" had in his mind the France of the eighteenth century. We have seen in a former article how pleasure divided with ceremony the whole time of the court, and of the great people who inhabited Paris in the reigns of Louis XIV., Louis XV., and Louis XVI.; to what painful and far-fetched devices the nobility and people of society resorted to amuse themselves and their guests. Nor can we fail to recognize, amid all the glitter and splendor, what a burden this necessity of amusing themselves was to the gay and volatile throng of the high-born, and what a weariness their perpetual pleasure-seeking must often have seemed even to them. Montesquieu writes to a friend, about the middle of the century, that he cannot go to Paris for at least a year, since he has not the money to spend in the city; "which," he says, "eats up the provinces and claims to amuse, because it makes one forget that one lives." The weight of the sustained pleasures of the metropolis was too much for the philosopher, who was fond of thinking. A quarter of a century before Montesquieu in a published work had expressed a similar idea. We find in the "Lettres Persanes" that "Paris is probably the most sensual city in the world, and the one in which pleasure is carried to the highest pitch; but at the same time it is the city in which one leads the hardest life."

It is somewhat surprising that not till the eighteenth century did the French theatre become the great mirror in which the passions, foibles, and humors of men were reflected, which we see it to be now. At the beginning of the century Paris was no better provided with dramatic entertainment, either in quantity or quality, than are American cities of the second rank at the present day. While the blight of Madame de Maintenon's repressive piety was upon the court and the capital, there was no chance for the managers, no way open to fame and fortune to the players. Molière went out of fashion under this cloud, and so did Corneille. The people were not even regaled with those Biblical dramas which Racine wrote at Madame de Maintenon's request, which were played in her own apartments by nobles like the Duke of Burgundy and the Duke of Orleans, and which formed for a while the only theatrical recreation of hen-pecked old Louis XIV. To these performances only forty spectators could be admitted; and the nobility, deprived of even this poor substitute for dramatic sensation, were obliged to set up little theatres of their own in their hotels. At the beginning of the century, it is surprising to remark, there were but two theatres in all Paris. These were the Royal Academy of Music and the Théâtre Français, the latter of which is now the model dra-

matic temple of the world. There had been, it is true, an Italian company, who had given performances after a modest fashion in the Hôtel de Bourgogne. But these swarthy exotics had on one occasion played an apparently innocent little comedy, in which Madame de Maintenon thought she discovered a covert satire on herself. They were ordered to stop their performances; and, when they went to the king to beg that the order might be revoked, Louis coldly said to them: "You have no reason to complain that Cardinal Mazarin invited you hither from Italy. You came to France on foot; and you have made enough to go back in your carriages." The two theatres that remained were ludicrously insufficient to provide the lovers of music and the drama in Paris with these pleasures. The largest was the Théâtre Français, which then only held fifteen hundred people; and many of its seats were monopolized by the court and the nobility. It may be easily imagined that, after the royal and noble "dead-heads" were provided, there was little room left for the mass of Parisians, not to speak of the numbers of Germans, Italians, Spanish, and English, who yearly resorted to the French capital for amusement. It is readily seen, too, why the managers of the Français had frequent occasion to get rid of their liabilities by going into bankruptcy. The Royal Academy of Music, where three performances a week were given, was also small, and also crippled by the large number of free seats with which it was necessary to provide the great. Still, this was a very fashionable resort. Its boxes were rented by the year, as now, and upon the door of each box the name of the lessor was put in gold letters, with his escutcheon. When the proprietors entered their names were called out by the Swiss guard, just as if they were attending a fashionable reception.

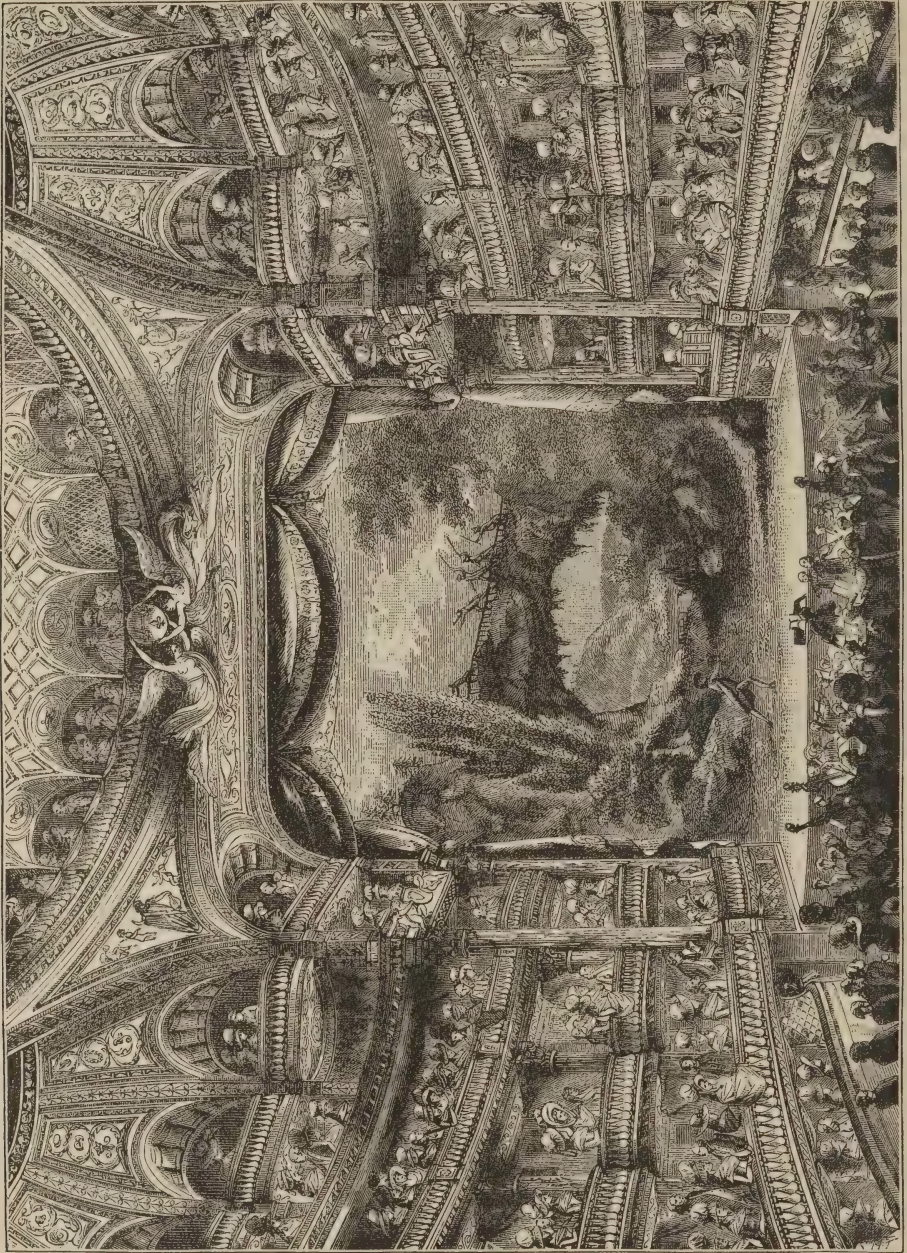
The taste for lyrical drama was in its infantile period in the later years of Louis XIV. We cannot but be amazed to think with what the Parisians of that time were content and delighted in regard to music. When we think of what they enjoy in our own time, of the splendors of Mozart, Meyerbeer, Rossini, Gounod, and Wagner, it seems strange that the now utterly obscure and forgotten Lulli should have filled the measure of the musical desires of a people of undoubted taste. There was, indeed, opera—but what opera! The music of Lulli and of his successor Quinault was stilted, formal, artificial, pompous, and, when it strove to be humorous, flip-pant and silly. The songs, both in words and melody, were empty, though sounding; musical and dramatic art still clung to classic scenes and plots as the only worthy basis of heroic declamation and song; while the dim dawning of what was to grow into a fine musical taste appeared in the habit which the

actors at the Français acquired of half intoning the metrical measures of Corneille and Racine. In one respect only were the French theatres of that day worthy to be compared with those of the present—this was in their mechanical decoration. In scenery, in dress, and in *mise en scène*, probably the Français of 1700 was not inferior to the Français of 1876. A writer of the period says of the display in the opera, which appealed to the eye rather than to the ear, that it was “an enchanted spot, and the land of rapid transformations. In the twinkling of an eye, the men become demi-gods, and the goddesses change into weak mortals. There is no need to travel in foreign countries, for they are brought before your eyes, and, without moving from your seat, you can go from one end of the world to the other, and from the infernal regions to the Elysian Fields. If you are distressed at the sight of some arid desert, a signal lands you in the abode of the gods; another signal, and you are in fairy-land.” As this quotation implies, the plays and operas (if operas they are to be called) of this epoch were very often versions of the legends of Greek and Roman mythology.

The taste for the drama and music took a new and vigorous departure, as did most court and public pleasures, when the gay and reckless regency had replaced the cloistral gloom of Madame de Maintenon's reign. We see this taste and fashion springing up in all the higher social ranks. The French became a nation of actors and mimics. People of rank and fortune imitated their children; and just as boys and girls then as now were playing some character, or enacting some scene on their holidays, the lords and dames of the court and of the hotels imagined every variety of dramatic diversion with which to beguile the time that hung heavy on their hands. It was, as Taine says, carnival-time in France all the year round. There was comedy and the spirit of comedy everywhere. “In every château, in every mansion, at Paris and in the provinces, this fashion of comedy sets up travesties on society and domestic life. On welcoming a great personage, on celebrating the birthday of the master or mistress of the house, its guests or invited persons perform in an improvised operetta, in an ingenious, laudatory pastoral, sometimes dressed as gods, as virtues, as mythological abstractions, as operatic Turks, Laplanders, and Poles, similar to the figures then gracing the frontispieces of books; sometimes in the dress of peasants, pedagogues, peddlers, milkmaids, and flower-girls, like the fanciful villagers with which the current taste then fills the stage. They sing, they dance, and come forward in turn to recite pretty verses composed for the occasion, consisting of so many well-turned compliments.” Among the great houses where this sort of performances was much in vogue, and where they were presented with much picturesqueness and elaboration, was the historic château of Chantilly, then the lordly residence of the Princes de Condé. There the young and lovely Duchess de Bourbon was wont to array herself as an alluring water-nymph, and to conduct the young nobility across the canal in the park to the island

which she had named the Isle of Love; while the Prince de Conti acted as the fair dame's pilot, and a crowd of gallants and demoiselles attended in every variety of allegorical guise. On one occasion, at another château, the ladies were mysteriously advised that they were to be carried off to seraglios; whereupon a pretty play was improvised, in which the ladies got themselves up as vestal virgins, and sought an improvised temple in the park, where they were received by a melodious priest with a suspiciously-black mustache. Then the temple was suddenly attacked by three hundred gaudily-attired Turks, who broke in upon its sanctity amid a thrilling chorus, and carried off the vestals in palanquins. We hear, on another occasion, of the Little Trianon being turned into a fair, behind the stalls of which royal and noble ladies appeared as saleswomen. To the queen was consigned the supervision of a *café*. About the grounds, meanwhile, charades and little plays were performed under the trees and beneath silken tents.

The rage for comedy so completely possessed the French in the time of Louis XV. that a house, either in town or country, was scarcely regarded as fashionable or well furnished that did not have its little theatre, with stage, scenery, green-room, wardrobe, foot-lights, auditorium, and all. Bachaumont, writing about 1770, says that the rage was so great for theatricals that “there is not an attorney in his cottage who does not wish to have a stage and his company of actors.” County magnates would erect theatres in their châteaux, form companies from among their neighbors and intimates for miles around, and beguile the long winters with several performances a week. It became a part of the education of children to learn how to act gracefully in the polite comedies of the period privately played; and Madame de Genlis, among others, wrote pretty little dramatic pieces, in correct and graceful verse, for the children to play; men and women of rank became accomplished in the dramatic art as professionals. The Duke de Luynes declares that “those who are accustomed to such spectacles agree in opinion that it would be difficult for professional comedians to play better and more intelligently.” The fashion was long-lived, and was in full favor in the early years of the reign of Louis XVI. Marie Antoinette was not only passionately fond of the theatre, but was herself one of the very best actresses in the court, and won what was evidently sincere applause by taking the part of *Colette* in “Le Devin de Village,” and *Rosine* in “Le Barbier de Seville.” The princes of the blood and the greatest nobles constantly participated in these dramatic diversions. The Count de Provence had a theatre in his house, and the Count d'Artois and the Duke d'Orléans each two. Count d'Artois, afterward Charles X., was noted as a comedian of striking merit; while the Count de Clermont was equally distinguished for the talent with which he took “serious parts;” Philippe Égalité was famous for his vivid representation of peasant characters; and Count de Pons was a wonderful *Misanthrope*. The Prince de Lignes de-



THE VARIÉTÉS AMUSANTES (NOW THE THÉÂTRE FRANÇAIS) IN 1789.

clared in one of his letters that "more than ten of our ladies of high rank play and sing better than the best of those I have seen in our theatres." "In a certain château, that of Saint-Aubin," says Taine, "the lady of the house, to secure a large enough troupe, enrolls her four chambermaids in it, making her little daughter, ten years old, play the part of *Zaire*, and for over twenty months she has no vacation. After her bankruptcy, and in her exile, the first thing done by the Princess de

Guéménée was to send for upholsterers to arrange a theatre.

These patrician theatricals were carried out with the most elaborate and professional completeness. There was always a drama or comedy, something by Molière, or Voltaire, or, late in the century, by Beaumarchais; and after this the dramatic dessert was given in the shape of "a parade borrowed from La Fontaine's tales, or from the farces of the Italian drama." Philippe Égalité was wont to sing coarse

songs before the court, with ample grimace and broadly suggestive gesture ; making, indeed, a mountebank of himself. After these performances, the noble company, stirred by plentiful champagne, and put in wild humor by the play, would indulge in frolics which are surely amazing to read of as happening in so polite a society. Madame de Genlis relates how on one occasion "they upset the tables and furniture ; they scattered twenty *carafes* of water about the room ; I finally got away at half-past one, wearied out, pelted with handkerchiefs, and leaving Madame de Clarence hoarse, with her dress torn to shreds, a scratch on her arm, and a bruise on her forehead, but delighted that she had given such a gay supper, and flattered with the idea of its being the talk of the next day." In such manner the butterflies of the court danced and gamboled on the already smoking volcano of revolution.

Side by side with this theatrical taste and rage of the great people, the theatre rapidly grew and flourished. Cr  billon rose to provide comedies with which to vary the monotony of always listening to the jokes of *Scapin* and the humorous complaints of the *Malade Imaginaire*. The Italians were allowed to return, and were the best company of comic artists in Paris for many years. French comic opera, rising from the humble beginnings of a fair-show, attained a permanent footing of popularity, and has ever since preserved its position as the "Op  ra Comique." The Th   tre Fran  ais, reviving from the gloom of Madame de Maintenon's displeasure, now took its place as the foremost dramatic temple of Europe and the world, a place which it retains to this day. Early in the last century, the company of the Fran  ais was noted for adhering to the highest standards of the dramatic art, and for being in itself composed of the most accomplished artists on any stage. This company was, indeed, a business association as well, and managed the affairs of the theatre by a majority vote. Above them, however, was the royal censorship, exercised by four gentlemen of the bedchamber selected by the king ; these acted as arbitrators between the public and the actors, and "also intervened in cases of misunderstanding between the actors themselves ; saw that the regulations in regard to the theatre were carried out, granted retiring pensions, ordered the *d  but* of a new actor, sanctioned the programme for each evening, and sometimes reprimanded any actor who failed in his task."

It is curious to observe that, while the theatre was held in such high esteem by every class in the middle of the eighteenth century, and was peculiarly fostered by royalty and high society, the actors and actresses themselves were under both an ecclesiastical and a social ban. Actors were refused the offices of the Church ; they were "vagabonds," as in England in the time of Shakespeare, and from society were outcasts. The audiences assumed it as a palpable right to hiss and stamp them down, and even to pelt them on the stage ; and woe to the actor who resented this treatment ! Mademoiselle Clairon, the first of the long line of actresses of gen-

ius who have since illumined the French theatre, was so much outraged by the treatment she received one night that she abruptly retired from the stage in the height of her fame and powers, and could never be induced to return to it.

It was this famous actress who, with Lekain, introduced costumes congruous with the historic scenes of the plays upon the French stage. Previously to this, the French artists were wont to appear in magnificent toilets, indeed, but in-costumes utterly out of keeping with the legendary and historical characters they assumed. Juno appeared in a broad hoop-dress, with powdered hair and veil ; Jove's head was adorned with plumes, and he wore top-boots ; Julius C  sar wore full-bottom wigs, knee-breeches, and frilled shirts ; gods and goddesses, heroes and heroines, always appeared in the most fashionable and elegant attire of the period. The first performance in which the costumes were in harmony with the play was that of Voltaire's "Orphelin en Chine," in which the actors appeared in Chinese dresses, Mademoiselle Clairon among the rest. She discarded the panniers which had hitherto been invariably used on the stage, and Lekain in like manner tabooed the traditional plumes and tinsel. Even in those days of dramatic luxury, the theatres were lighted by nothing better than tallow-candles ; and these were snuffed between the acts by attendants. It was not until 1784 that tallow-candles were replaced by oil-lamps. The prices of admission, toward the end of the century, were forty-eight cents for the pit, and a dollar and a quarter for the orchestra and first tier of boxes. The love of opera increased as the century advanced, and the Royal Academy of Music became a subject of speculation among financiers ; but was almost always in debt, and was soon abandoned by successive managers. Finally, its management was assumed by the city of Paris, which sublet it to contractors. The Palais Royal Theatre became the rival of the Academy, and the music of Gluck and Piccini, the forerunners of the great German and Italian operatic composers, was performed there to the great delight of the theatre-goers. The staff of this theatre comprised three hundred persons in 1780, including actors, actresses, ballet-dancers, musicians, inspectors, and business subordinates. At the same time there were two singing and dancing schools near by the theatre, where pupils were prepared to go upon the stage. There was also a certain *caf  * in the Rue des Boucheries, where, at Easter-time, all the actors, both of Paris and the provinces, who were out of engagements, and wished to secure new ones, were wont to meet as at an exchange. Meanwhile, theatres sprang up during the century in the provincial towns, and in these it was the custom to play pieces composed by local dramatists, and to receive such strolling companies as came into the neighborhood to entertain the people.

The common people of Paris in the eighteenth century had ample resources for festivity and pastime. It is said that the Sundays and f  te-days, on which the masses were wont to abandon work and

to give themselves up to unstinted recreation, absorbed nearly a third of the laboring year. Voltaire complained bitterly of so much waste of valuable time, and estimated that the popular holidays deprived the state of labor worth a hundred and eighty million francs. The occurrence of a holiday was really the loss of more than the day itself; for "the men work half-time on Saturday, and on Monday sleep off the effects of their dissipation; and if there should happen to be a saint's-day in the middle of the week, their employers do not see anything of them the other four days." Yet it is clear, from the narratives of the time, that there was perhaps less actual drunkenness in Paris in the reign of Louis XV. than at any other period. Intoxicated persons were sternly marched off to the lock-up, and

spread about, a small stage occupied a corner, and wine and edibles were distributed to the frequenters, while they were regaled with fiddling and dancing. Notable among the old-time *guinguettes* were three called the Grande and the Petite Courtille, and the "Tambour du Jour," kept by that fat and ideal mine host, the famous Ramponeaux. The latter was not only resorted to by the rag-tag and bobtail of Paris, but not seldom by the quality. It was even said that Marie Antoinette on one occasion supped at Ramponeaux's in disguise, being accompanied thither by the gay and reckless D'Artois. Often, outside the larger *guinguettes*, there were shows of marvels, and mountebank displays; quacks and peddlers also drove there "a roaring trade." An Italian traveler speaks of seeing a number of these gentry:



COMEDY SCENE ON THE PARIS STAGE.

only released on the payment of a fine. On the other hand, there was a great deal of "guzzling" done at the *guinguettes*, *cabarets*, and *cafés*; and there must have been many days of public festival when nearly the whole population of Paris were in a condition of mellowness from the free imbibing of cheap white wine. An Italian nobleman, who visited Paris in the later years of Louis the Well-Beloved, thought he could observe that the popular recreations were not of an evil tendency, and were more harmless than those of other great capitals.

The chief resorts of the common people were the three kinds of places of entertainment just mentioned. The *guinguette* was more modest than the tavern or the *café*. It was often a mere tent, pitched in some open space outside the barriers, or under rows of trees in the city itself, where tables were

"Some offer to replace teeth that have fallen out; others, to fix glass eyes; and all of them are able to cure hopeless diseases. Another has a secret for beautifying the visage, and for imparting perpetual youth; while a third effaces wrinkles, and makes wooden legs."

The modern *café*, which is now so popular, and to which all the world resorts, seems to have come into vogue as a prevailing fashion after the regency had set the example of social revelry to all France. The celebrated *Café Procope* gave the impetus to this mode of entertainment. The object of the *café* was to furnish a resort in a convenient quarter of the town where people could sit and sip their coffee, rest, and gossip about the news. There was but little heavy drinking at the *café*, nor were its frequenters addicted to reckless gambling. They read the

papers; played dominoes, chess, and draughts; and watched the crowds which tided to and fro on the boulevards. "Bachelors, both old and young," says Lacroix, "men of letters, retired officers, foreigners, and news-reporters, formed the regular customers of the Paris *cafés*."

A lower order of resort, for poorer and less temperate classes, and one that imitated the *café*, was what are still called the *estaminets*. At these a great deal of smoking and consumption of strong drink went on; they were frequented mostly by artisans and laborers. The eighteenth century was, in Paris, emphatically a period of indolent and sedentary recreation. Tennis, bowls, skittles, and archery, had been pretty much given up by young men of good family, and even the apprentices no longer displayed their prowess in foot-ball and running matches on the outer boulevards. A few only of the athletic games which had been in vogue in the previous century survived; among these were such games as prisoner's-base, rounders, and battledoor and shuttlecock. Even swimming was almost a lost art among the well-bred youth, while the only skaters to be seen on the Seine, when at rare intervals during the winter it was frozen over, were Hollanders who had strayed thither, and wished to show off this peculiarly Dutch accomplishment.

The most popular every-day recreation of the Parisians of this period was the promenade; and Paris afforded, in many of its quarters, agreeable scenes upon which to saunter up and down, and chat and observe each other. "We have two sorts of promenades in Paris," writes Dufresny; "the one to which people go to see and be seen; the other, to be seen by nobody." The lady of fashion had ample opportunity to display her new silks and gewgaws; while there were plenty of shady retreats where the *grisette* might saunter with her apprentice-lover in the seclusion proper for such companionship. The chief resorts for promenading were the inner and outer boulevards, the Jardin des Plantes, the Tuileries gardens, the Place Royale, the Place Louis XV., the Luxembourg, and the Palais Royal; while in the suburbs, notably at Bicêtre, Gentilly, Belleville, and Vincennes, were parks and avenues which were all alive on Sundays and fête-days with merry multitudes of the common people, who visited the *guinguettes* on their way to and fro. The Bois de Boulogne, Champs Élysées, and other places, were reserved for carriages and horseback-riders; and on a pleasant summer afternoon these places must have afforded a gay and brilliant spectacle.

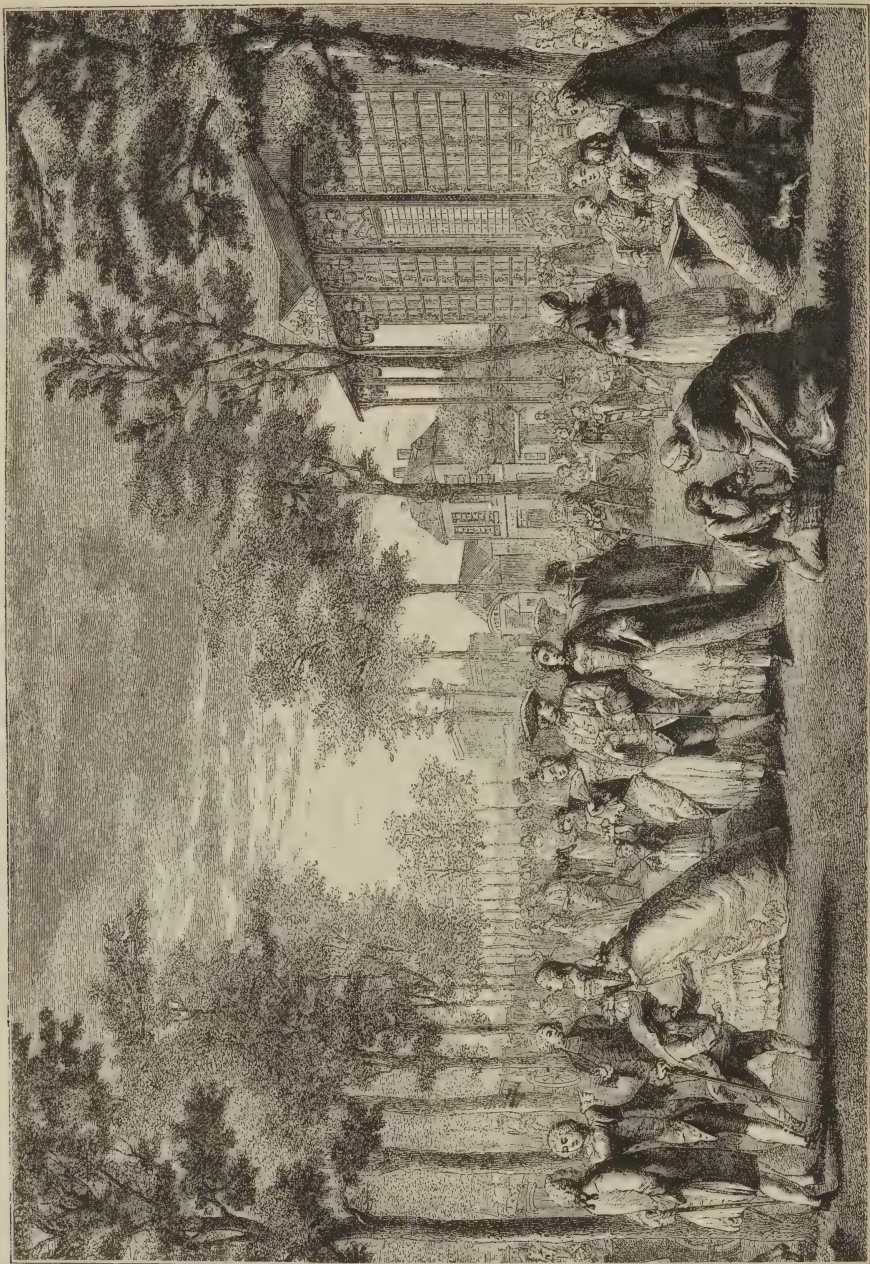
The scene in the Palais Royal gardens at the fashionable hour for promenading is described as a most spirited one. It was a custom with the ladies of fashion to appear there in full dress just before and just after the opera, and to sit on the benches under a particular clump of chestnut-trees; while their gallants stood about, fanned them, praised their toilets, and offered them *bonbons* from gold or ivory boxes, and the common people gazed admiringly on them at a respectful distance.

Another corner of the gardens was the habitual

resort of those who came thither to read the papers; these clustered under the Cracow-Tree. Here and there were set out tables, where whoever chose could be supplied with tiny cups of coffee or glasses of *liqueur* from the neighboring *cafés*. People took their ease at the Palais Royal, lolled about upon the chairs, and enjoyed occasional music (as is still the case) from some military band. On moonlit evenings the gardens which surrounded the chief abode of French royalty were filled with a gayly-dressed and chattering multitude. De la Bretonne exclaims of this sight, "What can be more charming than these serried ranks of beautiful women, who line the noble avenue of the Tuileries of a summer evening, and during the fine days of spring and autumn?"

Dancing is a recreation of which the Parisian, high or low, is never wearied. The poorer classes, to whom home-parties and private ballrooms are forbidden, have always been amply provided with public places where with trifling expense to trip the light fantastic toe. In the last century pleasant and prettily-decorated dance-halls and open-air dance-gardens grew up in every direction, both within the city and in a wide suburban circle around it. The French readily caught the idea of the London Vauxhall, a place where all classes went to eat, drink, promenade, flirt, listen to songs and fiddles, dance, and laugh at farces and ballets; and a large number of dance-gardens called "Wauxhalls" sprang up in every part of Paris. The people who frequented these did not stop to practise all those Terpsichorean formalities which were the fashion in aristocratic ballrooms. The dancing was not begun with stiff and stately minuet, as was the case at the great hotels; but the *garçons* and *jeunes filles* were wont to plunge at once into the rollicking reels and waltzes without ado. Paris quickly adopted the traditional dances of the province. The *gavotte* and *bal* of Brittany, the *bourrées* of Auvergne, the *pas* of Navarre, the jog of Poitou, and the jig of Picardy, were all to be seen at the open-air Wauxhalls. Dancing was not the only attraction of these popular places. At the Wauxhall Torre and the Colisee fireworks and illuminations were often provided for the public amusement. Here, too, on occasion, there were exhibitions of tight-rope dancing, legerdemain, and marvelous tricks. On public holidays many free entertainments were provided in Paris at the expense of the government, just as under the Second Empire the theatres were thrown open free on Napoleon's fête-day. The Parisians and their families spared no pains and bore every discomfort in order to gain entrance into these "free shows." When there were religious or state processions, as occurred often in the year, the whole populace of the city turned out to witness them. "These processions, which defiled through the streets, hung with flags and emblems, were made attractive by the attendance of official persons in full costume; and the ecclesiastical processions were especially magnificent. They formed a topic of conversation for a week afterward."

The Parisian fondness for diversion and sensa-



THE WALK UPON THE RAMPARTS OF PARIS.

tions was often gratified by the exhibitions of people who professed to have discovered mechanical means for doing hitherto impossible feats. At one time a man drew the population out upon the banks of the Seine to see him cross the water with dry feet, which he apparently did, having some contrivance attached to his shoes. At another, it was a certain count, who promised to fly across the Seine to the Louvre, but who ignominiously failed, and fell, amid the jeers of the crowd, midway in the stream.

A certain magician, named Breton, claimed to possess the power of causing springs to spurt of a sudden out of dry places; and one day astonished the multitude in the Luxembourg garden by appearing to make good his boast. River-jousts were for some time the rage, and then came a period when the Parisians used to flock to see donkey or bull and dog fights. But the French of a century ago were more humane and civilized than the Spaniards of to-day, and these cruel sports were tabooed by law and opin-

ion after a brief career. Horse-racing proved an attractive substitute, and this sport may be said to have been borrowed by the French from England just about a hundred years ago. The nobility had previously had some private races, and early in the century a celebrated race on a wager had taken place between the Count de Saillans and the Marquis de Courtauraux, from Versailles to the Champ de Mars. Races began to be held before the court at Vincennes about the year 1775.

The invention of balloons gave the Parisians a new and exciting sensation, for it was there that some of the earliest experiments in the science of ballooning were made. When Pilatre de Rozier made his ascent from the Parc de la Muette, thousands of people met to see him venture into the upper air, and great was the amazement when he descended safely an hour or two after near the Gobelins.

Besides the ordinary *fêtes* and holidays, royalty and other great people were accustomed to celebrate events of especial note by providing amusements for the populace. The birthday of a king, the birth of a prince or princess, the anniversary of a victory, the conclusion of a peace, the betrothal of a son or daughter of the royal house, were made the occasions of gorgeous illuminations and splendid dis-

plays of fireworks. It is stated that the Parisians were more fond of witnessing pyrotechnic marvels than of the free feasts of meats and wines which were sometimes lavished upon them. On the occasion of the betrothal of Louis XV. to the Infanta—a match that was soon after broken off—the Spanish ambassador gave a brilliant *fête* to the Parisians, which cost him forty thousand dollars. Among the displays were a hundred illuminated boats, which floated up and down the Seine and cast a dazzling glow over the waters. When royal *fêtes* were given, “the tocsin of Notre-Dame, sounded day and night for twenty-four hours, invited the inhabitants of Paris to the festival;” and the whole town answered the gay summons, and crowded the streets. In the country, the pastimes of the people were as primitive and simple as they have continued down to this day. They had their “harvest-homes,” and quaint celebrations of the vintage; occasionally the village was enlivened by the appearance of a German or native mountebank, who displayed his tricks and told comic stories; while in the long winter evenings the favorite recreation was the telling of long stories around the cottage or tavern fires, by some rustic gifted in the art, or a villager who had traveled and had returned to tell the wonders he had seen in Paris or in a foreign land.

HIS DOUBLE.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

I.

THE extreme terror with which the sight of the stranger had inspired Ulrich Gerhard von Uffeln seemed to have given place to no calmer mood when he had reached Faustelmann's home. His features were still very pale, and the hand with which he rang the bell at the door of the house still trembled. In response to his inquiry for Herr Faustelmann, a maid-servant ushered him through the kitchen into a back-room, where the steward sat behind his writing-table, stooping over books and papers.

“What! Back already?” cried Faustelmann, in astonishment. “And how pale and alarmed you look! What can the princess have done to cause such terror? But you cannot have seen her in this short time.”

“The princess has done nothing. I didn't even see her; but what I have seen is—” Herr von Uffeln looked around to see if the door was closed, and then, sinking heavily into the nearest chair, said, in a low whisper, “But what I have seen is my double—a man who distinctly called himself Ulrich Gerhard von Uffeln!”

Herr Faustelmann had risen at the young man's entrance. Now he came forward from behind his writing-table, and, gazing fixedly at Uffeln, said, in a puzzled tone: “You've seen your double! This

is nonsense! An excited imagination made you fancy it.”

“I wish I could think so,” replied Herr von Uffeln, with a deep sigh.

“Tell me exactly how it happened,” said Faustelmann. “The affair is certainly very strange.”

Herr von Uffeln related the incident in detail. The steward listened with a more and more attentive face, and finally, as if infected by the agitation and anxiety of his companion, exclaimed:

“It is absolutely necessary for us to go to the bottom of this matter, and the simplest and best way of doing so is to frankly ask the princess who the man who was admitted to her presence to-day in your place is, what he wanted from her, and what he told her.”

“Must I do that?”

“Let me,” replied Faustelmann—“it will be better so; besides, I can more easily go to Idar at once. He seems to have greatly agitated you.”

“He has, indeed,” replied Herr von Uffeln, uttering a sigh of relief at the thought that he should be spared the task.

So Faustelmann undertook to request from Princess Elizabeth, in case she should be able to give it, some explanation of the matter which had so greatly perplexed the two men. He changed his dress, attired himself with great care, and then set out for Idar, while Herr von Uffeln quietly sought his room

in Castle Wilstorp. Here he paced slowly to and fro, and at last paused before the little picture of his mother, and, after looking at it a long time, took it from the wall, pressed a kiss upon it, and burst into a flood of tears.

When Herr Faustelmann reached the castle and inquired for Princess Elizabeth, he was ushered into a spacious apartment where the princess sat alone at a huge table covered with heavy old books, drawing from one of those ancient works, with delicate strokes of the pen, a coat-of-arms evidently designed as a pattern for embroidery.

She looked up as Faustelmann approached, gave him a gracious though somewhat distant nod in return for his low bow, and said, turning slowly back to her work, as if absent-minded :

"Herr Faustelmann! What brings you to us? I suppose you have taken the place of Herr von Uffeln, whom I requested to call upon me. Why doesn't he come himself? He received my note?"

"He received it, your highness, and did not neglect to set out to obey your gracious command. He was here at the castle, and in the act of sending up his name, when a very singular circumstance prevented him. He heard another man, who entered with him, announce himself to your highness under his name, and saw the latter admitted."

"And then went home, without asserting and maintaining his right to his own name?"

"Oh! your highness, he could not think of beginning a dispute with a stranger about his name here in the castle, and, while quarreling with this stranger, force his way into your presence."

"That is true, Faustelmann; of course he could not. You are right! But do you know I am very sorry he did not, could not do it?—for I should have liked to hear what my Herr von Uffeln would have said if your Herr von Uffeln had entered the room, and stood face to face with him."

"He would, I think, speedily have admitted that he had no right to the name, and had been guilty of a great piece of presumption in assuming it."

The princess made no immediate reply, but, as if absorbed in her task, carefully put the finishing touches to one of the eagle's wings above the helmet on her coat-of-arms.

"Would you do me the favor," continued Faustelmann, "to tell me what this man, who was admitted to your presence, wanted—what he said?"

The princess paused. "I could not help admitting him," she answered, after a moment's delay, "for, when he was announced, I had no other expectation than that it was *the* Herr von Uffeln whom I had invited to call upon me. Of course, I was surprised to see a totally different person enter."

"Of course; and you did not deign to tell him this, and request him to explain why he had been so bold—"

"Certainly; I told him I had expected another Herr von Uffeln, and must request him to explain why he had assumed the name. He replied with the simple statement that he must have a name, and, since the one he bore procured him the favor of be-

ing admitted to me, he should retain it. This was all he said on the subject—evading it whenever I returned to it."

"All, when he had learned that with the name is connected a claim to a fine property, and that he can be called to account for it?"

Again the princess hesitated.

"It is a strange business, Faustelmann," she said, after a pause, with a faint sigh; then raised her head and bent it a little aside, as if to examine the effect of her drawing.

Faustelmann keenly watched the young girl, while she thus seemed to bestow her whole attention upon the sketch. He must have believed that she had told him by no means all she thought or knew. And, as quietly waiting for her to continue the conversation was useless, since she remained persistently silent, he no longer hesitated to frankly express his opinion.

"I think, your highness, that I have the key to this strange mystery."

"Ah!" she eagerly exclaimed, "you have the key? Well, who is the real, genuine Von Uffeln?"

"Of that," he answered, smiling, "there can be no question. But I think I have the key to the reason why *your* Herr von Uffeln assumes the name—ventures—"

"Go on."

"Your Herr von Uffeln is an emissary of the Tugendbund. As such he must remain concealed from the world, and therefore cunningly assumes another's name in case any rumors of his proceedings in this neighborhood should spread abroad. If the French police get wind of the matter, if the name of the allies' agent should reach their ears—why, they will seize our Herr von Uffeln, and, while the latter is being arrested and tried, the real criminal will have ample time to slip away unsuspected and unharmed. It's really a very cunning stratagem to adopt for this object the name of a person who is himself still a stranger in this part of the country. If your emissary had assumed the name of a man who had long been known here, or taken that of a total stranger, it would have done him no good; by calling himself Uffeln, he threw, in case of discovery, the first danger upon a man with whom no one is yet well acquainted, who must prove his identity by letters, and of whom all sorts of suspicions may be entertained if he is denounced to the magistrates as an emissary, spy, or anything of that kind."

The princess had listened in perplexed surprise.

"Has your Uffeln proved his identity to you and your master by letters and seals?" she now asked.

"Certainly he has!" exclaimed Faustelmann—"to me, Herr von Mansdorf, and to the notary."

"And what you just said about emissaries of the Tugendbund—are you perfectly sure it is not a mere rumor that such agents are here?"

"I am not only sure, your highness," replied Herr Faustelmann, "but, more than that, can give you positive proofs. If you should still doubt, I would request you to go with me to the ruinous old building called the Kropp."

"The Kropp? And what should I see there?"

"If you were not afraid to go down into a dark cellar with me, I would show you the weapons the emissary smuggled into the country, and which a citizen of Idar concealed there."

"A citizen of Idar—in the Kropp—weapons! What tales are these, of which none of us had the least suspicion? And the man who was with me is he who has ventured to do such a thing here, where the whole region is garrisoned by the French! What courage it required! But I should expect it from him. And who is the citizen of Idar of whom you speak?"

"I dare not name the man, your highness. I was, of course, obliged to promise secrecy when, a short time ago, he invited me, with several others, to meet him at Meyer Jochmaring's farm to obtain our aid for his patriotic plans. The fact of this meeting, however, Meyer will undoubtedly confirm if you desire such testimony."

The princess had thrown her drawing aside long before, and, with hands clasped in her lap, sat gazing silently at the steward. The latter's words had surprised her; but they contained nothing incredible. In truth, they harmonized with the cautious hints her father had received from friends on the other side of the Elbe and Weser.

"In what a situation your Herr von Uffeln is placed!" said the princess. "The poor man isn't sure that he won't be arrested, and, notwithstanding all his protestations, shot in the place of the emissary the authorities desire to seize."

"To be sure, he has been placed in this position by the insolent use of his name, and must neglect to do everything in his power to put an end to it. This emissary with the assumed name must leave the neighborhood. The only difficulty is to find him, and here, I trust, you will help us, your highness; he has doubtless not left you without some idea of his real abode."

"Without some idea—no; but, as he gave me the information voluntarily and in confidence, I should prefer to assist you, or rather Herr von Uffeln, in a different way from betraying where you could find this stranger."

"And in what way would you condescend to aid us?"

"By telling him that he must instantly leave the country with his stolen name."

"And if he should not be disposed to do so?"

"Then I will tell him that I shall no longer consider myself bound to conceal his place of abode, and Herr von Uffeln will undoubtedly point it out to the French commissioner of police."

"That would certainly be sufficient," said the steward, with a smile of satisfaction.

"But I shall impose one condition," continued the princess.

"And what is it, your highness? Herr von Uffeln and I will consent to everything."

"To everything? Very well. My condition is, that Herr von Uffeln shall give up the idea of marrying Fräulein Adelheid—"

"That is a hard condition, your highness."

"But one upon which I positively insist. I asked Herr von Uffeln to call on me, that I might speak to him on this subject. Dr. Günther made me the confidante of his love for Fräulein von Mansdorf; she returns his affection; the lovers have vowed eternal fidelity to each other. They will not be separated—of that I am firmly convinced. But the two poor things can be tortured and made unhappy. I wished to inform your Herr von Uffeln that Adelheid is the doctor's betrothed bride, and that I expect him, as an honorable man, to respect this fact, and tell Frau von Mansdorf that he will renounce all pretensions to her daughter's hand. A personal discussion of the matter with Herr von Uffeln has been prevented; but it is all the better, since I can now demand where this morning I could only have entreated."

An expression of great disappointment rested on the steward's features, and he answered in a somewhat discomposed tone:

"But, your highness, Adelheid's parents know nothing about any betrothal between the young lady and the doctor, and if they have no more ardent desire than to see their daughter united to Herr von Uffeln, as is so natural under the circumstances, your kind intervention for this Dr. Günther will be a great cruelty to the parents."

Princess Elizabeth shook her head. "You may be right there, Faustelmann," said she. "But what can be done? Is it not a primal law of Nature that the ideas of the young will not harmonize with those of the old? And, if either must yield, we prefer to ask it of the old, because the latter, during their experience of life, have learned resignation; young people have had no practice in the art, and it cannot be expected from them. But do you think Herr von Uffeln will accept my condition? In that case, I will undertake to save him from the danger in which—the other places him."

"I am not authorized by Herr von Uffeln to promise such a thing in his name, but I will inform him of your wish," replied the steward.

"Very well, do so. And if you see that he hesitates, if Adelheid's love for Günther is no sufficient reason for him to withdraw, ask him to call upon me, that we may frankly discuss the subject. I think I can succeed in making him clearly perceive what he ought to do."

"I will gladly deliver the message, your highness," replied the steward; "but may I be permitted to mention that in this matter minutes are not valuable, while, on the contrary, in the other affair, the withdrawal of this emissary, there is the greatest danger in delay?"

"That is true. I will endeavor to remove this peril at once, rely upon it."

Faustelmann had risen and bowed as low as his stiff figure permitted. The princess dismissed him with a gracious bend of the head. Faustelmann's countenance was grave and gloomy as he walked through the corridors of the castle to the entrance. "Really," he muttered, "I went out to get wool,

and am returning home shorn by this clever chicken of a princess. There can be no question about Uffeln's giving up Fräulein Adelheid. If they were only married, or the whole party on the other side of the mountains, matters would soon be arranged so that they should never return to Wilstorp, and the master of the castle would speedily be named Faustelmann."

With these and many other thoughts passing through his mind, Faustelmann walked steadily toward home, and, on reaching Wilstorp, proceeded directly to his young master's room.

"Well, what news do you bring, Faustelmann?" he asked, as the steward entered.

"News of by no means the most satisfactory kind—the result is, that we must help ourselves. The best thing about the matter is, that I succeeded in gathering from the princess's words who your double is, though she refused to give any direct information. He is undoubtedly the emissary of whom the apothecary spoke, the man who brought arms into the country—"

"Ah! but why should he call himself Uffeln?"

"What better mask could the man choose than the name of such a new-comer into the country as yourself? If any suspicion is awakened against him, if the French hear anything about an Uffeln who is working for the Tugendbund, if they happen to seize a collection of arms directed to such a Herr von Uffeln, they will, of course, arrest you; and, meantime, the swindler will have plenty of opportunity to make his escape."

"Is that your explanation?"

"Do you know of any better?"

"No; certainly not. But what did the princess want of me?"

"To ask a great sacrifice from your generosity, to beseech you to resign all claim to Fräulein Adelheid."

"Impossible!"

"It is true; she was going to represent the love-affair between Adelheid and Dr. Günther in such a romantic light that you, touched to your inmost soul, would voluntarily resign all pretensions to Fräulein Adelheid's hand."

"But I cannot do that."

"No, you cannot. Though the princess is in earnest, for through me she solemnly imposes this upon you as a condition."

"As a condition? The princess imposes conditions upon me? Why?"

"She will then undertake to secure the departure of this stranger."

"How can she do that? what power has she over him? I shall be very grateful to her if she does; but—"

"But you would like to know what means she will use? Well, one that she mentioned lies ready to her hands; she can betray the secret of his abode; she knows it."

"And would she do so?"

"No, she would not. She promised to threaten him with it if necessary, but I am convinced she

merely wished to soothe me by the promise. If this man has trusted her, she'll not betray him. That is not to be thought of. So, if she agrees to send him away, she must have other means of influencing him which she does not wish to mention, and therefore speaks of such a threat."

"But how do you explain that? How can the princess be connected in any way with the emissary? How can she have means to influence his actions?"

"Heaven knows!" said Herr Faustelmann. "I understand as little about it as you do. The best part of it is, that we need not fathom it to be able to get rid of the pretender."

"What means have we to accomplish it?"

"About the same as the princess, though, it is true, she seems to know where the man lives, while we do not. On the other hand, we can act without regard to betraying confidence, or any considerations of that sort. And if we don't know the residence of the person we denounce, we know something of equal importance—the place where he stores his weapons."

"Do you mean to inform the police?"

"Why not? It must, of course, be done anonymously, or else we would be branded as no true Germans."

"It would be a detestable thing, too," observed Herr von Uffeln, in an almost shocked tone.

"People defend themselves as they can, Herr von Uffeln; but if you prefer to remain in the danger this man brings upon you—"

"No, no; every one for himself; do what you think necessary."

"I will consider the matter, and shall probably think it necessary. The discovery and seizure of the arms stored in the Kropp would cause a great excitement, make a terrible ado, and set the whole police force on the alert. I imagine our Tugendbund emissary would have enough to do to secure his own safety—he would take to flight as quickly as we could desire."

"That is certainly to be expected," replied Herr von Uffeln. Then both relapsed into silence.

"I must confess," said Herr von Uffeln at last, with a sigh, "that all this makes me feel still more uncomfortable here. Fräulein Adelheid's aversion deeply wounds me; and now comes this Tugendbund man, as you call him, who oppresses the very air I breathe. All this makes me wish—"

"You could have a change of air? That is very natural," replied Herr Faustelmann, with a somewhat sarcastic smile. "And," he continued, "it harmonizes exactly with the desire long expressed by our family for a change of air, and the physician's recommendation of a different climate for Fräulein Adelheid. So we'll hasten the preparations."

"What can you do?"

"As much as will be necessary. The money is ready—the revenue from your share of the estate placed to your credit by the notary, and which you have generously left at Herr von Mansdorf's disposal. To enable you all to pack up and leave the forest shades of Wilstorp for the sunlight of a warmer cli-

mate, it is only needful to have a public betrothal with Fräulein Adelheid; as her declared lover, you cannot remain behind the family."

"Of course not. But this betrothal—"

"Must now be made without loss of time. Let that be my task."

With these words Faustelmann quitted the room.

II.

SEVERAL days had passed. Meyer Jochmaring's farm was illumined by the bright sunshine of a remarkably beautiful autumn day. Beneath one of Meyer's huge oaks, where we first saw her, Princess Elizabeth is again seated on the rude wooden bench, in earnest conversation with the mysterious personage we have so frequently met, who, during his visit to the castle, must have succeeded in completely appeasing the princess's indignation at his presumption in their former interview on this spot.

The stranger sits opposite to the princess on a straw-chair, with his chin resting on his hand, and his elbow on the table; his hat lies beside him, so that his high forehead, framed in dark-brown hair, is distinctly visible. There are faint lines upon it, marks of time and care. His large, dark eyes rest upon the young lady with a strange, half-questioning, half-perplexed expression.

"You are wonderfully kind, your highness," said he; "do you know that all this makes me feel very oddly, as if in a dream?"

"How you feel is not the point in question," replied the princess; "and especially your dreams. You must decide, and that at once."

"The point in question for me, however, somewhat concerns my feelings," he replied. "You want to drive me away from here. Suppose, while here, I feel as if I were in a strange dream, which I wish might never end, then you will perceive how difficult it will be for me to decide to do what you ask. I feel as if some magic power bound me to this spot; the sunny world around us, with its charming alternations of groves and isolated clumps of trees, fields of corn, patches of turf, and quiet meadows with rivulets gliding through them, the gentle undulations of the land—are all wonderfully pleasant to me. Where will you find such another rural scene?"

"How can you talk of things which are of no consequence?"

"They are of consequence to me. Coming from burning Spain, I find myself in a refreshing, beautiful world. And in the midst of these charming surroundings, where I can forget what lies behind me, where courage to live happily, without anxiety for the future, has returned, and daily gushes up with greater strength, there you sit opposite to me, a strange, lovely, fairy vision, and, in a voice whose every tone goes to my heart, talk of a young love with its joys and sorrows. Don't you see that I can't help feeling as if I were in a dream of poesy—and can you expect me to rouse myself from it and wander forth, never to return?"

The princess shook her head. The compliments the stranger paid her no longer seemed to rouse her

indignation, it is true, but there was a little impatience in the tone in which she replied:

"Yet I think I have plainly shown you that you no longer have time to dream—that you are in the greatest danger!"

"Certainly, you have not lacked earnestness in describing the horrors of my situation. The young man at Wilstorp feels dangerously compromised by my having assumed his name to carry on my revolutionary intrigues. You have promised to relieve him from this anxiety if he will give up his suit for the hand of a young lady, who has long since bestowed her heart upon a young physician, your *protégé*. To relieve this anxiety, I am to stop my work and disappear. If I don't disappear, if you should not succeed by your kind persuasions in inducing me to quit the country without delay, then you threaten that the steward would undoubtedly go himself to the French authorities, denounce me, and tell them of the weapons I have hidden in the Kropp, and which he accidentally discovered; upon which the said authorities would arrest, condemn, and shoot me. The shooting in particular is a matter which it would be better to avoid."

"And how can you still delay?" asked the princess.

"Because I like to stay here. Because I have not been so happy for years. Because I inhale this warm, soft, still air with delight. And perhaps, also, a little out of defiance. Perhaps from wicked defiance, because the very lips from which I am least willing to hear the words, say, 'Go.' You probably do not know, your highness, that under some circumstances the word 'go' can be a very cruel one?"

The princess blushed. "There is no cruelty in it when I utter the word to you. I warn you of the danger that threatens you; I say to you: 'People have discovered who you are, what brings you here; so, save yourself, fly'—do you call that cruel?"

"If you admit that it is personal interest in me, kindness, solicitude, anxiety about my fate, I will certainly recall the word. But you send me away that Fräulein Adelheid may be permitted to love her Dr. Günther, and therefore—"

"Would you go if I admitted that it was also anxiety and interest in your fate that makes me desire to have you fly to some place of safety?"

"Would you admit so much, would your royal pride condescend so far, humble itself so greatly, merely to succeed in getting rid of me?"

Princess Elizabeth turned angrily away. "You are suspicious, and therefore wrong," said she. "You don't deserve the words I have just uttered."

"Have I offended you?"

"Yes—deeply."

"Then you spoke the truth? You really take a personal interest in me, feel a solicitude about my fate! That would be a happiness in which I no longer venture to believe. Good Heavens! when has any woman shown real interest in me? Not since my mother died."

"Then you have either not sought or not deserved it."

"Sought? I have done nothing but seek it all my life, but probably not in the right way. I have always been something of a dreamer. I passed through life as a child anticipates its Christmas-tree—in a state of quiet expectation. Why did the clouds sail over my head, if at the right moment happiness were not to fall from them? But hitherto it has not come. Nothing has fallen from the clouds save the luck all dreamers have of escaping with their whole skins where others lose their lives. I have never been wounded, and attribute it to the circumstance that, when in battle, everything passing around me seemed as if it were happening in a dream, and I never thought of danger to myself."

"And so you have lived here, too, without thinking of the terrible danger to which you are exposed?"

He looked at her with smiling, thoughtful eyes, and answered: "Do not blame me for it, Princess Elizabeth! Since I met you that day in the forest, I have thought of something different and better, something which gave me so much food for reflection that I could not possibly fix my mind on anything else. You won't be angry because an ordinary mortal says such words to you! You want me to go, leave here forever, and a man who is departing is forgiven for uttering what he feels."

"But a man," replied Princess Elizabeth, growing red and pale by turns, "is not forgiven if he says whatever enters his mind, without considering the significance of his words."

"Do I?"

"Yes!" retorted the princess, almost vehemently, "just as recklessly and thoughtlessly as you acted when you unceremoniously assumed the name of Uffeln. You are now saying words to me which no honorable man addresses to a young girl at the risk of disturbing her peace of mind. Can you help confessing to yourself that this is a poor return for the interest I have shown in you, and whose sincerity you could not doubt? Now, before leaving, you speak to me of thoughts, of feelings, which, if I believed them to be true, could not fail to make an impression upon me. And when you have gone, never to return, will this impression render me happier? You have no conscience."

He looked at her in surprise. "No conscience? You may be right there. Where I love, I shall go forward, I fear, just as recklessly, with just as little regard for the reproaches of conscience, as I have in battle for the bullets whizzing around me. Am I therefore a bad man? Do you think so? I don't know; I only know I am as God made me, and that my nature can undergo very little change. So forgive me, even if I cannot retract the words I uttered, and which you call unprincipled. Ever since I saw you, my life has been pervaded by one thought, and it will never be otherwise, never. What is that to you? I shall not take your peace of mind away with me."

The princess sat gazing into her lap. She had grown a little paler, something was sparkling in her eyes. Suddenly she raised her head, looked at her

companion with a strangely significant but very hasty glance, and with equal haste held out her hand, saying:

"As you will not cease speaking of this subject, I must go. I take with me your promise to depart. Farewell! May God be with you!"

She had risen, and, ere he could even return the pressure of her hand, was already three paces away, walking down the path toward the garden, to summon her maid, with whom she turned toward home, and soon vanished from the stranger's eyes within the shadow of the forest.

The latter gazed after her with his peculiar, dreamy expression.

"And I am to go now," he muttered, after a pause—"now, when this pure, noble nature has made such a confession, out of the artless frankness of her generous heart? Leave here now! Yes, I will go, but not where she sends me."

He gazed at the ground a long time, then, angrily muttering a few words, stamped his foot, turned toward the bridge, and disappeared behind the hedge on the opposite side of the river.

Meantime the afternoon sun had sunk lower and lower. Its last rays, ere they vanished behind the surrounding woods and the roofs of the adjacent buildings, were shining upon Castle Wilstorp, and flickering on the dark foliage of the ivy that garlanded the towers and screened the pretty nook between them. The family were again assembled around the huge table in this charming retreat, attended by the same friends we formerly met here, the notary and the forester. Faustelmann, too, was present; he sat in front with his back turned toward the courtyard, while Herr von Uffeln was seated in the rear with Herr von Mansdorf, beside Fräulein Adelheid. The latter looked very pale, and from time to time dropped her crocheting into her lap, in order after a pause to hastily snatch it up again, as if rousing herself from her thoughts. Herr von Uffeln, though apparently entirely absorbed in the conversation between the gentlemen, frequently cast hasty side-glances at the young girl, noting these tokens of secret agitation. Frau von Mansdorf knitted her huge stocking, and also listened to the conversation.

The remainder of the party were absorbed in the latest war news. It is remarkable how quietly and calmly the most opposite views were at that time exchanged. The German subject was so accustomed to see in political events, war, peace, the division of countries, things which to him had the character of elementary appearances, dark clouds that rose over his head without troubling themselves about him, and from which fell only showers, hail, or even lightning that set his home in flames—so accustomed, we say, was the German subject to this state of affairs, that gradually apathetic patience became the prevailing characteristic of public opinion. A few hot-heads formed an exception, a few hearts throbbed passionately, and the more impulsive, excited by the war then raging, made no secret of their views when they could do so without danger. But, on the whole, there was scarcely any

trace in the neighborhood in which the incidents of our story occurred of the stormy enthusiasm which history records prevailed in other parts of Germany during the war for freedom. After a long discussion of the *pros* and *cons* of a victory on this and that side, Herr von Mansdorf said, quietly :

"At any rate, I wonder who will rule over us?"

"I only hope he will be somebody who will let us smoke good tobacco in peace," said the forester. "This system is no longer to be endured, and is wearing out the patience of the meekest."

"It has lasted a long time," said Herr Faustelmann, in a tone of quiet conviction.

"But you have seen the Prussians marching through, Faustelmann," said Frau von Mansdorf, "so there can be no doubt."

"No," said the steward, nodding.

"Then you must see how you can get along with the new master, Faustelmann," added Herr von Mansdorf. "The change in everything will bring a fresh throng of annoyances."

"I'll get along with them," replied Herr Faustelmann; "I shall have the notary's quick brains to help me."

"Of course," replied the notary, with a keen side-glance at Herr von Uffeln; "you won't find me negligent, if I can use my brains. But, Herr Faustelmann, if you can so surely, by means of the peculiar gift you possess, foresee the end of the war, and the entrance of the Prussians, you are acting against your own interests in saying, so confidently, 'I shall get along.' In your place, I should show somewhat more fear of the great responsibility you are about to undertake, somewhat more anxiety in regard to the difficulties that may attend the management of an estate in such troubled times, in the hope that our worthy employers might then not all go away at once—that Herr von Uffeln at least would stay here to look after his property."

"But Herr von Uffeln doesn't wish to stay at home alone," replied Faustelmann, "and, if I feel no fear of my responsibility, but am convinced that I shall be able, during the absence of my employers, to manage everything to their satisfaction, you will not expect me to feign it. I managed Wilstorp many years, long before Herr von Mansdorf took possession of it."

"And we shall go," observed Frau von Mansdorf, "without feeling the least anxiety, and only thank God that we can go at all, and do what we have so long desired—spend a winter with Adelheid at Geneva. As for your suggestion, that Herr von Uffeln should stay here, Herr Plümer, there can be no thought of it, since Herr von Uffeln does not wish to leave his betrothed bride."

"His betrothed bride!" exclaimed the forester, in a tone of amazement; and the notary also cried, though his voice was one rather of indignant bewilderment, "His betrothed bride!"

"Yes," replied Frau von Mansdorf, looking at her daughter and Herr von Uffeln, "it is a fact, which it gives me great pleasure to tell you, and I am sure you will not withhold your congratulations.

Herr von Mansdorf and I have given our consent to the young people's engagement; and, if we formerly rejoiced at Herr von Uffeln's entrance into our home, we can now cherish the hope that this event will lead to still greater and more lasting happiness."

As Frau von Mansdorf uttered these words, in order to increase the solemnity of the moment in which she announced this event to the world, and thereby sealed Adelheid's fate, she laid her knitting on the table, and, placing her left hand upon it, drew with the other her daughter's hand into her lap and clasped it with a warm pressure.

Adelheid sat quietly, with downcast eyes; as she was somewhat behind her mother, and the evening light was very dim, probably no one noticed how pale she had grown, or how her lips trembled with the nervous quiver that usually precedes a burst of tears. But there must have been some magnetic power in the clasp of her mother's hand that prevented this outburst. Besides, that very morning she had promised to yield to everything without resistance, and accept her fate as inevitable; her mother was, of course, right in all she had said; that she must admit, though it was terrible that it should be so.

"Herr von Uffeln loves you, and has asked for your hand in marriage," her mother had said; "if you refuse him, the state of affairs between us will be unendurable. The property we hold in common binds us by the closest ties to Herr von Uffeln, who could instantly make our lives miserable if hostility and ill-will should take the place of friendship and confidence. If you refuse him, he will leave our house, and perhaps remove to Faustelmann's; the steward, who cannot serve two masters, will take sides with one, and I think Faustelmann will choose Uffeln rather than ourselves, because he will listen to him in everything more than your father does. Think of the embittered lives you will prepare for your parents—to say nothing of the fact that our journey can no longer be thought of. Uffeln has been generous enough to put at our disposal for this purpose the money placed to his credit. Can we accept it unless you are his betrothed bride? And if we do not, what will become of your health, what of your father, wandering about the house without occupation, and falling more and more under the power of the evil habit which this lack of employment has caused? I think you must perceive all this yourself, and no longer oppose childish, foolish objections—your affection for this Günther, who would be a very bad man if he had not long since renounced all hope of your hand; he knows our circumstances, and if he were here would say to you, 'Your mother is right.' There is but one path you can pursue for your own and your parents' sake."

With these arguments Frau von Mansdorf had subdued Adelheid's last effort at resistance, and she was silenced. She had submitted to become the victim of circumstances, but with the firm conviction that the sacrifice required was still greater than that of affection—it was life; that she should die ere she became Von Uffeln's wife; and with the feeling that in this fact was deliverance from her terrible fate

came the wish that the deliverance was already here.

She now sat silently beside her mother, absorbed in unutterable grief; she was struggling to repress an outburst of tears, and summoning up for this purpose all her strength of will; she did not wish to show her misery before these strangers, and her father must not see it; he should never suspect her repugnance to the marriage, and when she had died he at least should not stand by her grave tormenting himself with reproaches, and feel his last days embittered by remorse.

Frau von Mansdorf's announcement, of course, called forth cordial congratulations.

"This is excellent news you have given us, madame," cried the forester, "and certainly years have doubtless passed since the betrothal of a couple whom Fate seems to have so destined for each other."

"You are right, Runkelstein," said Herr von Mansdorf; "it is a betrothal that cannot fail to please the parents, because it gives them the rare happiness of not being forced to see their beloved daughter leave their house and go among those who are strangers to them."

"Let us drink to their health," said Faustelmann, seizing his glass; "let us drink to the health of the young couple."

The men rose at this proposal and raised their glasses, while the forester in his sonorous bass voice exclaimed: "Long live the betrothed pair! Hurrah for Herr von Uffeln and Fräulein Adelheid! May the happiness of both be as deep and unclouded as is possible in this earthly, variable life, and as lasting as we all desire!"

"May God grant it!" said Herr von Mansdorf, in a voice trembling with emotion. He was easily moved to tears on such occasions.

"Gentlemen," replied Herr von Uffeln, "I am unfortunately too bad an orator to answer such cordial wishes, and express the gratitude they inspire. I—"

"Wait a moment," said Frau von Mansdorf, laying her hand on his arm; "somebody is coming."

Uffeln paused and looked up. The eyes of the rest of the company also turned toward a stranger, who at this inopportune moment was rapidly approaching the group.

"Who is it?" asked Herr von Mansdorf, angrily—"who— But what is the matter, Herr von Uffeln—do you know him?"

This exclamation was occasioned by the circumstance that Uffeln's glass had suddenly been put down with so unsteady a hand that the wine overflowed on the table. Just as suddenly a death-like pallor overspread his face as the stranger approached, who bowed slightly, and then gazed keenly around the circle from beneath his half-closed lids with a most peculiar glance. The company in return stared intently at the new-comer, who with a haughty smile on his lips stood beneath the ivy-wreathed entrance to the nook between the towers, with his figure brightly illuminated by the last rays of the setting sun. But Frau von Mansdorf, whose attention had

been attracted by her husband's exclamation, glanced at Uffeln, and perceived with terror that the latter had sunk into a chair as if on the verge of fainting, and was staring with dilated eyes, as if he beheld an apparition.

"Are you ill? What is it—what is the matter, Herr von Uffeln?" she exclaimed, aloud.

The reply was given by the stranger. With singular calmness in his tone he said:

"What is the matter with Herr von Uffeln? Why, he sees his double!"

III.

THE day after this incident Princess Elizabeth was pacing thoughtfully up and down under a group of trees in the park, amusing herself by trying to set her foot at every step upon one of the yellow leaves which already lay in tolerable numbers, though still separate, upon the ground. Yet her thoughts were very far from this mechanical occupation. They were engaged in a singular struggle, a conflict between the heart and head—and in this clever princess both heart and head were unusually strong, the one warm, the other clear.

For with her clear reason and strong perception Elizabeth could no longer conceal from herself that she loved this strange, dreamy man, who lived in an atmosphere of singular ideas and thoughts; this mysterious, lonely mortal, whom no firm bonds seemed to unite to the real, actual world, and who walked through Meyer Jochmaring's green woods as much unfettered by any human ties as the falcon circling above their tops. To allow her heart to be won by such a man—Princess Elizabeth did not hesitate to say so to herself—was an insane folly; it was something unnatural and monstrous in a sensible girl accustomed to control her feelings and maintain her dignity. But what did all this avail? her heart still remained under the spell of this stranger.

The only good thing about the matter was, that she had made him clearly understand that he must go—that he had now vanished from her sphere of life, and assuredly would never appear in it again. This afforded the best security for her recovery from the wound that she had received, and which, if she no longer saw or heard anything of him, must soon heal; but to-day, at the idea that he might perhaps at this very moment be leaving his quiet asylum, it bled painfully.

She continued pacing up and down under the trees, pausing, and gazing, as if absorbed in thought, around the grounds, at the clumps of shrubbery, the lawns, the beds of flowers. How long a time had passed in this aimless way she did not know, when she saw at a short distance her father, the prince, returning from his morning walk in the park. She averted her face, as if conscious of guilt. He must not perceive that her mind had been thrown off its usual balance, and she therefore walked toward the castle, supposing that her father would cross the terrace. But she was mistaken. He had seen and followed her, and presently she heard his voice behind her:

"Elizabeth!"

She turned and approached him. "Back already, dear father? Your morning walk is generally longer."

"Longer? I think it is late now. You look pale, Elizabeth; did you pass a wakeful night? Just think! we have had a little event in the neighborhood."

"Ah! what is that?"

"You can't guess—a political event. You told me that you knew weapons were concealed in the old Kropp."

"Why, yes—and that efforts were being secretly made to— But what about the weapons?"

"Their concealment has been betrayed to the French."

"Betrayed?"

"Yes—the arms have been discovered. I just met Duplessis, the sergeant of the gendarmes, who was riding by the corner of the park; he was very much excited about the affair, and called over the hedge to tell me the news. The commissioner of police received a hint last evening; the seizure was made during the night, and they also captured the emissary, who—"

"The emissary?" interrupted Princess Elizabeth, with a cry of terror.

"Yes, the emissary—a former French officer, who served in Spain, a man who boldly assumed the name of 'Von Uffeln,' but has no right to it; his name—if I understood the gendarme correctly—is Falstner or Falsner; he has been taken to M—, poor fellow! and will probably— But tell me, Elizabeth, what is the matter? What ails you?"

Elizabeth had turned deadly pale, and was trembling from head to foot; she gazed steadily at her father, then tottered and clutched with both hands at his arm. The prince hastily caught her just as she was in the act of falling.

"Elizabeth!" he exclaimed again, greatly terrified.

"O Heaven! father—father—I shall never survive it—they will shoot him, and I shall never survive it!"

"You know him? It is the stranger of whom you have spoken. I thought so."

"The same, father, the same!" she cried, covering her face with her hands; "and if they kill him I shall die."

The prince gazed in bewilderment at his daughter, who, supported by his arm, betrayed her intense agitation by the violent heaving of her bosom.

"O father, father!" she cried, "why did you do this, why did you tell me this? It will be my death!"

"Your death? But, Elizabeth, what—"

"Oh, you can know all, hear all. I not only know this man, I love him; and if they do this terrible thing—"

"You love him?" The prince uttered the words as if a thunder-bolt had struck him. "Love him! You are raving!"

She raised herself from his embrace, and stood

with clasped hands and drooping head, struggling for composure.

"Father," she said at last, more quietly, but without looking up, "I well know what I owe you, what I owe our name. I love him, yes," she burst forth, impetuously, "I love him—how deeply I now feel for the first time, and nothing, nothing can change me. But," she added, in a calmer tone, "I see it is folly, madness. I unite no wishes, no rebellion against reason, no disobedience to you, with this love. I will forget him, forget him forever. Only, they must not kill him, for if they do—"

She paused, and, putting her hand on her father's arm, said, gasping for breath: "Come, help me to that seat. I cannot stand any longer; there I will tell you all."

The prince supported her to the nearest bench, which stood under a group of trees. Overwhelming, revolting to his feelings as his child's confession had been, at this moment as a kindly-natured man he saw only the deep suffering of a woman, as a father the despair of his daughter, and therefore tenderly supported her, without a word of reproach.

When they had seated themselves, the princess, bending forward, laid her clasped hands on her father's knee, and with downcast eyes said: "Father, you will understand me, feel with me. This man must not be murdered, or I shall be miserable forever. If he is saved and disappears, if he vanishes from my sight forever into the wide world, I shall forget him; day by day I shall think of him less and less, day by day I shall be able to tell myself more and more plainly what a fool I was to allow myself to be ensnared by the singular spell he exerted over me—I shall be cured of such a passion."

The prince laid his hand gently on her hair. "I believe you, Elizabeth," he said, sighing. "Yes, you have plenty of will."

"But, father," she vehemently continued, and her hands clinched each other convulsively, "if they kill him—if I am compelled to endure that, forced in imagination to see him kneeling before his executioners, lying bathed in his blood—O God! O God! I shall never survive it, I shall never drive that vision from my soul! It will make me mad; and, if you wish to save me, save him!"

"I save him? But, for Heaven's sake, what are you thinking of? How can I save him?"

"We must go to M—. You say he has been taken to M—. We must go there. You must speak to the prefect, or whoever has the decision of his fate; you must plead for him—obtain his release in some way. The prefect is no monster. He released Meyer Jochmaring at your intercession, when the old man had been imprisoned because his son would not go to the war as a conscript."

"But, good Heavens! what could I say to the prefect?"

"That he is no emissary—that you will answer for it on your word of honor."

"But he undoubtedly is one."

"True, he is. Oh, how terrible it is to be forced to deceive these people. But, father, father, if by a

falsehood 'you can save your daughter from madness and a man from death, will you not utter it?'

The prince passed his hand across his brow. "Listen, Elizabeth," he said, after a pause; "I will yield to you so far as to drive to M—— with you. We will speak to the prefect. We will see what can be done. Heaven will put the right words into our mouths. But, give my princely word to confirm a lie? No, that I cannot do. But, while we are on our way, other expedients, other means of escape will come."

"Oh, I thank you!" exclaimed the princess, starting up. "And now let us make haste—let us go this instant!"

The preparations for the expedition were quickly made. Fifteen minutes later the prince and Elizabeth drove out of the courtyard in a somewhat clumsy traveling-carriage, drawn by four horses, and turned toward the city where the prefect lived.

The condition of the roads in those days, as is well known, was wretched. But, fortunately, the beautiful, dry autumn weather had made them so tolerable that the prince's horses could proceed at a rapid pace. Nevertheless, there was plenty of time for conversation and consultation. Elizabeth told her father everything about her intercourse with the unfortunate man, and in doing so succeeded in winning the prince's sympathy for him. The princess at last ventured to propose to her father to deceive the prefect by telling him that the prisoner was entirely innocent of collecting the arms which had been seized. Though he had remained in the country under an assumed name and in the greatest seclusion, it was because he was secretly betrothed to the princess against her father's will; if she, the princess, should declare this openly, and her father did not contradict it, the prefect, she was sure, *must* yield to her representations and release the prisoner.

This plan was intensely repugnant to the prince, but his resistance and objections gradually died away, and the more clearly he perceived the despairing agony of his child, the more he felt constrained and urged to a mode of action that at heart he detested.

At last the carriage rattled over the ill-paved streets of the city, then across a wide square adorned with trees, and finally rolled thundering under the vaulted entrance of the castle-like building where, instead of its former owner, now lived the prefect of a French department. The prince and his daughter alighted, and passed up the high flight of steps, where they were received by a French lackey, who ushered them into a reception-room, where he left them and went to summon his master. The princess's heart beat so violently that she was obliged to sink into a chair, while the prince paced up and down, muttering:

"So a German prince must wait in the antechamber of this French adventurer.—Calm yourself, Elizabeth. You must be the one to speak. I cannot use much eloquence to such a man—"

But he was wrong to complain of being kept waiting in the antechamber. The folding-doors

were quickly thrown open, and the prefect appeared, hastening forward with great courtesy and affability to receive his visitors. He was a thin man, of middle height, thoroughly French in character and manners. After the first exchange of courtesies was over, and the prefect had induced his guests to take seats on a divan, while he sat opposite to them on a modest *tabouret*, the prince said:

"As you may suppose, Herr Prefect, we come with a petition. We remember the kindness you once showed me. The question to-day again concerns an innocent person, only with the difference that he is threatened with a far more terrible fate than formerly menaced my old Meyer. The matter is connected with a number of guns that have been seized in my neighborhood."

"Oh, yes; last night," replied the prefect, whose face had suddenly grown very grave. "I have just been attending to the affair, and ordered the allies' emissary, who was captured at the same time, to be brought before me."

The princess was greatly agitated at this intimation that the prisoner was in her immediate neighborhood, perhaps only separated from her by a few doors; while her father, who now perceived that he must act as mediator, continued:

"If you have spoken to him, you have doubtless already received the impression that this man is not guilty—only the circumstance that he has remained a long time in our neighborhood, and, unfortunately, under a false name, has aroused the suspicion—"

"Suspicion?" interrupted the prefect. "Information has been given against him—information which led to the seizure of the weapons."

"Then," cried Elizabeth, impetuously, "this information is a shameful slander! The man who is in your hands never thought of carrying out treasonable plans against the power of the emperor; he came into the neighborhood solely and entirely because he loved me; and if he assumed a false name, if he remained concealed, it was done that my father might not suspect his purpose."

The prefect looked at her in the utmost bewilderment. "I do not doubt your assertions, princess. Any young man who had the good fortune to see you might love you," he replied, with a smile. "But we do not live in Arcadia; and a young man may, in the leisure hours such a love affords, pursue other occupations more or less harmless. Your emissary has made a full confession of—"

"Ah!" cried the prince, "he has confessed?" The princess grew deadly pale.

"Even so; he has just acknowledged everything," assented the prefect.

Elizabeth could scarcely retain her presence of mind under the weight of this statement. There was only the one hope, that he might be induced to retract his confession, as soon as he received the slightest hint of how they were trying to save him; so she exclaimed:

"But, good Heavens! this is madness—the confession is only made in despair, to escape the torture of the trial, or because he wishes to die."

The prefect shrugged his shoulders. Then he rose, rang a bell, and, when a servant appeared, said :

"Bring in the prisoner who is waiting in my office, but under a guard.—You shall hear from his own lips," he continued, turning to the prince, "that he openly confesses his seditious work. The only thing I cannot clearly understand from his answers is, whether the man's name is Faltner or Von Uffeln. If the latter should prove to be the case, there are facts connected with his service in Spain which must be carefully investigated. But there he is, and you can question him yourself."

The door through which the prefect had just entered, opened, and, accompanied by a gendarme, a figure appeared on the threshold, at the sight of which Princess Elizabeth started up in amazement too great to be described.

"Good Heavens !" she impetuously exclaimed, "will this confusion of persons never cease ?"

The person who had entered was no other than Adelheid von Mansdorf's betrothed husband.

"I was speaking of another man," exclaimed the prince, in surprise ; "this is surely—" The prince swallowed the name of Uffeln, which he was about to utter, that he might not compromise the prisoner.

"What surprises you so ?" asked the prefect. "Did you expect to see some one else ?"

"Yes," replied the prince ; and Elizabeth hastily added : "A very different person—I know nothing about this man."

The prisoner came forward with a modest, dignified bearing, and said :

"You know nothing of me, your highness, but it is of infinite importance to me that you should know and speak of me to Fräulein Adelheid. I have committed a great crime against her, a crime that cannot be justified, but which I hope she will be induced to judge leniently ; and if you would listen to me, and then speak to her according to the dictates of your own kind heart, she would do so. Will you hear me ?"

Princess Elizabeth, not yet fully recovered from her surprise, but with a feeling of infinite relief, answered : "Oh ! certainly I will. Speak !"

"Will you permit me to have an interview with the princess ?" asked the young man, turning imploringly to the prefect.

The latter frowned, then, as the princess also looked at him beseechingly, replied : "A private interview ? I can only permit you to speak in my presence. So tell her highness what you have to say. You can go to yonder recessed window, and be brief."

Elizabeth went to the last window in the great room, which was hung with heavy draperies. Meantime the prince and prefect paced up and down, and the gendarme remained motionless at the door.

"I have only a short time, your highness," said the prisoner, "in which to tell you what, from my inmost soul, I desire Adelheid von Mansdorf to know, that she may think of me more kindly than I can expect others to do. I must also compress into few words what, as I hope to God, will dispose her

to think of me more mildly if your kind heart will make itself the interpreter of my explanations.

"In the first place, to begin with a frank confession : what I said at Wilstorp about my life and origin is true in every particular, except that my name is not Uffeln, but Faltner, and I am the son of a plebeian. The Herr von Uffeln, whose name I assumed, I never saw but once, and that was in Spain, in a *café* in Saragossa. I was sitting with some comrades belonging to my regiment at one of the tables, while a party of officers attached to another regiment that formed a portion of our division had taken their places at an opposite one ; directly behind me sat a gentleman whom his companions called Uffeln ; my attention was instantly attracted, because from the name I supposed him to be a German. Thus it happened that I listened to the conversation, and heard my German countryman tell his friends that he had received a letter from home containing intelligence that advertisements had been inserted in the papers requesting him to return and take possession of some property. He was congratulated on his good fortune, but accepted these congratulations in a careless, jesting manner, saying that the property in question was a dilapidated owl's-nest, which he did not even inherit alone, but must share with a distant relative, whom he was far from desiring to disturb in his rural seclusion until the war was over. Until then the gentleman might hold the plough-handle himself. These words made a strong impression upon me, because I, on the contrary, had the greatest longing for such a quiet, peaceful existence, and would have asked no greater happiness than to know that such an asylum was open to me somewhere in the world. So it was with a certain feeling of envy that my eyes rested upon the fortunate officer, who wore the uniform of a captain, as soon after he left the *café* with his friends.

"I never saw him again in Spain," continued the prisoner after a pause, "but, when my situation, my profession became unendurable, often thought of him, and therefore was startled when one day he was suddenly recalled to my memory in a very remarkable manner. As I was a poor soldier and an excellent penman, I was often detailed for clerical service. So it happened that I had been working three or four months in the office of my division, when a document arrived containing the report of a trial by court-martial of this Captain Ulrich Gerhard von Uffeln, who had shot a companion ; the paper ended with a sentence of death, and had been sent in to be approved by the general of division, who now represented the wounded commander of the corps. The sentence was approved ; I myself handed the fatal paper, together with an order commanding its immediate execution dictated by the general himself, to a mounted orderly ; and when this man rode out of the courtyard of our headquarters and dashed down the street toward the town where Uffeln's regiment was stationed, I could not do otherwise than consider the latter a dead man.

"The document ought to have been preserved in our office, but there was little order in our military

register—in the sudden arrival of orders and the hasty departure of troops, the whole collection of papers was frequently destroyed or left behind; nay, the whole war in this unhappy country had assumed the most irregular character; well-considered strategic movements were rendered impossible by utterly incalculable events, constant fighting developed the most demoniacal impulses of human nature, and often deeds of the most horrible cruelty—

"I know—I have heard," interrupted Princess Elizabeth, gasping for breath; "go on."

"I found the document of which I was speaking among Uffeln's papers, his certificate of service, his commission in the army; I thought these would have afforded the proofs of his legitimacy if he had announced himself as the heir; I also thought that they would be of importance to the relatives who were expecting him, in order to prevent a false heir from claiming the property: so, to save them from destruction, I took them myself and preserved them among my own papers. I had no design in this act, and entirely forgot it during the excitement of the next few days, which were full of hurried marches, because we found ourselves suddenly threatened in the rear by an English corps, and skirmishes of more or less importance occurred almost daily. In one of these skirmishes I was wounded in a way which I considered a great piece of good fortune, since this wound brought me release from a position which had long seemed unendurable; it secured me my discharge. When partially cured, I received my dismissal and a pass home; I returned by way of Paris, where my pension as a retired officer was fixed at a sum on which a dog but no man could live, and at last I reached my birthplace, where I found only distant relatives in needy circumstances, who seemed to receive me with the question, 'Why did you come? what do you want here?' In this situation, I remembered the papers which were in my possession. I might deliver them where they were certainly of interest, perhaps of great value; if the latter, I might obtain a sum of money for them, which would be of great assistance to me. A newspaper containing an advertisement for Ulrich Gerhard von Uffeln was not difficult to procure; it gave me information regarding the road I was to take, and so I set out on my pilgrimage until one evening I reached Wilstorp, and went first to the steward. He received me with evident delight when I informed him I had come to announce Uffeln's death and bring his papers.

"Is that intangible heir dead?" he said; "then we shall be sole heirs here, and all difficulties will be removed. Where are the papers?"

"I handed them to him, and he hastily examined them. 'But the certificate of death?' he cried; 'where is it?'"

"A certificate of death? I haven't any," was my reply.

"You have none, nor anything else that proves his death?"

"Nothing of that sort. But I told you he was shot; I myself placed the general's order in the hands of the orderly, who—"

"You say so," he interrupted, "But what good will that do us; what will anything avail so long as we have nothing in black and white? Can you write to Spain and procure any official paper from there?"

"No," said I. "To whom should I write? To the commander of the division? Heaven knows where it is now! I saw by the papers that the emperor had recalled the troops from Spain, to use them against the allies. They are on the march, perhaps already before the enemy; how is it possible—"

"Herr Faustelmann threw my papers angrily away. 'Then we are just where we were before,' said he. 'It's enough to drive one to despair. We cannot move in any direction. You can use your papers for lamp-lighters, sir. They are useless trash to us, useless trash, nothing more. If you had only obtained an official copy of the sentence of death—then your testimony that this Uffeln was really executed, shot before your eyes—'

"But the execution was ordered," I answered.

"The steward suddenly grew very thoughtful; he looked steadily at me, nodded, and, after gazing some time into vacancy, said: 'I will make you a proposal. Help us yourself. These papers will be sufficient. Say they are *your* property.'

"I think they are—at least now," I replied.

"You don't understand me. Call yourself Uffeln—"

"Oh! how could I?"

"Why not? Call yourself Uffeln—and we shall be relieved from all our difficulties. You will inherit a fine property, at least half of it; Herr von Mansdorf will be delighted to be master of *his* half, and it can make no difference to the poor devil who was shot in Spain."

"I was startled, and indignantly rejected the proposal; but the steward persuaded me so long and earnestly that this would be the best possible arrangement, that my objections were at last overruled, and only the fear of detection asserted itself.

"Detection is impossible," said he, "and, if you fear it, we can avert its worst consequences. Marry Fräulein Adelheid von Mansdorf; then you will belong to the family, and it will be all the same whether you live at Wilstorp as Uffeln or as Mansdorf's son-in-law."

"But what a horrible conspiracy!" exclaimed Princess Elizabeth, indignantly.

"You are right," replied Faltner, "it was a shameful deception—that I perceived more and more clearly every day, while suffering under its consequences. But at that time—O God! I was so poor, so desolate, that the thought of finding a home was indescribably alluring to me, and then—was I not accustomed to be the tool of others, bow to others' will, permit the influence of others to decide my fate? I am not a bad man, believe me, your highness—"

"But weak, very weak," replied Princess Elizabeth, sternly, looking him steadily in the eye.

"Yes. Do you condemn or excuse me?"

"Go on. Make haste. The prefect is looking at us impatiently."

"Then I will say nothing of the days that followed, nothing of the torture I endured, when I felt Adelheid's loveliness exerting a more and more powerful influence over me, and perceived that her heart was no longer free, but throbbed with passionate love for another, while I, dreading the possible detection of my fraud, for the sake of the security of my future, could not resign her hand. I have bitterly atoned for my fault. Then came the terrible moment when, as I was in the act of calling upon your highness, a man appeared, who gave his name as Von Uffeln. I felt as if a thunder-bolt had struck me. Was this the man I had seen in Spain, the man whose name I had usurped? or was it a stranger, who had also assumed the name—"

"Didn't you recognize him?"

"No. I had only seen him in the evening, in a dimly-lighted place; at that time he wore a uniform, and was now in citizen's dress. And if the impossibility that he could have escaped death had become a possibility, why had he not come to Wilstorp to assert his rights? No, no; it could not be he, and with this thought I hurried home to seek counsel and protection from the steward, though I did not venture to tell him my secret fear that this man might really be Von Uffeln. He would have overwhelmed me with reproaches for having deceived him in representing Uffeln's death as an incontestable and certain fact. No, I dared not let Faustelmann perceive all the torturing anxiety that filled my heart, and so he set off to make inquiries of your highness. He returned with the firm conviction that the man who so boldly called himself Von Uffeln must be an emissary of the allies, who, for the sake of greater security, had insolently assumed the name. I, too, tried to soothe myself with this thought, and as the stranger remained concealed, as he allowed day after day to pass without putting forth the claims he would have asserted had he had any right to do so, I lulled myself in a false security, until at last, yesterday, the catastrophe came—"

"Yesterday? And what happened then?"

"Yesterday, about twilight—my betrothal to Fräulein Adelheid had just been announced—this Herr von Uffeln suddenly stood before us, as if he had sprung from the earth, and said, with sarcastic composure, that he was sorry to bring discord into a party who were in such a festal mood, but his name was Ulrich Gerhard von Uffeln, coheir with Herr von Mansdorf to the Wilstorp estate, and, though he could not produce the smallest proof of the fact, not the smallest scrap of document, he, with the utmost composure, called upon me to look him in the face and say he was telling a lie."

"What a scene!" exclaimed Princess Elizabeth.

"What a scene, indeed! I need not describe the bewilderment, the surprise, the helplessness, the wild confusion of questions that followed; I could not do so; I was more dead than alive. Only one thing was clear to my mind, that the true Von Uffeln really stood before me. I recognized him

now, I recognized the tone of his voice, the broad, drooping eyelids that had attracted my attention in Spain—recognized him without needing to hear his account of the manner in which he had escaped being executed. Besides, I was too much bewildered to understand it. I helplessly allowed myself to be drawn aside by the steward, who whispered:

"'Be a man! Don't waver a finger's breadth; for God's sake, don't lose your wits! He confesses, himself, that he hasn't a scrap of proof. So defy him until I have made him harmless. And that shall be done at once.' And with these words he hurried away."

"To lodge information against him?"

"Certainly; to—"

"But pray tell me," interrupted the princess, "what induced Faustelmann to make your cause his own, and without any inquiries take sides against the real Uffeln? Was he afraid that, if unmasked, you would accuse him of being the instigator of the plot?"

"I don't know whether that was the only motive. He might have denied it. He had another inducement, I think, a long-cherished plan. I was his creature; he could force me to give up my share of the inheritance to him for a mere nominal sum, and I don't doubt that that was his intention as soon as I was married to Fräulein Adelheid. Mansdorf's portion could have been secured on the easiest terms."

"The cunning scoundrel!" exclaimed the princess, indignantly. "And what happened next?"

"Do not ask me. I only know that I sought deliverance in flight from the eyes of those who surrounded me; and the questions with which they assailed me; that I wandered about in the forest for hours, and then glided home, intending to disappear early in the morning from Castle Wilstorp, with the few articles of property to which my heart clung, before any one was up, and could see my departure. I accomplished this successfully, but had scarcely left the house and entered the road leading to Idar, when I fell into the hands of two gendarmes, who rode toward and stopped me, demanding my name. I replied by giving my name as Falsner, admitted that I had called myself Von Uffeln, and been an officer in the French army in Spain, upon which I was arrested and taken to Idar, and thence back to the place where arms were secretly stored, at whose seizure I was required to be present."

"And you did not deny having anything to do with these arms—being an emissary?"

"No, I denied nothing. By keeping silence and allowing myself to be treated as the guilty man, I protected Uffeln from pursuit and arrest. It was the only thing I could do to atone for the fraud I had been induced to commit."

"Oh, that is noble in you!" exclaimed the princess; "that is noble and generous, and soothes my indignation against you. But do you know to what fate you are exposing yourself?"

"Certainly—death. And I will not be untruthful, will not pretend I do not fear death. No, I do

fear it, and therefore shall make every effort to escape my doom as soon as I can suppose that Herr von Uffeln has had ample time to escape. I shall be sent to the nearest fort, and there tried by court-martial; then I shall tell the truth, and defend myself as well as I can, and to the last. And now, your highness, you know all—will you speak to Fräulein Adelheid for me?"

"I will. She shall learn what excuses there are for your conduct, and also the act that restores your honor—all; she shall think kindly of you. When I give you my hand in farewell, as a token that I pity you, you can imagine it is Adelheid's hand extended in forgiveness."

"I thank you with all my heart," replied Faltstner, raising the princess's hand to his lips.

"I believe," said the prefect's voice, "that the long conversation is at last over; at least I must request you to end it, your highness."

The princess, with a slight bend of the head, turned hastily away from Faltstner and rejoined her father. The prefect made a sign to the gendarme, and Faltstner went forward to meet him, to be conducted from the room.

"You are as kind and considerate to the unfortunate man as your duty will permit, are you not, Herr Prefect?" said Princess Elizabeth.

"Since he has the good luck to possess such an intercessor, you need not doubt it," replied the prefect, smiling.

"Then," said the prince, "we will not impair your friendly intentions by making longer claims upon your valuable time."

"As if I were not entirely at your service, prince," said the prefect, bowing.

They shook hands with each other. The prefect accompanied his visitors to the first flight of steps, and at the end of a few minutes the four horses were again trotting swiftly across the square in front of the castle.

IV.

MEANTIME Faustelmann had spent a very uncomfortable day. He had returned late the evening before from Idar, after a secret interview with the commander of the gendarmes, and eagerly sought his *protégé* to assure himself that the latter had remained faithful to his part, and bid defiance to his opponent. Faustelmann did not despair; it was an easy task to rebuff a man who had confessed that he had not a shadow of proof of his assertions. But, in spite of his search and inquiries, he could not find his young master; on the contrary, he learned that, after the other gentleman had gone away, the new Uffeln conversed a long time with the family, after which he took his departure.

On this day blow after blow had fallen upon him. Herr von Mansdorf had sent for him early in the morning. "Now, Faustelmann," he said, "I want to know what you say to this story. How could we have allowed ourselves to be so deceived?"

"Deceived? Are we deceived? I don't think so. I believe the man who appeared before us yesterday with such a bold front is a swindler."

"A swindler? He? If you had heard him talk a little longer you wouldn't think so; and, if he were, why should the other take to his heels before him? why need he slink away like a dripping dog?"

"Ah! I hope he has not—"

"Certainly—he has taken to his heels, is up and away, has vanished without giving any of us a word of explanation or defense. Doesn't that speak plainly enough? And if you had heard the other talk—but where were you? You had disappeared too, as if you had sunk into the ground."

Herr Faustelmann did not find it advisable to give any information on this point; he only looked at his master in the utmost perplexity, and repeated: "So he has gone? Uffeln has gone?"

"Your Uffeln? Yes. Don't you believe it? Go up to his room. Nobody has seen him this morning—perhaps you, with your second sight, may be more fortunate."

"Then," replied Faustelmann, drawing a long breath—"then of course he must be guilty, must have deceived us."

"There is no doubt of that," said Herr von Mansdorf, "and I've sent for Plümer, to discuss the question whether we shall pursue him. I hope he will be here soon with Dr. Günther, for whom my wife sent, as Adelheid has been so much excited and agitated by all this that I fear she will be ill." Herr Faustelmann passed his hand several times over his hair, and said to himself that he had done a very foolish thing in lodging information about the arms; how terribly he would be compromised if the fact were noised abroad! And his well-arranged plan of becoming master of Wilstorp was now baffled, destroyed by this resurrection of a dead man who walked about alive and well among the living—how this was to be explained, how it was possible, surpassed even Faustelmann's knowledge of the world of spirits. *His* Uffeln must have deceived him abominably.

Herr Plümer, the notary, soon arrived. His crafty face was glowing with excitement; his eyes fairly gloated over Faustelmann's puzzled face.

"Well, this is getting better and better," he exclaimed, as he entered—"better and better.—Do you know the latest news from Idar, Herr von Mansdorf?"

"From Idar? I know of nothing."

"A quantity of arms have been seized in the Kropp. Runkelstein's children's coffins! Pretty coffins! Boxes full of muskets! And they've caught an emissary to boot—and do you know whom? Why, our false Uffeln, our charming cousin, who almost became your son-in-law into the bargain!"

"Him?" cried Faustelmann; "have they seized—arrested him?"

"Him! I saw him taken across the marketplace."

This was the second blow for Herr Faustelmann. If this man were arrested, he would undoubtedly confess the part he had played in Wilstorp, and not without accusing Faustelmann of being his tempter.

"Him?" he repeated, in a low tone, secretly

cursing the stupidity of the French sergeant, whom he had distinctly told who the emissary was, and whose person he thought he had described with the utmost precision. But Herr Plümer gave the steward no time to reflect long upon the terrible mistake, for he continued :

"And now every effort must be made to discover whom we have to thank for this abominable treachery, this information given to the French ; the scoundrel must receive a fitting punishment. Widmer, the patriotic apothecary, says he knows people who would be ready to give him a secret trial, and make nothing of hanging him to an oak in the good, old-fashioned way. Widmer is frantic, and will discover the guilty man before the end of twenty-four hours. If the gendarmes betray nothing, he'll go to M——, where he has a cousin in the prefect's employ, who'll not refuse him a sight of the papers."

This was the third blow for Herr Faustelmann, who, after so much excitement, felt the need of breathing the fresh air, and meditating upon the uncertainty of human calculations. He professed that some people were waiting for him in his office, and that he must go and attend to them.

Meantime Dr. Günther had gone up to see Adelheid. Although Frau von Mansdorf was present, it could not prevent the young people from expressing in their radiant eyes the happiness afforded by this meeting, and this happiness so melted away all feelings of anger and bitterness from Adolf's heart that he could not bring himself to execute the plan of vengeance with which he had come, and inform the mother that the condition to which she had brought her child was a very critical and dangerous one. Dangerous, in fact, he did not consider it ; he knew that a few days of happiness would so strengthen and restore Adelheid's health that he really prescribed Widmer's drugs almost entirely to soothe the anxiety of the family.

Yet, when he went away, and Frau von Mansdorf accompanied him into the anteroom to hear his opinion of Adelheid's condition, he said, plainly, to the now humble, subdued-looking lady :

"Thank God, madame, that matters are no worse, and beware of trying again such experiments with Fräulein Adelheid's heart. Heaven has not endowed it with sufficient strength for the purpose. You must not do it violence, or you will lose your child. I will not conceal from you that her love is mine, that I alone am the physician by whom she can be cured, and that you must permit this physician to visit her without interruption. I shall now come to see her every day, and you, madame, are too good a mother, are you not, to seek to prevent it?"

"It is a singular stretch of medical authority for the physician to prescribe himself as a remedy," said Frau von Mansdorf, with a sad smile—"or at the end of his visits claim the patient as his fee."

"True, it is not ordered by the rules of medical etiquette," replied the doctor, in a jesting tone, "but neither is it forbidden. And, as for the remedy, this must always be prepared with a view to the special case for which it is intended ; and, as only the

doctor can judge of the case, I trust, madame"—the doctor added this with a beseeching glance, and in a gentler tone—"you will not interfere with his mode of cure."

Frau von Mansdorf sighed. "I am to blame for having caused the illness, so I can make no objection to the manner in which it is cured."

Late in the evening, the prince's carriage stopped on its return from M—— at Castle Wilstorp ; the occupants did not alight, as they were very weary, but the prince sent for Herr von Mansdorf, and he and Princess Elizabeth hastily related the substance of all that was necessary to be told. These communications sealed Faustelmann's fate. Herr von Mansdorf was furiously angry, and swore, by all that was sacred, that he would not keep the fellow in his service another day. As for Herr von Uffeln, he could give no information about him. After remaining until a late hour the evening before, and giving all the particulars about himself that could be desired, he had gone away and not appeared at all during the following day. So the prince and his daughter were obliged to resign all hope of warning him at once, and hastened to Idar to obtain some rest after their fatiguing journey.

Princess Elizabeth's anxiety about this singular man, who had again disappeared, was once more aroused. When she reached the castle, and was again in her own room, she hastily wrote a few words of warning ; intending to send the note to Meyer Jochmaring, that he might take it to Von Uffeln. But she could not make up her mind to do so ; if she dispatched the note, he might perhaps leave the neighborhood before daybreak. Then she would never see him again—and, at the thought, all the courage she had displayed to her father that morning, all the heroism of self-sacrifice, all the power of reason, gave way. Besides, now that it had been proved that this man had a right to the name he bore, the whole affair had taken a different turn : he was no longer an adventurer—no wide gulf yawned between them.

So she resolved to meet him once more, and, if they must part, first obtain some explanation of the cause of his conduct, which appeared so mysterious. And still reflecting upon the subject, with a soul shaken with emotion, but firm in the conviction that she could give him her hand in farewell, without betraying how terribly she suffered, she pursued her way to Meyer's farm the next morning. Meyer should go to his place of abode, and bring him to her. She would go quickly, before her father was up ; no one should know anything about the matter, and, after a short conversation, she would return home.

She was to see the man she sought sooner than she expected. As she walked through the forest, with her faithful Marianne by her side, she heard footsteps, and, at the first turn in the path, saw Uffeln coming toward her. They met at the stile where she had seen him first.

"I thank you, princess," said he, "for meeting me on my way."

"I don't understand you," she replied, looking at

him in astonishment ; " who in the world told you that I was going to see you ? "

" I did not say you intended to do so. But you have come to tell me that for my sake you took the long drive to M—— yesterday, you and your father. "

" You know that ? "

" I learned from Meyer that you went away in great haste, and was presumptuous enough, to suppose it wasn't done for the sake of my double, who has been arrested—I don't know why, for the poor devil is no more an emissary than I am ; but you went, fearing I might be the prisoner—"

" I see you know all, " interrupted the princess. " Well, then, I won't deny that I spoke to my father, who, in the interest of the patriotic cause, resolved to use his influence with the prefect to try to save you. We were greatly surprised to find the prisoner was another person, but learned that you must fly as quickly as possible to save yourself from the same fate. "

" Save myself ? But I am no emissary, which you were kind enough always to take for granted ; besides, the necessity for flight is not so urgent that you will not permit me to accompany you home. "

" No, no, you must not, " the princess hastily replied ; " my father would not approve of it. I only wanted to tell you of the danger that threatens you. "

" Then, at least, let me walk by your side as far as Margaret's Linden, if you will not allow me to accompany you the longer distance to the castle—or through life. "

" I will allow you to do nothing, " she replied, with a vivid blush, " except explain why you mystified the people here—why you did not at once appear under your real name. "

With these words she began to retrace her steps toward home ; and, while he remained by her side, her maid, who probably thought her presence undesired during this conversation, walked on a long distance in advance.

" How was I to do so ? " he answered. " I have not concealed my name. Did I deceive you about it ? But I could not enter into a dispute with those who doubted it. I had no means of convincing them. Could I appear before a magistrate and assert my claim to the Von Mansdorf property ? No, I was obliged to wait until an attorney in Stockheim, to whom I applied, had succeeded in procuring from my home the papers I required to commence proceedings against the man who had taken possession of my inheritance. So I remained concealed—especially as I had cause to fear that, if the name of Uffeln became too prominent before a magistrate or a court of law, my affair in Spain might involve me in dangerous relations with the police. I don't know whether my escape was accepted and forgotten as a matter of indifference, or gave occasion for inquiries among the imperial police, whose agents are scattered over half of Europe. "

" I think, " said the princess, " from a remark of the prefect, that the latter is the case. "

" So, you see, I had every reason for not making

myself conspicuous. When, while in England, I resolved to come here to claim the inheritance that awaited me, I hoped for a much more rapid change in the state of affairs. I had seen how weak was the French power in Spain, and therefore did not expect it would make so long and tenacious a resistance against the vastly superior force that threatened it in Germany. I did not expect to arrive here much before the advance-guard of the allies ; but I was disappointed in this respect, and so sought shelter in the quiet hut that concealed me, when I learned with great surprise that an heir to my property had already been found, but, before attacking him, waited to hear from my attorney that he had procured papers to prove my title. Now you know all. "

" All except what induced you to bring about the catastrophe yesterday ? "

" Can you ask ? And yet it was you alone who led me to take the step. Had you not described the unhappy love-affair between Fräulein von Mansdorf and her young Æsculapius ? Could I remain indifferent to it ? I should have been a barbarian. And it was so easy to afford help and deliverance ! I need only appear before the family with visor raised, and bid defiance to the false Demetrius. I could prove nothing ; but I could speak. And what I had to say must at least save the young girl : it would certainly startle the family, and prevent any further steps from being taken until the day when I could produce my proofs. That is the cause of what you call a catastrophe ; it took an unexpectedly favorable turn for me. They believed me, and perceived the truth of what I said the more speedily because I encountered no opposition : my double vanished at once. "

" Yes, " said the princess ; " and I can explain the cause of this disappearance. " And she related all that Falstner had told her the day before.

" Who would have expected in so weak a man such a strong desire to make amends for a wrong ? " said Uffeln. " I pity him now from the bottom of my heart. And, as he only intends to protect me by his testimony before the magistrates until I have time to fly, I will make my escape now. "

" You must do so at once. "

" Let us sit down here a moment, " he replied, turning toward the bench under Margaret's Linden, which they had now reached. Princess Elizabeth followed him. " I cannot leave here without pouring out my inmost heart, " said Uffeln, looking frankly into her face, and speaking in a strangely firm tone. " I am only a simple nobleman ; but I have property enough to buy out Herr von Mansdorf—whose family long to get away from here—and become sole owner of Wilstorp. The little castle is a jewel. Will you be content to rule over it as mistress—can it compensate you for the loss of your stately home if you live in it with a man who loves you—loves you with his whole soul ? If so, accept my suit for your hand, princess. "

Princess Elizabeth changed color. Clearly as she was aware of her own affection for this man, her pride rebelled against his words. Ought she to be wooed thus ? Was it to be supposed that she could

be won so easily by a stranger? With a burning blush, she replied: "Your wooing is very bold, Herr von Uffeln. I should like to know what gives you courage for so—so bold a suit?"

"A proposal for your hand will always be bold, princess," he answered, quietly; "for I do not believe any suitor can ever be found who will think himself worthy of you. Courage is given me by the conviction that no one can ever love you as I do. I stand before you as before the goddess of my life, and will humbly receive my fate from your hands. I am even full of confidence that this fate will be a happy one; for you see, Princess Elizabeth, you yourself feel that no husband is so suited to your needs as a dreamer, to whom your clear mind will be a providence, with whom every moment you will have the conviction that you are necessary to him, that he needs you, would go to ruin without you. And this would be the case with me. I should die in these woods without you, as a plant dies without light and sun. I know you feel kindly toward me, so generously extend your hand."

"But, good Heavens! I don't even know you," replied Princess Elizabeth, who, in spite of all he said, only felt her anger increase, though blended with a feeling of anxiety and helplessness.

"That is true. Since I have known you, I no longer know myself. How should you?"

"And, therefore," she continued, with tears in her eyes, "it is unprecedented presumption, the most insulting arrogance in you to suppose I will intrust my fate, without further hesitation, to the first man who requests me to do so."

"We human beings all strive to obtain happiness. I see mine before me, and, presumptuous arrogance or not, try to grasp it."

Elizabeth was silent. She was far too angry at that moment to be able to give him a kind word. In spite of the violent struggle in her heart, she could not utter it, and yet she could not bid him go forever, and therefore remained mute, and answered only by the tears that hung on her lashes.

"I have caused you pain," he said, gently. "I did not intend to do so. Shall I go—go forever?"

She still remained silent; then started up. "I will go," she said, proudly.

And she walked rapidly away, while he remained on the bench, gazing after her with an expression of the utmost perplexity.

As she left the glade in which the linden stood, and entered the path that led on through the forest, she suddenly started and paused; she saw Meyer Jochmaring's sturdy figure standing, with folded arms, between the trees. He fixed his eyes upon her with an angry frown.

Meyer must have been on his way to Idar, and appeared to have already stood there for some time.

The princess, in spite of her secret agitation, was surprised at the appearance of the old man, who gazed at her, without stirring, with such a fixed, angry look.

"Is it you, Meyer Jochmaring?" she said, as he

did not make the slightest motion to allow her to pass. "Have you anything to say to me?"

"Yes, princess," he replied, "I think I have something to say to you; for it is not long since you told me that your royal house, from the days of Wittekind, I think you said, had been fast friends to the Meyers, who settled at Jochmaring Farm, and one had stood by the other in good and evil days. And so I think Meyer would be no true and faithful friend if he did not go to the prince to-day and warn him—if he did not say: 'Prince, under Margaret's Linden, in the lonely forest, at early dawn, your daughter secretly met the stranger, and they talked of love. No one would have believed that your daughter, Princess Elizabeth, would so far forget herself as to make an appointment with a stranger in the forest.'"

Princess Elizabeth lost all composure at these singular words from Meyer. She gazed at him as if petrified with amazement; then, crimson with anger, stamped her foot indignantly on the ground, and pulling her handkerchief with trembling hands, as if to tear it into shreds, exclaimed:

"Good Heavens! of what are you thinking, Meyer—of what are you thinking? You have no right to speak so to me—you have no right, for you must know that"—she hesitated a moment, and then recovering her self-control by an heroic effort, and drawing herself up proudly, continued—"Elizabeth von Idar gives no man an appointment, unless this man is the one to whom she is to belong forever. Know, Meyer Jochmaring, that this stranger has honorably asked for my hand, and I am his betrothed bride. Now go and tell the news to whom you choose."

"Ah!" said Meyer, "if that is so, don't be angry with me. I told you what I thought I ought to say to you, that you might not afterward charge Meyer Jochmaring with acting as an informer behind your back. But, if it is so, I congratulate you with my whole heart, and will intrude upon you no longer; for a third person isn't wanted in a matter like this. I wish you all happiness, princess, and the gentleman yonder, too."

With these words Meyer removed his hat, bowed gravely, and walked on with heavy tread into the forest.

Meantime Uffeln had hastily approached, and was now standing beside Elizabeth. When, in a clear, resolute tone, she uttered the words, "I am his betrothed bride," he had started as if he had received an electric shock, clasped her hand, and held it firmly; now he let it fall again, and, with an anxious glance at her face, said:

"My betrothed bride—for the sake of your pride, that no one may say of the princess—"

Elizabeth turned hastily, passionately toward him, gasping for breath:

"Yes, yes! for that reason!" she exclaimed; "and also because this man showed me what was the right, the only dignified course for a woman who loves. You already have my heart, my soul—take me also!"

"Take me also!" Elizabeth had exclaimed, in the tempest of her emotion. She had forgotten that a princess cannot dispose of her hand with so little ceremony. Prince von Idar had anticipated a more brilliant match for his daughter, and it was no easy matter to conquer his opposition to a marriage between this daughter and a simple nobleman. Elizabeth was too proud to coax her father to consent. While Uffeln, for greater security, had left the neighborhood, and was living concealed in another place, she tried to influence the prince by quiet arguments. At first these were unavailing—until at last Uffeln returned with the advance-guard of the allies, and the prince allowed himself to be softened, won by the attractions of Ulrich's manner, and the thought of keeping Elizabeth near him. So, in the following spring, after the Von Mansdorf family had gratified their desire of spending a winter in the south—Herr von Uffeln had bought the estate from the latter on very favorable terms—two happy young people moved into the newly-furnished Castle Wils-
torp.

The residence on Lake Geneva, and the feeling

of restored happiness, had soon exerted the most favorable influence on Adelheid's health. The following summer Dr. Günther, who needed a wider field of activity than Idar could supply, moved to a Rhenish city, where Herr von Mansdorf had settled, to marry Adelheid and remain there forever.

As for Herr Faustelmann, he did not depart without commencing a lawsuit, claiming compensation from the owners of Wilstorp for various services. Thanks to the energetic defense of Herr Plümer, the notary, he was proved entirely in the wrong, but he was correct in his prophecy that Prussian battalions would march through Idar. This really occurred at the expiration of a few weeks, just after the battle of October 18, 1813. To be sure, it wasn't of much consequence to Faustelmann—he had long since removed to another neighborhood, to escape the persecutions of the patriotic apothecary.

Nothing more was heard of poor Falsner. He was released from the fortress, because in the course of the investigation nothing was proved against him. Where he went then, and what was his fate, there is not the slightest rumor.

SYRIA UNDER THE LAST FIVE TURKISH SULTANS.¹

DURING the first quarter of the present century, Mr. John Barker was British "proconsul" and consul of the East India Company, at Aleppo, in Syria. For eight years afterward he was British consul-general at Alexandria, in Egypt, during the most important years of the rule of Mehemet Ali. Retiring from this position with a well-earned pension, he returned to Syria, where he had considerable estates, and died there in 1849, at the age of seventy-eight years, more than fifty of which he had passed in Syria and Egypt. His memoirs have just been put forth by his son, the British consul at Aleppo; and although they relate mainly to events which occurred more than half a century ago, they afford excellent material for estimating the character of Ottoman rule from almost the earliest period down to the present day; for, as he wrote in one of his dispatches, in 1814: "The same scenes have been acted over precisely in the same way for centuries past. It is only changing Mohammed into Ali, and my reports are in no way different from those of my predecessors a hundred years ago. That there should always be rebels, and that those rebels should always ultimately fall into the power of a government which they have long contemned, is in itself sufficiently strange; but that there should be no novelty in the means used to subdue them, and no necessity for new contrivance to insnare them, is what nothing but the profoundest knowledge of the Turkish character can enable one to conceive."

What was true sixty years ago is true to-day.

That such a government should not long ago have fallen to pieces from very rottenness is a wonder. Turks themselves claim it as a special intervention of Providence, and a standing proof of the divine authority of Islam. Said one of them, in 1805, to Mr. Barker: "I challenge you to produce another example, ancient or modern, where a people, long after their power of repelling aggression has passed away, has not only been suffered to continue in the list of independent nations, but whose government is, like ours, assiduously courted and flattered by the ambassadors of all the powerful nations of Europe."

The career of John Barker was a singular one, and is well worth the telling. He was born in 1771. At eighteen he entered the banking-house of Peter Thellusson, who left his great fortune so tied up that he expected that his great-grandson would, on coming of age, be the richest man in the world; an expectation which was doomed to disappointment. Barker showed such capacity that he soon rose to be confidential clerk and cashier. At twenty-five he threw up his place, went to Constantinople, where he became private secretary to Sir John Spencer Smith, the British ambassador, brother of the once noted Admiral Sidney Smith. In this capacity he was present at an audience which strikingly shows the insults which European ambassadors were wont to put up with from the Ottoman sultans.

At six o'clock in the morning the ambassador and his suite were hurried on board a boat, from which they were landed near the government offices at Seraglio Point. Ascending a slippery stairway, they were ushered into a bare, filthy upper room outside the palace, where they were kept waiting

¹ Syria and Egypt under the Last Five Sultans of Turkey: Being Experience during Fifty Years of Mr. Consul-General Barker. Edited by his Son, Edward R. B. Barker, her Majesty's Consul. London, 1876.

four or five hours, when they received a curt notice that they would be admitted to the imperial presence. They stumbled down the slippery stairs, and were marched into the court-yard, where each was mounted upon a splendidly-caparisoned horse, with two attendant grooms, though they had only to cross the court-yard a hundred yards to the great portal. Half-way across they were halted to await the arrival of the grand-vizier, with his great train. After these had entered, the foreigners were informed that they might follow. Entering a large outer apartment, food was handed round, which they ate with their fingers, and it may be hoped with a good appetite after their long waiting. Their swords were then taken from them, and, although it was midsummer, a heavy fur pelisse was thrown over each, and two stout guards laid hold of them and almost dragged them toward the audience-chamber. The entrance was by a portal scarcely four feet high, through which they had to crouch in order to enter the imperial presence. The sultan, Selim III., was seated on a throne at the upper end of the long hall, his hands resting on his thighs, apparently half asleep. On each side stood a huge negro, selected for his extraordinary ugliness; the grand-vizier stood in front, but a little to one side. The embassy was brought to a stand at a distance of some twenty yards. After a long pause the sultan half opened his eyes, and, without moving another muscle, asked, "Who is this infidel?" The vizier, taking from his bosom a large letter carefully wrapped in silk, replied, "A slave of the King of England, who has been ordered to lay this letter at the foot of the sublime throne." The sultan apparently dropped off into another nap. All the while the two negroes were scowling and making the most diabolical grimaces, saying loud enough for all to hear, "*Kish! kish!*" ("Put 'em out! put 'em out!"). At last the sultan half opened his eyes, and asked, "Have you fed the dog and given him clothes?" "It has been done," answered the vizier. "Very well, be it so," said the sultan, and the audience was closed. The guards, who had all the while kept fast hold of the members of the embassy, now hauled them backward toward the portal, at which they made them bob their heads, by a rough push from behind. Outside of the portal the pelisses were taken off, their swords returned to them, and they were left to make the best of their way to their boat.

Some years later this insolent foolery was effectually squelched by Count Sebastiani, Bonaparte's ambassador. He refused to lay aside his sword, and when he reached the low portal, instead of crouching forward to enter, contemptuously turned around and went in backward, presenting to the astonished gaze of the sultan that part of his person usually esteemed the least honorable, and upon which royalty is presumed never to look.

Sultan Selim was deposed in 1807 by the Janizaries, and imprisoned, his brother Mustapha being raised to the throne. The reign of Mustapha lasted only a year. Another insurrection of the Janizaries took place. Mustapha and Selim were both put to

death, and Mahmoud, the half-brother of Mustapha, was made sultan. It is said that Mustapha and his three pregnant sultanas were put to death by order of Mahmoud, who himself came near losing his life in the *emeute*. He received a sabre-cut on the forehead, the scar of which he bore as long as he lived. An attendant threw himself between the young prince and his assailants, and received a thrust aimed at him. Mahmoud was hurried into the harem, wrapped up in a roll of rugs, which was placed upright in a corner, where he remained until the fighting was over.

Mahmoud II. was half French by blood. His mother was a creole of Martinique, cousin of that other creole-girl who came to be the Empress Josephine. She had been sent to France to be educated, and on her return-voyage was captured by Algerine pirates, who sold her to the dey. He sent his beautiful prize as a present to the Sultan Abdul-Hamed, whose favorite sultana she became. Mahmoud, with considerable talents, had all the vices of both races from which he sprung. He died in 1839, and was succeeded by his eldest son, Abdul-Medjid, a mild prince, who in 1861 was succeeded by his brother, the weak, passionate, profuse, avaricious, and superstitious Abdul-Aziz, who was dethroned a few months ago, and died shortly afterward, by his own hand, as reported; by the hand of an assassin, as is generally believed. These five—Selim, Mustapha, Mahmoud, Abdul-Medjid, and Abdul-Aziz—are the five sultans with whose rule over Syria we have here to do.

In 1797 it became necessary to appoint a new British consul, or "proconsul," as he was officially designated, for Aleppo, in Syria, and John Barker, then twenty-seven years old, was selected by Sir Spencer Smith for the post. He was also made agent at Aleppo for the East India Company, and consul for the great English Levant Company. A European diplomatic agent, even of consular rank, is a person of no small importance in the Ottoman Empire. Himself, his attendants, and servants, have numerous privileges. They are exempt from all custom-house dues and all taxes for the public service. They are especially free from *kharateh*, or capitation-tax imposed only upon Christians; from the *kassabieh*, a tax levied upon those who kill animals for food; and the *mandarieh*, a special tax levied upon Christians, because they are presumed to eat pork. All suits in which a consul was in any way a party were taken from the local tribunals, and decided solely by the Sublime Porte. He had also the right of granting "protection" to all Christians, even though resident in a distant town; and in course of time it had become customary for all well-to-do *rayahs* to put themselves under the protection of a consul, and they were thereby exempted from the authority of the provincial governors, and could be imprisoned or mulcted only by order of the grand-vizier. A consular court thus became a kind of *imperium in imperio*.

Aleppo has long been, and still is, one of the most important cities in Asiatic Turkey. It is situated on a plateau about four thousand feet above the Mediterranean, from which it is distant seventy

miles, and upon the borders of the great Syro-Arabian Desert. It is traversed by the little river Koic, which after a course of several leagues is lost in a morass. It is remarkably well built, mainly of marble from inexhaustible quarries hardly a quarter of a mile from the walls. Covered sewers run through every street, into which empty the drains from the houses, and these converge into main sewers, which convey the entire drainage below the city. This system of drainage, more than a thousand years old, is equaled by that of few European cities. The castle is one of the best-preserved remains of Saracenic architecture, having moats, counterscarp, and a drawbridge; and, before the invention of artillery, was considered impregnable.

Aleppo is a very ancient city. Arabic legends connect it with Abraham. According to one form of the legend, the Father of the Faithful, while journeying from Ur of the Chaldees to the promised land, halted for a while here. He was profuse in all the rites of Oriental hospitality. All wayfarers were welcome to partake of milk in his tents. Every evening, after milking-time, proclamation was made, "*Ibrahim halab!*" ("Abraham has milked!"). Hence the Arabic name *Haleb*, of which Alep, or Aleppo, is merely the Europeanized form. The city has undergone many vicissitudes in comparatively modern times. In 638 A. D. it was taken by the Arabs from the Byzantine emperor, but was subsequently recaptured. In the eleventh century it became the capital of the Seljuk Turks; was subsequently pillaged by the Crusaders, and desolated by the followers of Timour; and in 1517, with the rest of Syria, was conquered by the Sultan Selim I., since which it has belonged to the Ottoman Empire. In 1832 it fell into the temporary possession of Mehemet Ali, the Pasha of Egypt. Meanwhile it had come to be a place of great commercial importance. It stands upon the old direct highway of traffic between Europe and India. European products went to Bassorah, on the Persian Gulf, near the mouth of the Euphrates, whence they were sent by caravans across the desert to Aleppo, whence they found their way overland to Constantinople and Smyrna. Indian products took the same route. Even after the direct commerce between Western Europe and India took the route by the Cape of Good Hope, Aleppo still remained the entrepot for the trade between Syria and Asia Minor and Eastern Asia. The great English Levant Company made it their principal headquarters in the sixteenth century. Merchants from all European countries settled here, and within a century there were in Aleppo eighty English mercantile houses. Even now its trade is very considerable. Twice a year caravans from Bagdad of two or three thousand camels pass through Aleppo, which is the centre from which all wares are distributed to Asia Minor and Armenia on the north, and Damascus on the south, and until quite recently to Egypt. At the close of the last century the population was about two hundred thousand. Turkish misrule has since reduced it to about eighty thousand.

At the beginning of the present century Aleppo

was of consequence to England chiefly as forming an important link in the chain of communication with India. It required six months to send a government dispatch, by the way of the Cape, from London to Bombay. During the Napoleonic wars more speedy communication was indispensable. Dispatches were sent first to Constantinople by the best means possible. Thence they were forwarded by swift riders through Asia Minor to Aleppo, whence they were in like manner transmitted across the desert to Bassorah, and thence, often by special vessels, to India. The main business of the English consul at Aleppo was to act as a kind of postmaster and express-agent; and he had also, through his "protected" agents, to gather every item of information all along the shores of the Levant, and forward it without regard to expense to the authorities in India on the one hand, and to the ambassador at Constantinople on the other. To do this was the main duty imposed upon John Barker when he was sent to Aleppo in his threefold capacity; and he was furnished with unlimited funds for this purpose, for a single item of news received at the earliest date might prove of untold value. One of Mr. Barker's dispatches, announcing in time the anticipated rupture of the Peace of Amiens, prevented the surrender of Pondichéry to the French.

He had been hardly a year at his post before he married. It was strange that he should have found in the very heart of Syria such a woman as Marianne Hays. She was born about 1780, at Aleppo, where her father was British consul. At the age of seven she spoke Arabic, Greek, French, Italian, and English. In 1786 she set out with her father and a large caravan to cross the desert to the Euphrates. The journey was an unfortunate one. Her father died of thirst, and the child barely survived. Her mother married Mr. Abbott, who became consul at Aleppo, and after his death Barker was sent to take his place. She was an heiress in her own right, for a maiden aunt had left her ten thousand pounds, safely deposited in the Bank of England, besides which she had as much more in jewels and landed property in Syria. Twenty thousand pounds in Syria at that time we may suppose to be fairly equivalent to half a million dollars at the present time in America. Well might the fortunate bridegroom write to an English friend: "My friends congratulate me as having formed a gainful alliance; and, indeed, it is on that score no bad thing. But, if they were acquainted with the personal qualities of my wife, they would lose sight of pecuniary advantages, and extol my good fortune to have found a person at Aleppo who, for purity of manners, propriety of deportment, humility, knowledge of domestic economy, candor, and good sense, has not her equal in any country. It is rare to find all these united, and yet this I have found, and at Aleppo, too."

It would have been hard to find a man better fitted than John Barker to perform the multifarious duties demanded of him. He had an abundance of the rarest of all qualities—good sense. He won the good-will of the Orientals by a grave and studied

politeness equal to their own, and was noted for his liberality, the quality above all others prized in the East. In Aleppo it passed into a proverb that "the English consul would give away the whole world if he had it in his hand." He was, moreover, in a special manner identified with the country in which he made his home. In right of his wife he had considerable landed estates, among which was a silk-raising establishment at Souedeeyah, the ancient Seleucia, to which in time he paid much attention, introducing fresh "seed" or eggs from France to take the place of the worn-out native stock; these he distributed freely, thereby almost recreating that decaying branch of industry. He built a fine villa there, which in course of time was surrounded by magnificent gardens and nurseries, containing fruits, vegetables, and flowers, heretofore unknown in Syria. He was the first to introduce the potato, the tomato, the Indian-medlar, several choice species of plums, apricots, oranges, peaches, and cherries, besides roses of more than fifty kinds. "There is not," he wrote, "to be found on the surface of the globe a spot so favored by soil and climate as our garden at Souedeeyah." He was wont to call it his "little paradise."

All the blessings of Nature are set at naught by the curse of Ottoman misrule. Let us epitomize some of the characteristics of this government in Syria, as from time to time noted by Mr. Barker. From a few instances we may fairly estimate the whole, as it has been, is, and to all appearance will be. For a rule which in four centuries has brought ruin upon some of the fairest portions of the globe, and has produced good upon no single portion, seems incapable of reformation or improvement.

Any petty chief, says he, in substance, who can raise money to equip an armed band, may seize a town and set himself up as pasha on his own account. As a type of this class of rebels, take a certain Ali Aga, who flourished in 1804. He got together a few hundred wild Arnaouts, and seized the little town of Gisser Shogre, not far from Latakia. A new governor had just been sent to Latakia to supersede the old one. The displaced dignitary asked the assistance of Ali, who marched upon Latakia, seized the new governor, put him in chains, and demanded a ransom. Unluckily, he had been in office for so short a time that he had not been able to fill his purse. The old governor had been in office some time, and might be presumed to have more or less money. Ali Aga threw him in turn into prison, and demanded of him a hundred purses (fifty thousand piasters, about five thousand dollars). By dint of torture he succeeded in squeezing out forty purses, every para the man had. He then made a requisition upon the town for fifteen hundred purses, but, finding there was not half so much money in Latakia, reduced the demand to five hundred, which was paid over. He then proceeded to pillage the town, going so far as to levy upon foreigners, quartering upon each of them half a dozen soldiers, whose business it was to intimidate their unwilling hosts by threats of murder, in order to extort money. The British consular agent got off by paying fifteen hundred piasters. The

French consul was richer, and fared worse. By dint of strong persuasion he was induced to hand over eleven thousand piasters; the final and conclusive argument being to thrust a couple of sharp-clawed, angry cats into each leg of his full trousers. Ali Aga then undertook an expedition against the city of Antioch, but was unsuccessful. To make some amends, he robbed a caravan of pilgrims bound for Mecca. He then marched to the coast, and pillaged all the villages on the way. The coast-people at length flew to arms, defeated the marauder, carried him in chains to Latakia, where they put him to death.

"This instance," says Mr. Barker, "will serve to give a general idea of the state of things" which prevailed for nearly a quarter of a century. The pashas in Syria were quite as apt to be in rebellion against the Porte as otherwise, and, whether loyal or rebel, were in constant feuds among themselves, whereby the sultan sometimes found himself in a curious strait. Thus, in 1802, Abdallah, the rebel Pasha of Damascus, and the brutal Djezzar, the semi-rebel Pasha of Acre, were besieging Mohammed Pasha at Jaffa. The sultan sent some men-of-war to quiet matters; but all the commanders could do was to issue an order prohibiting the landing of provisions in Palestine on pain of death, thus hoping to starve out the contending parties. Djezzar contrived to keep himself in good favor by regularly remitting his tribute, in every other respect acting as though there were no such thing as the imperial government, and retained his pashalik as long as he lived. About the same time Suleiman Pasha of Bagdad died, and his lieutenant, Ali Pasha, seized the government. He was wise enough to forward his tribute, and was never called in question by the Porte.

Aleppo itself was in a singular state during nearly a score of the years of Mr. Barker's residence there. "If," he writes, in 1803, "a total disregard of the imperial firmans be a sure token of rebellion, no pasha is a greater rebel than the Governor of Aleppo; yet there exists not a governor in Turkey more absolutely in subjection to the will of the Porte than this pasha. The proof of his subordination is the immense sums of money which he sends to Constantinople." As the chief duty of a pasha is to find money for the imbecile imperial government, matters went on smoothly enough under pasha after pasha for a dozen years, until 1814, when a popular revolt broke out, and Mohammed Pasha was driven from the city. He threw himself into a small fort near by, and set up an irregular siege of the city, his men living by pillaging the surrounding villages. The Porte, missing the tribute which it had been wont to receive, sent a special functionary to endeavor to accommodate matters. It was finally agreed that the pasha might return and occupy the castle; but he was stripped of all power, and became so hard pressed that the French and English consuls had to supply him with food from their own tables. Two contending factions, known as the *shereefs*, or patri-cians, and the Janizaries, or townfolk, sprang up,

each by turns getting the mastery, and, like the Guelphs and Ghibellines of Florence, keeping up a constant war with each other, which lasted for the next eight years. There was a great deal of firing in the streets, but luckily the lists of killed and wounded were very small. The Porte merely sent pasha after pasha to see to it that the required money was forthcoming. Again and again the people rose in rebellion against these pashas, when their exactions became unbearable. Such a rising took place in 1819. Khourchod, then Pasha of Aleppo, unable to cope with the insurgents, summoned to his aid three other pashas. The rising was suppressed, but not till after the bazaars had been burned down, and irreparable loss inflicted by the destruction of gardens, vineyards, and olive-trees. Among those called in to put down this rising was one Jellall Pasha, whom the people of Aleppo had good cause to remember and to fear. Seven years before he had been sent there by the Porte to take temporarily the place of the weak Ragheb Pasha, then governor. At his approach, the chiefs of the Janizaries put all their valuables into the hands of Europeans, where they supposed them to be secure. Jellall at first did nothing, and was apparently too much absorbed in field-sports to give any thought to business. After a while he invited the principal Janizaries to a dinner at the palace outside the city. They came, to the number of twenty-one, each accompanied by the indispensable pipe-bearer. As soon as they were in the court-yard, the gate was shut, and a fire was opened upon them from the balconies. Every man of them was shot down, and their heads were cut off and flung into the marble fountain in the court-yard. The pasha then rode into the city, seized the castle, and demanded that all the secreted property should be given up to him.

Insurrection seems, indeed, to be the normal condition of Aleppo. Another notable uprising took place in 1850. The Janizaries, so thoroughly crushed and dispersed by Jellall in 1812 and 1819, had gradually regained their ascendancy, and one of their number, Abdallah Bey, who had formerly been a butcher's lad, and was subsequently in the service of Mr. Barker, had for seventeen years been *mutzeleem*, or mayor of the city. The head of the *shereefs*, Youssouf Bey, managed to inflame Abdallah against the pasha on account of his many wrongful acts. His own party, he said, were without arms; so they would not act openly; but, when the pasha was put down, they would be able to act as mediators, and make it all right with the Porte. The immediate pretext was the severity of the military conscription, on account of which the inhabitants of Damascus had just successfully risen against their pasha. Emissaries were also sent by the *shereefs* to all the outskirts, inviting the fanatical rabble of camel-drivers and muleteers to enter and plunder the Christians. These joined the city mob, and to the number of ten thousand or more rushed to the Christian quarter, pillaging the houses and robbing the churches. In a month the insurrection was suppressed, after some fighting, the Turkish troops being commanded by

the Hungarian refugees, Generals Bem and Kmety, who had entered the Ottoman service. Abdallah, who seems to have been quite innocent of the pillage, only proposing the very common matter of setting aside an unpopular pasha, was apprehended and sent to Constantinople, which, however, he was not permitted to reach alive; and Youssouf, the real instigator, was made mayor in his place. Russia and France demanded that the culprits should be punished, and indemnity made to the sufferers. Four thousand persons, who were proved to have taken part in the pillage, were sent to Cyprus and Candia. The pasha was removed; but before this was done he had managed to recover most of the silver plate and ornaments of which the churches had been robbed. He packed these up in eight or ten great chests, and took them with him, and that was the last ever heard of them. How much of the plunder he managed to retain, and how much went to the officials at Constantinople, is unknown.

The year 1822 is noted in Syria for a great earthquake, which occurred without warning on the evening of August 13th, extending from the coast to Bagdad, a distance of fully five hundred miles. It was especially severe in the district of Aleppo, where in a few seconds fully twenty thousand persons, a tenth of the entire population, lost their lives, and as many more were severely injured. Slight shocks are not unfrequent in this region, but no very severe convulsion had occurred since that in the sixth century, in which, according to the probably exaggerated statement of Gibbon, a third of the seven hundred thousand inhabitants of Antioch perished. At the solicitation of Mr. Barker, a subscription was started in London by the Levant Company, the proceeds "to be distributed without regard to nation or religion." More than one thousand pounds was sent to him; but before a third of it was distributed orders came from Constantinople to put a stop to it, as the Porte "would not permit its subjects to be relieved by a foreign nation."

In 1825 the Levant Company, whose trade had greatly diminished, abandoned its consulship at Aleppo, but Mr. Barker was made British consul-general at Alexandria, in Egypt, a post which he filled with great credit until 1833, when he was removed by Lord Palmerston with the promise of such "retired allowance as the nature and duration of his services should justify." It took the government three years to decide how much this allowance should be; but it was at last fixed at six hundred and fifty pounds a year, to date back to the time of his removal. During the remaining sixteen years of his life the winters were usually passed at Aleppo, the remainder of the year at his beautiful villa at Soudeeah, where he exercised unbounded hospitality, and busied himself in horticulture and silk-raising. He had also a fine summer retreat at Betia, two thousand feet above the sea, two hours distant from his villa. Here he died suddenly, on the 5th of October, 1849. During the fifty years since he left England, he visited Europe only twice—once for a short time in 1818, and again in 1844, mainly for the

purpose of introducing into England some of the fruits which he had brought to high perfection in Syria. One which he sent over gained much notoriety. He had sent a sweet-kerneled nectarine to Lord Prudhoe, afterward Duke of Northumberland. This was named the Stanwick nectarine, and was exhibited at the exhibition of the Royal Horticultural Society, by which a medal was awarded to it. His lordship sold the tree for three hundred pounds, and very appropriately gave the money to the Fund for Decayed Gardeners.

Mr. Barker had every reason to look with the most favorable eyes upon the Ottoman Government ; but our impression, from reading the sketches of "Syria under the Last Five Sultans of Turkey," is that it is not only bad, but irretrievably bad ; was bad from the beginning ; bad three-quarters of a century ago ; is bad now ; and will be bad as long as it exists ; so bad in every way that the worst possible sultan could make it no worse, and a good sultan, if such a one could be produced in a harem, could make it no better ; bad not merely in Europe, where we know much of it, but equally bad in Asia, where we know comparatively little of it. Even in its Asiatic provinces it exists only as a clumsy instrument for wringing taxes from a population continually decreasing in numbers and wealth—taxes of which only a small portion ever reaches the public treasury. There is, indeed, among the Mohammedans, a vague and undefined reverence for the great Padishah, the Head of the Faithful ; and every popular revolt is

ostensibly not against him, but against his obnoxious officers. But in all the distant provinces the Sublime Porte is only known by the tax-gatherers and other like functionaries. For their behoof the devout have adopted an article of faith not to be found in the Koran :

At the day of judgment, they say, the great archangel will blow the trumpet and cry, "Who are yet remaining in hell?"

Another archangel will reply, "Those who are here are the custom-house officers, the public weighers, and the farmers of the tithes."

"Why are the custom-house officers so punished?"

"Because they bind themselves to act unjustly in taking money from people without making any return."

"And the public weighers?"

"Because they weigh always in favor of their employers, and therefore against their consciences ; and this is a great sin against men."

"And the tithe-farmers ; surely they are not so bad as the other two?"

"They are the worst of all ; for they pay money in anticipation of God's harvests before he gives them to us. They fix the sum to be taken as tithes before they know what God will grant ; and, if he should not give so much as they expect, they must act unjustly to the people by taking more than God gives. They sin against God and men ; so they are the worst of all."

THE ROCKING-STONE OF TRÉGUNC.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PATTY."

I.

"MOUSSE-MOUSSE ! Ah ! she is but a cruel little beast ; and yet to see her smooth as velvet, and to hear her pur, one would say, 'What a gentle cat is Mousseline !' Ah ! but she is a cat, after all !"

The cat sat still, her black, velvet-like coat glistening in the sunshine ; evidently she did not understand reproof. At Annik's words she purred more complacently than ever, without even a look at her pretty young mistress. Her green, baleful eyes were fixed intently on two large blue-bottle flies hovering about the exquisite, rosy flowers of the great oleander that stood in its green box outside the cottage-door. Annik shook her head at the cat, and then she crossed one leg over the other, pulled off her shoe and stocking, and began to examine her foot. It was a small, well-shaped foot, and looked very pretty just peeping from beneath her blue petticoat. The girl felt that a thorn had pierced it, spite of the thick leather shoe, and she gave a little cry of relief as she saw one end of the thorn still projecting from the skin.

The wings of her snowy cap spread as she bent forward and showed glossy dark hair rolled closely

away from the face. Her eyes, too, were dark, with long black lashes resting on cheeks almost as rosy as the oleander-blossom near which she sat. Annik was as pretty a little Breton maiden as could be seen in Finistère, and her costume was delightfully quaint. Her blue-woolen apron hid the front of her skirt of darker blue. The bodice of her gown was black, as was also the inner body, which had long sleeves ; both were trimmed with black velvet, embroidered in lines with a kind of flame-colored silk ; the opening of the corset was filled with a fluted chemisette, ending in a frill of home-made lace round the slender throat ; the bodice was laced across with pale-blue silk cord ; her winged white cap cast an exquisite shadow on her sweet young face.

Something in the girl's appearance seemed out of keeping with the small, one-storied cottage, with its overhanging oaken beams, in front of which she sat. One could scarcely fancy she lived there. Beyond the cottage the road went up-hill, and soon the sunshine, instead of shedding down a full stream of light like that in which the black cat sat lazily purring, asserted itself only in flicks and checkers of irregular design, for stretching across the road from the high bank on either side, as if to exchange em-

braces, were huge-spreading chestnut-boughs, with fans of exquisite green leaves ; a little higher up, the bank ended on the same side as the cottage ; and a group of chestnut-trees stood on a wide-opening of still-rising ground.

Here the light was yet more brilliant ; the dull yellow of the ground between the tree-trunks seemed paved here and there with *tessera* of gold, where corn had been thrashed in front of the great stone farm-house that stood back among the trees ; opposite on the right was a tall, gray calvary ; and the road, sloping downward from this, led to the church.

Just as Annik had taken out the thorn, and begun to draw her stocking over her pretty foot, a man appeared, coming from beyond the farm-house. There had been no rain for several days, and his tread was not heard at that distance on the dusty road. He came along with a lowering expression of discontent, and swinging the arm which held his heavy cudgel, his large, black, low-crowned hat pulled over his eyes. Presently he saw Annik ; he stopped, thrust his empty hand into the pocket of his bag-shaped breeches, and gazed earnestly forward, his wide mouth open with surprise, showing a range of gleaming, wolf-like teeth ; but he repressed the exclamation on his tongue, lest he should disturb the picture below him, and stood still, gazing. Annik had left off talking to the cat ; she sat leisurely putting on her shoe, crooning meanwhile a wailing cradle-ditty, as if the little foot were a baby, and she were lulling it to sleep. The man's face meanwhile had changed strangely as he came in sight. You would have said that love and joy could have found no power of expression in his features. Now, as he stood gazing, pleasure, at least, shone out of his eyes, mingled with delighted admiration. He had been too much absorbed to heed any sound but footsteps ; he had been for some minutes toiling up the stony road from the church. And now the tall, bent figure of a priest, with his breviary under his arm and a small bag in one hand, came behind the gazer. The priest, who was no other than the curé of the village, looked intently when he saw a stranger, and then rapidly beyond him, to see what had fixed his attention.

The curé was very thin, with small, mild blue eyes, but he looked healthy, and the color on his cheek deepened with vexation as he followed the stranger's strong, dark gaze down-hill, and saw on whom it rested. He went on past the strange man, and then turned back and looked in his face, only to be seen by a direct front-view, for the man's high shirt-collar hid the lower part of his features, and his long, dark hair fell over his eyes and cheeks. The eyes were deep set and unpleasant in expression, and scanned the priest searchingly ; then he pulled off his hat and smiled awkwardly.

"Good-morning, father ; you have forgotten Lao Côtafrec, it seems."

The priest started, and then, while he returned the greeting, he looked earnestly at the hard, determined face. It was handsome, perhaps, as regarded color and features, but there was no beauty of expression ; the lower nature reigned supreme.

"Lao ! is it, indeed, Lao ?" And then the curé stood silent ; he looked disturbed and hesitating, as if he wished to speak, and yet was withheld by prudence.

Meanwhile, Lao's eyes had traveled back to Annik ; he said, abruptly :

"Father, who is the young girl beside the cottage ? I have been away so long that the young ones have grown out of remembrance."

Again the curé looked disturbed.

"You are not likely to remember that young woman, Lao, for she is not a Kérian girl ; she comes from Auray ; her aunt married the widower Guérik. You remember him at the farm here"—he looked back at the stone farm-house—"his second wife and her niece Annik came from Auray, and when the wife died a year ago the niece remained with Guérik."

Lao shrugged his shoulders, but his dark eyes gleamed with curiosity. "I hope she has enough to keep her," he said, carelessly. "Guérik, as I remember him, is not a man to be burdened with a child who is not of his blood."

The priest was too simple to see Lao's drift ; his cheeks flushed a little as he answered :

"Annik lives with Farmer Guérik because she is his niece by marriage, and because she is alone in the world. She has no blood-relations, but she has a good sum put by for her ; and the prettiest little cow in Guérik's stable is Annik's. One has only to look at her to see that she is no beggar ; and she is good—yes, she is very good."

His voice sank to a faint murmur as he ended. The good father had suddenly remembered the admiration he had surprised in Lao's eyes, and he wished he had not praised Annik.

"Where have you been all these years ?" he said, quickly ; "we heard that you had gone to sea. You must have been away eight years or more ?"

"About that, monsieur ; I went to try the fishing, and then I heard of my mother's death"—here Lao's eyes drooped under the priest's gaze—"and then I went away to foreign parts. To-day I have come back to see my grandmother."

The curé crossed himself.

"Your grandmother is not a good companion for old or young, Lao ; she despises all that you were taught to reverence when you were a boy."

"That is a long time ago, monsieur," Lao laughed. "I love the poor old woman ; she is very harmless, but she is more clever than her neighbors, and so they are spiteful."

The curé looked stern as well as grave.

"I judge no man or woman from report, Lao ; I know that Ursule does not fear God. I warn you against her influence."

Lao laughed, and then he hitched up the broad leather belt he wore, and stopped in his walk.

"Good-day to you, monsieur ; I must go and see my old gossip Guérik." And he turned toward the farm-house.

The priest went on, with trouble on his usually placid face. As he reached the bottom of the slope, the girl looked round. She rose when she saw the

curé, and at her smiling greeting the priest's face cleared.

"Good-day, my child; I am going away for a few days, but only as far as Concarneau, so you will know where to find me if I should be needed."

"Going away, father?" Annik's eyes opened in wide wonder. She had not lived many years in Kérion, but she could not remember the day when she had not seen Monsieur le Curé.

"Is there any reason why I should stay at home, my child? If there is, tell me."

"No! oh, no!" Annik blushed with confusion. "The change will be good for monsieur, but we shall all be glad to see him back."

"And I glad to return, dear child." He put his hand on her head. "I have said I will stay till Saturday morning, but I may return on Friday—who knows? Go and see Jeanston sometimes. Farewell."

The girl knelt down in the dusty road to receive his fatherly blessing. The curé gave it, and then passed on quickly on his way to Concarneau.

II.

"WELL, good-day, old friend! It was a fine chance that brought you back to Kérion. Leave matters to me, and they shall go smoothly."

The speaker, Mathurin Guérik, came to the arched door of his old stone house, and nodded farewell to Lao. Then he smiled, and rubbed his hard brown hands together in congratulation of his own manœuvres. Guérik was short and broad, and his long red hair was not a becoming frame to his repulsive, sullen face; his long, half-shut gray eyes were twinkling with satisfaction.

"Nothing could have happened better. The girl says 'No' to every man I propose to her, and indeed there are but few to choose from in Kérion—who have money; this one is rich, I can see it even in his walk." He stood watching Lao Cöatfrec out of sight. "And there are no relations to make troublesome inquiries about the interest on Annik's hoard. I know too much about Ursule; she will not meddle, and I shall ask no questions about Lao: he marries Annik—he wants ready money, and he likes the girl—and takes her away at once, and I shall be rid of her and of Monsieur le Curé. I am tired of being watched over and talked to as if I were a sick woman."

He stuffed both hands into the pockets of his bag-like breeches, which were pear-shaped, and made of unbleached, coarse jean, gathered into innumerable tiny plaits; his black-cloth leggings, trimmed with faded embroidery, were buttoned with very small metal buttons down to the ankle.

"Annik!" he called, in his harsh voice—"Annik, I have something to say." Guérik turned toward the house, but there was no answer.

The road had been empty since Lao departed, but now here was Annik coming up from the church; and down the road which Lao had taken came a tall young fellow, walking briskly, whistling as he came. Looking straight before him a moment ago, this

bright-haired, happy-faced youth had a fearless, honest face that won the beholder; but, as the young girl stepped up into the road, his fearless look faded into a timid, almost beseeching glance, his well-knit limbs moved less freely, and his head was less saucily erect; and as Annik saw him, and nodded, and then moved across toward the farm-house, the young man reddened and stopped awkwardly in the middle of the road.

"You called me, uncle?" said Annik.

The farmer had turned, and saw the timid greeting exchanged. He answered gruffly:

"Yes, yes! Jeff has need of help. Go; she waits."

A little pout closed the girl's lips; she gave a lingering look over her shoulder, and then went slowly into the house. As she passed her uncle she said:

"Jeff did not need help when I left her; she is growing lazy." Then she held up her pretty head, and walked on with the air of a young queen.

"I am tired of these airs," the farmer murmured. "It is not pleasant that a young chit like Annik should be so independent; she shall be tamed.—Ah! good-day, Silvertik. You have left work early to-day. Why so?"

"Yes, I have left work early to-day, Mathurin Guérik. My cousin, the miller of Nizon, is ill, and he has sent to say that I am to go and help him—that I am to be his son—and that, when he dies, the mill and all that he has is to be mine."

"Some folks count chickens through the egg-shell, Silvertik. Well, go your way, and prosper better at Nizon than you have prospered at Kérion. Lao Cöatfrec, who you all said had gone to the bad, has come back to-day, rich and prosperous. Go and do likewise."

Silvertik looked sharply at the farmer.

"Lao Cöatfrec! Has he come back? Well, I fear his riches are not fairly got—if, indeed, he *is* rich; he is a smuggler—everyone knows it—and ugly things have happened to him and to his crew."

Guérik's ugly face grew purple, and he growled a fierce oath between his teeth.

"Lao is not a milksop, and so he is a mark for evil tongues. Take my advice, young man," he went on, harshly, "keep your mouth shut, or you may find stones in your teeth. Lao is my friend."

Silvertik looked troubled. He had plenty of intelligence, but he was slow in piecing facts together, and at this moment his head was so full of Annik that he had no insight into the extent of Guérik's anger.

"I did not know that," he said, simply, "or I should have held my tongue; for I would not willingly grieve you, Mathurin—" He stopped and looked sheepish, then he forced out the words: "If all goes as I wish, some day I hope to call you uncle."

Guérik broke into a coarse, derisive laugh.

"Some folks are bent on seeing through the egg-shell. Go your ways, Silvertik; my niece Annik is not for a penniless lad with scarcely a beard for the barber. Go, I tell you!"

Guérik roared out the last words. The young man's eyes flashed, and he made a step forward toward the bully. But Guérik did not notice either look or movement. As he spoke, he turned quickly into the arched doorway, and violently pushed to the half-door, so as to prevent any following. Seeing this, Silvertik paused and unclenched his fists.

"I am as foolish to be provoked by his bluster as he is to show it. He has no power over Annik. If I were richer, I would speak to her to-day before I go to Nizon ; as it is, if I were more sure—but she never gives me a smile or a word that she does not give another. If I thought I had a chance, then indeed—"

He went slowly down the road, past the cottage in front of which Annik had been sitting. Just within a withered old woman sat with her distaff under her arm, her black cat striving every now and then to touch the ball of yarn as it twirled beside her.

"Good-morning, Barba," he said ; "is your rheumatism better ?"

She shook her head ; her white cap fell so low over her wrinkled brown face that scarcely more than the lipless mouth was visible.

"No, my lad ; it is so bad that if I had only legs I would go to Mother Ursule to ask her to give me a charm for it."

"A charm ! Better ask Monsieur le Curé to pray Our Lady to heal you."

The old woman blinked at him out of her almost shut blue eyes.

"I have done that over and over again, and the pain goes, and then it comes back. Mother Ursule's cures are sure, but then it is so far to seek them. Ah ! what it is to be young !"

"Look here, Barba, to-day I go to Nizon, but to-morrow I come back to Kérion to settle my affairs : it will not be much out of my road to seek Ursule and get you a charm against your pain."

The old woman shook her head.

"She will not give it you. I must seek it myself if the charm is to work. I would not sit here suffering if another could do my errand. For Ursule never fails : she is all-powerful ; she can change the wind ; she can soften the heart of the proudest maiden, and make her say 'Yes.'"

Here the old woman crossed herself, either for protection against the witch, or as an act of faith.

III.

WHEN Silvertik reached the mill of Nizon, he found that his cousin's health had improved.

"I shall not die directly," the sick man said, "but that makes no difference to you, Silvertik. I shall never walk again—my legs are useless—and you are as much master of the mill as if I lay in the churchyard ; but while I live I must keep the name, and I must have a corner of the old house to live in."

Tears rolled down Silvertik's face. His cousin had always been good to him, but till lately two well-grown sons had barred any hope of succession

to the mill. Lately one of these had been lost at sea, and the other had died of fever ; a double grief, which had caused the paralysis from which the sick man could not rally.

His young cousin's sympathy cheered the miller, and he agreed to spare Silvertik for a few days, so that he might arrange his affairs at Kérion before he came to settle down for life at Nizon.

That night, when the youth had stored away his long legs into one of the cupboard-like bedsteads in the chief room, he could not sleep ; he lay thinking of all that had passed—of Annik, of the old witch Ursule. The short-drawn, wheezing breath told that the sick man was at last asleep, and for some time past the grunts and snores of the two servants—the miller's man and his maid—had been sounding through the great, dark room. All at once it seemed to Silvertik that he heard the clack of the mill and the splash-splash of falling water, and these sounds joined in a dull chant—"Go to Ursule ! go to Ursule !"—till the words came so close, they beat upon the drum of his ear so loudly, that they deafened him ; and, starting awake, he found Jean Marie, his cousin's man, bellowing to him that it was time to rise.

The broad daylight, and the interest he felt in learning his new business, kept Silvertik from thinking of other things, and he laughed and joked with the miller's man.

When at last he came in from work, the sick man smiled feebly.

"The sight of you does me more good than the doctor," he said. "Who knows, when you are here every day, and I see your fresh face, and hear your laugh, and feel, too, that good work is doing—who knows but I may mend and strengthen too ? But that will make no change to you, my lad. The mill is yours, and the papers will be ready for you to sign when you come back."

He kept putting off the youth's departure till the light began to fade ; then, as Silvertik stooped over the tent-bed on which he lay, he laughed :

"Bring a wife in thy pocket, young one ; there is enough and to spare for you both, and she will make the place as bright for you as you have made it for me. Do what I say, Silvertik."

"No such luck, my cousin." Silvertik turned away hurriedly to hide his red face, and went out through the low doorway.

It is a wild piece of up-and-down road between Nizon and Kérion to travel on a dark night ; moreover, it is bordered on one side by a vast stretch of waste-land. On this, sometimes standing up in naked ruggedness, sometimes overgrown with brown gorse and tufts of heather, are huge, misshapen blocks of granite.

A hoarse wind had risen after sunset, and had broken up the dull, leaden expanse of sky, which had looked so gloomy through daylight, into darker but less solid masses—black, filmy clouds, that drove hurriedly across the sky as if they actually feared the hoarse voice of the ever-rising wind. It was not late, but darkness had come with a suddenness un-

known in England. All at once the howling of the wind lulled, and then a shrieking wail burst over the waste.

Silvertik stood still and crossed himself, and then looked fearfully about. Just in front of him an opening came in the road, and a narrow way went steeply down between two high banks. All around him were the pagan stones, some of which, tradition said, sheltered dwarfs and korrigans, while the taller ones had been known to walk and to crush unwary travelers who met them on their way.

"It was only the wind," he thought, as he stood at the opening of the steep, narrow way.

All at once he remembered that he had been told that it was down such a steep, uncanny bit of road as this, only nearer home, that Ursule lived; and the words of old rheumatic Barba and his dream of last night came back so vividly that it seemed as if a voice from among those dark, weird stones was whispering in his ear, "Go to Ursule!" Should he go? Could she teach him how to win Annik?

He went on musing along the high-road, difficult to keep, now that waste-land spread along each side of the way. Once he went plunging into the midst of it among the furze and stones, and then a cross placed at the angle of a by-road caught his eye and set him straight again. He took off his hat reverently, and the misty dream that had been confusing him dispersed for a while.

"Ursule is a witch," he said. "No; I will not seek her. I will speak for myself."

But, as he drew nearer and nearer to Kérion, his courage failed. Annik had never said or done anything in the way of personal encouragement. He could not approach her in regular fashion through the crooked tailor of the village, whose business lay more in the making of marriages than in the making of clothes; for this tailor was a known friend of Guérik's, and would certainly speak to the uncle before speaking to the niece, and thus Silvertik's suit would remain untold.

"If I had only a mother!" the poor fellow sighed. He had been an orphan ever since he could remember, owing all his teaching to Father Pierre, and helped on first by one cousin, then by another, but knowing no home except the houses of the farmers with whom he had taken service.

Here was Kérion at last! He passed the low cottage where Annik had talked to the cat, and where old Barba had given her counsel, and, speeding swiftly up the hill with long, strong steps, he came in sight of the farm-house. A dull-red glow shone through the window beside the door, making it visible at some distance. Silvertik stood still, and gazed as a lover ever gazes on the nest that holds his beloved; then his eyes went to the upper story.

"Annik is still below," he thought; "there is no light up-stairs."

Suddenly between him and the house, obscuring the red light in the window, came two dark figures and passed in through the low stone arch of the doorway. The door was shut-to, and in a minute the

dull red brightened, and the window was ablaze with light.

A curse rose to Silvertik's lips; all his pure, simple worship of Annik was dimmed by a cloud of furious jealousy. He had seen Guérik taking Lao Cöatfrec to his hearth-stone to woo Annik.

"I was a fool not to guess it yesterday. I might have spoken then, and so have had her answer before Lao had time to court her with false words. He is a thief, and therefore he must be a liar—curse him!"

He plunged his hands into his hair; he stood gazing wildly at the house, while one mad thought, and then another, wrecked all self-control.

Then with a sudden impulse he went fast up the hill, on along the road for some distance, till he paused at a cross-road—just such a narrow, sunken turning between two lofty banks as that where he had heard the wind shriek over the stone-strewed waste near Nizon.

"I will see Ursule," he said; "right ways are useless against knaves and plotters. Who can say how those two may use Annik? I must take any means to win her."

But even then his conscience misgave him; and, to quiet its pricks, he plunged recklessly down the hollow way.

Down, down it led him, through wet and mire and bramble-tangled paths, on to a vast waste. Here it was not so dark as in the narrow way, and the monotonous, distant moaning told that the sea was not far off. There was light enough to show pools of water, and in the midst of these was a cluster of stones like a long, low hut.

At sight of this, Silvertik stopped, and his heart beat violently. He tried mechanically to cross himself, but his arm felt stiff and paralyzed. A cold dew spread over his forehead, and it seemed to him that the hairs lifted themselves and stood upright on his head. He had never visited this gloomy waste, but as a child he had been told that the hag Ursule, shunned and feared by all, lived in a ruined dolmen at the end of the narrow road he had descended. This, then, must be her abode.

Silvertik was brave: he had rescued three men from drowning, at the risk of his own life; he was an excellent wrestler, and never shrank from any amount of bodily fatigue or pain—but he shook with actual fear at the thought of intruding on Mother Ursule.

IV.

WHILE Silvertik stood undecided and unnerved, something touched him, and then, rubbing itself against his legs, the creature purred.

The familiar sound revived him, and he felt himself again when a lantern came out of the group of stones and a deep voice said:

"Tartare! Tartare! come home; it is time."

The cat left off rubbing against Silvertik and moved toward the lantern. The youth followed it, striving to keep down fear.

"Who art thou?" He had not nearly reached the light when this stern question came.

"I am Silvertik," he said, quickly. "I come to consult you, Mother Ursule."

"Come in, my son—come in." The voice had a softened, almost a fawning, sound in it. "Let us see how a poor old woman can help the rich miller of Nizon."

Silvertik started. It was only the day before yesterday that he had learned his cousin's kind intentions toward him. How could the news have already reached Ursule, who rarely went into Kérion?

"Rich? No, mother," he laughed, as he followed her, rejoiced to find that she was, after all, an ordinary old woman. "I never expect to be rich."

He followed her through an opening in the dolmen; then he paused and looked around. Ursule was holding up the lantern, and he saw that he was in a sort of stone vault, surrounded by upright blocks of granite; in the midst was a huge stone, grooved in the centre, and in one corner between two lower stones was a dull, smouldering fire. As he looked round to the door by which he had entered, he started violently. In the darkness above the entrance were two yellow eyes glaring at him.

"Come down, Tartare," Ursule said, querulously.—"Now, Silvertik, shall I tell thee what thou hast come to seek?"

Silvertik stared at her in wonder, while the cat sprang down from its post of observation and nestled on Ursule's shoulder.

Ursule was very witch-like as she stood, the yellow light from the lantern falling on her skinny cheeks and narrow, spiteful eyes. Her face was darker than Nature had made it, from incrustation of dirt, and tangled, grizzled hair fell over it from beneath an old, rusty black hood.

"I am not yet the miller of Nizon, mother. My cousin is better, and may recover—who knows?"

She shook her fingers in his face, thereby displaying how long-nailed and crooked they were.

Silvertik drew back with a start. He felt as if those brown claws could hook out his eyes as the yellow-eyed cat on Ursule's shoulder could tear out the heart of a bird.

"I am come for advice, mother, but I have no money to return for it." He watched her face eagerly, but he saw no change from the keen gaze she had kept on him since he entered her den. Then he unbuckled his broad buff-leather, and threw it on the huge table between, the metal clasp ringing on the stone as it fell. "I can only offer this," he said, timidly.

Ursule laughed.

"What else?"

She fingered the belt, pushing out her lower lip contemptuously when she saw how plain the clasp was.

Silvertik looked puzzled. He took off his hat, and rubbed his forehead with his orange-cotton handkerchief.

"I forgot this," he said; and he began to unloose the white-metal buckle that fastened a broad black velvet round the crown.

"Keep your rubbish, boy, and be speedy!" Ur-

sule said, fiercely. She flung the belt into one of the dark corners of the den. "Say out at once what you want."

Silvertik's faith in the witch's power was greatly neutralized by her contempt of his poverty. How foolish he had been to come empty-handed! and yet, unless he borrowed money of his cousin, he did not know how he could get any sum sufficient to offer to the old witch.

"Come, be quick, loiterer!" she said, hoarsely. She saw that he hesitated, and she was unwilling to lose a fresh dupe.

"I want," he stammered—"that is, how can a young man who is poor approach a—"

He stopped. His downcast eyes and the flush on his honest face told his secret.

"Silvertik Kergröes asks"—Ursule spoke mockingly to the cat on her shoulder—"how he is to win a rich young girl, and what steps he is to take to get her for his wife."

Silvertik's eyes opened widely, and so did his mouth. His surprise was unbounded.

"Well, mother," he said, simply, "if I had not believed in you before, I believe in you now. You know wishes before they are spoken."

"He is a young fool, Tartare." She had turned her face round to the cat, showing a hideous, wrinkled throat in the action. "He forgets, Tartare, that before a young man hints his love he must make sure that a girl will listen—with patience, at least."

"Yes, yes, she would listen with patience," he said, eagerly. "Annik is sweet and gentle; but I want to know what her answer will be—only a hope that she loves could encourage me to ask her, for she is rich and I am poor."

"Rich! Ta-ta! he calls a few hundred francs riches, Tartare! Annik, indeed! It is well Silvertik sought our advice, Annik!" She stood thinking while the cat nestled its head against her face and purred loudly.—"Boy," she turned suddenly to Silvertik, "you have no chance with Annik. Give her up, and choose some one who is less sure of lovers."

"I cannot give her up," Silvertik said, stoutly. "If you cannot help me, I will find out by myself whether she will be my wife."

He turned to go, for he was provoked by Ursule's mockery.

She bent forward and caught at his sleeve. Her eyes gleamed with anger.

"Listen, fool!—since you will not take a friendly warning—and be sure you do as I tell you. I know Annik; if you will succeed with her, you must not give a word or a look of love till you have tried the spell—not even if you see others wooing her."

A spell! Thoughts of Father Pierre, and of the warnings he had often spoken against the belief in the pagan traditions that haunt the lands and stones of the country, came back, and made Silvertik hesitate.

Ursule read his face easily.

"Go your ways, fool, and never intrude here again. I tell you the man who approaches Annik without having first learned whether he can master

her love loses her forever ; only by the spell can he learn his fate ; and, if the spell says yes, it binds her also to be his."

"Well," he said, crossly, "what is the spell?"

"Before I tell you, you must swear to try it—swear on the head of Tartare."

As she spoke, she kept her eyes fixed with a strange, constraining power on Silvertik.

As if the cat understood her mistress's words, she leaped down on the stone, and sat there with closed eyes like a black idol. Ursule stretched out her lean fingers for Silvertik's hand, and placed it on the cat's head.

"Say my words," she whispered. She paused, and fixed her eyes on the youth, who repeated her words like a parrot. She went on: "I, Silvertik Kergroës, swear by the soul of my mother and by my own salvation, that I will, on the night of Saturday, go alone, and without telling my purpose, to the Rocking-Stone of Trégunc—" At the word "salvation" Silvertik hesitated, but the witch grasped his arm firmly, and he went on: "Then I will strive three times to move the stone by gentle pushes of my body and hands ; if it remains firm, I may ask Annik with sure hope ; but, if it rocks ever so little, her love is not for me—it has been given to more than one before me !"

As Silvertik repeated the last words, the cat opened its great yellow eyes, and leaped back to its resting-place on Ursule's shoulder.

The old witch took something from her pocket and strewed it on the stone table. Then she struck sparks over it with a flint and steel. A sudden bright flame lit up the den with a lurid glare, in which the old woman looked like a moving corpse. She caught hold of Silvertik's hand, and held it over the flame.

"Swear to do this !" she said, hoarsely.

"I have sworn already," said Silvertik.

Sullen and ashamed, he shivered ; for he believed in the witch, spite of himself.

"Remember," she said, as the flame died out and left them in semi-darkness, "if you speak to Annik in the interval, the spell is broken, and the stone will not speak truly, nor can I say what may befall you. Go on Saturday, when the light has faded out of the sky—and, remember, alone. If the stone does not rock, it will hold the maiden's heart fast to yours forever."

"But, mother," he said, after a few moments, "Pierre Mao did all this, and a week after his corpse was washed up by the waves on the rocks beyond the stone of Trégunc."

V.

"I WISH the good father would come back," thought Annik. "No one else can tell me what to do."

She was sitting at the foot of the tall wooden calvary beside the church. She was not far from the farm-house, but the large, spreading chestnut in front of this concealed her effectually. She hid her face in her hands, though there was no one by to see the warm blood rush up to her face. She was strug-

gling with a keen dislike to leave Kérion. This morning Mathurin had spoken sternly to her. He said he was tired of having her at the farm ; he meant to arrange a marriage for her without delay.

"I do not wish to marry," the girl said, angrily ; and then she blushed at her words, and came out to sit under the calvary. Since the curé's departure, Lao Cöatfrec came every day to the farm-house. Annik wondered whether he was the proposed suitor. "No one shall choose my husband," she said, saucily.

Old Barba had often warned Annik that her money was not safe with Mathurin ; but when the girl had consulted her only friend, the curé, he bade her be patient.

"You cannot go out into the world alone, my child, and you do not wish to enter a convent. You have no relations, and a home you must have. Be patient, then. Trust in God."

Annik sat now disconsolately, with her hands clasped in her lap.

"I wonder what Monsieur le Curé will say now ? I cannot stay here, and yet it would be easier for a poor girl to find a home than for me—"

All at once a shadow came between her and the light ; she looked up, and saw Lao Cöatfrec.

"Good-morning, pretty Annik," he said ; and then, without waiting for her answer, he seated himself on the steps of the calvary.

Annik reddened—this time with vexation. If Silvertik or any other Kérion lads spoke to her, they addressed her as mademoiselle. She thought Lao's easy manner impertinent.

She looked rather haughty, but noticed the beseeching admiration in his eyes.

"After all," she thought, "the poor fellow cannot help liking me. I need not be cross."

"Did you always live at Auray before you came to Kérion?" he asked.

"Yes," Annik sighed ; "my mother, and aunt, and I, all lived by the lock near Auray. When my mother died, my aunt, Mathurin Guérik, and we, came to Kérion."

"You must find this a poor, dull place after Auray," said Lao ; "a pretty maid like you would take pleasure in a more lively town even than Auray, I fancy. What say you to Brest?"

Annik looked up quickly. She was so preoccupied with her own plans for leaving Kérion that she failed to see Lao's drift.

"Brest is so far off ! and it always seems to me that people must lose their way in a great city."

Lao laughed gayly.

"My dear little country mouse," he said, "Brest could be put in a corner of Paris, or even of Nantes ; but, small as it is, it is full of life ; it is the sailor's home, and you need never lose your way when you have a strong arm ready to protect you."

He looked meaningly into her eyes, and drew close beside her. But the familiarity of his tone had startled Annik, and, when she met his eyes, anger rose quickly into her own.

She looked away, and saw some one coming up

from the fountain beyond the church. It was Silvertik, carrying a large water-pitcher; behind him hobbled a bent old man, for whom he was carrying it.

Annik nodded to both of them.

"Good-day, Jean Marie—good-day, Silvertik," she said, eagerly. "What news of your cousin, Silvertik?"

She felt sure that this advance on her part would cause the youth to set down his pitcher and enter into talk, thus releasing her from her unwelcome *tête-à-tête*. But, to her surprise, Silvertik only bent his head very slightly, and passed on, leaving her alone with Lao.

She could hardly keep from crying.

Ever since it had been said that Silvertik would leave Kérion, Annik had felt troubled and restless. He was her favorite among the village youths—he was so respectful, yet so anxious to please her, and, above all, he was liked by the curé. But she was very angry with him now. He had looked so sheepish; and he was clownish and ill-mannered to pass on without a word, and when she had spoken to him, too.

She pouted to herself: "I have been very silly to waste a thought on Silvertik." She turned to Lao with a smile. "I think," she spoke, as if no interruption had come to their talk, though she was pinching the tips of her fingers to keep down vexation, "I should like to see a great city just for once. I want to see grand churches and fine shops, but to live in a city, oh, no! I should feel like a bird in a cage."

"No one could ever cage you," he said, softly. "You have a spirit, I can see that, and you will always be a free bird, always be obeyed."

The flattery of his tone was soothing, but his bold, admiring gaze made her eyes drop.

"Women have to obey, not men."

Annik laughed, and she rose up, thinking she had sat there long enough with Lao.

"Yes, yes, my sweet one, but you would not care to obey a mate like yon poor frightened fool"—he pointed after Silvertik. "My faith! a maid will have to ask that lad to wed; he is too much a coward to go a-wooing."

He burst into a loud laugh. Annik reddened, and felt guilty. She had known Silvertik much longer than this new acquaintance. Why should she join in ridiculing her old friend? And yet she felt sore and angry with him for his avoidance, and it was soothing to feel that Lao cared to talk to her.

"Well, I must go home; Jeff will be wanting me. Good-day, Monsieur Cœatfrec; perhaps some day I may go to Brest."

She nodded gayly, and looked very charming as she ran away under the spreading chestnut-trees. Lao watched her till she disappeared through the round-headed doorway of the farm-house. Then he swore aloud:

"I will have that little girl! She pleases me. But I have learned something sitting here this morning, and watching her telltale cheeks. Guérik is a

fool; he does not see that she may be humored into anything through her vanity; but she won't stand driving. What a rage she got into when that dolt Kergrès passed her without speaking! I learned a lesson from that. I thought the lout cared for her. I see I was mistaken. Well, I must go and report progress to my grandam. I have not seen her lately."

VI.

THE stormy night had finally brought a heavy rain, and by Saturday the road leading to Concarneau was a succession of muddy pools. Kérion lay on the waste some way from the high-road itself, yet, even when this was reached, the deep cart-ruts filled with water looked like continuous miniature canals, and, as evening fell, made walking in the obscure light both difficult and dangerous to the ankles of the wayfarer. On each side was a dreary waste covered with heather, so that there was no obstacle to deepen the fast-spreading gloom. Silvertik had left Kérion earlier than he intended, but he hurried along the rough road, reckless of its perils to unwary walkers. He felt despair hanging like lead at his heart.

That morning he had again seen Lao talking to Annik, and he fancied the girl looked lovingly at her companion. For a moment Silvertik felt that he must speak, that he must tell her how unworthy Lao was of her regard, but she gave him no chance to speak; at his approach she turned away. This troubled him sorely now as he stumbled on along the rugged, miry road; he asked himself if he was not a fool to go on acting blindly by the advice of Ursule. Only yesterday he had learned the connection between the witch and Lao Cœatfrec.

"And yet," he thought, "that could not influence Ursule's advice. Lao does not want Annik; he is too bold and free-living to care to be cumbered with a wife; he is only amusing himself with her; he would never marry."

Ah! if he had only awaited the good father's return, he would have told Annik the true character of this man, who was only flattering her and trying to destroy her peace. But with the remembrance of the curé came also a vivid remembrance of warnings he had uttered against pagan superstitions, and personally against the spells used by Ursule. Silvertik stopped, and hung his head with shame at the godless errand on which he was bound.

Should he turn back? He set his teeth hard. "No, I cannot lose her: if the stone remains firm, Annik is mine; and, till Lao came, there was a look in her eyes when she talked with me which, at least, was liking."

He went on still faster, and just as the light grew very dim he came in sight of the enormous block of granite which goes by the name of the Rocking-Stone of Trégunc.

Silvertik stepped off the road and went up to the stone. There was light enough to show that it rested solely on a projecting angle on another block deeply sunk in the earth.

Silvertik looked at it, and then he tried to re-

member the witch's words. He felt a strange reluctance to touch the stone, which in the gloom looked like a dark, formless monster, but at the thought of Annik his resolution came back. Placing his hands about midway on the stone, he tried to move it; he might as well have tried to uproot a menhir. He paused in his efforts, and then he tried again, but this time, though he set his shoulder to help his hands, the massive block of stone kept firm. His hopes rose wildly. "She is mine—she is good and true, my sweet Annik! I was a fool to doubt her; to-morrow I will hear from her own lips that she loves me."

He did not feel inclined to make the third trial, when suddenly he heard the purring of a cat. He started and looked round, and, as he looked, his hair seemed to lift itself on his forehead: he saw two yellow balls of flame, which he guessed were Tartare's eyes. He was being watched, then, who could tell by what evil being?—and, if he failed in obedience, he might be torn in pieces.

"And I am in their power, for I have sought their help." He turned angrily to the stone. This time he only pushed it slightly: to his dismay, he felt it yield under his fingers, and, as they still touched it, it continued to rock for some seconds. Silvertik gave a wild cry of despair, and as he rushed on, heedless how he went, in the direction of Tartare's eyes, he felt a stunning blow, and fell senseless beside a huge fragment of granite.

VII.

ANNIK had been unhappy all day. She had slighted Silvertik, and she had allowed Lao to speak too freely to her; and this evening he had come in to see Guérik, and had again spoken familiarly to her, as if there were an understanding between them, and, when she looked angry and scornful, the former patted Lao's shoulder and encouraged him to go on.

"It is the way with women, Friend Côtatrec," he said, winking at her; "they always say 'No' when they mean 'Yes.'"

At this Annik flamed into indignant words, and, running up the staircase-ladder to her little room, she drew the bolt across the door, resolved not to go down till Lao had taken his departure.

She sat half an hour in the darkness, thinking of Silvertik and puzzling over his strange behavior. From below came the sound of men's voices, broken by the flapping of the chestnut-leaves against her window. Lao was still talking to her uncle. She began to tire of waiting. She had no candle, and through the chinks in the rough flooring of her room the red firelight peeped in lines here and there.

"I am tired," Annik thought. "I shall not go down again to-night"—and she began to prepare for bed. The large pin which had fastened her bodice slipped from her fingers and fell on the floor, and she stooped hurriedly lest it should roll through one of the crevices; she felt for it in the darkness, and, as she found it, a flush of joy glowed on her cheeks. Silvertik had given it to her last year when she had danced with him at the *pardon* of Pont-

Aven. But the glow faded quickly into a trembling chill of fear; and, instead of rising from her knees, Annik lay down on the boards, placing her ear on one of the larger crevices, marked by the red light that glowed up from the room beneath. She had heard her name spoken by Lao, coupled with the word "wife."

"Trust me," the farmer Guérik said, "Annik shall be your wife in a week."

"I can ill spare a week," was the answer; "my mates will be getting unruly, and I should have liked a day or so in Brest with the little one, before I go off again. Why cannot I wed Annik on Monday?"

Guérik laughed.

"You are a fine fellow to lecture me about dealing gently by the girl and leaving her alone, and then to marry out of hand without any approaches!"

"Leave me alone, my friend; I know the sex"—Lao's laugh made the girl shiver as she lay listening—"I told you that three days ago. Meanwhile, Annik and I have not kept apart; and—" The speaker paused as if he looked round to secure himself against a listener. He went on in a lower voice: "I have learned something else. Mark you, this is between ourselves: that young fool, Kergröes, with all his sheepishness, is mad with love for Annik. He has sold his soul to my grandmother for a spell to charm the girl's love."

"And are you fool enough to believe such old women's tales, Lao? I should have thought even Silvertik had more sense. What may this spell be?"

Trembling in every limb, Annik lay straining her ear to catch the answer:

"She has sent him to the Rocking-Stone. She tells me the spell will fail, but that its power will drive Silvertik distracted, and that probably he will rush on to the sea, and be carried off by the waves, as that poor fool Pierre was some years ago; for Ursule has fixed the time for trying the spell at the turn of the tide. This must not come to Annik's ears—a woman, however pretty, is such a fool that, if a man runs any risk for love of her, she loves him at once, and—who can say?—perhaps gives herself up to his memory. Silvertik will not be missed for a week or so; folks will think he is at Nizon. It is a good plan; my grandmother is a clever woman."

Annik lay as if spelled; her senses seemed to be leaving her; but, just then, a branch tossed by the wind struck against the window and she roused.

"There is yet another question" (this was Guérik's voice). Annik's heart throbbed so painfully that she could scarcely bear to listen, and yet she must hear all; she feared to lose a syllable of her uncle's words: "Suppose Silvertik comes back safe and sound?" there was a sneer in his voice. Lao swore a frightful oath, and the girl heard him rise violently from his seat and stamp on the clay floor.

"He will not—he is too great a fool. Ursule swore to him that, if the spell failed, he had no chance with Annik. Weak lads such as he is have no courage to persevere, and he will never come back to Kérion."

"Do not be too sure of that, Lao Cöatfrec; while there is life there is hope: for an hour or so the lad may give way to despair, but after that he will say to himself that he cannot make matters worse by speaking to Annik, and he may make them better. To tell you the truth, I have fancied the girl likes him. Yes, yes, if the tide does not carry him off, my friend, he will come back and try his chance."

"Then," Lao spoke coolly, but in a determined voice, "he must not come back to Kérion."

There was silence after this. Presently Guérik spoke, and Lao answered, but in such low voices that Annik could not distinguish words; it seemed to her, from the dull, continued murmurs, that the two men were carrying on the talk in whispers.

Annik rose up softly from the floor; she felt strangely calm and alert: one thought ruled her—to leave the house as quickly and silently as she could, and to warn Silvertik of coming danger. She dared not go down-stairs; she could not open the heavy house-door, which she had heard her uncle close, without risk of noise; she dared not even undraw the bolt of her room. But she saw her only way clearly, and at once she set to work to reach it. Her room was only half the size of that below—half being boarded off and used as a receptacle for fodder; there was a square opening in this partition, with a bit of canvas nailed across to screen off the draught which came through a window in the hay-loft open to the air. Annik cautiously dressed herself, and then with a pair of scissors she cut open the canvas screen that divided her from the hay-loft. Once more she listened, but the dull murmur of voices had not ceased; there was more light from the outer opening in the loft than had come through Annik's window, though a chestnut-tree stood close to the house on this side also, but the nearest branch had been scathed by lightning and was leafless.

With her shoes in her hand, Annik got through the opening from her room into the loft. Slowly and softly, step by step, feeling her way as she went on, she groped across the hay and bean-stalks till she reached the outer opening. She leaned forward and stretched out her hand till it touched the long, scathed branch that reached across the back of the house. It was no new experience to Annik to descend by the chestnut-tree. Often, when her uncle's rude words had made her run up-stairs in anger, she had got out of the house by this means; and now she soon found her way to the branch, and quickly reached the soft ground below—for the rain had made mire of the yard behind the house.

She paused and listened: she could only hear the movement of the cows within the house; she slipped on her shoes, and started off in the darkness toward Trégunc.

VIII.

HEAVY-FOOTED, for the mud clung in lumps to her shoes—tired, yet too overwrought to be sensible of fatigue—Annik at last reached the road beside which stood the Rocking-Stone, and before long the vast, mysterious stone loomed in the darkness. She

looked round her. The dull sound of lapping waves told that the sea was near, and southward the lightness of the horizon pointed out its whereabouts. The dull sadness of the sound recalled Lao's ominous words.

"Silvertik! Silvertik!" she cried in an agony of terror. "Where art thou? It is Annik who calls."

From across the road came a voice she knew well—the voice of the good curé.

"Who goes there? If you are Christian, man or woman, in the name of God come and help a dying man!"

A thrill of terror passed through Annik.

"I come! I come!" she cried. And she went in the direction of the voice, slipping and tumbling over the uneven ground; and soon in the darkness she saw the priest bending over some one who lay outstretched at his feet. Then she too seemed to lose consciousness of all but the presence of Silvertik. She flung herself down beside the senseless body, and chafed the cold hands, till at last she fancied they moved within her own. The curé spoke, and she answered; but it seemed to Annik that she was some one else, and that she heard her own voice, telling the good father to beware of Lao and of Guérik, for they were bent on murdering Silvertik. And then came footsteps, and some one brought a light, and she heard the voice of Lao, and then the curé spoke sternly, and bade those who had come go and fetch a cart to take herself and Silvertik to Kérion. She heard all this as in a dream, and then she knew no more.

Annik opened her eyes, and wondered as she looked round her.

Aha!" a cheery voice said, from the chair beside the bed. "You have slept well, my poor Annik. You must rise now, for Monsieur le Curé wants a talk with you."

Jeamston, the curé's old housekeeper, patted the girl's cheek, and handed her a cup of coffee. But Annik could not drink—she sat up gazing in the cheery old face with eager, straining eyes; she feared to ask the question that hung on her lips. The old woman seemed to understand the questioning look.

"Silvertik is all right," she said. "It is well to be young," she went on, and she shook her head reproachfully; "Monsieur le Curé permits much to young people, or I would ask what you and Silvertik Kergroës had been about when the good father found you and brought you both home half dead last night."

"And he?" cried Annik, at last, with a burst of sobs.

"He!" Jeamston shrugged her shoulders—"he is in the parlor with monsieur, but he is a fright, I can tell you, with his bandaged head and broken arm, poor fellow! You seem to have come off best, mademoiselle," she added, crossly. But Annik flung her arms round the old woman's neck, laughing, and crying, and sobbing, all at once, in a most incoherent

manner—conduct which, as Jeamston afterward told her master, was quite unsuited to a presbytery.

But, for all that, Annik staid on at the curé's house till the chestnut-leaves grew brown and began to fall slowly from their branches; and then, one fine, clear morning, Silvertik and Annik were wedded in

the little village church of Kérion, and went home to live at the mill.

Lao Cöatfrec never came back to Kérion, though Mathurin Guérik still lived on in the old farm-house, but Annik never crossed its threshold again after her marriage.

REMINISCENCES.

(GATHERINGS FROM AN ARTIST'S PORTFOLIO.)

BY JAMES E. FREEMAN.

III.

OF the many small towns in the vicinity of Rome, Lariccia is considered one of the most salubrious. When the season warned us that it was prudent to quit the "Eternal City," we were in the habit of going up to that small town of the Albin range to pass three or four months. It was formerly one of the most powerful cities of the Latin confederation: the Appian Way in the old Roman days passed beneath it at its base, and its immediate surroundings and itself teem with historical associations, traditions, and possibly pagan fictions; it is quite certain that it once boasted a grand, strong citadel, and was warlike, but not quite certain whether its inhabitants did or did not worship the goddess Diana. It was near here that, certain historians contend, Æneas married his second wife, Lavinia, daughter of King Latinus, which having done he built a town near by, called Lavinium, or, as some write it, Lanuvium: if the first is correct, we may suppose that he named it after his *cara sposa*. To Lariccia, Orestes and Iphigenia, by lovers of tradition, are made to flee for refuge. It is, however, more to be depended upon that the mother of Augustus was born here, and more to be credited that the son of Porsenna attacked his father's retreating army here, was killed, and found a curious tomb under the town, long supposed to be the sepulchre of the Horatii and Curatii. Horace found hospitality here the first night on his way to Brundisium. Tarquin the Proud found, in a citizen of Lariccia, his most dangerous enemy and conspirator. In 1849 the King of Naples ("*Il Re Bomba*") proceeded as far as Lariccia to attack the Roman republic; was in sight of the dome of St. Peter's when he was obliged to recede, with Garibaldi at his heels, to hasten his ignominious flight over the confines.

These and a number of other interesting incidents connected with its middle-age annals hover mistily around this now squalid little place, inhabited by some of the most indigent of God's creatures. It embraces an extensive view of the sea, coast, and plain; a valley lies at its feet, which reasonable speculation decides is an extinct volcano, and was so long before Æneas wooed and won King Latinus's daughter. We, myself and wife, spent two or three summers there. About us, in other similar towns close by, were many of my artistic compatriots, and

friends of other lands whose vocations were art, and who, like ourselves, came to spend the malarious months among the Albin hills.

Whatever Lariccia may have been, it is now but an insignificant place of less than two thousand human souls, most of them pitifully poor and ignorant; yet, miserable, degraded, and without cultivation as they are, they assume a contempt for the strangers who come among them, calling all nations indiscriminately, as a rule, *Inglese* and barbarians. It boasts a church, a palace, and an inn; then its other dwellings dwindle, with few exceptions, into small, poverty-invested habitations, unwholesome, and crowded with a ragged and suffering population. Fortunately, the sea is not so far off but that its breezes, wafted above the malarious Campagna, come bringing to these wretched people good air and health.

Finding a place in which to paint or model in these towns is always a serious difficulty. I was lucky enough to prevail upon a *padre retiore* to give me a room in his nearly-empty convent (as there were only three brothers besides himself under its roof). It was a very old and dilapidated monastery, and looked as if any day it might fall and bury the venerable *frate* and the painter, leaving houseless and homeless, also, a great many rats and bats. The principal bakery of the village was in the basement of the structure and directly under me, so that I was constantly inhaling the odor of fresh-baked bread on one side; on the other, one (not so grateful) coming from the vacant cells of defunct monks, or from their narrow cells, still deeper, where they lie buried. Old, worm-eaten frames hung in the dark, narrow hall given over to dust and cobwebs; the pictures in them, swaying loose from their rotten stretchers to and fro by the current of air, gave furtive glimpses of grim saints and roasting martyrs.

In this not too cheerful studio I set up my easel. The next thing for my line of art was a model. I walked about the village, seeing upon many broken door-steps subjects for my pencil; lots of grandmothers with the never-absent distaff in their hands, some of them good models for aged sibyls, or witches, just as one chose to consider them; brown, sun-burned mothers, with fresh, chubby babies at their breasts; pretty, black-eyed maidens, both shy and mischievous, whose forms and features, well put on

canvas, would have made a picture to challenge admiration. Seeing these, still undecided in my choice, I rambled farther, as one will, puzzled where to choose, when, turning up a more than usually poverty-infested passage, I came upon a ruined doorway, surpassing all the others in picturesque untidiness. On the door-sill sat the venerable *nonna* whirling the spool of flaxen thread with her right hand; with her left, from the distaff she pulled the unspun material to feed the twisting process. A grade beneath, her daughter nursed a sickly infant on her lap; still below, *her* children, of various ages, with scant, torn costumes, laughed, romped, and screeched. One of these was a lovely girl with golden hair and light-blue eyes (that rare peculiarity seen in Southern Italy), reminding me of some sweet English and American children I have seen. She was a wild, uncombed little beauty, and I made up my mind at once that I must paint her. I told the thin, starved-faced mother so, and the haggard-looking grandmother as well, but both shook their heads and said: "It is thought a bad sign among us *contadini* to have our pictures painted. There is a belief that death follows soon after." It was not the first time I had encountered this superstition and had vanquished it; the offer of one paul an hour conquered it now, and pretty Checca was to be my model.

The day after the *nonna* brought the girl to my studio and left her, I began my outline, while the blue eyes grew larger and larger, with tiny, glittering drops along their lower lids; after a few minutes I had occasion to leave the studio for a moment; when I came back she was gone. Looking into the hall, I saw her flying down the stairs, her face turned up in fright, gazing at a canvas hanging near where Michael and the devil were terribly represented. I was resolved not to lose my new model, and, hatless, rushed after her. The chase, through the narrow, winding streets, was a lively one: she went like the wind, her yellow hair streaming behind her; her feet were too fleet for me, and I was just in time to see her dart up the steps of her house and disappear. I followed, and entered, just as the mother was pulling her by her feet from under the bed, where she had fled to hide herself. She was about to beat the child, when I interfered.

"Don't beat her, she has only been scared—first at the artist, then at the painted devil," I exclaimed; "she will get reconciled to both. She thinks there are wicked things in that old monastery, and we must have patience with her."

"*Dio mio! cosa dice, signore? Spiriti!*"

"No, *nonna*; only some strange pictures, and possibly the fierce-looking artist with the odd instruments about him. I'll bet a soldo, now, that she took the resting-rod for a stick to whip her with, and the pallet-knife (with which I mix my colors) for a blade with which I might cut off her head." I read in Checca's face that I had guessed aright the reason why she ran away, but it was some time before she could be coaxed to return to the dreaded hall where the demon was, and, when she did come, half the family were obliged to accompany her.

One or two incidents occurred that summer not out of place in this sketch. Chapman (ingenious in many things) instructed me in the secret of boiling drying-oil. He had kindly written down for me the ingredients, their just proportions, and all about the earthen pot, the slow fire, etc. I was inclined to try the stew, and selected a corner of the old wall of Lariccìa, into a part of which the convent was built, for the experiment. Cesare, my servant, piled up some stones, kindled a fire, and I placed the earthen vessel upon it, with the crude oil and compounds. I gave my domestic orders to watch it closely, and never to allow it to more than simmer. I retired to my studio, leaving the cooking in his hands. I should, however, have first said that the cholera had appeared that season in many of the small towns surrounding Lariccìa. The village became alarmed, and closed its gates against Gensano, where the epidemic had broken out, thus preventing travel on the only postal road which led to Rome. The Gensanese were provoked, and threatened to come and break down the gate, and Lariccìa swore it would resist. It was during this pending trouble that my boiled oil was brewing. I was aroused from my struggles with "form and color" by an odor wholly different from that of the new-baked bread beneath me, or that of the dust of sleeping monks. It was the worst smell that ever came in contact with a nose! I opened the window to ascertain whence it proceeded, when my eyes alighted upon the pot of oil in flames. Cesare, the unfaithful hound, had absented himself and let it get on fire. A strong breeze was blowing from the south, and carried the fearful stench up through the town. The timid inhabitants had never smelt so vile a smell before, and believed that the dreaded cholera had come, and that they were already doomed. There was great consternation, and a meeting of the municipal authorities was about to be called, when it was discovered from what originated the diabolical effluvia: it was traced to the precincts of the monastery, where the infernal mess was fizzing, spluttering, and exploding. When the fire was extinguished, there remained in the bottom of the pot only half a teacupful of something resembling the thickest and blackest of tar, which a fine pointer of mine, getting at afterward, ate, and died of what was called *rabbia*. I have ever since bought my boiled oil.

Marterelli, the keeper of the inn, was the *gonfaloniere* of the *paese*. Staying at his modest hotel were many artists of various countries, among them Toermor, a noted Saxon painter, and a particular friend of ours; he was a little man of *Æsopian* deformity, but very clever and witty. From him I had the relation of a certain humorous attack and defense of the town.

"The other evening," said he, "near bedtime, thundering blows were heard outside the gate (the one close beside the hotel). The report spread instantly that the Gensanese had made an attack upon it, and were trying to break it down. Determined to resist, the Mayor of Lariccìa, our warlike host, called upon his lodgers, myself among the rest, to

assist in keeping out the infected besiegers. We all responded to the call, and I, the doughtiest champion, was named his aid. We looked about us for arms. Having exhausted the billiard-cues, we flew to the kitchen; one seized a shovel, another the poker, and I the longest spit I could find, and took my place near the heroic landlord. The villagers had gathered quickly and in formidable numbers before the inn, and our valiant chief made them a speech. It ran thus: 'Fellow-citizens, the infected enemy is upon us! They have come to poison the sweet air, and bring pestilence and misery upon us. Let us show the assailants that we are worthy descendants of our immortal forefathers. Strike as if every blow would save a hundred precious lives from the horrible plague; strike for your wives, your children, and yourselves! Forward, my braves, and follow me!' We pushed on with defiant hearts, brandishing our weapons, among which were a dozen rusty muskets (more dangerous to the bearers than to the enemy). In two minutes we were under the arch and close to the ponderous and dilapidated doors which barred the town from the intruders. We listened breathlessly for a repetition of the threatening blows we had heard, when thump—thump! bang—bang! came others, which blanched the cheeks of Lariccia's defenders. We expected momentarily to see some part of the old gate tumbling upon our heads. We listened to hear the voices of the pestiferous assailants outside. We waited some time, when we were all startled by—the vociferous braying of an ass! and all was still again. It was then resolved by the council of war that a long ladder should be put against the wall, and that one of the bravest of our little band of heroes should climb up and reconnoitre the force and quality of the foe. I volunteered to undertake this perilous reconnaissance, first saying to my friends, 'Remember, if I fall, my name is Toermor!' I clambered up, not knowing what might be my fate; stole a glance, expecting Heaven knows how many balls hissing by my head; looked—every nerve in my body trembling—looked, and—and saw three donkeys standing quietly by the gate! The poor beasts had been turned out into the woods to browse; returning instinctively to go to their stables, and finding themselves barred out, they had been kicking for admittance. This is the one siege of Lariccia for many centuries."

The humble inn kept by Marterelli, the mayor, has often had for its guests Vernet, Cornelius, Gibson, and other celebrated artists. I have seen traces of the genius of some of these eminent men in rough sketches upon the walls of the bedrooms where they slept. There was one room in particular famous for some remarkable caricatures, but which whitewashing and bluwashing have recently buried out of sight. The proposed limits of this chapter will not allow me to stay much longer in Lariccia, fruitful as I might make it in relations of distinguished individuals in painting and sculpture, and I may add of poets and writers. Byron, Keats, and Shelley, loved the spot and surroundings, and so did Hans Christian Andersen.

We had our picnics on the banks of the Nemi; our donkey-rides to Monte Cavo; our wanderings through the thick wood that now covers the ground where ancient Alba Longa stood; from this elevation we could see a line of coast reaching from the Circean Promontory to Porto d'Anzio (ancient Antium); from there we could trace the sea-line to the mouth of the Tiber and fifty miles farther north to Cività Vecchia; back from the grand stretch of coast sweeps the Roman Campagna—Soracteus, its western boundary, looking like a gigantic wave which has been suddenly petrified in its roll. On the east rise in misty grandeur the Sabine Mountains; nearer, to the south, the Volscian and Albin ranges were seen around us; the Vallericcia below us, once a region of volcanic fires, now a verdant plain of fields and vineyards. The City of the Cæsars reposed in a dreamy mist some fifteen miles distant; spotting the sad Campagna one saw those desolate remains of aqueducts, towers, and temples, lone sentinels pointing to the mighty past! Under our eyes could be embraced most of the territory where Virgil's hero fought, married, and disappeared so mysteriously. Directly at our feet lay sleeping, deep down under wood, bramble, and vine-covered rocks and cliffs, the blue lake of Albano. Upon the other side the thick, stunted shrubbery extends and pitches itself down to the border of the lovely Nemi. Amid these scenes of beauty, related to such events of remote times, we roamed together—we students from far-off lands—that summer of twenty years since, and, meeting now (those of us still living), speak of it as a period full of pleasant hours.

In many varied pastimes we spent that long-past season, not easily forgotten, and waited for the first great rain, which was the sign that we might return to Rome with safety. It came, and we were once more at the Eternal City in our studios. My picture of Checca was on my easel, and I was dissatisfied with it, and sighed to have more sittings from the model. The next year, when the hot July days warned us away from Rome's unhealthy air, my wife and self directed our outing toward the Sabine and Latin highlands. We went to Subiaco, fifty miles distant, with the intention of going to Avezzano, near the lake of Fucina, in the wild Abruzzi; but the way lay over mountains rough and perilous, and it was only to be done on mules and donkeys: so we gave it up and staid at Subiaco.

J. B. Pyne, a distinguished English landscape-painter, was in Italy at this period, and we were stopping with him and his family at the Pernici Hotel, the principal if not only *locanda* of the place. He was one of the most genial companions we could desire—intelligent, and very instructive, and eloquent when talking about his art. He was a sharp, clever critic, and his hits against what was unsatisfactory to him went straight from his shoulder, and told tremendously. He was a personal friend and admirer of Turner's, and has been by some called his imitator; but this I could not see in his works, which were poetical and beautiful—the productions of an original and independent spirit.

He was a strikingly fine, elderly man, with a long, white, flowing beard—a thorough type of an Englishman in its best signification, both in manner and appearance, free from insular prejudices, with all a Briton's pride of country. He had a nice sense of humor where wit kept itself within decent limits; a hearty appreciation of all that might be called æsthetic; a genuine and a charming sympathy for the pleasures of social life. We roamed together often over the heights and through the deep gorges which characterized Subiaco. In one of our strolls he told me the anecdotes for which I shall find room here, trusting to my memory for his own phraseology.

"After our annual dinner at our rooms of the Water-Color Society, one year," said he, "I walked home with Turner. During the walk of more than two miles I do not think he spoke a single word. As we reached his own door, he broke the silence with, 'I say, Pyne, painting's a rum dodge, is'nt it?' Nothing more was said save 'Good-night.'

"You have heard of Gillott, have you not?" questioned he—"Gillott, the inventor of steel-pens, and who amassed a fortune by them? When he had acquired wealth, desirous of possessing those objects of art which denote the presence of refinement as well as money, he went up to London to ask his banker what a rich man should do to furnish a grand house, which he had just built, best in accordance with good taste. Sitting with his legs under his banker's mahogany, he said, 'Now, what do you advise me to do?' 'Pictures, statuary, and other objects of *virtu*, together with a library,' suggested his host. 'But I don't know anything about these matters; I wish you would tell me how I am to go about it. Now, for pictures, for example: what's up in the market?' 'Ah! to what clever artists I can recommend you? Well, there are Mulready, Ettie, and Leslie, for figure-pieces, and some of the Royal Academicians besides, well enough, in that department; but, if you prefer landscape, I should advise you to try and secure some of Turner's works. I think him superior to Claude himself, even.' 'Well, well, I can try them both. Will you please to give me their addresses?' 'I can give you the address of Turner, but Claude Lorraine's address lies beyond the grave.' 'Oh! I sha'n't try him; but give me t'other fellow's whereabouts, and I'll go to him to-morrow—him and any other picture-maker you can counsel me to employ.' The pen-maker had a large deposit with his banker's, who smiled graciously at his rough customer's want of refinement, and wrote down Turner's address and the usual number of Royal Academicians. The next morning Gillott went off in search of England's famous landscape-painter. He found the house, on the upper story of which the artist had his studio. A female servant was sweeping down the stairs when the square-built, podgy little man presented himself, and asked if the *painter-man* was at home. 'Yes,' said Peggy, 'but he don't want to see nobody, and I'm not to allow any one to go up—their's his very words.' 'Stand out of the way, young woman,' said Gillott—'stand out of the way!' and, pushing her aside, stumped

defiantly up-stairs. Finding the painting-room door at the top, he knocked with vigor, but got no reply; he then pushed it open, and walked into the sanctum. There sat the great painter, wholly absorbed upon a small sketch in water-color, ignoring the presence of his visitor and his blunt 'How do you do, sir?' Waiting a moment to see if the artist would notice him, and meeting with no recognition, he walked about the studio, turning the pictures (which had their faces to the wall) around, and putting them in shocking bad lights, enough to drive a painter frantic. After examining them for some time, he once more tried to attract the artist's attention. 'I say, Turner—that I believe's your name—what's the figure for this picture?' (turning it as if it were a dried codfish toward him). The painter raised his head an instant from his board, and said, very carelessly, 'Four thousand guineas.' 'And this other to the right,' pursued Gillott, 'what's the price of that?' 'Three thousand pounds,' was the answer. 'And this one on the left?' 'Fifteen hundred guineas.' 'I'll take the three,' said Gillott. Then Turner rose and laid down his pencils. 'Who the devil are you,' he said, 'who take the liberty to intrude into my studio against my orders? You must be a queer sort of a beggar, I fancy.' 'You're another queer beggar,' was the reply; 'I am Gillott, the pen-maker. My banker tells me that you are clever in your business, and recommends you, and I have come here to buy some of your pictures.' 'By George! you are a droll fellow, I must say.' 'You're another, I must say.' 'But,' pursued Turner, 'rough-and-ready though you are, I rather like you. Do you really want to purchase the canvases you selected?' 'Yes; in course I do, or I would not have climbed your blessed stairs this morning.' 'Well, Mr. Gillott, I must be frank with you: when I noticed you in my studio without permission, I thought it a piece of impertinence, and, when you asked the prices, I thought you did so as many vulgar people do, for mere curiosity, having no intention of buying, wishing only to know what valuation I put upon my works, and I gave you a price which suited my humor. Two of the pictures are already disposed of; the other, the first one you spoke of, is at your acceptance for a thousand pounds.' 'I will take it,' said the princely Gillott; 'and I want you to make me three or four others at your own price.' Thus the pen-maker and the eccentric artist became friends, and warm friends too."

It is but a short time since, when a sale of Gillott's pictures took place. The Turners brought an immense profit upon the money paid for them.

In one of our rambles, Pyne told me an amusing anecdote about himself.

"I went down," said he, "to the London docks to make a few studies of shipping for a picture I was painting. Finding a convenient spot on the quay in front of one of the large warehouses, I adjusted my sketching-stool and set to work. I observed an elderly, portly-looking party walking backward and forward, with his hands behind him—a *la* Napoleon

—regarding me, as he passed, with a mingled expression of pity and contempt. (My beard and locks were as white and venerable as now.) As he walked by, I heard him mutter something to himself, the tones seeming to convey a plaintive sentiment of mixed commiseration and amiable regret. At length he arrested his steps, and, fixing his eyes upon me with a solemn look, said, ‘*At your age, too!*’ He was the head-clerk of the mercantile house on the wharf—one of those not uncommon pieces of human machinery grooved into a certain set of ideas believed to be of the highest moral and social respectability. From his youth to his then advanced, rubicund age, he probably had never been absent from his desk from eight till six, excepting on Sundays. To see a man employing himself in drawing ships, boxes, and barrels, and ‘a man of my age, too!’ shocked and pained the venerable clerk. You would scarcely think that a class like this could be found in the land which gave birth to Hogarth, Gainsborough, and Reynolds, yet there is such a class, composed of very worthy people, who hold the fine arts to be an idle pursuit, and their professors rather shabby members of society.”

Pyne’s treatment of the landscape was rather typical than topographical. He said to me one day, “I must raise myself above this town at least half a mile distant, or I shall fail to express it in my picture.” “Oh!” I observed, “you will go up on yonder hill which overlooks it?” “No; I shall make drawings of every object essentially important in the general view of Subiaco. I shall then by perspective liberties overlook it sufficiently to embrace all, which taken from a lower point of sight would be hidden.” He made a glorious picture of the wonderful old place lying in a subtle atmosphere of neutral tints and generalized light and shade, which suggested more than a slavish imitation of every house, window, and chimney, could ever have effected. It was truly a poetical Subiaco framed in by its savage mountains, grand and wild at the same time—its deep gorges and rugged cliffs full of mystery and melancholy beauty.

We left Subiaco, Pyne and his family in our company, and crossed the formidable barriers of the Latin Mountains to Olevano. This we did, our baggage being strapped on the backs of mules and donkeys.

After six or eight hours of jogging and climbing, we were looking upon the plain of Palestrina, the distant Volscian Mountains, and the heights of the azure-veiled Albin, with a town half a mile beneath us, straggling in grotesque ugliness over a long serpentine ridge of shelving rocks, descending rapidly, and losing itself on the border of the Campagna. Commanding a view of the village, just above it, there is a small inn called La Regina; it was nearly full of artists of all nations already, and our party filled it to overflowing. Each morning saw a crowd of painters with their Campagna-easels, sketching-stools, paint-boxes, books, blocks, canvases, and boards, bound on excursions, with half-naked, hungry-looking lads to carry their traps.

When the night fell all came back to dine together in a long, rude hall around a long, rude table—the kitchen close at hand, where we could see the cook busy with his pots and spits. Being all devoted to art, we immediately became friends. The dinner over, and cloth removed, we continued still to surround the table, which was soon strewn with books and portfolios. In ink, charcoal, pencil, even by aid of tobacco-smoke, there grew into existence beautiful motives, clever compositions, amusing caricatures, and every sort of thing which caprice or fancy could invent. Then we would have music; it might be a Russian, who gave us a plaintive love-song of his native land; an Hungarian, who chanted a tender ditty of his country; an Englishman, who sang some touching melody of Tom Moore; or an American, who tuned forth some ludicrous or pathetic negro song. Frequently, the table was taken apart, and the room cleared for a rustic dance; the landlady would invite some of the prettiest village girls and nicest village beaux to come in their bright costumes, bringing their *tamburini* and *mandolini*, when we would have a rare, gay time; beginning with the *tarantella*, it would progress into the *saltarella*. It was impossible to resist the excitement of the scene; one by one we were all drawn into the frenzied ballet—not excepting our jolly, stout hostess of ten stones’ weight, who was led into the frantic dance by a very little French painter of seventy years complete. A rude oil-lamp, hanging from the low ceiling, gave all the light required; the sour wine of the hills, and a few home-baked cakes, all the refreshments necessary for the entertainment.

I have only space to give a few hasty jottings of this novel species of artistic life common to an upland sojourn near Rome during the sickly season—the details of the picture furnish fruitful materials for a much more prolific occupation of my pen than is at present permitted it. Among the half-savage, half-starved population of Olevano, there were plenty of subjects for pencils partial to the uncombed, unwashed picturesque of humanity. From this predominant class (one of its members, the least encumbered with garments, the wildest and shyest of them all) I chose a model. This was a girl of twelve or thirteen years of age, with dark-auburn hair, large, deep-brown eyes, and a complexion rich in creamy carnation. She bore the pretty name of Giuseppina, which degenerated by usage into Peppina. Peppina’s parents resided in a stone hovel, where they lived amicably together, her numerous brothers and sisters, two black, meagre hogs, and a patient, rough-haired donkey. They were miserably poor, getting their subsistence from a vineyard of one acre some three miles distant from the town. The ten sous an hour which I proposed to give for sittings looked big in the eyes of the needy people, and it was agreed that the girl should come to me and be *pitorato* (pictured); but the autumn was upon us, and I had not finished my study, so that I was obliged to arrange with the peasant that Peppina should come down to Rome. Accordingly, her little bundle of rags was put together, and she came with us. For a rustic

who had never been beyond the rough Latin hills where she was born the change was a memorable event.

We entered Rome by the Porta San Giovanni, where the great church of the same name comes suddenly upon the sight. The imposing edifice is surmounted by the twelve apostles, of gigantic marble proportions. Peppina (who sat beside the coachman), seeing these, exclaimed: "*Madonna mia! Oh! look!—see all them tall people up there staring at us—what are they doing (cosa fanno), and what are all the things in their hands?*" The coachman wickedly replied, "They are robbers, they have been below and pilfered the church, and each fellow up there is holding aloft what he has stolen." "*Dio mio!*" ejaculated the girl, "*eppure hanno rubato la santa croce?* for I see one holding it—but—but, now I see they ain't live people—only big stone *christiani* (human beings). *Sei bugiardo* (you don't tell the truth). They are saints, and don't steal. You are a bad man, bad—bad man, and the devil will eat you!" Peppina was not to be imposed upon, but she was wonder-struck as we passed through the streets, and her eyes and mouth both made "O's!" and "Oh's!" at every step on the way.

She soon became a pet of my wife, and was a very patient, useful model. I turn here at this point in the chapter to my better-half, who is kind enough to assist me with her fresher memory, and whose account of the rival models I borrow in her own language: "You must not forget that Checca came to stay with us awhile the autumn and winter before Peppina was with us. She therefore looked upon herself as old in experience of polite life compared to poor Peppina, and patronized the Olevanese rival prodigiously. She was a very docile child, and with little teaching soon learned how to conform to the habits and new state of domesticity into which she had been inducted, and happily did not fret or sigh for her old friends the pigs, and other peculiar attractions of her home, nor miss the delightful pastime of making mud-pies and dust-puddings. Her felicity was much enhanced by the company of Peppina; both had been used to similar conditions of life; both had existed nearly free from the trammels of clothing; both had slept on straw, and reveled in congenial companionship with infant swine, had alike roamed in vagrant freedom through the fields to hunt for snails and green herbs, which, with a crust of black bread, to them were a delicate repast; about their filthy villages both had run, their tangled hair curling wildly over their sunburnt necks and shoulders, both badly fed (despite the snails), unwashed, and in short semi-savages. Still both were bright, interesting children—Checca the brighter, but not the cleverer, of the two.

"Their transplantation to our house was fruitful of several amusing incidents which perhaps you do not recollect. Checca, as I said before, was patronizing, and took upon herself the place of hostess, exhibiting and explaining to Peppina all the wonders and mysteries of our modest house—the deepest mystery of all, the ornaments of the drawing-room and

the piano-forte. One day (I had it from the servants), I being out, Checca got upon the music-stool, and said to Peppina, 'Now you are the society—I am to sing and play to you.' She thumped the ivory keys with her fists, and screamed like a little demon, and said to her listener, 'Now you must exclaim, "*Belissima! bella! bella!*" and lead me to a seat on the sofa.' She then went through with extravagant imitations of ceremonies (a glimpse of which she had stolen through the door) when visitors were with us. Upon another occasion, when I was going to a ball, I had sent for a barber to come and dress my hair; being in another part of the house when he appeared, Checca of course played the hostess, invited him into the drawing-room, and, tugging at a large arm-chair, drew it near the fire, and begged him to be seated as if he had been Cardinal Antonelli. You remember 'Massa,' when we took the two models to see the circus-performances at the tomb of Augustus? Well, the day after, the reverend doctor came to call upon us. I was out, but, our servant said, would soon be back; so the visitor waited my return. Checca showed the gentleman into the sitting-room, and entertained him for half an hour by tumbling heels over head. When I entered the apartment I saw upon the face of the visitor a broad grin of amusement, and Checca turning rapid somersaults over the carpet, and attempting other antics she had seen the clown perform. The truth is, she had been spoiled by people who had seen her in your studio, and in the house, who had petted and caressed her. She was very pretty, was Checca, and playful and graceful as a kitten.

"Peppina's was a very different nature—a year or so older than Checca—not so beautiful; but she had an extraordinary profusion of wavy, chestnut hair, with a glossy, golden hue in its lights and reflections; large, deep, pathetic eyes, dark and mystic. There was wildness in them sometimes, and furtive gleams of mirth and mischief also. Her features, though not particularly regular, were very expressive, and under certain influences of excitement often lovely; her passion was unmistakably for music and personal decoration. Knowing her love for the first, I occasionally played for her some of the common popular airs of the country, when she and Checca would sit down upon the carpet, as close to (that marvelous thing to them) the piano as possible, and listen. Peppina's grand eyes would drink in every note; even her teeth seemed to draw in the sound. She looked almost inspired, and I often gazed at her and thought, 'What a picture she would make now, could you paint her as she is at this moment!'

"Peppina's propensity for finery showed itself in fastening upon her neck and wrists any stray ribbon or bits of lace-shreds and cast-off fragments of silk or satin which she could pick up. Decked out with these odds and ends, she presented herself one afternoon and begged me to play the *saltarella* to her. The indignant Checca, at this unusual display, said to her: 'Dear me! how fine we are! We are getting to be a very grand lady; we shall be cleaning our teeth next!' But Peppina only laughed at her

ironical mentor—a laugh that was electric, disarming the Aricciarola at once. She showed a surprising musical ability, did Peppina. She would sing the scales with a delicacy of execution which astonished me, and I am persuaded, had her capacity been cultivated, another peasant-girl might have become another Jenny Lind. Blending itself with her talent for tune, she had that for acting as well, and which I saw exhibited one day in imitation of a village priest—possibly some itinerant friar. Checca sat (or stood) for the congregation. It was a sermon ‘to make sinners tremble,’ delivered with a startling truthfulness of voice and gesticulation, to imitate a fanatical *padre* of some sort or other. She told her congregation that she was a groveling worm who would be crushed into the dust, whose terrible sins had reached a climax that nothing but the torments of purgatory could cleanse her of, and that, to save herself from going beyond that painful abode into one of eternal fire, where she would never eat macaroni or gather snails again, her congregation (who was in a wondrous state of mischievous glee) must instantly confess, there and then. Checca was on her knees at once, and mumbled an extraordinary list of awful crimes, which were heard with grave solemnity, and at certain revelations of wickedness with upturned eyes and horror; finally, the bosom

of the congregation made clean, the *confessatrice* gave the symbolic tap of *indulgenza* on the head with your maul-stick, which she had picked up, but gave it so vigorously that the ‘groveling worm’ rose to fly at her pseudo *padre* in a rage; but that irresistible laugh (already spoken of), sounding like a peal of merry silver bells, soon turned her anger and tears into frolicsome romping with her rival.”

I indorse my wife’s recollections of ‘The Rival Models,’ but her care and fondness for them soon rendered them useless for my pencil. From rags and leanness, within a short time, she converted them into well-fed, tidy-looking girls, and, thus transformed, they were sent back in the spring to their homes. Outside the gate of Lariccia (the one besieged by the donkeys) there is a small, rude chapel near the road, built upon rocks; under both rocks and chapel there are caves which constitute the cemetery of the indigent Aricciorelli. There, a year after she was with us, was laid the pretty Checca. Of Peppina I have never heard since. I can fancy, however, that she has married some stout-hearted, honest peasant, and tells a numerous family now, when sitting round their blazing brush in the wide fireplace, of that winter when she was a model to “*un certo pittore Americano e la sua amabile sposa.*”

MORRIS ISLAND.

BY CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

NIGHT is falling over Charleston harbor,
Sea-fog to and fro its veil is shifting,
Sumter looms up dark; the ocean-vessels
Anchored in the stream seem slowly drifting—

Drifting with the tide; the distant city
Folded in its rivers, emblematic
Of its close-wrapped pride, low on the water
Lies like Venice on the Adriatic.

Silently we wander o’er the island,
Silently, we know our feet are treading
Graves unnumbered that the ocean guardeth,
Graves unnumbered where the sand is spreading

Thick its veil along the line of trenches;
Though no sign the dumb white desert giveth,
They are there beneath its wind-swept beaches,
Thought of them the only thing that liveth

Now upon its shore; no land-bird flutters
O’er its barren slope, no grasses growing,
Few its very sea-shells, while the sunset
Gilds the pallid levels with its glowing

Like a mockery, and doubly arid
Shine the sand-hills of the lighthouse station,
Gold-tipped rise the broken lines of Wagner,
Looking down upon the desolation.

Yet we find upon these ruined ramparts,
Old embrasures of the cannon looming

Over them for shade, the legend-crownèd
Chrismal passion-flowers, richly blooming

All alone, more wonderful in beauty
On these sands of death, more gently tender
For their very loneliness; they grow here
Only for the dead, their purple splendor

Given him who has no other blossoms,
Marble-carven, or the living roses
By a churchyard-mound, the common soldier
Who beneath this sand somewhere reposes,

Throes of dying o’er. O flower of passion,
Flower of suffering, how fit to meet thee
On these pale wan shores of solemn silence,
Watching by the dead! We pause to greet thee,

Thinking of the hour when each poor mortal
Buried here, the life that his Creator
Gave him for his own, did yield in anguish—
Yea, ‘mid sins, could give a gift no greater

Were he a saint or martyr! Shine on, flowerets,
Far the ships sail o’er the dusky ocean,
Far the world has gone away; ye only
Steadfast wait with Nature’s still devotion;

And no flower had ever fairer mission,
Rose or lily, blue-bell of the highland,
Than is thine, O lovely aureoled blossom,
Blooming here alone on Morris Island!

"MINISTERIN' MEALLY."

BY LIZZIE W. CHAMPNEY.

SHE did not look in the least like a ghost. I could hardly believe, as I watched her uncom- promising, bony figure, and listened with closed eyes to the gentle shuffle of her great, arctic overshoes, with the accompanying click of their never-fastened buckles, that she was one. She did not glide nor fit in the approved ghostly way; her gait had something peculiarly matter-of-fact and convincing about it. And then her appearance! If she had been a ghoul- ish, little old woman, bent and wrinkled, with pier- cing eyes, I could have more easily believed the re- port that she had presided over every birth and death in the country since the memory of man, opening the mysterious doors that let souls out and in. But there was nothing uncanny about her; her face was remarkable for its earnestness and honesty; instead of a vaporous indistinctness of outline and sub- stance, permitting a dim view of articles of furniture beyond her, after the fashion of orthodox spirits, her figure was tall, angular, and muscular as a man's; but, though quite thin, it was unmistakably opaque. Her dress, too, was not the regulation white, but consisted, so far as visible, of a petticoat of a bright sulphur-yellow, and a cotton sacque or short-gown of bright blue. Her coffee-colored features were sur- mounted by a turban, which united these colors in a marvelous plaid. Positively, she did not look at all like a ghost. And yet I was in the border-land of convalescence, having just returned from a fierce conflict in the Valley of the Shadow of Death, where I had been vaguely conscious that Meally had met me, and with one sinewy arm around me had fought off the fiends with her horn-handled green umbrella, had borne me away victorious, and laid me bruised and broken upon my own bed. My nerves were in the properly-susceptible condition to respond to a touch of the supernatural; and still, when I came to myself, and recognized the companion of my delirious visions moving prosaically about my sick- room, quietly performing the ordinary duties of a nurse, I had no longer any feeling that she was at all other than she seemed. She was a model nurse cer- tainly, and, save for a disagreeable habit of smoking, would have left nothing to be desired. Even when indulging in this refreshment, she was thoughtful enough to pace upon the veranda or crouch beside the fireplace, so that the fumes should pass up the chimney. For several days I had addressed her sim- ply as "Aunty." I supposed her to be a nurse from Watertown that I knew my husband had engaged for me, but whose name I had forgotten. His busi- ness kept him from me during the day; we had con- versed very little as yet, for he still had an absurd feeling that I was not out of danger, and must be kept quiet; and his only reference to my attendant had been—

"You are satisfied with your nurse—are you not? She seems remarkably faithful. I'm sure

I don't know what we should have done without her."

But a woman, even a sick woman, cannot be kept silent long, and one day I asked the nurse her name.

"Dey calls me 'Ministerin' Meally,'" she re- plied.

I started involuntarily, and gave her a sharply- scrutinizing glance. What I saw reassured me, and, saying to myself, "There must be two of them," I added, aloud, "I should not think you would like to be called so, for you must know the queer stories they tell of the other Meally."

"Dar ain't no odder Meally," said the woman, shortly.

"And are you really a ghost, then?" I ex- claimed.

Her lips curled scornfully.

"You needn't be skeered, honey, if you nebber see no wuss ghosts dan I be."

Her answer seemed to me equivocal.

"I wonder if you really know that people think you are a spirit that appears at every sick-bed when other help cannot be obtained, and is just as certain- ly present, though unseen, when there are other nurses in attendance?"

"Dar ain't no harm in bein' a ghost dat ebber I heerd," said Ministering Amelia—for this was the name which had given rise to her floury *sobriquet*—"an', harm or no harm, it's true 'nuff anyway. I'se one ob dose dat has passed from deff unto life. It is nigh on to twenty year now since I died!"

I looked at her wildly, feeling that either she or I must be crazy; but she went calmly on with her recital:

"I'se seen many an' many a death-bed, Miss Northly; 'pears like I orter been prepared for deff; but seems like we get so used to dis yere immortal life, dat we don't nebber calculate on leabin' it— specially nusses; dey tinks mosly dat ebberybody else can die but dar own sebs; so, when I come to taste de las' bitterness, it was jus' as much a surprise to me as to anybody.

"Dar was Amandy Likely dat I'd been tryin' to bring up to my perfeshun come in to lay me out, an' my son Pete a-hollerin' an' takin' on in de wood-shed, same time as he blacked his boots for de funeral, which come a little later, wid me a-lyin' in my pine- wood coffin, de mourners all a-weepin' and blowin' dar noses, an' Elder Smifkins, he dat had been a-teasin' ob me for more'n a munf past to marry him (my own ole man'd only been dead about six weeks), a-offerin' up de pra'r and exortin', an' blowin' *his* nose louder dan dey all; my son Pete a-kneelin' by de do' a-groanin', 'Take me, too, good Lord!' while I minded dat Amandy war behine de do' a-squeedgin' ob his han' and tryin' to comfort him; an' I knowed he'd a been mightily outed ef de Lord had tuk him

at his word; he'd a heap sight rudder Amandy a-took him dan de Lord."

Ministerin' Meally paused, and, thoroughly interested, I inquired, "What came next? How did heaven seem, Amelia?"

"Didn't see nuffin' ob it. While dey was a-raisin' ob de tune, my soul floated away on it to meet de Lord in de air. He had a stern kind ob look, an' he says to me, 'Pears like, Meally, you looks mighty cross about sumfin.' Den I kivered my face fur shame, and dussent speak one word. 'Here I'se called you away from a worl' ob sin an' misery,' says de Lord, 'an' am jus' about to po' de glories ob hebbin on your unwordy gaze, an' you looks as discontented and onhappy 'bout it zif you had de toofache.' Den I told de Lord dat I didn't know nuffin 'bout hebbin, an' it seemed zif de mo' sin an' misery dar was in dis yere worl' de mo' Meally was needed to minister. 'Clar now,' says I, 'I 'don' see how deys goin' to do widout me down at Flamingo an' de country neighborin' roun'. I'se tried to 'struct Mandy faiffully in de duties of her perfeshun, but jus' look at de way she's laid me out! Dis yere shroud ain't got no fit to it; reckon I looks sumfin' like a chicken wid its head troo a hole in a salt-bag, an' dar ain't one scrap of rufflin' on my cap. 'Pears to me, too, dat she nebber tied no crape to de shanty-do' latch. Now, what kind of a nuss is dat flighty young ting goin' to be for delicate, faintin' ladies, little squawkin', spasmy babies, an' swarin', cussin', onreasonable men, as fires pillows an' hot-water jugs at you for tryin' to make dem comfortle, an' is forever tarin' off dar mustard-plasters soon as dey begins to draw?' Den de Lord tole me, if I was willin' to take my hebbin out of doin' good sted ob playin' on harps, I might come back to dis yere worl' an' enjoy it; but, jes' so soon as I tired of it, he'd come an' fotch me away for true."

This was my introduction to Ministerin' Meally. I offer no explanation or theory of my own in regard to her. She was looked upon by the entire negro community as a spirit. What was more, she was herself firmly persuaded as to her supernatural character, but she was by no means a lugubrious ghost: she believed in good cheer both for the bodies and minds of her patients, and, while I regaled myself on some dainty prepared by her deft fingers, would keep my mind interested with long stories, romantic and otherwise, which had come under her notice in that library of most impossible fiction—real life.

"I likes to see you smile, honey," she would say, "laughin's about de bes' kind of medicine dar is. I'se knowed de rheumatiz to be clar cured by it. Dar was ole Colonel Slasher was all drawn up wid it; he used to swar powerful when de pains cotched him, till he foun' out dat only aggravated de disease; den he took to complainin', an' a-scoldin', an' a-groanin', an' dat ar didn' hab no good effect; den he took to prayin' an' singin' psalm-tunes; dat helped him to bar his pains like a Christian, an' was much more pleasanter to dose who had charge of him, but it didn't ease dem none; finely, he jus' laughed, an'

'clar to goodness, Miss Northly, he jus' shook all de rheumatiz out of his bones; but den he *was* a powerful han' at larfin'."

Of course, Meally knew all the inhabitants of the entire country round about. We were strangers, having come to Florida to escape the winter; I had no callers, but as I lay upon my couch, which I had rolled up to the French windows that I might have a view of the other visitors and idlers at Flamingo loitering up and down the long plank-walk, Meally often entertained me with the history of her acquaintances.

There was one couple in whom I had become much interested. I judged, from the extreme devotion of the white-haired little man to the tall, sweet-faced girl, that they were strangers passing their honey-moon at Flamingo, and, under this supposition, had not asked Meally about them. I wondered whether the bridegroom had been a widower: certainly no past love could have been so absorbing as the one which showed itself so unconsciously in his every look and gesture. He was shorter than the lady, of a comfortably-rounded figure, but with a remarkable elasticity of step, accommodating itself to the graceful slide of his companion's gait, which invariably carried her a little ahead of him, by a little hop that brought him at regular intervals to her side again. It was this peculiarity in his walk, with a sidelong, upward glance of the eye, which continually sought the lady's face, as well as his pleasant rotundity of vest-front, that caused me to dub him (mentally) the little cock-robin; but there was none of the pertness of a Jenny Wren in the gentle bearing of the lily maiden by his side. "How very devoted that gentleman is to his wife!" I remarked one day to Meally, as she sat toasting my baby's pink toes by the light, open fire. Meally turned the baby upside-down and gave a glance over her shoulder at the passing couple.

"Bress you, Miss Northly! dem ar ain't no married folks! you nebber seed no husband set so much by his wife as Colonel Le Roy does by his darter; gold ain't good enough for dat gal to walk on. Dar, now, honey" (this to the baby, accompanied with many little taps and pats), "don't holler no mo', an' Meally'll gib yer some hot mint tea, bes' ting in de worl' for wind on de stomach, so de Bible says."

"How is that, Meally?" I asked.

"Why, don't de Bible say, 'Milk for babes, an' mint and anise is a-comin'?' Don't know about dat ar anise, but juleps an' babies wouldn't be nowhar 'thout mint."

Meally had a strange way of interpreting Bible texts, and I had yet to hear still odder renderings.

"Tell me something about Colonel Le Roy and his daughter," I asked; "they interest me very much."

"I'se knowed dat Cecilia Le Roy sence she wa'n't no bigger dan dis yere baby. I nussed her ma—she died in convulsions when Miss Cecilia was born; but, law, Miss Northly, her pa's done suffered mo' for dat chile dan her ma ever did! Suffrin' ob de body ain't anyting; it's suffrin' ob de mine dat turns de har white and kills de sperrit while de body goes on lib-

bin'. Dat's what turned Colonel Le Roy from a strong young man to de gray-headed leaper he is."

"Leaper?" I repeated, wonderingly; "I don't understand."

"Wall, jumper, den; 'pears like you mus' a-took notice how he goes dancin' 'long zif de plank-walk war het red-hot an' burnt de soles ob his feet."

"Do you mean that he has the St.-Vitus's dance?"

"No, ma'am; I means dat he has de leprosy, like dat ar Naaman dat went out from de presence of Elisha, a leaper as white as snow." Evidently, Meally had heard the story of the leper read at camp-meeting by some ignorant exhorter not up in his pronunciation, and leprosy being a disease which she had not met in her professional practice, she had given the word this comical signification. "Dat ar was a sorter backhanded merracle," she continued; "our Sabeyer allus did em de udder way, makin' de leapers well; but Colonel Le Roy was turned into one ob a single night, an' it was de Lord's doin's to gib him a perpetual 'minder of his sin, an' to save him from wuss condemnation."

"How tantalizing you are, Meally! Do give me the whole story, instead of little scraps of it in this way."

"Fact is, Miss Northly," said Meally, "Colonel Le Roy used to be jus' about the wickedest man in Floridy. 'Twa'n't only dat he gambled an' drank an' fit 'casionally; mose any gemmen can do dat an' still be decent so long as he *is* a gemmen. But de colonel war downright dishonest, an', do' he war mighty rich, he'd been pore as Job ef he'd only had de money dat he got by right. Wall, not long arter de war a little, lean, foxy man, named Dr. Slinks, came a-carpet-baggin' down in dese yere parts. Flamingo want no sort ob a place, den. De colonel owned pretty much all de lan', an' dar was only a few odder no-account families in de neighborhood. Dr. Slinks soon got mighty intimate wid de colonel, an' persuaded him dat it was jus' de place fur a winter-station—all it needed was a big hotel, some mineral springs, an' lots ob advertisin', to 'tract de Northern people down here, an' make 'em spend dar money; an' he 'lowed ef de colonel would build de hotel he'd 'gree to fine de springs an' de advertisin', an' dey'd go shars on de money. Wall, de colonel'd already had a lot ob lumber brought up de ribber, an' landed 'cross de bayou dar, 'long wid a powerful big biler. He 'lowed to build a saw-mill den, but de doctor's idee seemed de bes', an' he tole him ef he'd fine de springs near whar de lumber was, he'd set right about buildin' de hotel wid it. Wall, 'twan't two weeks after dat ar 'fore all de papers come out wid flarin' nouncements ob de Flamingo Mineral Springs, picturs of de hotel wid gemmen an' ladies walkin' an' ridin' roun', an' all de while dar wa'n't no hotel, nor no springs, nor no gemmen an' ladies, nor nuffin'. But de doctor war at work wid a passel ob de boys, on de hill back ob my little shanty, a diggin' an' a-excavatin', an' a-layin' down pipes like as do' dey were goin' to build a railroad. Den dey come down into de holler, an' 'propriated a little spring an' branch whar my son Pete had done sunk

a hogshhead fur me to do my washin'. It war jus' whar dat long row ob whitewash-houses is now"—and Ministerin' Meally pointed with her long, skinny finger across the shimmering bayou to where the showy but no longer used bath-house, with its Oriental-appearing arcades connecting it with the hotel farther down, glittered white in the sunlight, its arabesques of gaudy tiles outlining the Moorish arches at this distance in faint lines of mingling color, like those in a Persian shawl.

"Fust place de doctor dug out a basement an' rolled de biler down into it, wid 'nuff coal to fill a mine. Den de steamboat landed a load ob barr'ls full ob some kind ob washin'-sody or horse-powder medicine, an' dey was all rolled in dar, too. An' its nex' trip it brought a big limestone basin, all chizeled out smooth, wid a little fountain in de middle. Dey sot dis in de biggest room, wid steps leadin' down, and a iron railin' roun', an' silver-plated mugs chained to it, an' little baff-rooms all roun' about, fitted up mighty peart wid silver-plated fa'cets. But, den, dat ar water—yer orter tasted it, Miss Northly—it was clean spoiled! Used to be de nicest, sweetest, coldest spring roun' about; but I might as well hab chucked all de rotten eggs in Flamingo in it, an' it was dat warm you could skerce bar' your han' in it. But, law! it was jus' as de doctor had said. Strangers come a-flockin' down in crowds, an' de colonel, who kep' de hotel, an' de doctor, who minded de sick folks, had dar han's more'n full. De doctor went a-drivin' all ober de country to find nusses to take care ob 'em, an' one mornin' he come arter me. Says I, 'Dr. Slinks, I'se a serbant ob de Good Physician, I is, an' 'siders myself engaged fur de comin' season.'

"'When does your 'gagement end?' says he.

"'Wid de day ob judgment,' says I.

"'You must do as you please, Meally,' says he; 'but I'se got eberyting fixed com'able fur my sick folks an' nusses—whereas, "De foxes hab holes, an' de birds ob de arr hab nests, but your Master—"'

"'Dr. Slinks,' says I, 'pears like I'd rudder shar a dugout wid a fox, or roost in one ob dose nestes wid a buzzard, so de Lord Jesus war wid me, dan lib in your house whar de water comes a-bilin' an' a-smokin' straight up from de bottomless pit wid all ole Satan's brimstun a-sizzlin' in it.'

"After dat de colonel come down his own self to see ef he couldn't make me change my mine.

"'Colonel,' says I, 'you knows dat dese yere warm sulphur springs smells wuss in de nostrils ob de Lord dan all de smoke ob Sodom an' Gomorry; 'tain't wid no sech water as dat dat you kin wash your guilty soul. You is like Ephrahim, colonel, an' may de Lord hab mercy upon you!'

"'Who was Ephrahim, Meally?' says de colonel, not a bit outed by my plain speakin'.

"'Ephrahim war a cake untuned,' says I; 'an' you know, sah, what happens to a flop-jack when you don't flop it. Your soul is done pretty brown now, colonel, an' ef you don't flop it purty soon it'll be burnt so brack dar won't be no use in turnin'.'

"'Anyting funder, Meally?' says he, a-risin' an' takin' his hat.

" 'Yes, sah,' says I. 'Whateber you does wid your own soul, I don' see how you can leab your darter so much in de society ob dat red-harred, red-handed doctor.'

"De colonel started.

" 'Hab you noticed anyting, Meally?' says he; 'do you tink he cahs fur her?'

" 'Ebery one mus' look arter dar own fam'ly,' says I; 'an' jus' now I got all I kin do to ten' to my son Pete.'

"But de colonel took warnin' from what I said. He seemed to tink, after dat, dat a hotel wa'n't no place fur Miss Cecilia, fur he got a clerk to take his place ob nights, and moved across de bayou to a little cottage on dis berry street. Dar neber war no danger dat Miss Cecilia should tink too much ob Dr. Slinks. She's a good Southern girl clar troo, an' neber could bar Northerners ob no' scription; 'sides, she had 'anodder lubber, Lieutenant Dean-ville, who serbed all troo de war on one ob de Confederit gunboats. Arter peace come, he got reconstructed, and 'pinted to a place on de United States Naby. Miss Cecilia didn't like dat: she thought it war too much like goin' back on his principles, an' she broke off dar engagement; but I knowed all de time dat her heart war sore 'nuff about it."

"Tings went on so fur 'bout two or tree year. Dar seemed to be a heap ob money made at de hotel, but some way it all went into de doctor's pocket; he was too smart fur de colonel, and jus' raked all de stakes ober to his side ob de table, and byme-by de colonel began to be r'al'y troubled fur money. Carryin' Miss Cecilia ober to dis side ob de bayou didn't seem to get her out ob de doctor's way nudder: he had a little skiff, an' he allus went out a-rowin' in it fur exercise ob a night. Finely he an' de colonel had a talk about it. De colonel war mighty onwillin' at first, for he knowed de doctor wa'n't a good man, but de money decided him, an' at last he gub him his consent to go sparkin' Miss Cecilia. 'Bout de same time dar began to be some whisperin' 'roun' dat de springs wa'n't jus' quite right, an' de doctor sole out his shar in 'em to anudder gemmen widout ebber so much as sayin' 'By your leab' to de colonel.

"When de colonel heard it he was ravin' mad; it was late in de ebenin', an' de doctor war down to de baff-house a settin' de chemicals to work fur de nex' day, same's I set my hop-yeast ober night; he was allus partikler about 'mittin' nobody at dat time, but de colonel went right down, an' says he, 'See here, Slinks, 'pears like you ain't been doin' de squar' ting by me;' an' den he tole him dat de man dat had bought de springs had jus' called an' tole him 'bout de transaction. 'Tought you made it one ob your conditions,' says de doctor, 'when you gabe me permission to spark your darter, dat we woz to close up dis yere business?' 'Sartin,' says de colonel, 'but you know I meant dat we woz to bofe go out ob it togedder, an' shut up de whole blasted ting for good an' all; an' dis gemmen tink de springs is a honest concern, an' you've lef' me to splain to him dat it's a swindle, an' to take all de blame on my shoul-

ders.' Wall, de doctor didn't gib him no satisfaction, an' words kep' runnin' higher an' higher betwixt 'em, till de colonel called de doctor names what no gemmen can stan' from anudder, an' said he woz glad he'd foun' him out in time, coz now he shouldn't let him marry his darter. 'I nebber had no 'tention ob marryin' her,' says he; 'couldn't ef I'd a-wanted ter; I'se got a wife an' fo' chillen already up in Connecticut.' 'Den what'd you mean by makin' lub to her?' roared de colonel. 'You'd a foun' out to-morrow mornin' in de natural course ob events,' says de doctor, 'but sence you've got hold ob de business part, I don't mind havin' de whole matter understood between us befo' we part. I has made all my 'rangements to leab dese diggin's for good an' all at midnight, an' Miss Cecilia goes wid me. I don't mind sayin' dat she's an oncommon agreeable young lady, sence it's gin'rally allowed dat she don't favor her pa. She beliebs, ob course, dat I am goin' to make her my wife, an' 'pon my honor, colonel, I would ef I could.' De colonel didn't wait to hear no more, but jus' struck out for de doctor, but he was under a big disadvantage, he hadn't thought to bring his six-shooter down to de baff-house wid him, an' de doctor had his near an' handy by, an' kep' him off while he backed out ob de do' an' locked him in. Dar wa'n't no udder way out, an' de winders at de baff-house are all little pinted tings, so high up in de wall dat a man de colonel's size could jus' reach de bottom ob de sash wid his han'; some ob dem looked out across de bayou toward his cottage, an' de colonel, by gibbin' a jump, could look out an' see a lamp a-burnin' in Miss Cecilia's room, an' he knowed she was a-waitin' fur somebody—woz it fur him or fur de doctor? He couldn't hold himself up by de winder-seat but jus' a minute at a time, an' when he jumped again, he see de doctor a-settin' out in his little boat, an' a-rowin' ober toward dis sho'. Dar wa'n't no moon, but de night wa'n't an out-an-out dark one, an' de nex' jump showed him a close kerridge wid lanterns, an' two white hosses, waitin' at de landin' fur de doctor.

"When he looked out again it was gone, but de light still burned in his darter's winder, an' he wondered ef she war dar, an' kep' on jumpin' in hopes ob seein' her shadder pass it. De panes in de baff-house winders were red an' blue, an' shaped like diamants; when he looked out ob a red pane he see de lamp flarin' bright an' clar, an' he felt sho' dat his darter war still dar, but when his leap brought him agin a blue pane de light 'peared to go out, an' his berry life wid it, fur he tought she'd clean gone forebber. At dose moments he'd gladly hab changed places wid Miss Cecilia's pore dead mother, who died when she was born. Befo' it had come to dis, he had took notice ob somefin' else, when he fell back on to de stun flo' after a jump; it was slippery as glass, an' purty soon he felt his feet a-gettin' wet, an' about de time de kerridge disappeared de water war ober his shoe-tops. Den he knew dat de doctor had turned de water on, so dat befo' mornin' de whole reservoir on de hill would be emptied into de

baff-house. It was gurglin' up slowly troo de little whirlin', sprinklin' fountain, a leetle higher an' a leetle higher ebbery minute, and no outlet fur it till it should get up to dem winders. De colonel knowed jus' how many gallons dar was in de reservoir, jus' twice as much as dat room would hold. He sloshed aroun' in de dark, an' opened all de doors into de little baff-rooms, but, law! dat was only puttin' off de ebil day, an' he knowed it; de nasty, gassy water kep' a-comin' up; it was wuss'n a rat bein' drowned in a cistern, coz de rat has clean water to be drowned in. He took off his coat, an' vest, an' shoes, so as to be ready to swim when de water got beyond his depf, den he began to jump again, an' wid de heel ob his shoe bust out de glass from de lower sashes ob all de windows. But all de time, Miss Northly, 'twan't his own deff he was tinkin' of, it war de wuss dan deff dat waited fur his darter. He tought ob how she nebber could bar de doctor, an' how he'd talked her into bein' civil to him, an' told her lies about his bein' a man ob honor, an' begged her to try to lub him fur his sake, an' he knowed he was goin' straight to judgment wid dis sin on his soul. He did more prayin' between dose jumps dan was eber done at de liveliest camp-meetin' ebber held. But he nebber once axed de Lord to hab marcy on *him*, it was all de time—'Sen' me to de bad place, good Lord, but sabe my darter.' An' I tink dat, fur dat 'casion, it was a better pra'r dan 'God be merciful to *me*, a sinner.'

"Bye-by de water lifted him off his feet, an' he began to swim. It riz an' it riz, but it seemed to him dat it nebber would reach dem winders, an' dat his strength would give out 'fo' it did. He jus' had sense enough left when it begun to slop over to know it. He swum up to one ob de winders, knocked out de glass from de upper panes, an' steadied himself dar by puttin' his arm troo. De cool arr kinder brought his senses back, de blood was runnin' down his han' whar he had gashed a finger wid de broken glass, an' he wrote wid it on de clean white plaster ober de winder: 'Drowned like a rat by Slinks. Lynch him!' Den he looked out across de bayou toward his home—de light was out!

"Wall, Miss Northly, you'll wonder how I come to know all dis. Miss Cecilia told me some tree weeks arter, an' dis yere berry night de angel ob de Lord come to me an' tole me to go to Watertown to nuss a sick lady dar. Now de angel had said dat de matter 'quired haste, an' Watertown war nine miles off; de railroad stopped dar den—hadn't been brought up as far as Flamingo. I could see de pore sick lady in my vision, an' I knowed, by de look ob her face, dat, ef she didn't have help befo' mornin', she'd die, an' at fust I was greatly 'plexed in mine, but finally I ses, 'Ef de Lord bids you go, Meally, he means you shall get dar, eben ef he has to send 'Lijah to drike you in his chariot ob fire.' So I packed up de few tings dat was necessary, an' began to tramp it. I passed by Colonel Le Roy's house, an' noticed de light in de winder. Somefin' said to me: 'Dat ar light's for you, Meally; you'se wanted dar.' 'Ain't got no time to stop,' says I. But de still,

small voice spoke to me agin, an' I turned roun' an' went back to de house. As I stepped on to de veranda Miss Cecilia opened de door; she started when she see me. 'I tought it was fader,' says she; 'what can keep him so late?' 'Don' know, honey,' says I, 'is you sick or anyting? De Lord tole me to come here to-night.' 'I am berry glad you'se come, Meally,' says she, 'I'se all alone in de house, an' in a power of trouble.' Den she said dat Dr. Slinks had written her to meet him down by de landin', an' dat he wanted her to marry him. She tought he ought to hab an answer, but she was dat skeered ob him dat she dursn't meet him alone an' tell him dat she didn't lub him, an' didn't want him to pester her no mo'.

"'Jus' write a note,' honey, says I, 'an' tell him so, an' I'll gib it to him fur you!' When I started out ob de do' she took off de white burnous she had on, an' threw it over my head an' shoulders. When I'd got mose down to de landin', I see a hack waitin' dar, an' was jus' lookin' roun' fur de doctor, when two men came up behind me, throwed a thick scarf ober my face, an', holdin' my han's behine me, boosted me into de kerridge. As dey shut de do' I heard a voice, dat I know war de doctor's, say, 'Dribe as fas' as you can to Watertown; I mus' get dar in time fur de mornin' train.' An' den he clumb up wid de driber, an' we set off, rattletebang, till I shuk around like a little kernel in a big nut-shell. 'Wall, now,' tinks I, 'dis yere ain't zactly 'Lijah dribin', but I reckon I'll git to Watertown 'bout as quick as his ole chariot could a took me.' We got to Watertown 'fo' daylight, but de train had left, an' we drobe up to de hotel; I had managed to get de scarf off my face, but I pulled de burnous down ober it, an' when de kerridge stopped de two men took me by my arms, an' walked me up-sta'rs, an' into a room, whar dey locked me in. Tinks I, 'Here I is in Watertown, sho' 'nuff, but I ain't much nearer dat pore lady arter all; I'll raise dis yere house anyway,' an' I rung de bell like mad. De chambermaid come up, tapped at de do' kind uf cautious, an' asked what was wanted. I knowed her, an' says, 'Let me out an' I'll tell you.' 'Is you dar, Meally?' says she; 'I didn't know dar was any one here but de crazy lady dat Dr. Slinks brought.' 'I'se a-nussin' of her,' says I; 'she's asleep now, an' I want to run down to de drug-store arter some medicine for her 'fore she wakes up.' De gal let me out, locked de do' ag'in, an' I footed it fas' as I could down to de sick lady dat de Lord sent me to nuss. Little more'n I'd been too late, but we brought her to, an' she's libbin' now. It taught me a lesson, Miss Northly, an' I's nebber doubted de Lord sence he sent de debble to be my coachman while I did his errands.

"When I come home, my Pete met me. 'Great doin's here,' says he. He was de janitor at de hotel, an' he tole how he foun' de colonel when he unlocked de baff-house in de mornin'. Soon as de colonel foun' dat his darter was safe, he had Pete whitewash ober de bloody writin' on de wall, an' made him promise nebber to tell any libbin' human about it. Den he splained de whole matter to de man who

bought Dr. Slink's shar', an' gabe up de hotel, which was his own, to him, to make all right, an' dey shut up de springs an' said no mo' 'bout it. An' dat's how de colonel came to be a leaper, for ebber since dat night dat he spent a-hoppin' up an' down in de water he's had dat queah little hop in his walk. Some folks calls it rheumatiz, but I calls it a merracle. I was wrong too in sayin' dat dat ar sulphur-water would nebber clense his guilty soul, fur it 'pears zif de Lord had done gib him a taste of what dat udder lake is like, an' he ain't no Ephraim any longer, fur he's done turned from de error ob his ways."

Ministerin' Meally had finished her story. In a

few days I was so well as to need her ministration no longer. She did not refuse the money placed in her hand at our parting; we doubled the usual amount, knowing that she never made any charge when nursing the poor, but on the contrary always shared with them whatever money she might have. We remained in Flamingo but a few months longer, and I never met the strange creature again, though before leaving I read, with more pleasure and interest than I had ever before felt in perfect strangers, the announcement of the marriage of Miss Cecilia Le Roy with a certain Lieutenant Deanville of the United States Navy.

GEORGE SAND AT HOME.

I HAD the pleasure of being with George Sand a few days before the mortal illness which prostrated her. I was, perhaps, the last guest at the castle of Nohant whose coming was welcomed by the genial castellan.

As I was being whirled toward La Chartre, the neighboring station of Nohant I painted to myself a likeness of this celebrated woman, such as one might draw from the mosaic of her works and deeds, and thought to compare this ideal portrait with the original when we should meet. George Sand's *penchant* for imitating men, as well in her life as in her books, is well known. In the early part of her literary career, she delighted to take her walks dressed in masculine attire, and, until her death, she was passionately fond of smoking cigarettes. Always, in her numerous love-affairs, as well as in her unhappy marriage, she endeavored to preserve a sovereign superiority. She was in turn emancipator, socialist, and republican; she challenged, with manly courage, first society and then tyranny; she fraternized with heroes of barricades, was journalist and editor, and wrote glowing manifestoes for the "Commune of Paris." What wonder if this volcanic, revolutionary nature sometimes forgot, or seemed to ignore, its sex? But, if we look closer, these masculine traits disappear, and in their place we have a complete woman, with all her excellences and many of her weaknesses; a woman, too, no small part of whose greatness lies in the perfect consistency with her sex. Her nature always expresses itself in true feminine subjectivity; she solves all questions sympathetically. Her religious and philosophical views change with her favorites. She advocates free love with Jules Sandeau and Alfred de Musset, and Christian abnegation with Lamennais, the ardent priest, who erred in his short-sightedness, and, instead of the cardinal's hat, placed on his tonsure the red cap of the Jacobins. Now, she wanders with Pierre Leroux in the cloudy atmosphere of mysticism; then, follows Michel de Bourges in the extreme theories of socialism; and, later, writes revolutionary manifestoes for Ledru-Rollin, in the camp of radical citizens. To but one mind, that of Rousseau, does she hold herself faithful throughout her life, and

here is proved the deep truth of Goethe's celebrated words, "No one may think to overcome the impressions of his youth." The Genevese philosopher was the evangelist of her father's house; her grandmother knew "Émile" and "La Nouvelle Héloïse" almost by heart; Rousseau's writings supplied the first readings of the growing girl, and remained the constant companion of her womanhood. Her whole being was so influenced by him, and she so identified her circle of ideas with his, that he produced an impression on her character never to be effaced. She carried to such an extent this feminine leaning toward Jean Jacques, who has ever exercised a stronger influence over the fair than on the strong sex, that she endeavored to adopt his style, and, although later she sought to change it, in order to escape the reproach of imitation, she succeeded but poorly in the experiment.

George Sand never portrays a real man. All of her heroes are soft, feminine creatures, with more nerve than muscle. The reason of this is explained in the nature of her sex, as is also her enthusiasm for the author of "Émile." A close inspection of her heroes discovers them to be simply reproductions of her own ideal; they are all disguised Rousseaus, quite as *blasé*, weak, and sentimental, when it comes to disregarding conventionalities. Was it a sudden recognition of her forcibly disowned nature that led her, after the June revolution, to close the social-political period of her life, and impelled her to write those simple pastoral tales which in their purely artistic conception so clearly reveal the woman, and will perpetuate her name when her stormy, vehement writings shall long have been forgotten?

When I reached Nohant, near eleven o'clock, the family, with the exception of the hostess, were finishing breakfast. Her plate lay still untouched. She was in the habit of working late into the night, and consequently never appeared at an early hour in the morning. There were present, her son Maurice, who has taken the name of Sand, and has become celebrated through the mother, his sister Solange Clesinger, with their respective wife, husband, and children; and besides these several guests, of whom I will only mention the old friend and family

physician, Dr. Favre. He was also the intimate of Alexandre Dumas *père*, and was introduced by his son, in his last drama, "*L'Étrangère*," as the intellectual *Dr. Remouin*.

When George Sand entered, after welcoming me, she joined the breakfast circle, with a pleasant greeting for each member, permitting herself at the same time to be embraced by her grandchildren. During this family scene I stood at one side, and had an excellent opportunity of observing the celebrated woman. In stature she was short, and rather thick-set, showing somewhat the effects of age, though in her bearing not the least relaxation was observable. That incorrigible scoffer, Heine, for some years an intimate of hers, made the uncouth remark that her head looked like a ram's, and I could but admit that the simile contained more truth than poetry. The coiffure which madame adopted was greatly to blame for this resemblance, as it gave her face a three-cornered look. Perhaps, too, the large nostrils and full upper lip helped him to make his disrespectful comparison. She wore her rich hair drawn down over the low forehead in two waving lines, nearly touching the ends of the eyebrows, and puffed out by large cushions so as to almost cover the ears. It was supposed that after an attack of typhoid fever Madame Sand had resorted to false hair to supply deficiencies made by the disease, but it was found after death that she had used none but her own tresses, which were of remarkable luxuriance, silvered only here and there by lines of gray. But if her coiffure was unbecoming, her features large, even masculine, all was forgotten in a look at her glorious eyes, "in whose unfathomable depths," Théophile Gautier had said, "one might bathe." Of the same blackness as her hair, they had preserved much of their inward fire, yet, when at rest, they grew infinitely soft, and gave to the face a dreamy, almost melancholy, expression. The chin was small and wanting in energy, the lips may never have been beautiful, yet her whole person breathed peace, benevolence, and intellect.

I knew, from mutual friends, that George Sand when meeting strangers often evinced an embarrassment amounting almost to awkwardness, and that her conversation was never remarkable for wit or brilliancy. De Musset, who was certainly no stranger to her, confessed that her mind worked slowly, that her speech was often the reverse of fluent. I well remember the interview with her Carl Gutzkow was so anxious to obtain, and in which he was forced to guess at more than was said. It is true she was then in a trying period of her existence, in a distrustful and suspicious frame of mind, while now those agitating storms had passed away, leaving this much-enduring woman to enjoy a peaceful old age, after a life of fitful cloud and sunshine. At the same time, I almost regretted not having adopted a similar strategy to that of Beaumarchais's excellent biographer, De Loménie, who hit upon the original idea of introducing himself as a chimney-sweep, in order that I might observe this timid woman without constraint on either side.

The entrance of a servant with letters on a salver put a stop to my further reflections, and, as the mail was distributed, the dining-hall was converted into a reading-room.

"Your pardon," said George Sand to me; "my business of the day is to read my letters, otherwise I should lay them away and forget them entirely. Friends I answer by return of mail, unknown correspondents according to my humor." Then I watched the diligent hands break the seals in nervous haste, the dreamy countenance become animated by various emotions of interest, amusement, or perhaps contempt, while she read. Soon she had finished, and, rising, said, "Let us walk through the garden and neighboring village while we chat."

"She is a rare listener," said Heine, and rightly. During our walk, in which she pointed out the beauties of her residence, she spoke but little, listening attentively, however, to all I said, and observing me closely. I frequently felt her eyes fixed penetratingly on my face, while the most insignificant word did not escape her; if, however, our glances chanced to meet, she instantly lowered her gaze in a peculiar girlish manner, which gave an indescribable charm to the old lady. We conversed partly in French, partly in Italian; if I hesitated for a word or expression, she came quickly to my relief, thus testifying to her close attention, and betraying by this readiness a rare skill in entering into the thoughts of another. We strolled through the beautiful grounds which surround on all sides the castle where Madame Sand was born, and where two-thirds of her life have been passed; pines, poplars, and fruit-trees, shade the park, nearly hiding from view the stately mansion in its centre. At a short distance one side, another building, "*Le Pavillon*," finished with a high tower, luxuriantly overgrown with ivy, affords a charming view of the Black Forest, where were laid the scenes of several of her romances. "In winter it is cold and uninviting here," said my companion; "then we withdraw in-doors and depend upon ourselves for entertainment. We have many visitors, invited and otherwise, and you should see how merry can become the hostess, whom the world supposes to be the original of De Musset's gloomy woman, in his '*October Night*,' and how merry she can make her guests. At the end of the garden is our little theatre, which contains seventy numbered places, quite a good-sized stage, besides decorations and costumes."

In this place, at an earlier day, when George Sand still wrote for the stage, were often produced scenes from dramas just finished, to try their effect; these fragments, with some short pieces, and a dramatization of a novel by Collet Hoffmann, whom she greatly admired, also played here, were afterward collected and published under the title of "*Théâtre de Nohant*."

"We used to amuse ourselves," she said, "with dramatic charades. We had, too, the pantomimes that Chopin introduced; he would improvise at the piano while our young people transposed his inspirations in mimic upon the stage, dancing comic ballets to them. Now we have entertainments with our

marionettes, which my son draws, paints, and arranges, while Solange, my daughter, provides the costumes."

Maurice Sand, besides being a talented painter, has also made himself known through his writings. Several romances, a few works on natural history, and a very creditable book upon the "*Commedia dell' Arte*," charmingly illustrated, owe their existence to him. His sister is a sculptor of considerable ability; their *ateliers* are adjacent in the castle.

"My Maurice," continued George Sand, "closely resembles his mother: he has a glowing, sensitive temperament, that knows no middle state—it burns with fierce heat or smoulders low. He shares, too, my love for the theatre. Until very recently, I had apartments in Paris where we often remained weeks at a time, principally to give ourselves this favorite indulgence. Every evening found us in some place of amusement, my preference being for light pieces, pantomimes, spectacles, and the like, rather than the more serious drama. We often visited the *Folies Bergères*." My face expressed my astonishment at the mention of this somewhat equivocal place of resort; she noticed it, but continued without comment: "Comfortably seated in a box behind curtains, which hid me from the other spectators, I was greatly entertained with the dances and plays, in which reigns the national spirit of fun, and a slap in the face or gentle kick calls forth loud applause. God has preserved to me the blessing of childlike joy. I admire, laugh, am astonished, and enter into the lives of others, as children do. The word *ennui* does not exist for me."

Notwithstanding her fondness for the drama, George Sand was wanting in the peculiar talent which insures success in writing for the stage, although two or three of her plays have won a lasting reputation. She is ever faithful to her model, Rousseau, the apostle of feeling, as shown in her descriptions, but the mere setting in scene is not sufficient, and hence it comes that the greater part of her plays are dramatized or dialogued romances, and lack action and character.

"Because I have little of the talent necessary for writing dramas," she confessed to me, "I willingly accepted the aid of a collaborator in that part of my literary work. Paul Maurice, for example, has written some pieces with me. It is less known, however, that Dumas, *fils*, assisted me with my most successful drama, '*The Marquis of Villemar*.' Without his help, I should hardly have succeeded in the attempt. Skill in bringing about the *dénouement*, and readiness in dialogue, are not my virtues."

Chatting like this, we crossed the park, and madame pointed out to me a little hill thickly grown with pines, whose branches sheltered the family burial-place.

"I shall also sleep there one day," she said, quietly. "Perhaps very soon, or it may be Heaven will spare me a little longer to my loved ones on earth, to whom I can still be useful. I am not so foolish as to fear death, but I am still fresh and hearty enough, in spite of my years, to remain a little

longer with my family, my village friends, and my birds."

This industrious woman, who knew no rest till Death laid his heavy hand upon her, found still time and inclination to take a childlike delight in simple pleasures, birds, and flowers, and was loath to go out from the world, where so much she loved must be left behind.

Through her mother, the granddaughter of a bird-fancier, she inherited a secret charm to work upon the feathered tribe; like Goethe's Lili, or the heroine of her "*Teverino*," she possessed the magic power of enticing the little singers to her; they came from all sides, seating themselves confidently upon her head, shoulders, or outstretched hands. She has told us herself, in "*The History of my Life*," of her favorite linnets, Jonquille and Agathe.

Evening reunited the resident and passing occupants of the château around the dinner-table. A quarter of an hour sufficed Madame Sand to make her toilet, which, though simple, even sombre, was always careful.

The meal over, the company withdrew to the adjoining drawing-room, an apartment of unpretending but most cheerful and homelike aspect. George Sand, her daughter, and daughter-in-law, occupied themselves with various kinds of needle-work, at the same time taking a lively interest in the conversation of the *salon*, which touched on all imaginable topics, the authoress sometimes taking the lead, though more given to encouraging the talking of others. Her remarks were usually short, almost epigrammatically clear, and always to the point. If the gentlemen became too vehement, her merry laugh would ring out—an effectual reminder.

When her son and a young Parisian journalist became very much heated in a political debate, raising their voices in an excited manner, she brought them to silence by quietly seating herself at the piano and striking the stirring chords of the "*Tannhäuser March*."

"I like spontaneous music," she told me, "that which suddenly, like a stream that has overflown its banks, breaks forth from the soul in uncontrollable impetuosity—wild music, if I may so call it, because it is subject to no conventional rules, but is still full of harmony. During the Exposition of 1867 I spent nearly every evening in a little inn where a party of Hungarian gypsies performed. Yes, those gypsies, who, like the birds, followed any harmonious caprice, played exactly to my fancy. Such floods of melody, rising now in wild exultation, then dying away in blessed sadness and devotion, seemed to me to reveal all the happiness and sorrow of earth and heaven, every destroying and synthetic power of Nature. This, and infinitely more, did I find in the gypsy music. Ah! I am sorry that Liszt has become so learned."

She said this with so much feeling that the veil which usually concealed her timid voice fell as if torn asunder, and the words came out full, warm, and clear, her fingers at the same time involuntari-

ly wandering over the keys in an *adagio* of Miska Hauser. Breaking off, she rose with slightly-flushed cheeks, as if half ashamed of her emotion, and seated herself again at the table. In a little while she took a cigarette and lighted it. She smoked—that was the only peculiarity this extraordinary woman retained, her manner becoming more and more tranquil with advancing years. It was less smoking, too, than playing with fire. She soon threw away the half-consumed cigarette, and, resuming needle and work, became again completely the woman. The ladies were occupied in cutting out clothing, mending stockings, etc., for the needy, sick, and foundlings of Berry. All the poor of the community made pilgrimages to the castle of Nohant in search of aid; and none were sent away without relief. An apothecary-shop is connected with the domain, and the village physician visits the peasantry at the expense of the lady of the castle. It is not, then, surprising that the forty thousand francs, George Sand's regular income, were not sufficient for the exercise of such generous hospitality and benevolence, and one can easily comprehend the necessity which led her to conclude an agreement with the editors of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, whereby, in return for a stated salary, she bound herself to furnish two or three novels per annum. This was no difficult task; on the contrary, work was a recreation to her, the more so as she felt she was laboring for her family and the poor. It was no vain appellation under which she was known for ten miles around, "La chère dame." I was myself witness to a touching scene, where some sufferers had received substantial aid; they were so overcome with joy and gratitude as to be unable to utter a word, and it was the same with Madame Sand, who stood, speechless, with moist

eyes; nothing embarrassed her more than to receive thanks, she who had so much cause to merit them.

This true womanly trait of benevolence was her most prominent characteristic; there was nothing egotistical in her nature. She was personified unselfishness, even when it came to affairs of the heart. According to her own confession, made at the end of her life—"I examine my heart, and find it full of innocence and compassion, as in the days of my childhood"—this woman certainly did not possess the distorted sensuality so often ascribed to her.

The sphere of simplicity and kindness in which she lived was a necessity to her; she understood well how to exercise the art of true comradeship. How indulgent and encouraging she was to beginners! She possessed little delicacy of judgment—hence the moral and social errors of her life—but a superabundance of benevolence.

I can still see her as she, about midnight, took leave of the company, and, lamp in hand, went into the adjoining apartment, where her immortal "Marquis de Villemar" was written. A little mahogany bedstead, with hangings and medallions, upon which is represented the history of "Télémaque;" a comfortable arm-chair before a wooden desk; and on the walls the portraits of her grandfather, the Marshal Moritz, of Saxony; her father, Colonel Dupin, an adjutant of Murat; her mother, her son, and her grandchildren—such is her study and sleeping-apartment.

In this room, and in that arm-chair, she died less than a fortnight after my visit. Her physician declared she had suffered unspeakably for months before her death, without betraying it to any one about her. Perhaps even the kindly smile with which she greeted and took leave of me hid an expression of physical pain with difficulty suppressed.

SAN FRANCISCO OF THE DESERT.

AS you leave Murano and its old fig-trees in the lagoon of Venice, the little island of San Francisco of the Desert lies floating far away from you between the blue of the sky and the blue of the water, like some vaporous vision in a tremulous distance of air. It seems so unreal, so unreachably and far-off a thing, that you understand why it escapes the curiosity of tourists who never make it the object of their pilgrimage. What you see of it is a mere mirage, a shadowy apparition that you fear may vanish into the night before you approach it. But it remains for you to know its loveliness.

It is surrounded by the sea-bloom of lonely marshes, all overgrown with plummy grasses, silvery sedge, tufts of a delicate, heather-like, rose-gray plant, yellow, star-shaped flowers with sharp, bluish leaves, and a stunted species of the ox-eye daisy.

When we stepped from our gondola, by the old wooden cross which the sea-winds have so bleached that all material sense is gone from it, the convent-bell was ringing for vespers, and to the soul-benediction of its call we entered the church.

What peace was under its low vault! It seemed to me that the world never had come that way in its ambition—so quiet, so removed from the jar and fret of common life, is that lonely convent set among the sea-weeds.

It is now served by some thirteen monks under the direction of a superior. They wear sandals on their feet, and a cord tied around their tan-colored gown. They belong to a begging order, living entirely on alms, with the exception of the support they derive from their sandy garden. Is it, then, because they are so free from the responsibility of labor and from wearying preoccupations about money-matters, or because they literally expect their daily bread to be given unto them, that such serenity smiles in their countenances? or is it through the renunciation of the world that they become initiated into such secrets of heavenly quietude as must remain closed for us? one wonders while looking at the superior of the convent, whose face is radiant like that of an untroubled boy.

Over the tranquil monastery, where a few men

to-day find compensation of rest and a shelter against the agitation of the passions they have renounced, broods none of the mysterious terror which we associate with the sacrifices of antiquity, but only the silence and the spirit of saintliness which is born of a constant contemplation of heavenly things.

The convent of San Francisco of the Desert would have been suppressed, and once more the little island have been left to the wild sea-birds and the washing of the tides, had it not been appropriated by Napoleon I., who gave it to the Emperor of Austria. And now it belongs to the venerable Patriarch of Venice. A mural tablet inserted in the church records the fact. Only one part of the island—that which would be called an orchard if, instead of fruit-trees, cypresses and white poplars did not grow upon it—belongs to the military jurisdiction of Venice; and, in the event of a war, cannons may be mounted upon the bastions, and the convent must be opened as a hospital.

But it suggests no such harassing chances. For, if it is afternoon, and the shadows begin to creep across the field, and you lie on the grass looking into the dome of blue above your head, or you watch the top branches of the trees faintly astir with the coming sunset-wind, or you follow the slow-moving figure of one of the monks going for meditation to his cell—and, behind that low embankment of coarse, matted grass close to you, the expanse of the lagoon is but a space of light, broken at intervals by long lines of an ineffable color, wherever beds of marsh-flowers appear—does not the story of the legend come back to you? And is it not the only one, *naïve* as it is, you care to listen to, in that dear, unprofaned solitude? For me the spell of a poetical superstition rested there. I found myself attuned to the serious spirit of the spot, and in unison with the harmonious influence of its profound peace.

In the old days when saintly enthusiasm and fervid fanaticism led men in crowds to the Holy Land, St. Francis, then a young man, went about the world preaching repentance of sins and acts of penance, to far-away people. He went to Egypt and to Syria, there to announce the Christian faith to the sultan and his subjects. But suddenly he was recalled to Italy, where the small religious community which his zeal had founded needed the inspiring influence of his presence. And he embarked himself on a ship that set sail for Venice. It was in the autumn of the year 1220 that from the ship's boat that was to land him he first saw, overshadowed by cypresses, the lonely island which was to become his temporary home, and remain consecrated for all ages by his pious life. He found it uninhabited save by a multitude of birds, who fluttered and flocked around him, welcoming him with the music of their joyous singing. He was greatly pleased with their innocent concert, but, as he began reciting his prayers, the singing of the birds became so riotous that he and his companion could not hear each other's responses, and he was obliged to order them to hush, which they did, not resum-

ing their song again till the holy service was over. So deeply moved was the saint by so manifest an intervention of divine guidance over the instinct of the birds that, obeying the impulse of his poetical nature, he suddenly determined to settle on the lonely spot. Without any food but such as he happened to have brought with him, and without any shelter save the protecting light of the stars that watched over him, he fell asleep and spent the night there. The cool morning wind was the only matins he heard calling him to prayer, when he awakened. Then he began breaking boughs of trees, binding them together with sea-weeds, and built himself a hut, and a narrow oratory—the same that is seen to-day, and where, in after-years, his wooden image was placed.

It was from the noble family of the Michelis of Venice that St. Francis obtained privilege to hold the island as his own. From time immemorial it had belonged to them, when, after having planted it and made it a garden of pleasure for summer delight, they were forced to abandon it on account of its insalubrious situation in the midst of deadly marshes; and a wild decay then settled over it.

The fishermen, accustomed to the solitude of their night-watches, marveled at the light they noticed burning on the island, and, having come to it to spread their nets, they discovered the hermit, and, being overcome by such saintliness, they carried the fame of it to the city of Torcello and to other places, and soon all the people of the neighboring islands came in crowds to admire St. Francis, who welcomed them, comforting their hearts with the consolation of his holy words. Nothing would he take from them except the pittance he required to support himself and his companion.

Tradition reports that it is from the island of San Francisco of the Desert that St. Francis sent the letters of convocation for the chapter that assembled near Assisi, in the same year; but, before taking leave of his dear hermitage of the sea, St. Francis planted his stick in the ground. It miraculously struck root, and became a tree of so extraordinary a size that it was necessary to support it with stakes. The winter sea-winds and storms of centuries have long ago destroyed it; yet, in the corner of the garden back of the monastery, there are three pieces of its trunk, the wood of which is unlike that of any tree growing in Italy. They are considered as relics. The legend adds that when the tree gave shade to the monks of the island, and birds hid their nests among the branches, people used its leaves as a medicament or wore them on their person as a talisman against disease.

After the final departure of St. Francis, some of his followers took possession of his hermitage. With the alms they received from pious souls, they changed the wooden hut into a chapel, and dedicated it to him, also making a rule that no lay person should ever enter it. So great was the veneration that halloed the island that, in 1233, the fathers who resided upon it built a convent, at the same time increasing the dimensions of the church. The marshes,

however, spread so alarmingly in that locality that it had again to be abandoned, and it remained a desert until 1400, when, by a brief from Pius II., it was put in repair and given to a brotherhood with orders to their vicar-general to keep it habitable. New stone foundations were raised around the island, and the campanile was built.

The convent as we see it to-day consists of two small cloisters expressive of humility and poverty. A well of spring-water stands in the midst of the first cloister, with a row of flower-pots of rose, oleander, lemon verbena, carnations, and the traditional sweet-basil, which is considered as the indispensable pledge of domestic good luck in every household in Italy.

The refectory opens upon the second cloister, and above are the cells of the monks, each one of them bearing over its door the name of some virtue—humility, chastity, poverty, obedience. May we not believe that, in some spiritual and unexplained manner, these words do carry into the heart their inmost meaning, while they guard it and watch over its purity like an ever-present, living conscience?

At the beginning of the seventeenth century the Senate of Venice granted to the monks of San Francisco of the Desert the liberty of building a convent and a chapel on the mainland, that they might escape the ravages of the malaria. Eighteen of them persisted in remaining; and now, year after year, the hot season brings back fever upon the island, but in spite of the unwelcome guest the San Francisco fathers retain their untroubled, cheerful spirit of contentment. Every inch of their little domain is dear to them. They love it for the ideal it affords them in their consecration to a religious life, and it is to them a home where, day after day and all the year round, they can pursue their humble studies and avocations without fear of interruption. With childlike glee the superior showed us the leather-covered books used by the choristers, and which are filled with illuminations copied from old missals by some of the brothers.

It was mid-afternoon when I started to visit San Francisco of the Desert. The tide was out. Like a great swollen sponge, the marshes seemed to float on the sunlit surface of the water. Thousands of sea-gulls dotted them with motionless white spots, save when one of them suddenly rose with a shrill shriek and flew across the creek to another feeding-ground among lonely patches of tall, stiff grass, burnished and bronzed by the sun. In the sky gossamer, frayed-out clouds spread their almost imperceptible white silken threads. Fruit-boats were coming in from the fruit-islands laden with baskets of peaches and plums and grapes, and looking like a fleet of gayly-winged birds, with their fancifully-colored sails all decorated with symbols and devices. As they passed by they left in the air a track of a

fresh, delicious odor which was good to breathe. The sea and the sky had the look of happiness of a beautiful summer day, and, my companions being a painter and a poet, there was nothing to mar in my mind the impression of that lovely hour.

It was evening when I left the island.

Veiled and milky-white, as in Africa, the stars barely skimmed the lagoon asleep. The sun had set into a bed of flames, and heat-lightnings ran along the horizon like serpents of fire seeking to hide themselves. The poor old cypresses of San Francisco of the Desert were motionless and sombre. Nothing stirred their black and mute summit—neither the wing-touch of a bird, nor the night-wind, nor even that nervous shivering which sometimes is seen among the leaves. In the distance, Venice, like a pale, shadowy silhouette, was rapidly sinking under a transparent, violet mist. You distinguished only the slender form of its towers and the rounded domes of its churches. Struck by the moon, a tower sent its immense shadow over the water, and everything was hushed—everything save far-off, low voices, sounds rather, which came to us mingled with the salty odor of sea-weeds and the peppery perfume of marshy vegetation, and then faded away as in a dream.

A breeze had risen. We put up our sail, and, like a bird, wing-spread, our gondola flew before the wind, gliding so rapidly that the sail nearly dipped into the water, and then we heard the delicious gurgling of a little wave that murmured to us "Good-night" and went to die upon the bank, and all was silent again. The island we had just left was a mass of shadow against the sky. We could hardly make out the black cypresses and the stone-pine over the wall. Far, far away in the dim distance, beyond Murano, beyond Torcello and its silence of death, we heard the wild cry of some lonely bird, who unceasingly repeated the same plaintive note, and, like some unmated soul, received no answer.

We glided slowly on, leaving away behind us the lighthouse flickering at the horizon, and motionless masses of objects we could no more recognize. Only one fishing-boat hailed us and passed by, and, following the long row of wooden piles that serve to pilot one between the sand-banks and mud-flats of the lagoon, we passed by the shrine of Our Lady of the Marshes, to which fishermen bring their votive offerings of wild-flowers. We passed the lonely island-fort, where all was silent save the listless tramp of the sentinel; and then we suddenly stopped by the custom-house, where a guard woke us out of our dream by thrusting his lantern in our face, and asking us if we carried any wine or tobacco.

And all about us the tranquil night breathed its peace; and, when we reached Venice, the milky-way, with its phosphorescent net of stars, arched the sky over our head.

THE TOWER OF PERCEMONT.¹

BY GEORGE SAND.

I.

IT was in the autumn of 1873 that I first became connected with the De Nives family. It was during my vacation. I possessed at that time an annual income of about thirty thousand francs, acquired as much by my professional labor as a barrister in the royal court as by the assiduous and patient improvement of the real estate of Madame Chantabel, my wife. My only son, Henri, had just finished his law-studies at Paris, and I was expecting him the very evening when I received by express the following note :

"To M. Chantabel, barrister, at the Maison-Blanche, commune of Perceмонт, Riom.

"SIR : May I ask for your legal advice ? I know that it is your vacation, but I will come to your country-house to-morrow, if you are willing to receive me.

"ALIX, COUNTESS DE NIVES.

"R. S. V. P."

I replied that I should expect the countess on the next day, and immediately my wife began to find fault with me.

"You always reply at once in the same fashion," she said, "and never let any one urge you or wait for you, just as a briefless barrister would do ! You will never know how to make the most of your rank !"

"My rank ? What is my rank, please tell me ?"

"You have the highest legal rank in the country. Your fortune is made, and it is high time for you to take a little rest."

"That will soon come, I hope ; but until our son has commenced the practice of his profession, and shown that he is able to take my place, I do not intend to endanger the situation. I wish to install him with every chance of success."

"You always talk in this way ; you have a mania for business, and are never willing to lose a case. You will die in the harness. Let us see ! Suppose Henri has not the ability to take your place ?"

"Then, as I promised, I will retire and end my days in the country ; but Henri *will* take my place. He is a good scholar ; he is well endowed—"

"But he has not your physical strength and your determined will. He is a delicate child. He takes after me."

"We shall see ! If the work is too much for him, I shall make him a consulting barrister, under my direction. I am sufficiently well known and appreciated to be sure that practice will not be wanting."

"Well and good, I should like that better. A consulting lawyer can give his opinion without leaving his home, and while living on his estate."

"Yes, at my age, with my reputation and experience ; but this will not do for a young man. He must live in the city, and even go to see his clients. It will be advisable that, during the first years of professional duty, I should be near at hand in order to direct him."

"That is just like you ! you do not wish to retire ! Then of what use is it to purchase a château and go to the expense of making it habitable, if neither of you will live there ?"

My wife had induced me to purchase the manor of Perceмонт, situated in the very middle of our estate, in the commune of the same name. This territory, within the inclosure of our land, had been a source of trouble to us for a long time, and we desired very much to become its owners ; but the old Baron Coras de Perceмонт valued his ancestral manor at an exorbitant price, and determined to make the purchaser pay dear for the honor of restoring its ruins. We had given up the idea of possessing it, when the baron died without children, and the château, having been put up at auction, was bid off by us for a reasonable sum. At least thirty thousand francs were required to render barely habitable this nest of vultures, perched on the summit of a volcanic cone, and I was by no means so eager as my wife to incur such an expense. Our country-house, spacious, neat, convenient, sheltered by hills, and surrounded by an extensive garden, appeared to me altogether sufficient, and our acquisition had no other merit in my eyes than that of freeing us from an inconvenient and mischief-making neighborhood. The declivities of the rocks that bore the Tower of Perceмонт were available for the culture of the grape. The summit, covered with a growth of young fir-trees, would hereafter become a good cover for game, and I intended, if it were left undisturbed, to have there, in time to come, an enjoyable reserve for hunting. My wife did not take this view of the case. This great tower had disordered her brain. It seemed to her that, in perching herself there, she raised her social level five hundred feet above the level of the sea. Women have their whims ; mothers have their weaknesses. Henri had always manifested so strong a desire to possess Perceмонт that Madame Chantabel gave me no respite until I had bought it.

It was almost the first word she said to Henri, while embracing him, upon his arrival, for I had only been two days in full possession of my new property.

"Thank your dear father !" she cried ; "behold yourself lord of Perceмонт."

"Yes," I said, "baron of thistles and lord of screech-owls. That is something to be proud of. I think you must have some *cartes de visite* engraved which will acquaint the people around us with these lofty titles."

¹ "The Tower of Perceмонт" was the last novel written by George Sand.

"My titles are more lofty than those," he replied. "I am the son of the most able and most honest man in the province. My name is Chantabel, and I consider myself as greatly ennobled by my father's deeds; I disdain all other lordship; but the romantic manor, the steep peak, the wild wood, are charming playthings for which I thank you, my dear father, and, if you are willing, I shall find there in some pepper-box a little nest where from time to time I can read or dream."

"If that is the height of your ambition, I approve," I said, "and I give you the plaything. You will allow the game to come back which the old baron shot without cessation—having, I think, nothing else to put in his pantry—and next year we will hunt hares together. With this understanding, we will go to dinner, after which we will talk of more serious affairs."

I had indeed serious projects for my son, and we did not discuss them for the first time. I wished him to marry his cousin, Emilie Ormonde, who was familiarly called Millette, or, still better, Miette.

My late sister had married a rich countryman of the vicinity, the owner of a large farm, who had left at least a hundred thousand crowns to each of his children, Miette and Jacques Ormonde. Jacques was thirty years old, Emilie was twenty-two.

When I had refreshed Henri's memory in regard to this plan, concerning which he did not appear over-anxious to converse, I watched him still more attentively, as I had attacked him brusquely in order to surprise his first impression. It was more sad than gay, and he looked toward his mother as if to seek in her eyes the answer he must make. My wife had always approved and desired this marriage; I was, then, extremely surprised when, speaking instead of her son, she said, in a reproachful tone:

"Indeed, M. Chantabel, when you have set your mind on anything, it is like an iron wedge in a piece of rock. Can you not leave a single moment of joy and liberty to this poor child, who is worn out with exhausting labor, and who needs to breathe freely? Is it necessary to talk to him so soon about putting the marriage-cord around his neck?"

"Is it, then, a cord to hang one's self with?" I replied, a little angry; "do you find it so uncomfortable, and do you wish to make him think that his parents do not live happily together?"

"I know it is not so," Henri replied, quickly. "I know that we three make only one. If you both wish me to marry immediately, I stand for nothing, and wish to stand for nothing; but—"

"But, if I am entirely alone in my opinion," I resumed, "it is I who will count for nothing. Then, we do not make one in three, and matters will be decided between us by the majority of votes."

"Do you know, M. Chantabel," said my wife, who was not wanting in spirit on the occasion, "we are happy in marriage in our fashion, but every one understands it in his own way, and since the good to look for, or the evil to risk, must be personal to our son, my opinion is, that neither of us

should give him advice, but leave him to decide the question entirely alone?"

"This is exactly the conclusion that I held in reserve," I replied; "but I thought that he was in love with Miette, and had decided a long time ago to marry her as soon as possible."

"And Miette?" said Henri, earnestly—"is she as decided as I am, and do you think that she is in love with me?"

"In love is a term which is not found in Miette's vocabulary. You know her: a young woman, calm, pure, decided, and sincere; the personification of integrity, goodness, and courage. It is certain that Miette has a great friendship for you. She has, besides me, only one guide and friend in this world, her brother Jacques, whom she blindly loves and respects. Miette Ormonde will marry whomsoever Jacques Ormonde chooses, and, since his childhood, Jacques Ormonde, who is your best friend, has destined his sister for you. What do you wish for better than this?"

"I could never desire nor hope for anything better if I were loved," replied Henri; "but let me tell you, my father, that this affection on which I thought I could rely has for some time grown strangely cold. Jacques did not reply when I announced my approaching return, and Emilie's last letters displayed a noticeable reserve."

"Did you not set her the example?"

"Has she complained?"

"Miette never complains of anything; she only remarked a kind of preoccupation in your letters, and, when I wished her to rejoice with me at the prospect of your return, she appeared to doubt if it were as near as I announced. Come, my son, tell us the truth. You may safely make confession to your parents. I do not ask you to give an account of diversions for which Miette could reproach you. We have all passed through those, we students of former times, and I do not pretend that we were better than you; but we returned joyfully to the sheepfold, and perhaps in your correspondence with your cousin you have suffered a regret to escape for those diversions that you would do wrong to take too seriously."

"I hope not, my dear sir, for this regret was very light, and quickly effaced by the thought of your happiness. I do not recall any expressions that could have escaped me; surely I am not simple enough to have said, or even thought of, anything that would furnish a motive for the icy tone that my little cousin assumed in replying to me."

"Have you the letter with you?"

"I will get it for you in a moment."

Henri went out, and my wife, who had listened in silence, spoke up quickly:

"My friend," she said, "this marriage is broken off; we must think of it no longer."

"Why? Who has broken it off? For what purpose?"

"Miette is rigid and cold; she understands nothing of the requirements of a life of elegance in a certain situation; she is incapable of pardoning

a slight wandering from the right path in a young man's life."

"Nonsense! what are you talking about? Miette knows very well all the follies committed by her brother when he studied law in Paris, and I do not believe Henri has a quarter as many to reproach himself for. However, Miette never manifested any disquietude or vexation; she received him with open arms when he returned, two years since, as much a seeker after adventures, and as little of a lawyer as possible. She helped him pay his debts, without a word of reproach or regret. He told this to me not long since, adding that his sister was an angel for indulgence and generosity; and now you would like—"

Henri, who returned with the letter, interrupted us. This letter was not cold, as he pretended. Emilie was never very demonstrative, and her habitual modesty prevented her from becoming more so; but it was plain that she was under the influence of a trouble and some kind of fright in her own home that were entirely unusual. "Friendship," she said, "is indissoluble, and you will always find in me a devoted sister; but do not distress yourself about marriage; if time for reflection is necessary for you, it is also necessary for me, and we have made no engagement that we cannot discuss or put off according to circumstances."

"You will remark," observed Henri, addressing me, "that she calls me *you*, instead of *thou*, for the first time."

"That must be your fault," I replied. "Let us see! Come to the fact. Are you really in love, yes or no, with your cousin?"

"In love?"

"Yes, passionately in love?"

"He is at a loss how to answer you," said my wife. "He is asking himself, perhaps, if he ever were so."

Henri seized the line his mother held out.

"Yes," he cried, "that is true! I do not know if the respectful and fraternal sentiment that Miette has inspired in me from childhood can be called love. Passion has never mingled with it on either side."

"And you wish for passion in marriage?"

"Do you think I am wrong?"

"I think nothing about it; I am not making a theory. I wish to know the state of your heart. If Miette Ormonde loved some one else, you would be perfectly satisfied?"

Henri turned pale, and blushed at the same time.

"If she loves another," he replied, in a voice full of emotion, "let her say so! I have no right to oppose her, and I am too proud to allow myself to reproach her."

"Come!" I resumed; "the thing is clear, and the case is settled. Listen: we dined at four o'clock; it is hardly six. You can go to your cousin's in half an hour. You will take Prunelle, your good little mare, who has not been used much during your absence, and who will be enchanted to carry

you. You have nothing to say to Miette, excepting that, having this minute arrived, you hasten to grasp her hand and her brother's. This eagerness is the most concise and clear explanation of what concerns you. You will see if it is received with pleasure or indifference. Nothing more is required for a young man of spirit. Welcomed joyfully, you remain with them an hour, and return to tell us your triumph. Guided by the first words, you come back immediately without asking for anything more. It is very simple, and cuts short all the theories that we could make, as well as all the fine words we could say."

"You are right," replied Henri; "I will go at once."

II.

IN order to pass away the time, my wife took her knitting; I amused myself with a book. I saw, indeed, that she was burning to contradict and quarrel with me, and I pretended not to suspect it; but she burst out at last, and I let her alone to find out her thoughts. I discovered that her son's marriage with Miette had become undesirable in her mind, and that her letters or words had produced some influence in the estrangement of the lovers. She no longer loved her poor niece, and found her too much of a vine-dresser, too humbly born, for her son; her fortune was suitable, but Henri was an only son, and could aspire to a richer heiress. He had luxurious tastes and habits that Miette would never understand. She had made of her brother, once brilliant and polished, a great peasant, fast growing into unwieldy proportions. She had all the virtues as well as all the prejudice and obstinacy of a countrywoman. It was allowable to think of this marriage when Henri was still a scholar and a provincial. Now that he had come back from Paris in all the splendor of his beauty, his toilet, and his grand manners, he must look for a woman of quality, one capable of becoming a woman of the world.

I listened to all this in silence, and when it was ended I said:

"Do you wish me to draw a conclusion?"

"Yes; speak."

"Well, if this marriage is detestable, it is neither Henri's nor Miette's fault; it is the fault of the great Tower of Perceмонт!"

"Indeed!"

"Yes; without this accursed tower we should always be the good and happy citizens of former times, and we should not find my sister's children too much like peasants; but since we have machicolations above our vines, and an ornamented door to our wine-press—"

"A wine-press! You do not intend to make a wine-press of our château?"

"Yes, my dear friend; and if this does not put an end to your folly, I intend to pull down the old barrack!"

"You cannot do this!" cried Madame Chantabel, indignantly. "The château is your son's; you gave it to him."

"When he sees that the château has turned your brain, he will help me demolish it."

My wife was afraid of raillery. She grew calm, and promised to wait patiently for Emilie's decision; but she soon had a new source of agitation. The hours passed, and Henri did not return. I was rejoiced; I thought his cousins had kept him, and that all three were very happy in seeing each other once more. At last it was midnight, and my wife, fearing some accident, was going back and forth from the garden to the road, when the steps of Henri's little mare were heard, and a moment after he was close by us.

"Nothing happened to me," he replied to his mother, who questioned him with great anxiety. "I saw Emilie a moment, and I learned that her brother had been living for a month on his farm in Champgousse, where he is having a large building put up. Emilie, being alone at home, gave me to understand that I must not prolong my visit; and, as it was still early, I directed my course to Champgousse to see Jacques. I did not remember the road, and went farther than was necessary. At last I saw Jacques, talked and smoked an hour with him, and here I am after riding three leagues on my way back through intricate paths which, without the intelligence of my horse, I should not easily have recognized in the obscurity."

"And how did Emilie receive you?" asked Madame Chantabel.

"Very pleasantly," replied Henri, "as nearly as I could judge in so short a time."

"No chiding, no reproaches?"

"None at all."

"And Jacques?"

"He was as cordial as usual."

"Then nothing is decided?"

"The subject of marriage was not agitated. That is a question we must discuss with you."

My wife, reassured, retired to her room, and immediately Henri took my arm and drew me to the garden.

"I must speak to you," he said. "What I have to tell you is very delicate, and I feared that my mother would take the matter so much to heart that she would not be prudent. This is what happened to me."

"Sit down," I said, "and I will listen to you."

Henri, very much troubled, related to me what follows:

III.

"FIRST, I must tell you the state of my feelings when I was going to see Emilie. It is very true that before quitting Parisian life I had a feeling of terror in thinking of marriage. The ideal dreamed of in my early youth had grown fainter year after year in the feverish atmosphere of the capital. You saw me so in love with my cousin when I began my study of the law that you were afraid—I well understood it—of seeing my progress in my studies retarded by impatience to get through with them. You did not understand that this fervor of love and marriage was a phase of collegiate life, and found its natural place

between the baccalaureate and the first law-entry. Perhaps you did not foresee that the impatience would very quickly be calmed, and, perhaps, desiring this marriage, you would have done better to allow me to come home in the vacations. You thought it your duty to divert me from an anxiety that I never felt after the first year's absence. You passed your own vacations with me, traveled with me, took me to the sea-shore, to Switzerland, and then to Florence and Rome—in short, you so well fulfilled your duty that I did not see Emilie for four years. The result is, that I dreaded to see her again lest I should find her no longer as charming as she had appeared to me in the splendor of her eighteen years.

"I thought of this while galloping toward her abode just as the sun was setting, and was tempted to moderate Prunelle's ardor, who went on the wings of the wind. She was forced, however, to do this for herself as we approached Vignollette, and to go at a slow pace up the sandy ascent that must be climbed to gain a view of the roof of the house buried in the foliage. There my disturbed spirit also grew calm, and an indescribably tender emotion took possession of my heart. The evening was beautiful; there was a golden glow in the heavens and on the earth. The mountains appeared in the mists of a rosy violet tint. The road shone under my feet like the dust of rubies. The vines waved playfully on the hills, and the great purpled branches, loaded with fruit already black, stood erect and hung in abundant festoons over my head. Pardon me, I became a poet! My happy, youthful days appeared once more. I dreamed over the scenes of my forgotten pastorals. I fancied myself transported to the time when, in my collegian's garb—too short for my great lean arms—I approached with a palpitating heart the abode of my little cousin, then so pretty, gracious, and confiding! I recommenced my love-dreams, and it seemed to me that hopes and desires which had taken entire possession of my being could not be a vain illusion. I spurred on my horse, and arrived, panting, feverish, fearful, and passionately in love as when I was seventeen years old!

"Do not be impatient, my father. I must sum up what was the past a few hours ago, a past already more than a century from the present.

"I trembled when knocking at the door—that little door painted green, still frayed and mended with great nails as in former times. I took pleasure in recognizing every object and in finding the wild honeysuckle shading the rustic entrance as fresh as ever and grown into a great bush. Formerly an iron wire extending along this arbor of vines was sufficient to give entrance to familiar acquaintances without troubling any one; but this hospitable confidence had disappeared; I had to wait at least five minutes. I said to myself: 'Emilie is alone, and perhaps she is at the end of the inclosure. It takes time to cross the vineyard, but she must have recognized my peculiar way of knocking; she will come and open the door for me as in the old times!'

"She did not come; old Nicole opened the door and took hold of my horse's bridle with an eagerness

full of trouble. 'Enter, enter, M. Henri! Yes, yes, mademoiselle is very well; she is at home, M. Henri; you must excuse us, it is washing-day, our people have all gone to the river to bring back the linen; this is the reason you had to wait. These are the days when everything is topsy-turvy, you know very well, M. Henri.'

"I cleared quickly the long and narrow walk, at least too long for my liking! Formerly they recognized my voice at a distance, and Jacques ran to meet me. Jacques was absent. Emilie came to meet me at the head of the flight of steps. She held out her hand first; but there was more terror than joy in her surprise at seeing me. She was dressed as she used to be, in a half-girlish fashion, the muslin dress, well turned back on the hips, the silk apron trimmed with lace, the little straw hat of peasant-shape, turned back behind over her magnificent braids of brown hair, still as pretty as ever, perhaps even prettier! Her fresh countenance had become a little more oval in form, her eyes were larger, and a more serious expression rendered her glance more penetrating, her smile more full of meaning. I do not know what we said to each other; we were both very much moved. We asked about the news, and we did not listen to the answers.

"I understood at last that Jacques (Jaquet, as she always calls him) was putting up buildings on a farm two leagues away. Champgousse is his part of the inheritance. For a long time the stables and barns had been going to ruin. He did not wish to trust the work to a contractor, who would have charged him a high price without doing things to suit him. He had, therefore, installed himself with his tenants, so as to be there from sunrise to sunset, and watch the labor of his workmen.

"But he comes to see you every day?"

"No, it is too far away; this would oblige him to rise too early. I am going to see him next Sunday, and be sure that he does not want for anything."

"It must be very tedious for him to be there alone?"

"No, he is so busy!"

"But does not this solitude make you sad?"

"I have no time to think of it; there is always so much to do when one has a home to take care of."

"You must come and live with us!"

"That is impossible."

"You are, then, still a model housekeeper?"

"It is necessary."

"And you like this austere life?"

"As well as I ever did."

"You do not think—"

"Of what?"

"I believe I came near committing myself, when Emilie rose abruptly as she heard the creaking of the door of the dining-room which adjoins the *salon*; she rushed forward in that direction, and I heard very distinctly these words, 'He is there—do not let him see you!'

"You start with surprise, father. I felt a rending of the heart. I heard the door shut, and Emilie returned, very much preoccupied and constrained, to

ask me idle questions about your health and what you were doing; for she knows everything that concerns you, and it was I who should have learned the news from her. I saw that my presence was torture to her, and that her eyes watched the clock in spite of herself to count the insupportable minutes of my stay. I took my hat, saying that I had scarcely seen you, and, besides, I did not wish to constrain her. 'You are right,' she replied. 'You cannot come here as you used to—I am alone in the house, and this would not be proper; but if you will go next Sunday to see Jaquet at Champgousse, we shall meet there.' I do not remember if I made any reply. I set out, running as if my clothes were on fire, went myself to the stable for Prunelle, and started at full speed on the road that would take me home. And then I stopped short, asking myself if I were dreaming, and if I were not insane. 'Miette Ormonde unfaithful, or concealing a lover in her house! No, it is impossible,' I said; 'but I wish to know and I will know! I will go and see Jacques. I will question him frankly. He is an honest man; he is my friend, and will tell me the truth.'

"I took the cross-road that leads to Champgousse. I lost my way sometimes, for it was entirely dark. At last I arrive in the obscurity, and catch a glimpse of the mass of buildings, which do not appear to me noticeably changed. I dismount in the midst of furious dogs. I look for the door of the master's dwelling, and suddenly this door half opens. In the light projected from the interior, I see the outline of Jacques Ormonde's silhouette in the attitude of getting out of bed.

"He throws himself into my arms, clasps me vigorously in his, cries out that he had gone to bed, and that he came very near taking his gun to receive me, for he thought it was a robber, the dogs made such an uproar. He took possession of Prunelle, and, still half naked, led her himself to the stable, where I followed to assist him in unbridling her. 'Let me do it,' he said, 'you cannot see. I see in the night like an owl, and then I know where to find everything.' In truth, he makes all the arrangements, gives water, grain, forage, to his 'little friend Prunelle,' returns without having waked any one, distributes plentiful kicks to his dogs, who still growl at me, makes me enter into his summer-room, whose sole luxury consists in guns of all calibres and pipes of all dimensions. There were neither books, an inkstand, nor pens; all was exactly like his student's room in the Latin Quarter.

"Ah! how long since you arrived in the country?"

"Since some time this afternoon."

"And you come to see me immediately? That is pleasant, indeed; and I thank you. How do they all do at your house? Truly, it is more than a month since I have seen your parents. I have so much to do here! I cannot leave; but they knew where I pitch my tent this time, since you surprise me here."

"They knew absolutely nothing, for they sent me to Vignollette, where I expected to find you."

"Here Jaquet's expressive face became distorted, and the great fellow blushed like a young woman at the least surprise. He exclaimed, in a tone full of fear and distress: 'You come from Vignollette? You have seen my sister?'"

"'Reassure yourself,' I replied; 'I have seen no one but her.'

"'You have only seen *her*? She has, then, told you—'

"'She has told me everything,' I replied, with assurance, wishing at any price to profit by his emotion in order to snatch the truth from him.

"'She told you—but you did not see the *other*?'"

"'I did not see the *other*.'

"'She told you her name?'"

"'She did not tell me *her* name.'

"'She intrusted the secret to you?'"

"'She intrusted nothing to me.'

"'Ah, well! I ask in the name of honor, and in the name of the friendship you have for us, not a word of what you have found out! Will you swear not to reveal it?'"

"'I have no need to swear when Emilie's honor is at stake.'

"'That is right. I am an imbecile. But you must take some refreshment, or smoke a pipe, a cigar—which do you wish? Take, choose; I am going down-cellar.'

"'Do not take so much trouble.'

"'It is very little trouble,' he replied, opening a trap-door in the middle of the room. 'My provision is always at hand.'

"'And in a moment he descended two steps, and returned, bearing a basket of bottles of every growth in his vineyard.

"'Thank you,' I said, 'but I have lost the habit of drinking wine in the way of refreshment. Have you any *eau piquante*?'"

"'Truly; the acidulated source runs at my door. Here it is entirely fresh; put a little brandy in it. Hold! here is fine champagne and sugar; make some grog for yourself.'

"'I saw that, in serving me according to my taste, he uncorked his own wine, to drink himself; and, knowing how wine loosens the tongue, I feigned a great thirst, to induce him to drink on his side. I hoped for the revelation of the grand secret; but it was useless to swallow the wine of his hills; he always changed the conversation with an address of which I did not believe him capable.

"'Besides, I quickly gave up the *rôle*. Why did I want to know the name of the man who had taken possession of my place in Emilie's heart? She ought to have said to me frankly: 'I do not love you any longer; I am going to marry some one else.' Jacques appeared to think that she had told me so. I wished to go directly to the fact, and I interrupted him in the midst of his digressions to say: 'Let us talk about serious affairs. When is the marriage to take place?'"

"'My marriage?' he replied, candidly. 'Indeed, I must wait a month before being able to declare myself openly.'

"'You have, then, marriage projects on your own account?'"

"'Yes, great projects; but do not ask me to tell you anything more. I am very much in love, and I hope to marry—that is all. A month hence you will be the first one in whom I shall confide.'

"'That is to say, that you will never confide in me in the present chapter, for in a month you will have forgotten it, and you will commence another.'

"'It is true that I am unsteady. I have given too many proofs to deny it; but this time it is serious, very serious, upon my word of honor!'"

"'So be it; but I did not speak of your marriage. Do not pretend to misunderstand me. I spoke of Emilie's marriage.'

"'Of my sister's marriage with you? Ah! that, unfortunately, is a doubtful question, to my great regret.'

"'“A doubtful question” is a charming expression!' I exclaimed, bitterly.

"'He did not allow me to continue.

"'Yes, certainly,' he said, 'it is broken. You ought not to complain, for it is according to your wish. Did you not write to Miette, a month or six weeks since, a kind of veiled confession, in which you doubted of the possibility of her pardon, and appeared to make up your mind with a very resigned sorrow? I understood very well, and, questioned by her, I told her in a pleasant way that the pleasures of youth were not a grave thing, and did not prevent true love from becoming again serious. She did not know what I meant; she asked me a number of questions too delicate to make it possible for me to reply to them. Then she went to see your parents; your father was not at home. She talked with your mother, who did not conceal from her that you were leading a gay life in Paris, and laughed in her face when she manifested astonishment. My dear aunt has sometimes a brusque frankness. She gave Miette clearly to understand that, if your infidelity scandalized her, the family would be easily consoled in spite of her. There would be no difficulty in procuring a finer establishment for you. Poor Miette was entirely cast down, and repeated the conversation just as it occurred, without any reflections of her own. I wished to console her; she said, "It is unnecessary for any one to teach me what my duty is;" and, if she wept, I did not see it. I think she has had a great sorrow, but she is too proud to own it, and, from the moment she knew of your mother's aversion to your marriage, I do not believe she ever wishes to hear it spoken of.'

"'Surprised and angry to know that my mother indulged such feelings, but not wishing to learn through those she had wounded their grievances against her—feeling, besides, that the first wrong came from me, and that in my student's life I had made my infidelity too apparent—I asked Jacques to allow me to leave him. 'I am tired,' I said; 'I have a headache, and, if I am vexed, I do not wish to yield to it at this moment. We will put off the explanation to another day. When will you come to breakfast with me?'"

"'You,' he replied, 'must pass the day with me on Sunday. Miette will be here, and you can talk the matter over together. You will then have consulted your parents, and know if my sister's pride was voluntarily wounded; and, as I am sure that you will regret it, you will become good friends.'

"'Yes, we shall become brother and sister; for I presume she will tell me frankly what she should have told me this evening.'

"Thereupon we separated—he still gay, I sad as death. I had, indeed, a frightful headache, which was relieved by the fresh air; and now I am stupid and bruised like a man who has just fallen from the top of a roof upon the pavement."

When my son had finished speaking, we looked at each other earnestly, for, while telling the story, he had followed me into the drawing-room.

"I am very well satisfied with your recital," I said; "it is comparatively clear at the first view. However, if I had, like a judge, to take into consideration the detailed deposition of a witness, I should reproach you for not being very clear-sighted; I should ask if it were very certain that you found a man in Miette Ormonde's house."

"I am sure of the words I heard. Would she have said to a woman, in speaking of me, '*He is there—do not let him see you?*' Besides, Jacques's confession—"

"Presents to my judgment singular ambiguities."

"What?"

"I cannot say. I must reflect carefully, and make a serious inquiry. I will spare no pains, if it is necessary; that is, if you are still interested in her. Do you really love her very much? Is the trouble in which I now see you simply the result of wounded

pride? Are you offended to see Emilie so susceptible and so quickly consoled? In that case your reason and your goodness of heart will soon gain the ascendancy. The affair will clear up of itself: either Emilie will be justified, and you will still love each other, or she will avow her engagement with another, and you will go philosophically to her wedding. But if, as I think, your sorrow is sufficiently deep—if there is grieved and wounded love in your heart—then Emilie must return to you, and send away the suitor who has insinuated himself into her favor in order to take advantage of her vexation in your absence."

"Emilie ought not to have received the attentions of this pretender. She should have known that I was not a man to contend for a wife who compromised her reputation, and gave herself up to vengeance. I regarded her as a kind of saint; she is now no more in my estimation than a little inconsistent and undignified village coquette."

"Then you ought not to regret her, and you do not regret her?"

"No, father, I do not regret her. I had no longer any desire to be married; but if I had found her such as I knew her, or thought I knew her, I would have offered her my hand and heart out of respect to her and to you. Now I am rejoiced to be able to break the bond without grieving you, and without caring myself for the regret she will feel."

I could not obtain from my son any more softened avowal of his sorrow. He was so inflexible and stern as to disturb the first opinion I had formed, and lead me to think he would be easily consoled. It was late; we agreed to say nothing to my wife, and to put off to the next day our calm judgment upon the strange event of the evening.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE LARK.

A BOHEMIAN SONG.

ALL in a lordly garden,
And in the sun and shade,
Among the flower-beds weeding,
With fingers torn and bleeding,
There went a little maid;
The lark beheld her overhead:
"Why do you sigh?" he sang, or said,
"And why are you afraid?"

"Because I am in danger—
(But who is coming? Hark!)
As you would soon discover,
If they had taken your lover,
And in a dungeon dark,
Where neither sun nor moon can shine,
Had shut him up, as they have mine,
You pretty little lark!

"If I had but a pen, now,
I would a letter write;
For ink I would not linger—
It drips from every finger;
Nor would I heed the night—
The glow-worm would give light to me,
And you my messenger would be,
And love would wing your flight!

"I weed among the roses,
With many a sigh and tear;
The glow-worm lights its taper,
But I have no pen, no paper,
To write a letter here.
Fly to him, then, and tell him this:
'She loves you, and she sends a kiss—
A kiss to you, my dear!'"

R. H. STODDARD.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK is peculiarly a city of contradictions. It unites the brilliant and the shabby in sharper contrasts than any other city, with the exception, perhaps, of Constantinople. It is very much like a fine beauty who always appears in dishabille, or like one whose embroidered robes are smirched and torn. It is a city which has projected some of the grandest municipal enterprises of the day, and left undone its plainest and most imperative obligations. It has been in some directions lavish, in others petty and provincial. There is nowhere else so costly, complete, and well-organized a system for water-supply; there are few cities where the people submit to such ill-paved and ill-kept streets. It has constructed, out of an unfavorable situation and from poor natural conditions, a park that is a model of skill in landscape-gardening, but it leaves the wharves at which are marshaled the vast fleets of its commerce in a state of unparalleled dilapidation and decay. Private munificence has dowered it with some of the handsomest and most pretentious churches of the present century, but neglected galleries and schools of art, and failed, with meagre exceptions, to grace its public places with commemorative monuments of its historic worthies. It has been conspicuous the world over for its wickedness, its gayeties, its political corruption, and yet it is unexcelled in public schools and in public and private institutions of charity. It subscribes not only liberally for its own unfortunates, but the promptness of its citizens in responding to sufferings elsewhere is known and acknowledged everywhere. There is abundance of public munificence in a few defined directions, but no public spirit in the thousand minor things that make up good government. The lavish taste with which its citizens construct and furnish their domiciles is singularly in contrast with the blunted sense with which they submit to disorder and neglect in all the thoroughfares. One is prepared at one moment to declare the people of New York the most selfish and self-wrapped of any in the world, did not the hospitals, the churches, the beneficent institutions, the liberal subscriptions to all benevolent schemes, seem to contradict the judgment; he is disposed, as he walks its streets, to assert that its citizens lack perception of the higher refinements of life, but he learns that they are often generous patrons of art and literature. There is an abundance of personal pride, of a love of splendor, of social culture, but little or no zealous public ambition for the glory of the place. One searches in vain for evidence in architectural or other monuments that its wealthy citizens have a pride in the city of their residence; and he discovers in the current maladministration proof that no body of influential men has endeavored to shape public or official action, so as to remove evils and promote those interests which make up the fame of a metropolis.

There evidently must be adequate reasons for

this condition of things. Probably the fact that the population of the city is so largely a foreign one has a great deal to do with it. New York is disproportionately made up of those who are not New-Yorkers. People come here from the other States and the rest of the world, in the belief that it is pre-eminently an arena for the exercise of their talents. They usually have no native pride in the city. They care nothing for its reputation. They are concerned almost wholly in the opportunity it affords for making money. Their religious instincts prompt them to subscribe liberally for the support of churches, and the ease with which they accumulate wealth enables them to obey all their charitable impulses. They are anxious to prosecute their business without hinderance, and will submit with apparent indifference to nuisances and inconveniences rather than give attention and time to their removal. They are not patriotic; they have no local zeal; they will throw tubs to the municipal whale occasionally, if as a price of this liberality they may be let alone. They will put up splendid warehouses because they are an advertisement of their trades, or erect handsome domiciles because they gratify their pride, or build hospitals because they redound to their fame; but they will not spend a day in the remedy of an evil, or for the prosecution of a reform. They freely denounce municipal abuses sometimes, principally because they are the cause of inconveniences and swell their taxes, but, as it would be a greater inconvenience to give time and energy to the removal of these grievances, they content themselves with angry complaints, and permit the wrongs to go on. All this has been said before, but it is necessary that we should repeat it here, in order to make our indictment complete.

But not only has the foreign and consequently unpatriotic character of the population brought this condition of things about, it has been indirectly the means of giving a wrong bent to every attempt for reform. The predominant evil in New York has been the corrupt practices of its rulers; the evils second in serious importance have largely arisen from the devices of so-called reformers. It happened that for a long time the politics of the city was opposed to that of the State. The party out of office in the city were in control of the State political machinery, and they succeeded in employing it for the furtherance of their local purposes. They began by getting control of the city police through the means of State laws. They managed to amend the charter so as to strip local officers of their power, and transfer it to boards appointed at Albany. They succeeded in giving the State Legislature an unprecedented voice in affairs purely local to New York, and to so divide the functions of office between State and local authorities of different political views that all concord and harmony of action was frustrated. In some cases good temporary results were secured,

but precedents and principles were established that have virtually deprived the citizens of New York of the control of their own city, and thereby led to serious evils. They have now a mayor who is little better than a figure-head, a Common Council whose functions are almost supererogatory, and a group of opposing departments that inflict a chaos of misrule. There is no centralization; there is no responsibility; there is no direct power by which reforms may be accomplished, however urgent they may be. Great evils were endured under the former dissolute rule, but under the present distribution of authority it is simply impossible, and it will remain impossible so long as our present methods continue in force, for New York to advance in municipal administration. The disorders that now exist will surely increase. The badly-kept streets will become worse; the dilapidated wharves will sink into further decay; the sewers will more and more impair the health of the city; the care and watchfulness over the thousand minor things that make up the well-being of a city will become less and less observed. There is no head upon which public opinion can adequately act; there is no definite power at hand which can promptly and efficiently reform evils or regulate affairs as they arise.

If this is doubted, a single instance will suffice to illustrate the truth of our predictions. A good many worthless pavements were laid under the Tweed rule, for which property-owners were exorbitantly assessed. Alarmed at this, the property-owners hurried to Albany, and succeeded there in getting a clause introduced into the charter whereby no pavement should be laid without the consent of a majority of the owners of adjacent property. The certain result of this measure will be the absolute dominion of decay and dilapidation in our streets. There practically is no remedy, for your average property-owner will subscribe liberally for the sufferers from a fire in Chicago, or a famine in Ireland, or the yellow fever in Savannah, but resist to the last an assessment for the repavement of his streets. He is heedless of the decay, the disorder, even of the sickness that may follow; he would rather lame his horses, break the axle-trees of his carriage, submit to noisome odors, endanger the health of his family—do anything rather than pay an assessment designed to put the thoroughfares in respectable order. There are many streets in New York to-day that bear complete testimony to the truth of these assertions. But the average property-owner is wholly indifferent. He does not care a straw for the reputation of the city; he is simply determined to save his assessments. He has lost the nice sense which demands neatness and order; he seems to be heedless of every nuisance but the nuisance of the tax-collector. It can be readily shown that property-owners should *not* be assessed for new pavements—as, indeed, we shall do a little later in this paper—but the measures taken to escape the burden have been exceedingly mischievous in their effect.

The moneyed citizen of New York is a curious study. His callous senses—his eyes that do not

see, his nose that does not smell—permit endless nuisances to grow up around him. He is willing to see his curb-stones garnished with ash and garbage boxes; the streets are disfigured by tottering telegraph-poles (one of the nuisances permitted by Albany legislation), and he makes no sign of disapproval; he is heedless of the fact that a great majority of the streets are in the possession of owners of vehicles who stable their unused trucks, carts, and wagons in the public highways without hinderance or remonstrance; he is blind to the encroachments of traders upon the sidewalks who almost drive pedestrians into the roadway with their monopolizing merchandise; he will submit to see the sidewalk which belongs to him appropriated by loading and unloading trucks; he lets the roots of his trees at the curb thrust up the paving-stones to the risk of the limbs of the passer-by, or he permits the trees to die and stand with their rotten limbs at the mercy of every gale; he seems rather to enjoy the disfiguring banners that are stretched across every avenue, and the projecting signs that in every rain wrest his umbrella from his hand; he lives heedless of all these encroachments upon his rights as a citizen, contented so long as he is not to be troubled with projects for controlling them. He believes, indeed, that there are ordinances that regulate them, but it would be troublesome and unneighborly to labor for their enforcement. He is often zealous in politics on all those questions that do not immediately concern him, but neglectful of all those that pertain to his comfort and personal well-being, except so far as they relate to public expenditure. His one political motto is retrenchment. He does not ask what an administration has accomplished, but how much money it has spent. He is partisan in nothing save in keeping down charges. His class obstructs every public improvement that is likely to increase the public debt. It opposed the Croton-water project and the Central Park; it objects to new wharves, new pavements, new public edifices, new railways—everything, indeed, that seems to threaten an increase of taxes. The value of real estate in New York has increased in despite of its owners, for they have strenuously opposed all those measures that have helped the growth of the city and promoted its prosperity. In every community restraint is useful—restraint, indeed, is indispensable; but nothing can improve or develop on mere negation. A community that is never constructive can never advance to eminence.

There have been at different times reform movements, from which it may be argued that the public have not been so indifferent as here asserted. But these reforms have been mainly projects to put out one set of officers and put in another set, under the idea that a change of persons, rather than a change of methods, would accomplish the ends desired. There was a combination years ago against Fernando Wood; there was a like one against Tweed and his set; but who can say that the city government has improved one jot, save in the matter of irregular expenditure? Our rulers are more honest, but are they in any way

more efficient? Do they see evils and remove them? Do they evince any better knowledge or capacity, or a more executive thoroughness, than the rogues they have superseded? We have recently elected a succession of reputable mayors, but, so far as concerns the supervision of affairs, we might as well have disreputable ones.

Our mayors lack power, but they are not forbidden to suggest. They are deprived of control in many things that should distinctly lodge with them; but they still may use their eyes, their senses of smelling and seeing, their powers of observation. If the mayors of New York can absolutely be no more than nonentities—mere names—it is strange that self-respecting persons consent to take the office. But, in truth, much as their power has been abridged, they are not so wholly helpless as would seem; they can suggest, they can organize, they can detect evils and propose remedies, they can exert a powerful influence in favor of reforms; they can act as moral if not as controlling leaders of the people. One may be powerless as a mayor, but there is no law that compels him to be brainless also. An alderman may have little real authority, but that is no reason why he should be without personal influence—why he must think nothing, say nothing, urge nothing. Do men become enamored of the distasteful condition of our city the moment they enter upon office? Do they come to like our rotten wharves, our chaotic markets, our streets with their wretched pavements, their unregulated traffic, their hideous eruptions of bad taste?

Suppose, now, that a mayor in studying city affairs a little should discover that it would be practicable to keep the pavements in perfect repair by a simple and wholly equitable method, by which the cost would fall where it belongs and be easily collected! Would not that be a mayor to be proud of? Yet this very thing can be done. The cost of the opening, grading, and first paving of a street ought to fall by assessment upon adjacent property, because the property is proportionately increased in value thereby; but there is no valid reason why the wear and tear of the pavement, which is caused by the travel thereon, should not be replaced at the cost of that which causes the friction. The roadway is ground up by ponderous ice-carts that pay no tax, by huge trucks belonging to private firms that pay no tax, and worn by hundreds of other vehicles that freely use it. It is no more than a just principle that we should look for repayment to the source whence arises the need for disbursements. It would be practicable to arrange a graded license-fee upon vehicles ample enough to keep all the roadways in good condition. This tax should have no exceptions—every vehicle that uses the pavement should contribute its share toward keeping it in repair. And the owners of horses and vehicles could well afford it. Well-kept pavements would save many a lamed horse, prevent many a broken axle, keep all vehicles for longer use. But, no matter what indirect advantages would accrue to those concerned, it is plain as day that, inasmuch as the roadway in the streets is ex-

clusively for the benefit of vehicles, the cost of maintaining it in proper order should fall upon the owners of those vehicles.¹

A similar principle applies to the wharves, which should yield a rental sufficient to pay for their construction and all needed repairs. Nothing in the world but imbecile management can account for their present condition. Under judicious directions they could be made sources of revenue for the city; by means of jobbery, neglect, and blundering, they are rendered unsightly, and made a source of endless vexation to all connected with them. Has there ever emanated, from any official, one good practical suggestion in regard to these wharves? Have our reform mayors, or our reform aldermen, or our politicians of any grade or complexion, given to the subject a moment's thought, contributed even a hint toward a solution of the problem? There was once much talk about a series of stone docks, a plan costly and unnecessary. Strictly speaking, we do not need docks at all, and the example of Liverpool, which agitates some minds so greatly, should not be followed. Here the tide has less rise and fall; at the lowest ebb ships may float at our piers, while at all times the land-locked bay is ample protection against winds. Inclosed docks like those of English ports are wholly unnecessary. But it would have been refreshing if some one of our respectable mayors—officials who are supposed to oversee the interests of the city—had discovered that light and strong iron piers are best suited to our local conditions. These piers should be erected with open spaces, so as to permit the tides to ebb and flow beneath them. Piers of this kind would be durable, free from decay, prevent all stagnant water, be as compared to stone inexpensive, and could be made light and graceful in form. But this would be an innovation; it means idea, insight, forethought—and when did such revolutionary forces ever show themselves at the City Hall?

New York is superbly situated. Every one acknowledges this—that is, gives his intellectual assent to the proposition; but the fact has rarely entered into the heart and conscience of the people. That the city lies near the sea, with a splendid bay at its foot, and is washed on each side by a noble river, are geographical facts that nobody denies; but in what way have they been wisely appropriated? For anything one may see as he travels the streets of New York, it might be an inland city, standing on a plain, or in a desert. The splendid waters that surround it bestow no convenience, no beauty, no feature of health, recreation, or attraction. Resting upon an inlet of the sea, it has superb outlooks, but they are given over to dirt and disorder. There is a Battery at its foot that commands a bay which for beauty is excelled by but one or two in the world, and for picturesque animation is unequalled. But it is not fashionable to visit the Battery. Herds of immigrants are landed there who enjoy its fresh air and the varied panorama, but citizens for the most part turn their

¹ This has been suggested before by the writer of this article.

backs upon it. What a place for a terrace, for a belvedere, for grand baths, for sea-side recreation, for marble walks and classic gardens, for some wondrous display of æsthetic beauty! No city in the world has a spot so gloriously placed for adornment, for the exercise of gardening and architectural skill. The broad bay, the green hills that encompass it, the tossing waters, the anchored ships, the swift steamers and white sails that come and go, the immense stir and life and sparkle, make up a fascinating picture—but it is given over to stragglers and strangers. One can but feel keen regret at the neglect of the opportunities the Battery affords for a great and unique feature.

New York, indeed, has every natural advantage. Where is there another city so fitted for the exercise of ingenious taste? It should have sea-baths to rival the baths of old Rome. It should have reservoirs of sea-water for flooding its streets, an excellent sanitary process. It should have fine approaches to its water-side, and interspersed amid its wharves there should be embankments where citizens could inhale the air from the sea and recreate themselves. The water-boundaries of the city, indeed, were there such things as art and taste, would fascinate with their succession of grand piers for commerce, grand baths for health, parks for pleasure, architecture and gardens for æsthetic culture.

These may seem the dreams of a visionary. But it is only by exalted conceptions of this kind that cities become great. Neither Babylon nor Rome became the wonder of the world save by high ambition and lofty local pride. Sloth, indolence, indifference, low tastes, mean desires, never did and never can give largeness and dignity to the habitations of the world. It is, perhaps, too late to give an artistic character to the New York water-line except at the Battery, but it is not too late for well-ordered wharves, spacious baths, and respectable approaches to them. It will never be too late for

cleanliness, method, and good taste, if it be so for splendor.

It is far from being too late to make New York a worthy city. It is simply amazing that, with all the wealth held here, so little zeal is evinced in the direction we have indicated. It is surprising that good ideas for governing the city never emanate from those most identified with the interests of the place; that the largest city on the Western Continent, one that might under judicious care be made a second Paris, has become a byword of sloth and disorder, simply because its citizens are heedless and neglectful.

Indisputably, New York as it stands has many fascinations. It is a gay and animated city. Its private residences have often great beauty. Its banking-houses, warehouses, and shops, astonish by their size and splendor. Its Broadway is a thrilling panorama, and its Fifth Avenue at fashionable hours is one of the gayest promenades in the world. There are handsome theatres, brilliant restaurants, imposing hotels; the streets are thronged, and throngs inspire with electric pleasure. And if one only saw Broadway and Fifth Avenue, he might think it a tolerably well-kept city. But their attractions have come in the way of commerce and by concentration; there has been no supervision by instructed taste, no erection of public edifices worthy of a great city, no popular organization for adorning the streets with artistic mementos; all that the city has come by chance, as it were, and not by directed effort or large purpose; while in its wharves and its by-ways—in its streets lined with ill-built and towering tenements, crowded with obstructions, ill-paved, littered, filthy, unsightly—in the surrender of all its thoroughfares to nuisances, and in the absence of all enlightened administration—it is an amazing disgrace to its people.

Is it not time that this queen of the continent, superb in natural beauty and in a few acquirements, should put on the splendor of its birthright?

FALLEN FORTUNES.

BY JAMES PAYN.

CHAPTER XLVII.

BREAKING IT.

JEFF remained at his post in Abdell Court for the remainder of that eventful day, though with a mind but little disposed for his business duties. As he had expected, however, and to his great relief, his employer did not return. The young fellow would have found it difficult indeed to maintain in his presence that indifferent air and manner which Dalton had enjoined upon him; and, however successfully he had played an assumed part with the editor of the *Smellfungus Magazine*, it is doubtful whether he would have been equally fortunate with Richard Holt. When the office closed he betook himself at once to Brown Street, where he found Jenny, for the first time since her illness, sitting in the little up-stairs parlor—to which, even with her

ordinary lodgers, Mrs. Haywood hesitated to give the title of drawing-room, but modestly termed it her "first-floor front." There were flowers in the room, and in the window-sill there was a flower-box full of bud and blossom, that filled the air with fragrance.

"Is it not beautiful?" cried Jenny, drawing her visitor's attention at once to this unwanted ornament. "Does not our room look a perfect bower?"

"A very proper cage for a sick bird to dwell in, till she is strong enough to fly at large in the sunny south," answered Jeff, gallantly.

"Now, none of *that*, Jeff. I am not Mr. Sanders, remember; so please to stick to what I know is your proper element—prose. I can't think what has come to dear Kitty, that she should suddenly rush into these extravagances; it is not only flowers, but all sorts of delights and delicacies; and not for my sake only; for she has actually bought Tony a

trap, bat, and ball! One would have thought she had had a fortune left her—except for her face, poor darling.” Here her voice grew suddenly grave. “I am afraid there is something—I mean, more than Tony, and the baby, and myself—upon her mind, Jeff. I can’t make her out at all. She is sometimes quite extravagantly gay; a put-on manner, I am sure; and then, again, she becomes more depressed than I have ever yet seen her; and *that*, alas! I can see is natural. Do you know anything, dear Jeff, about my Kitty, that I *don’t* know?”

Jenny looked at him very earnestly as she said these words, but the young man’s face only reflected her own quiet sorrow.

“Nothing, I think, Jenny, that *you* don’t know,” he answered. “She has avoided me—I may almost say shrunk from me—for this long time; ever since you have been ill, indeed.”

“And she has seen Mr. Holt,” sighed Jenny. “Oh, why, oh, why, have I been struck down like this,” added she, passionately, “and rendered a useless burden, while all things have been going wrong? Jeff, you’ll lose her; mark my words, we shall all lose her, and she will fling herself away upon that man, for our poor sakes.”

“Don’t, Jenny, don’t! I beseech you not to give way. There is a God in heaven who will not permit it.”

“Ah, you think so,” returned Jenny, bitterly. “It is a happy faith.”

“It is a true one.”

“What! that horrible things are not permitted to happen every day? I see there is another mail from Rio—the Sancho has arrived. That makes the *fifth*, and still no news—no gleam of hope.”

“There is hope always, Jenny.” She looked up at him as quickly as the bird to which he had likened her, with swiftly-scrutinizing glance.

“He has come! Our father is alive!”

Then, but for his arm, she would have fallen: her cheeks were white, her eyes closed; she lay upon his breast like a thing of stone.

“Great Heaven! have I killed her with my stupid folly?” exclaimed Jeff, in horror. “How could I hope to keep such a secret from eyes like hers!—Jenny, Jenny, speak to me!”

“I hear you; I shall live to see him yet,” she murmured, faintly. “Lay me down, with my face to the wall, Jeff. Leave me alone with my Maker, whom I have denied. He will send the tears presently.”

“You will not speak of this, Jenny—just yet?” said he, once more alarmed at her long silence.

“To no human ear; no, Jeff. Leave me now, and go to Kitty.”

Jeff left the room, closing the door softly behind him. In the little passage he met Nurse Haywood.

“Well, Miss Jenny is getting on nicely, Master Geoffrey; is she not?”

“Yes, nurse. But she is tired, and wishes to get a little rest; so do not let her be disturbed. Where is Kitty?”

“Lor bless ye! why, where should she be except with the baby? She can scarce ever be got to let him out of her sight. It’s my opinion, what with attending to that dear child, and housekeeping, and always being worried about this and that, as she is a-wearing herself out. I daren’t tell Miss Jenny, but I have come across Miss Kitty at times when she looks fit to break her heart, though she has always a smile and a kind word for a body when she speaks to one.”

“I hope she will speak to *me*, nurse. Please to say I wish to see her on very particular business, and that I will not detain her long.”

As he waited in the sitting-room down-stairs, revolving in his mind how he should break his great news to Kitty, but failing to hit upon a plan, there reëntered to him Mrs. Haywood.

“Miss Kitty is very sorry, sir, but she is much engaged; and, if you would kindly write her a line, instead of seeing her—”

“I *must* see her,” interrupted Geoffrey, impatiently. “Did you not tell her my business was very particular?”

“Well, yes, Master Jeff, I did; and that was the very thing, to tell you the honest truth, as seemed to scare her. She has got enough and to spare on her poor mind already, you see.”

“Please go and tell her, nurse, that it is absolutely indispensable I should see her, but that what I have to say will not distress her. Be sure you tell her *that*.”

“Lor, Master Jeff, you ain’t a got any good news for her, have you?” answered the old lady, in a trembling voice. “Nothing about Mr. John—him as I remember as young as you be, and as comely?”

“There is no time to lose about what I have to say,” answered Jeff, with as constrained a manner as Nature permitted him to assume; “and I do beg you will give my message.” His heart smote him at having to snub the good old dame, but he was also irritated at her sagacity, or rather at the transparency of his own attempts to conceal his errand. If his heart had been in literature, Mr. Sanders would have read him as easily as a proof-sheet; it was only where his feelings were not concerned that Geoffrey Derwent could play the hypocrite. While still conning that unwonted part, Kitty entered the room.

“Well, Jeff, what is it?” cried she, holding out her hand. “I never knew such a man of mystery. There is baby taking his first beef-tea, and yet Nurse Haywood says I must leave him to attend your highness.” Her air and manner were too light and gay to be natural to the occasion in any case; but, contrasted with her looks, which were wan and worn beyond anything he could have anticipated, they seemed unreal indeed. Her eyelids were heavy and swollen, and on her fair white brow sat unmistakable care and woe.

“I am not come upon my own affairs, dear Kitty,” said Jeff, assuringly, “or I would not have been so importunate.”

“The affairs of no one else can interest me—and all of us—half so much,” she answered, smilingly.

“I meant to say I should not have intruded here, without a sufficient motive, Kitty—that is all. The fact is that—that—Mr. Holt—”

At that name a shadow fell on Kitty’s face and chased her smile away; she had been standing hitherto, but now at once sat down.

“That Mr. Holt has had a summons to Liverpool with respect to the arrival of the Sancho.”

“Ah, yes; that is the Rio steamer,” she answered, sadly. “The fifth that has brought no news.”

“Well, it *has* brought news.”

“Of the Flamborough Head? What news?” inquired Kitty, eagerly.

“The ship was wrecked: that’s certain; but there were some survivors—two.”

“Two!” repeated Kitty, mournfully; “but two!”

“It is not yet known for certain—that is, publicly—who they are; but—now, don’t cry, Kitty, *darling* Kitty—but there’s a hope.”

“A hope? What? of papa’s being alive, and he not here? I don’t believe it. I want no more such hopes, Jeff; I can’t bear them. They are killing me, I tell you; they are driving me to— I don’t

know what I am saying, Jeff, but I can't bear them." Her head had fallen forward upon her open hands, and she was crying bitterly.

"Do you suppose I could come here to mock you, Kitty? I came to comfort you, to gladden you."

"To gladden me?" She shook her head; her tone was as though he had suggested the most unlikely thing on earth; and yet she raised her face all wet with tears.

"He is alive, Kitty; your father is alive!" She looked like one awakened from a dream—astounded, dazed; the light of joy was breaking on the night of woe, but very slowly.

"Alive! Papa alive! Where is he?"

"In England. You will see him soon. I have seen him."

"Thank God, thank God!" she murmured. "Oh, thank God!"

Still she did not rise, nor show any passionate excitement, such as he had expected, and had seen in Jenny. "Is he well, Jeff?" she went on, slowly.

"Yes, quite well. Philip Astor is with him, and has been very, very good to him. He is to be called Dalton now, and recognized as his brother."

"When shall I see him? When is he coming? Why is he not here?"

"Because he feared the shock might be too much for you and Jenny. He is close by. Shall I fetch him in, or will you wait a little?"

"Wait a little—just a minute." As she spoke, a joyful cry burst forth in the quiet street. Both glanced through the window, and on the other side of the way was Tony clasped in the arms of a thin, grizzled man, in wayworn and outlandish garb. Behind them stood another. They were looking toward the house, and Jeff beckoned to them frantically, and ran to the front-door. The next moment, Kitty, sobbing as though her heart would break, was strained passionately to her father's breast.

"Don't cry, don't cry," he whispered, though the tears were falling down his own weather-beaten cheeks like rain; "and you have not yet kissed dear Philip—your uncle Philip."

CHAPTER XLVIII.

DOES KITTY KNOW?

IN Brown Street, Islington, was probably a happier reunion that evening than any which took place in more fashionable quarters of the town; yet it was a happiness tinged with deepest sorrow. Dalton's return brought with it to his children a keen sense of the loss of her who would have given him his fittest welcome; and when his eyes rested upon his remaining dear ones, he missed his Edith most.

His first question, after his greetings with Jenny and the rest were over, was, "Where have they laid her?" and he felt pained and sorrowful when he learned that it was at Sanbeck, hundreds of miles away; whereas, had it been possible, he would have visited her grave, and wept over it, that very night. They told him, too, at his own desire, of her illness and death—how she died, as it were, for very love of him, since the shock of his reported death had killed her. He was silent for many moments, sunk, as it seemed, in a stupor of grief, when Kitty stole from the room and brought down the babe—his Edith's precious legacy, and placed it in his arms.

"We four are still left to you, dear papa," said she. She herself had been supported in her affliction by the sense that others were dependent upon

her, and she hoped it might be the same with him. And so it was, though in a less measure. He presently grew himself again, and began to ask them about this and that.

"I hope the folks at Riverside have been kind to you, my darlings, since you have been all alone?"

"They meant to be kind, I think," said Kate.

"*Meant* to be kind," repeated her father, frowning. "There is no difficulty about expressing kindness. At least Philip here found none, I know, in my case.—Is there anything amiss with the Campdens? What have they done, Jenny?"

"Nothing," answered Jenny, sententiously.

"We did not like the manner in which Mrs. Campden behaved to us, after mamma's death," explained Kitty; "it was more manner, perhaps, than anything else, but our hearts were sore, and easily hurt."

"Jenny, tell me," said Dalton. "That woman has behaved badly to you. Is it not so?"

"Not only 'that woman,' but the whole family, in my opinion," returned Jenny, dryly.

"Surely not Uncle George?"

"Uncle George is nobody at Riverside; if he had been anybody, there is no saying what might have happened; but he is not. It is a wretched story from beginning to end, and they are wretched people."

"If it be so," said Kitty, reprovingly, "do not let us talk about them on a night like this."

"I am sure I never wish to mention their names," answered Jenny.

"But do you mean to say," said Philip, "that these friends of your father's—rolling in wealth, as I understand they are—never held out a helping hand to you, Jenny?"

"My dear uncle, you don't understand the matter; you should get Mrs. Campden to explain it to you, as she was good enough to do to us—'Rich people have so many calls.'"

"If this is as you say, I will never set foot in that woman's house again," exclaimed Dalton, angrily.

"That will be one call the less for her," observed Jeff, pleasantly.

"And the Skiptons? Have you seen nothing of them, too?" inquired Dalton.

"My dear papa," said Jenny, gravely, "you can't expect folks who respect themselves—or who wish their coachman to respect them—to bring their carriage to Brown Street. It is no good asking after our old friends, for, except dear Dr. Curzon, and those now under this roof, we have none."

It was a relief to Kitty that not a word was said about Mr. Holt, though of him it could certainly not be averred that he had deserted them. To her, terrible as it might seem, and did seem to her own mind, the return of her father was not an unmitigated joy. When Jeff had informed her of it, she had not evinced the delight he had expected, because the thought had flashed upon her that, so far as she was concerned, he had returned too late. She was not indeed pledged to Holt, but she felt compromised as respected him, and in honor bound to accept him as her future husband. For some days past her mind had been made up for the sacrifice, and she had already plunged into little expenses upon Jenny's account, in anticipation of it. The money that was to take her sister to the sea, and bring back the roses to her cheek, and which Holt had offered, she had resolved not to decline. She was already under a pecuniary obligation to him in the matter of the premium, which could only be discharged in one way; for, to judge by the appearance of her father, he had come back even poorer than he

had left England. Well, she would now be able to help him as well as the rest—four of them, instead of three—that was all.

Still it was a relief to her that not a word was spoken about the man the thought of whom was ever present with her, and shadowed her young life with gloom and evil presage. In vain she had called up every argument to strengthen his cause and back the claim she felt to be unanswerable: his solicitude for her and his; his generosity; his patience and forbearance. The very constancy with which he clung to her, and pursued her, ranged itself upon the other side, and increased her sense of repugnance, nay, of loathing.

It was a part of the plan agreed upon between Dalton and Philip that they should say no more for the present about Holt and his transactions than they should be absolutely obliged to say; and it surprised them both to find how easy it was to maintain their reticence. Neither Kitty nor Jenny asked their father one word about the *Lara*, nor put a question respecting his pecuniary affairs. It is true that they had taken it for granted that matters were the reverse of prosperous with him, which would have been a sufficient reason for avoiding the subject; but in any case—poor though they were, and suffering from the ills of poverty—such material woes were for the moment forgotten in the joy of seeing him back again.

"I think I have reason to be proud of my darlings, Philip," said Dalton, as the two walked together with Jeff from Brown Street that night to the lodgings which that young gentleman had procured them near his own. "I had ruined them, and, as it must have seemed to them" (he pointed to his shabby coat), "had failed in saving anything from the wreck of their fortunes, yet not a syllable have they spoken to me upon the subject, lest, doubtless, it should sound as a reproach."

"I expected nothing less," answered Philip, quietly. "I feel several inches higher since those two girls have called me uncle. They have nothing sordid about them, such as I, alas! have seen in my fellow-creatures all my life."

"And it isn't as if they had not to think of shillings and pence," put in Jeff, eagerly. "If you could know how Kitty has cut and contrived, and striven to make both ends meet, during the last six months—" Here he stopped, for a look of intense pain came into Dalton's face.

"Well, well; that will be all over now, I trust, Jeff. To-night, we have still to do some dirty work, and then we shall have clean hands for the future; we will avoid rogues and fair-weather friends, and all worthless folk; and my dear ones shall have no further cause for tears. I think Jeff should know what we are going to do with respect to Holt, Philip."

Their plan of attack, unfolded to their young friend, at their lodgings, was simple enough.

A letter was to be posted to Holt that night, informing him that his fraud respecting the *Lara* mine was discovered; and that his malpractices respecting other affairs of Dalton, of which he had had the management, was more than suspected. Restitution was imperatively demanded; and, in default of it, he was assured that criminal proceedings would at once be instituted. There were no upbraidings; but a more curt, decisive, and stern epistle was never penned.

Philip would have preferred that their opinion of Holt's treachery should have been stated in Saxon English; but Dalton would not have it. Such a course, he thought, would have taken for granted a certain familiarity to still exist between him and this

scoundrel, of whose connection with himself he felt unspeakably ashamed.

"What makes me mad with him," said Philip, "is to think he should have dared to lift his eyes toward Kate. Such vermin ought to be poisoned out of hand.—What do you say, Jeff?"

"I am bound to say," returned the young fellow, gravely, "that Mr. Holt—whatever may have been his reasons for it—has been considerate, and even kind, to me."

"But you are not going back to him, surely, after *this*?" said Philip, in amazement.

"Well, yes; I shall go to-morrow, for the last time; he may have something to urge, I do not say in excuse, but in extenuation of his roguery. Your letter gives him no opportunity for this."

"Opportunity, indeed!" rejoined Philip, with irritation. "I would send him a rope, to afford him the opportunity of extenuating himself on *that*. If you get talking with that wily scoundrel, my young friend, you will be wound round his little finger."

"Our Jeff—being honest—contends at a disadvantage with most people," observed Dalton, laying his hand on the young fellow's shoulder; "yet in the end I should be inclined to back him. Let him take his own way, and we will take ours."

Accordingly, Jeff went to Abdell Court next morning, as usual. Mr. Holt had not arrived; nor, said the office-boy, had he yet returned from the country. Upon his table was lying the usual pile of letters, which it was Jeff's business to sort and dispose of. Some he was empowered to open and answer; some he would open only and make an "abstract" of for his employer; others he would put aside for his private eye. Among these last was one in Dalton's handwriting, with the contents of which, however, Jeff was already acquainted.

Eleven, twelve o'clock passed, and yet Mr. Holt came not. It would not have been surprising had his real destination of yesterday been what he had pretended it to be; but Jeff was well convinced that he had not gone to Plymouth, but to Liverpool, and there was now ample time for him to have gone and returned. At one o'clock the office closed for an hour, during which Holt was accustomed to deny himself to everybody, whether he was within-doors or not; and a little before one he came. He looked jaded, wan, and pale, like one who has been on a toilsome expedition, and failed in its proposed object—or so it seemed to Jeff, who observed him narrowly—but there was no other change in his appearance, no cowed or defiant looks, such as might have been expected, had he known that Dalton had landed upon English soil. Jeff felt sure he did not know.

"Well, what news, Mr. Derwent? Who has been?"

"Mr. Dawkins called just after you went away yesterday, and appeared to wish to see you very much."

"What about?" inquired Holt, quickly. "But it's no matter. It was most likely about that cock-and-bull story about the Flamborough Head. I dare say you have heard it yourself, Mr. Derwent?"

"I have heard that some one—two persons, indeed—have been saved from the wreck."

"Well, it's true, for a wonder: Jones and Norton are their names. I am sorry to say their story destroys the last gleam of—What's this?" He had been sorting the letters with his hand, and presently came upon the one dispatched from Islington the previous night. "What's this?" he reiterated, in a voice grown suddenly hoarse and low. "How did it come? Where did it come from?"

"It came by the early post, sir."

"It's strange," said Holt, with an air of indifference; "quite curious. Have you ever seen a handwriting like that? It reminds me of one who certainly never could have written it; and yet it gave me quite a turn. You know whom I mean, I dare say?"

He did not attempt to open the letter, and the strong, huge hand that held it in its grasp shook like a leaf.

"I know whom you mean," said Jeff, gravely. "It is Mr. Dalton's."

"Yes; it is like John Dalton's writing."

"It is his writing, sir."

"That is impossible; that is ridiculous. The post-mark disproves that. But there is a curious similarity, without doubt.—Has the boy gone to his dinner?"

Jeff answered that he had; and Holt moved to the door and locked it.

"Now tell me, Mr. Derwent," said he, still toying with the letter—"for you are one who tells the truth—what makes you fancy that it was really Dalton who wrote this? As a matter of fact, as I have already stated, there were but two men saved from the wreck of the Flamborough Head."

"I know it, Mr. Holt: they were John Dalton and Philip Astor."

"That's a lie—that's a lie!" exclaimed the other, passionately. "You are a liar, like the rest!" but his pale face belied his words; he staggered rather than sank into his chair.

"You had better open the letter, and see who is the liar," said Jeff, haughtily.

"You speak of Astor, but you don't know the man as I do," continued Mr. Holt. "He is an utterly untrustworthy and contemptible fellow. He was here once, in your place; and I trusted him too far, and he repaid me for my confidence by forgery. He is not to be believed upon his oath. If there is anything in this letter founded upon his evidence—"

"You had surely better read it, Mr. Holt," said Jeff, curtly. He could not but feel some pity for this miserable wretch, who evidently dreaded the thing he held in his quivering fingers as though it were a very adder.

"What! you know its contents, then?" exclaimed the other, sharply. "You are in the conspiracy with Astor and the rest. You think it honest, do you, to take your wages here, and turn against the hand that pays them?"

"I know what is in that letter, Mr. Holt; but yet I am no conspirator," answered Geoffrey, steadily. "On the contrary, I came here to-day—for the last time—to do what good I could for you. As for your wages, they were paid for work, I suppose; or, if that was overpaid, you had your reasons for it; but I owe you thanks for civil treatment, and I am here to give them."

Holt had opened the letter by this time, and ran his eye through its half-dozen pregnant lines.

"It is not Astor's word that Mr. Dalton has taken, you see, sir," continued Jeff, "but the evidence of his own senses. He has been to Brazil, and seen the *Quito*. As for the other matters, you know best; but—"

"Ay, it is all over," murmured the other. "It is no use holding on to a falling stock, Mr. Derwent, eh? That's one of the great principles of our business." Holt was looking at Jeff, and speaking to him, yet he seemed almost unconscious of his presence: his eyes had no speculation in them; his tones were mechanical. Presently he cried out, like one who is wrung with a sharp physical pain, "Does Kitty know of all this, Jeff?"

CHAPTER XLIX.

MR. HOLT MAKES JEFF HIS CONFIDANT.

UNDER ordinary circumstances, Mr. Holt could scarcely have made an observation so displeasing, and calculated to set his companion at odds with him, as that most unexpected one with respect to Kitty; but the tone in which it was uttered, and the look that accompanied it, disarmed the young fellow altogether—nay, more, it filled his soul with compassion for this beaten wretch. For, if ever a man looked beaten in the battle of life, not at one point, but at all, and not only beaten, but broken and utterly despairing, it was the once prosperous, and demonstratively prosperous, Richard Holt.

"Does Kitty know of all this, Jeff?"

The use of the two familiar names was most significant, since they comprised not only a confession of hopeless love, but an appeal to the generosity of his rival. "Tell me," it seemed to say, "for mercy's sake, if I am lost in the eyes of her I love, as well as in those of the rest of the world; or whether, so far as she is concerned, I can still hold up my head? I appeal to you, because your heart is kind and sound, and you are one neither to lie to me, nor, though I am helpless and fallen, to tread me under foot."

"Kitty does not know, Mr. Holt—as yet," answered Jeff, hesitatingly.

"And yet *you* knew, and did not tell her!" put in the other, quickly. "There are few men in your case who would have waited so long. Her father, however, has perhaps informed her this morning?"

"No, Mr. Holt; it was arranged that she is to be told nothing till he has had your reply to his letter."

"Then I will give him his reply," answered the other, calmly. He opened a little box that lay on his office desk, and took from it a sheet of figures. "Here is my account with John Dalton," said he, "which you can presently examine at your leisure. He will find that I was a more honest man than he took me for—up to yonder date," pointing it out with his finger. "The *Lara* itself was a *bona-fide* investment in the first instance. He and I both made money out of it, and would have continued to do so legitimately but for my passion for the girl you love. That was what drove me to my ruin. Ah, you do not comprehend that! If you loved her as I did—and as I do—it would be easier for you to understand it.—Nay, forgive me. I was wrong there. An honest love doubtless takes honest ways, and only those, to win its object. Call mine dishonest, then, if you will; yet it was genuine of its sort, believe me. Its nature was devouring, and I denied it nothing—honor, reputation, self-respect, were all thrown into that fatal flame. From the first moment that I beheld her, I swore to make that girl my wife; and now I shall die—perjured."

He smiled a wretched smile, and sighed, then wearily went on:

"Her father would have none of me. He had opened the doors of his house to me with reluctance, and I found no favor there. In vain I worked for him and enriched him. When I ventured upon ever so slight an approach to familiarity with those belonging to him, he took no pains to conceal his annoyance—his astonishment at my presumption. I had some pride of my own also, and this wounded me to the quick. Since I had no chance to attain my object while he was prosperous, I resolved to ruin him."

Jeff uttered an exclamation of disgust.

"I am sorry to offend you, Mr. Derwent; but

this is a relation of facts—the last dying speech and confession of a man under the gallows, you know” (here he smiled again, if possible more ghastly than before)—“and does not concern itself with sentiment. I had tried fair means to no purpose; and I was not to be balked. I could not bend John Dalton, so I resolved to break him. Hitherto he had been, practically speaking, my partner in all the business we transacted with one another; *now* I made him unconsciously my confederate. I set rumors afloat about the *Lara* which brought down the shares, and then I bought them up. In the end, Dalton and I possessed the mine between us, though I told him afterward that I had parted with all my interest in it. Whatever we had now to do in concert, I secured the lion's share of profit for myself—it is all there” (he pointed to the schedule) “in black and white—not because I was grasping, but because I wished to dock his gains. When there was loss, it was he who chiefly suffered. I fed his ambition, and encouraged him to make a figure in politics as well as commerce; knowing that politics would cost him money and not fill his pocket, as they do with some men. When funds began to fail him, I matured my scheme concerning the mine. I sent a creature of my own (the ‘expert’ Tobbit) to Brazil, to report upon the *Lara*—to the English shareholders (in reality to Dalton and myself), with instructions to declare it valueless; with what success, you know. Still, I could not get Dalton to dispose of his shares; some influence was at work—I now feel certain it must have been that of Astor—to induce him to hold them. His resolve to go to Brazil to look into matters for himself filled me with dismay, yet I strove in vain to hinder him. When he had once embarked, it was, I knew, but a question of a few months, and then my fraud would be exposed. But if I could only have secured Kitty in the mean time, that would not have disturbed me. To that end I applied every means in my power; but, though I had a keen ally in Mrs. Campden, I made no progress. You will learn all that from other sources. You know, even though the Flam-borough Head went down, and Fortune seemed to favor me to the utmost, and to turn her back upon those weak ones with whom I warred, that I was never Kitty's accepted suitor.”

Jeff was not quick at figures, but he could calculate better than any man what it cost his defeated rival to say those words. And yet even he knew not their full meaning. This unhappy wretch was not all evil (as some of us are, I fear, in spite of some philosophic observers who have reported to the contrary); since he could not marry Kitty himself, he was willing that the man who might, and who certainly deserved to do so, should be quite clear in his own mind that his wife had never plighted troth—no matter under what circumstances—to another; he was willing that this should be, and he was above measure desirous that Kitty, in accepting Jeff, should on her part feel uncompromised as respected himself. It was not all generosity—though people can afford to be generous when making their wills; he was solicitous that his memory at least should not be odious to Kitty.

“Do I speak plainly, Mr. Derwent?” said Holt, after a short pause.

“You are giving yourself unnecessary pain, sir,” answered the young fellow, kindly; “as for me, I am but a messenger to carry back to those who sent me your acceptance of certain terms.”

“That is true; but confession, they say, is good for the soul, and I prefer you to any priest, Jeff.” He was right there, so far, in all events, as making his peace in this world was concerned. He knew

that in that young and generous nature he should find such an apologist as he would have looked for in vain elsewhere; and that apologist would have the ear of her whose censure or contempt alone had terrors for him. “As for the terms you speak of,” he went on, “I have no choice but to accept them. The figures I have given you will show my indebtedness to Mr. Dalton, to which the interest shall be added. The calculation will take a little time, perhaps a few hours; may I ask, until they have expired, that this” (here his face showed a tinge of color)—“this matter of business may not be spoken of save among those to whom it is already known?”

“So far as I have any influence, Mr. Holt, you may depend—”

“I ask no more, save one thing,” interrupted the other, with a wave of his hand; the first recurrence he had made to his favorite Continental manner. “Though easily granted, it is a great favor, but it is the last I shall ever seek from you.—You hesitate to pledge yourself beforehand,” added he, with a faint smile; “that is only natural under the circumstances. However, this little matter can be performed ‘without prejudice,’ as the lawyers say: there is no dishonesty in it, I assure you; no harm to any one, but some good, or at least some pleasure to me, whose pleasures are mostly come to an end.”

“I will do it, sir,” said the young fellow, simply.

“Then good-by, Jeff; and may your life be a brighter and a better one than mine has been.”

“But the favor, sir?” said the young fellow, greatly moved.

“Oh, it was merely that—that you would shake hands with me.” He did so. “After all that has come and gone, I was more than doubtful whether you would. It cost you something, Jeff, I saw; but in the end you will not repent it.” Then, resuming his usual business manner, he added: “John Dalton will receive all his dues by to-morrow morning at latest; and your salary will be sent to you, up to this date, by the same post. I am sorry that circumstances have caused us to part company, Mr. Derwent; but needs must when the devil drives, and he was certainly the coachman in this case. As for to-day, I have much business of a private nature to arrange, and have no further occasion for your services.”

As he said those words, he sat down and took up his pen. Geoffrey bowed and left the room, and in a few minutes the office. His leave-taking had been altogether different from anything he could have imagined, and puzzled him, now that it was over, even more than during its occurrence. The tone and manner of the speaker had seemed to explain much at the time, but now they were absent, his memory failed to supply them; the lights of the picture were wanting, and the impression it produced upon him was one of unmitigated gloom.

Its tints would have been darker yet if he could have looked—but a few hours—into the future.

CHAPTER L.

HOW MR. HOLT HASTENED MATTERS.

IN spite of all that had happened to the family in whom Geoffrey Derwent had so large an interest—the return of Dalton; his recovered wealth, which would once more reinstate those belonging to him in their former position; and his own prospects, which had altered so materially for the worse (for the “opening” which he had looked for in business was now closed, and the gulf between him and Kit-

ty yawned as wide as ever)—in spite of all these important considerations, Jeff's mind, as he turned his steps toward Islington, was mainly occupied with his late employer. Notwithstanding all the villainy to which he had confessed, the young fellow's heart was pitiful toward him; not a word of sorrow for his delinquencies against Dalton had passed his lips, though he had promised material reparation; but, on the other hand, his sensitiveness as respected Kitty had been extreme. It was for her, though selfishly, that he had sinned—had gone through the fire of shame and the foul water of fraud; and Jeff's own great love for her (though it would never have thus led *him* astray) made excuses for his rival. He pictured him during those weeks when Dalton had first sailed from England, and he must have been expecting day by day the tidings of the exposure of his crime, and pitied him. It was, perhaps, pity misplaced; for Holt was a man with nerves of iron; a man, too, of means and subtle device, whom the law could not have thrown on his back like a turtle (as it throws the poor and dull who transgress it) to await trial and sentence; but, judging his case by what his own would have been in the like conditions, and also taking into consideration the fact that the man was down and harmless, Jeff on the whole was glad that he had given him the hand, not indeed of friendship, but forgiveness.

Jeff's day was all his own—as many days to come were, alas! likely to be—yet he hesitated to visit Brown Street, where of late he had been so unwelcome. Moreover, he feared that he should be subject to questioning there upon the events of the day, which recent experience warned him that he was not fitted to undergo; he entertained the just conviction that Jenny would have “turned him inside out,” as they say at the Old Bailey, in five minutes of cross-examination. He resolved to go, therefore, to Dalton's lodgings, and there leave a line to state the result of his interview with Holt, with that proviso added as to “the date of publication” of it, and then pass the time as he could till evening. He found, however, a note at the house awaiting him, asking him to come on to Brown Street to dinner; an invitation which he had not the courage—or the cowardice—to refuse.

He found the family all in high spirits, with one exception. Dalton, indeed, was not so debonair and joyous as he had been wont to be; his manner had something of sardonic exultation, in place of its old *abandon*, and it became him less. He had been hard hit, and he was a man not used to blows; such men return them with interest, and feel a pleasure in the repayment. A rapid glance had passed between him and Jeff, which assured him that his enemy was vanquished. Jenny, bright, gay, and frail as a bird, was full of fun, with every now and then a dash of spleen among her sprightliness, like a sparrow turned sparrow-hawk; she had been hit too (for was not each slight a blow to one so fragile?), and was not one to forget it. The sudden change for the better in the sick girl showed how much mental trouble and material privations had had to do with her malady. Tony was in tearing spirits, now dancing about his father, now romping with Uncle Philip, whom he had taken to as naturally as though he had been a member of the family from the first. Only Kitty was not merry: when her face was turned toward her father or Jenny, it beamed indeed with smiles; a sense of gratitude seemed to environ her like an atmosphere; but she was strangely silent, and, when not addressed, had a grave and quiet look that reminded one more of resignation than contentment. Perhaps, Jeff dared to hope, she had been reflecting, like himself, that the course of

true love was not likely to run smoother than of yore with them; that this new-found prosperity, while it made self-sacrifice unnecessary, would still be a fatal obstacle to her heart's desire. For that she knew that she was once more prosperous, was certain. The air of the whole party convinced him that such was the case, and especially the air of good Nurse Haywood, who waited upon them at dinner in person, and treated “Master John,” as she still persisted in calling Dalton, like a prince who has not only returned to his native land, but come back to enjoy his own again. He would have had of her best as long as it lasted, had he been a beggar, but her behavior would in that case have been less unlike a prolonged flourish of trumpets. Indeed, it might be said that there were cymbals also, for, in her excitement and exultation, she clashed the plates together, and broke a couple.

“It doesn't matter, if there are enough left to go round,” said Dalton.

“Thank Heaven! it doesn't, Master John,” answered the old lady; “for there are plenty *now* where those came from.”

She had got some bottles of champagne from the public-house, the whole of which she would have dispensed to the company, and thereby have poisoned them, for the Brown Street vintage was execrable.

“I am afraid you don't like it, sir,” said she, aggrieved; “but it was the best I could get at such a short notice.”

“The wine is excellent, nurse,” said Dalton, gravely; “but one bottle is quite sufficient to drink the health of all *our* friends in.”

The list of toasts indeed was short enough. They drank Dr. Curzon's health; and, in spite of her remonstrances, they drank to Nurse Haywood herself, the men shaking hands with her, and the two girls overwhelming her with caresses. It would certainly have been no exaggeration had she observed, in acknowledgment, that it was the proudest moment of her life; her only reply, however (and how far preferable would it be if after-dinner acknowledgments in general took that form), was a flood of tears.

When the ladies had retired, taking Tony the reluctant (who, so far from finding fault with the Brown Street champagne, had done ample justice to it) with them, Dalton laid his hand on Geoffrey's shoulder.

“And now, lad, for your news from Abdell Court. I need not ask if it be good news, for I have read so much as that already in your face.”

“Yes, sir, it *is* good news. Mr. Holt admits all that is urged against him, and promises to make the completest reparation; only for a few hours—the time he named, indeed, must have elapsed by now—he begged to be spared exposure.”

“What did the fellow mean?” inquired Dalton, angrily. “Did he want to shut my mouth, if a man had asked me any time to-day, ‘Is Richard Holt a villain?’”

“I think he merely meant that, until you had heard from him this evening, he hoped you would not make his shame known to your own family.”

“My family!” echoed Dalton, scornfully. “The scoundrel has small claim to forbearance as respects them, I reckon. Do you know, man,” added he, with stern solemnity, “that it is thanks to him that my dear wife is lying in her grave at Sanbeck?”

It was certainly true that through Holt's fraud Dalton had been forced to leave the country, and that out of his absence had arisen the catastrophe at the Nook.

Jeff hung his head; the argument had gone home to him; he felt that he had nothing more to say for

the unhappy wretch whose hand he had taken that day for the last time.

"Come," said Dalton; "let us not think of villains to-night. There was one toast, Jeff, I didn't propose while the girls were here, because I wished to save your blushes; but I mean to drink it now.—Philip, fill your glass; the sherry, I think, is a little less deadly than that champagne. As good wine needs no bush—if the converse be true, by-the-by, this wine should require a thicket—so a toast that we drink with all our hearts needs no speech. My toast is Geoffrey Derwent. You don't know him, Philip, as I know him (nor did I know him, for that matter, as I ought to have known him, till within the last two days). But you may take my word for it that, young as he is, a truer heart, or one more to be relied upon, in times that try men's hearts and show what stuff they are made of, does not beat than his.—I need not repeat the story; but Jenny has told me all about you, Jeff; and if Kitty has told me nothing, there have been, I dare say, some very good reasons for her silence. I have no secrets from Philip here, not even that one; and I have a particular object in saying what I have to say before Philip. His notion is, that, with returning prosperity, I shall fall into the old tracks; that 'the deceitfulness of riches'—"

"I never said so, John," interrupted Philip; "I only thought—"

"Well, you see, he *thought* it," put in Dalton, quickly, "and that is quite as bad.—To put the matter beyond question, however, so far as you are concerned, Jeff, I wish, in Philip's presence, to remind you of a certain confession you made to me with respect to Kitty, when you and I parted company at Riverside. Do you remember what it was, Jeff?"

"Yes, indeed; I remember very well, sir."

"And do you recollect what I said to you in reply?"

"You said you would talk to me about that when you came back again."

"Very good; and now, you see, I am keeping my promise. Well, if you still love Kitty, and she loves you, she is yours, Jeff!"

"O sir, you are too good!" cried Jeff, his heart bounding with joy and gratitude, though conscious of a doubt. "But, alas! I have nothing; and Kitty will be rich; and people will say—"

"Let them say what they like, and be hanged!" cried Dalton, violently. "If 'people'—by which I suppose you mean one's friends—would say a little less, and do a little more, when occasion demands it, their opinion would be of more consequence." He pushed his chair back from the table, and began walking up and down the little room as he went volubly on: "It has always of course been acknowledged of Society, even by the prosperous, that she was 'frivolous' and 'hollow,' and all that sort of thing; but I could not have imagined, unless I had experienced it myself, how worthless and rotten at the core the creature is. The women are worse than the men, because they protest so much. To think of the scores of them that have smirked and smiled, and asked me after my 'dear girls' with such tender sympathy; and then, when one's back was turned—as they thought, for good—and these same 'dear' ones were left helpless and peniless, how not one—not *one* of these fine folks would hold a finger out, or even say a word of comfort! No, Jeff; don't talk to me of what 'people' may 'say,' or I shall be tempted to think that those who are not knaves in the world must needs be the other thing."

Philip sat back in his chair, jingling some halfpence in his pocket—probably all the money he had

—and very much applauding these remarks; but a keener observer would perhaps have had a suspicion that Dalton was working himself up to this display of vehemence, or, at all events, found it necessary to nurse his wrath in order to keep it warm. The fact was, not only was his nature eminently genial, and inapt for receiving deep impressions, especially of an unpleasant sort, but second nature—use—had made him regard the very class of persons he was now anathematizing as his own world, beyond which he had few sympathies. His feelings, however, with respect to Geoffrey Derwent were genuinely what he described them to be, and he was perfectly honest in the offer he had just made him of his daughter's hand.

"Perhaps you would like to go up-stairs, my lad, and have a few words with Kitty," added he, kindly, "while we old fellows smoke a cigar." As he spoke he threw open the window, admitting a little air, a good deal of dust, and the growing chorus of some street-hawkers, who at that period of the evening were wont to "work" Brown Street, and supply it with the latest sensational intelligence.

Jeff smiled his thanks, and left the room; but his step on the narrow staircase was not that of a lover who has "asked papa" with success; and on the landing he paused for full a minute, weighing this and that in most unlover-like fashion; for, with all his good qualities—among which a loving heart was not certainly wanting—Jeff was intensely proud. His darling hope had been, if only circumstances had permitted it, that he might have made for himself some position in the world—humble but not despicable, and such as he could have lifted Kitty out of her difficulties to share.

In wedding her as things were, he would not indeed be marrying her for money; but the inequality in their fortunes jarred upon his sensitive feelings. Among such natures—for low ones find no difficulty in the matter—it requires a strong mind and an exceptionally wholesome one to accept a pecuniary obligation without repugnance. The worship of money is so universal that even those who ought to know it is a mere idol are apt to treat it as a sacred thing.

In the drawing-room he found Kitty seated close to her sister, with the latter's arm about her waist. It was generally Jenny who "did the talking" when they were alone together, and she had evidently been doing it on this occasion. Kitty had the downcast looks of a listener who has been preached at.

"Talk of Jeff and he makes his appearance," said Jenny, saucily.

"I hope I am not intruding?" observed he, humbly.

"You are intruding on *me*, sir," said Jenny, rising from her chair. "I have had quite enough of you below-stairs for the present; and off she tripped, leaving the two young people alone. The window was open here, as in the room below, but the dust was less, and the wind that passed over the flower-box on the sill brought charming odors with it.

"Kitty, dear, your father has been speaking to me most kindly," said Jeff, hesitatingly.

"He is always kind, and in your case can never, I am sure, be otherwise, Jeff," answered she, steadily. "He knows that he owes you very much."

"I don't feel that, Kitty; but I feel that whatever he owes me, or can owe me, it can never be so much by a hundred times as what he says he is prepared to give me. Can you guess, Kitty, darling, what that is?"

"Jeff—Geoffrey," said she, in distressed tones, "did you not promise at the Nook?"

"Yes, dear," interrupted he; "but that was different. The circumstances are altogether changed.

They are not, indeed, as I could wish them to be even yet. I am poor, I may say penniless, when compared with you—"

"O Jeff, how dare you!" exclaimed Kitty, rising angrily from her seat. "Do you suppose I am thinking of money? Of course I have had to think about it of late—for others; but in a matter that concerns myself alone, can you think that your being poor or rich can draw me, by a hair's-breadth, one way or another?"

"It draws *me*, Kate!" cried Jeff, simply. "It is the only thing that draws me—just a hair's-breadth—away from you. I thought, when I spoke to you at the Nook, that it was the reflection how ill off we both were as respected means; and that, in your unselfishness and generosity, you felt it right to be the prop and stay of your own household, and not to look outside of it, even for such love as mine."

"It was partly that, Jeff; but also, even then, there was another contingency, and that, alas!—the other obstacle, I mean—has grown and grown; indeed, I don't know how I stand respecting it. I—I—you must please to give me time, Jeff; and I can't promise; indeed, I can't."

"But you have promised no one else, Kitty?"

"No; at least not exactly; but—"

The shouting of the hawkers in the street was growing nearer and nearer; as one on one side, and one on the other, they bawled together, like singers in a glee who are out of tune, it needed a practical ear to catch a word.

"This man is dreadful," muttered Jeff; and, moving quickly to the window, he pulled up the sash, and shut out the sound.

"You need time, Kitty, to think it over," said Jeff, softly; "well, let it be so; I was not impatient, you know, before."

It was not impatience, nor yet disappointment, nor distress, that agitated the speaker; yet his face had blanched, and wore an expression anxious and *distract*. But Kitty's eyes were fixed upon the floor, and saw him not.

"No; you were patient, and good, and kind, as you ever were, Jeff," answered she, tenderly. "Whatever happens, I shall always think of you as—as all that. But indeed I must have time."

"I am going now," said Jeff, and indeed his hand was already on the door. Never surely were two fond lovers so willing that time and space should separate them as these two seemed to be.

Throughout the day, from the moment her father had told her that better times had come to them—he could no longer deny himself that pleasure, though he had forborne to speak of how his fortune was about to be restored to him—Kitty had been revolving in her mind her position as respected Holt. The money he had advanced for the life-insurance premium would now be repaid to him, of course, but could that acquit her of her obligation? and, if it did, would it release her from the implied though unexpressed consent she had given to accept of his attentions? It was easy to break with him, indeed, but could it be done with a good conscience? In her heart of hearts, Kitty knew she had made up her mind to marry this man, and she feared that he knew she had done so. To marry him now—all the forces that had driven her toward him having suddenly ceased to exert their influence, while the dead-weight of dislike still drew her in the opposite direction—she felt to be impossible; but she also felt, notwithstanding the arguments which Jenny had just been pouring into her ear, and the still stronger claims which love itself, in the person of Jeff, was urging, that much, very much was owed to Richard Holt; indeed, that all was owed by rights, only that

the debt was too excessive for payment. At all events it was for him to impose what terms he pleased in default of its discharge. Until she had confessed to him that notwithstanding all that had come and gone she could never be his wife, she felt at least that it was unbecoming to speak of marriage with another. Hence it was she had said, "I must have time."

And Jeff needed "time," too, though for a very different purpose. He could not understand her scruples, for had not Mr. Holt himself said, "I have wooed her without success?" yet he felt confident that the obstacle to which she had alluded was Holt, and no other. He was not at liberty—or did not feel himself to be so—to say that this man had already renounced his claim, if claim he had upon her; but something had suddenly taken place which might set her at liberty another way. And yet, to do Jeff justice, it was not that thought which was paramount in his mind, as, having quitted the presence of his beloved Kitty, he flew downstairs, and, snatching up his hat, let himself softly out-of-doors. Through the open window on his left he could hear Dalton and his half-brother talking earnestly over their cigars; he even caught the name of "Holt" coupled with some adjective expressive of contempt and loathing; it was strange, considering what he knew of the man, that he should feel pained to hear it; but so it was.

Then turning to the right hand, he sped away after the two street-hawkers, who, having cried themselves hoarse, were just about to enter the public-house at the corner, to refresh themselves with purl—a liquor as popular with gentlemen of *their* calling as Dublin stout is said to be with our fashionable sopranos.

"I want a copy of your paper; quick!" he said, as he came up with them.

"Well, you see, sir, it's the last we have," grumbled the man addressed; "and I don't think as sixpence is too much—"

Jeff threw him a shilling and snatched the newspaper out of his hands, unconscious of the muttered remark of the vender's partner, "Why didn't you ask the bloke a sufferin' for it?" He was a political economist of the soundest type, and had seen the necessity, which the other had omitted to see and take advantage of.

Jeff's practised eye lighted at once upon the big letters—"Suicide Extraordinary in Abdell Court."

He had caught the name as he had sat at the open window, though it had escaped the ears of those who were less familiar with it, and at once associated the catastrophe with his late employer. His air and manner during their late interview were quite in consonance with such a deed, and even (as he now thought) his shameless candor. Had not the wretched man himself likened it to a confession at the gallows-foot?

Within five hours or so of Jeff's parting with him at the office, Richard Holt had blown out his brains.

CHAPTER LI.

HOW THEY LIVED EVER AFTERWARD.

JEFF crumpled the newspaper into his pocket, and walked back in haste to the house he had just quitted. He would tell the news at once to Mr. Dalton, and then Kate would receive it, as it should be told, from her father's lips. He knew Dalton too well to fear that he would feel or express any cruel exultation at the death of his enemy, but he was

not prepared for the grave solemnity with which he received the intelligence.

"I have news, which I am sure you will both deem sad news," said Jeff, as he closed the parlor-door behind him: "Mr. Holt is dead! He shot himself this afternoon in his office in Abdell Court."

"I am not surprised," said Philip, coolly; "he was not a man to live disgraced."

Dalton said nothing for a minute or so. It was not mere pity that made him speechless; it was something more—a certain sympathy. His memory was recalling that scene on Bleabarrow crags when he himself had been about to appear unsummoned in the presence of his Maker. "Heaven have mercy on him, and forgive him, as I do!" were his first words.

"Poor devil!" said Philip, by way of epitaph, and as though the subject in its sentimental aspect were thereby dismissed and done with. "I hope we shall have no trouble in consequence of this about the shares and things."

"He said he 'had much business of a private nature to arrange,'" said Jeff, "when I parted from him; and he had few hours of life before him then; I feel confident that they were spent in reparation."

"Let us hope for the best," said Philip; which, let us imagine, was a pious wish with regard to the dead man's future.

Then the two men began to talk, in quite a different manner from that they would have used half an hour before, of Holt's character. They both agreed that he was an excellent man of business—keen, diligent, and firm as a rock in a storm.

"If he had cared for anybody but himself, he might have been a happy man," was Dalton's verdict.

"You are wrong there, Mr. Dalton," said Jeff, confidently. "He cared for Kitty."

"Hang his impudence!" said Philip.—"Mind, I didn't say hang *him*."

Dalton frowned a little, but made no observation on the subject.

"Come," said he, presently, "let us go up-stairs and break it to the girls."

"If you will excuse me," said Jeff, "I would rather not see them again to-night."

"As you please, my lad," returned Dalton. "You had better look in at our place the first thing to-morrow morning. Come and breakfast with us, and then we can talk matters over."

Jeff accordingly went home at once, feeling that he had quite enough to think about, but only to find there more material for thought. At his lodgings he found a visitor who, his landlady informed him, had been awaiting his arrival there for hours—a certain Mr. Stretham, with whom, as Mr. Holt's confidential legal adviser, he had some slight acquaintance.

"You are surprised to see *me* here, no doubt, Mr. Derwent?" said this gentleman, in a tone which Jeff could not but consider was, under the circumstances, somewhat jaunty and indifferent.

"No, sir; I am not surprised," returned he, stiffly, "since I already know what has happened."

"The deuce you do! Mr. Holt led me to understand that his intentions had not been disclosed to anybody. He sent me here with a most express injunction to see you to-night and communicate them."

"His intentions, sir? You cannot surely be referring to his design of committing suicide? Are you aware that he has blown his brains out?"

"God bless my soul!" cried the attorney, startled into devoutness. "You don't say so! Blown his brains out! and such clever brains, too! Well, that explains the whole affair, then, which up to this mo-

ment has been so inexplicable to me. He has made over all his property by a deed of gift. If he had left it by will, and then put an end to his life, don't you see there would have been a difficulty about the matter? As it is, everything is quite simple. Even a verdict of *felo-de-se*—if a jury could be got to find it—would not affect the disposition of his money."

"I hope it has been so disposed, however, Mr. Stretham, independently of this deed of gift, that he has made restitution?"

"Yes, yes; we need not talk about that now. I guessed, of course, that there was something wrong—it was about that *Lara* mine, was it not? That money—every shilling of it—has all been paid, or is in course of payment."

"I am most sincerely pleased to hear it," said Jeff, with a sigh of relief. "It must be owned that he did what he could at last to put himself right with his fellow-men."

"Yes, and also to reward his friends," remarked Mr. Stretham, with significance.

"Indeed!" answered Jeff, indifferently. "I was quite unacquainted with them; I knew nothing of his social relations."

"I don't know that he ever had any, except with Mr. Dalton, with whom it appears he has had disagreements. He has made over the whole of his property—something over fifty thousand pounds, I should say at a rough guess—to one Geoffrey Derwent."

"Left it to me!" exclaimed Jeff, astounded.

"Oh, yes; there is no mistake about that. I was to remind you that he said you would have no reason to repent having shaken hands with him. I don't shake hands myself in a general way—I don't think it professional; but, if I had thought my late client was so gratified by the ceremony, I would never have omitted it."

Jeff did not hear the pleasantry; his mind was occupied, not with his own accession to wealth, but with the difference of position in which it would place him as respected Kitty. Gratitude to the dead man, and gratitude also to Dalton, who had accepted him as his son-in-law without a penny, were contending in his heart. The former he could never repay; yet, strange to say, it affected him less of the two. It is the bane of the base that even their very gifts lack the savor of giving; moreover, it must be remembered that Holt, having no further use for his money, must needs have given it to somebody. Afterward, when Jeff came to think upon the matter, he felt the dead man's generosity more keenly, and acknowledged it in heartier fashion; for the conviction was borne in upon him—and it was no doubt a just one—that this vast fortune, given to himself, was, in fact, only given to him in trust to Kitty, who, as Holt had reflected, might have refused to accept it more directly.

On calling at Dalton's lodgings the next morning he found that Mr. Stretham had not exaggerated the completeness of his late client's settlement of all claims on his estate.

It appeared afterward that throughout the progress of his frauds as respected Dalton he had kept the most accurate debtor and creditor account of matters, and was thus enabled to repay every shilling—both principal and interest—in which he was indebted to him.

"If he could cook accounts, it must be owned," as Dalton observed afterward, when the matter had grown familiar, "he could also keep them." He was indeed, *maugre* a few grains of honest sentiment, a great financier, and admirably fitted to control the destinies of a joint-stock company or a foreign loan.

Kitty, I think, held another view of him, which—since he was dead and gone—almost took the form of tenderness. She understood the man, as regarded his affections, as only a woman could have done. She knew that when he had persecuted her most he had loved her as few men can love; and now that he had become a mere memory, and she could, as it were, afford to do so, she in a manner respected him.

Even Jenny in days to come had a certain qualified praise for Mr. Holt, with whom she would frankly confess she "had had no patience until he left dear Jeff all that money." She thought there was more real good in him—if "grit" be good—than in such fair-weather friends as the Skiptons had proved themselves to be. She deemed him "worth a dozen" of such as Mrs. Campden; but, then, in Jenny's estimation, a dozen Mrs. Campdens were, to use a phrase of the auction-room, a very "cheap lot" indeed. He was a rogue, but at least he did not mingle his roguery with cant and "gush" and protestations of eternal friendship, wherein the word "eternal" had even a less extended sense than certain heretical theologians have of late attributed to it. These remarks, of course, are, however, like a Reuter's telegram, "in anticipation of our usual advices."

It may be easily imagined that, as even Kitty's tender conscience had had little to urge against her union with Jeff as matters had stood, she saw no obstacle to her own happiness, now that the other claimant for her hand had removed himself from the field; while, whatever "people" might have "said" she had the wedding taken place under other circumstances, they had now nothing but congratulations to offer upon the union between two young persons not only so obviously fitted for one another, but whose means were so proportionate. It was every way a most "desirable" match; and was ever anything so "funny" as that father-in-law and son-in-law should possess the same diamond-mine (or something) in Golconda (or somewhere) together! The whole thing seemed so "providential," and as though it had been "preordained, as it were, you know."

Dalton went about saying the bitterest things against society—and yet mixing in it almost as much as he had been wont to do. His smile was less genial, but his wit was even keener than of old. He was quite as much sought after as before, but not so well liked. It was complained of him by a great lady of fashion that Mr. Dalton would say "quite horrid things" at times; by which it may be presumed her ladyship meant the naked truth. The fact was, Dalton was like a fish out of water among plain, honest people, such as have no turn for epigram, who are content to keep their claret till the second day, and who use ready-made "dressing" for their salads. He knew that there were other atmospheres purer and more wholesome, and was angry with himself because he could not live in them; or at least that they did not suit him. It is the fashion to say that adversity does us all good; but if it be so, John Dalton was an exception. His wife's death was a terrible loss to him. Doubtless such pure souls are well employed to whatever scenes of bliss they wing their flight; but to the post of guardian angel to her husband, which she had filled in this world to such perfection, there was no successor, and he missed her gracious influence sorely.

It must be said, however, to his credit, that, notwithstanding her vacant chair at his fireside remained unoccupied, the sweet influences of home never lost their power over John Dalton.

After a sojourn at the seaside, which placed poor Jenny at as good a standpoint in regard to health

as she had ever been, he took the family to the old home in London, which their mother's memory had made so dear, and where a charming surprise awaited them. Every article of furniture that could be recovered from the purchasers at the sale was found there in its old place; and the same welcome and familiar faces greeted them, from whom their father's "fallen fortunes" had at one time compelled him to part.

The mistress of all, indeed, was absent; but another member of the family was installed there *en permanence* in the person of Uncle Philip.

Society, with her fine perception of what is right, expressed herself as astonished and even "pained" to perceive the landmarks of legitimacy thus ignored; but she was not absolutely "outraged," as she would have been had the *Quito* proved less remunerative. She contented herself with hinting that Mr. Dalton had doubtless his reasons for so singular a proceeding; and that if everybody had his rights, perhaps it would be found that the case of Astor *versus* Dalton had been decided wrongfully. The report was, that Philip had his home and his income upon the understanding that he did not marry, whereby complications might arise to give employment to gentlemen of the long robe in the second generation. The rumor received this much corroboration, that Philip remained a bachelor.

Jeff carried away his bride from her new old home at midsummer, but settled so near it that Jenny and she were scarcely more apart than when they lived under the same roof. Her baby-brother continued to be her especial charge and idol long after she had children of her own; and, when many years after he followed his brother Tony's example and became an Eton boy, he received every "half" such hampers from Sister Kitty as put to shame even the liberal contributions from his own home.

On the other hand, Tony and Jenny are as fast friends as ever; and, though the former took a creditable degree at Cambridge, he has been heard to say in the society of Lincoln's Inn that all that now remains to him in the way of learning which is worth a shilling was taught him by his second sister.

The chief guest at Kitty's wedding was Dr. Curzon; and I am afraid that the names of the company did not occupy a very long paragraph in the *Morning Post*. There were plenty of fine people who would have been glad to come, and I think Dalton would by that time have so far forgiven his fellow-creatures as to invite them; but Kitty said: "No; if you please, papa, I would rather have only real friends at my wedding."

It was very seldom she expressed herself with such decision, yet somehow her husband was guided by her in most things. "She has a very light hand," Dalton used to say, "and Jeff has a tender mouth." Above all things, Kitty had a horror of "the city" and speculation of all kinds; and since it would never have done for Jeff to be idle, she sent him into Parliament, where he was greatly liked. Though not distinguished for oratory, he spoke now and then sensibly enough; his opinion upon commercial matters had some weight—at all events, in the smoking-room. It was generally supposed there that he had been in early life "largely connected" with the city. Very few people know more of other people's early lives. Curiously enough, it was never whispered that he had been connected with literature. "His good manners," Dalton said, "forbade the suspicion."

Jenny made quite a success as an authoress, only her views were "dreadfully advanced," folks said, and her observations "really, you know, so *very* severe." However, she put her principles, whatever they were, into practice, and aided with purse as

well as pen every genuine scheme of philanthropy, if it only kept itself clear of patrons. She did not like patronage even for other people, and, as for herself, it was dangerous to offer it. A very benevolent duchess, who met Jenny on a board, once tried it on with her, and is said to have been greatly discomfited. Dalton's version of his daughter's retort was that, shaking her curls and showing her teeth at her grace like a Blenheim spaniel, she had said, "Madam, don't *patronize me*, or I'll bite."

I am afraid Jenny has never forgiven society for its behavior to her and hers when they "went under;" but, on the other hand, she does her best to help and comfort those who are in the same sad plight; for, as to turning *her* back upon a friend, she would as soon think of enlisting in the Horse Guards. She was steadfast in all things, and from one resolution nothing moved her—namely, that she would never speak to Mrs. Campden. But for her, perhaps, some sort of reconciliation would have been patched up; as it was, the two families never renewed their former intimacy. Mrs. Campden died in a few years—of a cold, said the county paper, caught in distributing tracts to "her poor people, by whom she was greatly revered;" but, strange to say, her loss brought Uncle George no nearer to his old friends the Daltons. He knew that they harbored a bad opinion of his Julia, and a certain chiv-

alry of disposition forbade him to make advances to them.

In after-years, indeed, Jeff and Kitty, with a whole tribe of pretty children, passed a summer month at Riverside; but the old geniality was wanting: Mr. Campden felt there was a subject, sealed, between them, yet one to which it was difficult not to make allusion.

He knew his wife had behaved ill, of course; but he made excuses for her—such as we know nothing about. Women, as everybody knows, will cling to their husbands, be they ever such scoundrels; and men will cling—though not so often—to wives who are mean and base, and make allowances for them such as astound the looker-on.

Upon Jenny Dalton it was generally imagined that the plough of adversity had made deep furrows; while her sister had remained unscathed, or that the marks of that rude discipline had soon worn away. But I venture to think that judgment was a superficial one. Kitty, like her mother, was a favorite in society, but, like her, the roots of all her happiness lay deep down in the garden-ground of home. She forgave the world; but in her heart she never forgot its sorry treatment; she was gracious in return for its civilities; but she knew their value, and was not to be (twice) deceived.

[THE END.]

EDITOR'S TABLE.

"AMERICAN readers," remarks a contemporary, "have a happy faculty of owning books rather than of borrowing them from circulating libraries." There is little doubt that every reader in our happy land congratulates himself upon this fact, and is sure that it is something we all have a right to be proud of. People who purchase the books they read, and hold them as heir-looms for their descendants, who associate with the books they love to read the pride of ownership, must, it is natural to suppose, have a deeper interest in literature than those who peruse the much-thumbed volumes of the circulating library, which, being once read, are never at hand again for after-perusal—for stray moments of companionship, or for occasional recurrence to favorite passages. Obviously, one can but desire to own the book that he loves, and there would seem at first glance to be every reason why our American custom should be permanently sustained.

There are, however, sometimes unexpected sides to a question. It is confessed on all hands that in America the reward for literary work is wholly inadequate; a community which is confidently believed to be the greatest readers of books in the world actually pays its authors and writers much less than do those benighted countries where editions are small and circulating libraries many. The publication of books for general buyers instead of for libraries has caused a pressure for cheapness. No man buys one book; if he is a reader at all, he must desire to buy many books; and only people of wealth can afford to supply their library needs by purchase unless books are cheap. Now, it so happens that while cheap books are an advantage to readers, and may

be profitable by large aggregates of sales to publishers, they are to the disadvantage of authors, rendering just compensation for literary work almost impossible. If the reader will patiently follow us through a few figures, we think we can make the truth of this statement clear to him.

The usual price of a novel published in the better American style, that is, in a duodecimo volume bound in cloth, is one dollar and seventy-five cents. The customary percentage which an author receives on a book at this price is seventeen and a half cents per copy, being ten per cent. on the retail price. We have selected a work of fiction for illustration because it is the kind of literature that upon the average is the most profitable to writers. If a novel published in the style described attains a sale of ten thousand copies, it has met with success—not a brilliant but a more than fair success. Inasmuch as the average sale of a duodecimo novel is probably not more than two thousand or twenty-five hundred, and the vast majority never reach a circulation of five thousand copies, it must be conceded that a sale of ten thousand copies is evidence that the author has made something of a hit. But this successful book yields the author only seventeen hundred and fifty dollars. Now, one book a year is as rapidly as writers usually can produce, and as many as the public would continue to purchase at the rate of sale we have assumed. In truth, if ten thousand copies is the extreme sale of one of an author's popular books, there will be sure to be those the circulation of which will fall considerably below this number. But let us assume that he will be enabled to maintain his popularity at an even level. In addition to one book a year, he

could do some work for the magazines, so that by persistent labor his income might be increased to say three thousand dollars a year—this, recollect, for an author who stands well up on the literary ladder. It is not so much as the salary of a book-keeper or a second-rate clerk; it is far below that of bank and insurance-company officers; it is insignificant beside that which a lawyer or a doctor of about the same relative grade makes in any of the leading cities; it is insufficient for the needs of a family, and permits nothing to be saved for old age, when the pen will but too surely lose its skill. Yet our supposititious case is that of a successful author—the multitude of writers cannot hope to do nearly so well as this.

Now, in England the average author probably does no better than the average one here; but there are high prizes there for the successful writer. It was currently stated, before "*Daniel Deronda*" was more than three-quarters published, that George Eliot had made from it some seventy-five thousand dollars. Perhaps this is an exaggeration, but we can scarcely be wide of the mark in assuming that "*Uncle Tom's Cabin*," the greatest success of the century, did not yield its author a third of this amount. Mr. Tennyson derives an annual income from his books of five thousand pounds, or twenty-five thousand dollars. Mr. Longfellow is probably one of the best paid of our authors, but the profits from his books are doubtless very much less than this. It must be remembered that all pursuits that give the multitude of workers just repayment for their labor have their brilliant successes; and hence if a profession does not reward its great leaders amply it will certainly starve the rank and file.

But how is it that English authors are so much better paid—when successful—than ours are? It is frequently declared that the absence of an international copyright is the cause. This at one time operated greatly to the injury of the American writer, but, as now every English author worth anything gets his copyright or his price from American publishers, this fact has ceased to have much influence on native productions. The principal reason for the difference we have pointed out is in the method of publication. The dollar-and-a-half or two-dollar volume here costs so much for paper and printing that but a small margin is left for the author. In England such a book would be published at thirty shillings sterling, nearly eight dollars in our currency, but would be sold, necessarily, at this price, almost exclusively to circulating libraries. If the book at this price is a success, the profits swell up rapidly, a distribution of two thousand copies netting the writer three or four times the profit that our supposititious ten thousand would do here. In England, therefore, a successful book means a prosperous author; in the United States a book may be successful, and the author yet remain poor and underpaid. In view of this fact, we are not wise to brag of our disposition to "own our books;" the "greatest reading public in the world" ought in the interest of literature either to buy more books, or pay larger prices for them; otherwise, if a body of writers is to be maintained, it may be necessary to establish the English library system here.

THE Centennial Exhibition is declared on all sides to have been a great success. Judged by the largeness of the plan, the beauty of the structures, the extent and fullness of the display, its vast number of visitors, it was indeed a complete triumph. But these are incidents of a successful show: this World's Exhibition must have other results than the success of numbers if all the energy and expenditure involved in the enterprise are to have adequate return. It remains to be seen how far the Exhibition has instructed us—what improvement of taste and modification of ideas it is to bring into our arts; what wider knowledge and juster perceptions it has produced in the minds of the millions who witnessed its wonders—before we can pronounce the final verdict of success. The evidence of these results will, of course, come in slowly; but, unless they become apparent—unless we can detect improvement in how we build and how we decorate, and our arts show more invention and skill; unless the people evince in these things enlarged ideas and purer taste, the Exhibition will not have proved a commensurate success. It is very far from enough that we should have had a glittering show; no matter how much money may have poured into Philadelphia, or how vast the crowds that gathered at the display—the diffusion of knowledge, the elevation of taste, the stimulation of competitive energy, are the sole results that in the future we shall be justified in congratulating ourselves upon. But it is only just to believe that results of this nature will ensue. Ideas are slow in germinating; new perceptions require time for practical application; nor will it, indeed, be easy to say how little or how much of our industry has been influenced by facts or ideas gathered at Philadelphia; yet we have a right to expect that in some directions the influence of the great Exhibition will be apparent if any good results at all come from it. These remote results, however, depend upon the people. Whatever they may prove to be, the Exhibition managers deserve the praise of all persons for the skill with which they conducted a bold and difficult enterprise to an end which, so far as their functions extend, was successful. They planned well; they succeeded against many obstacles in gathering from all peoples, even the most remote, specimens of their industrial skill; they have placed a mark upon our first Centennial anniversary not to be forgotten; and, if our people do not make the Exhibition a means of permanent good, the projectors at least are not responsible for it.

TRULY science has, as was said recently by one of its eminent votaries, "its romantic side." Its history presents not a few deeds of heroism and self-sacrifice; its results have not seldom been attained by suffering voluntarily inflicted, and have now and then cost the lives of willing victims. The young Berlin doctor who, when a deadly contagious distemper was ravaging the poorer households of that city, thought he had discovered a method for its cure, and, knowing that its test might be fatal, nevertheless boldly tried it upon himself, and who, as he lay dying from its effects, jotted down his observa-

tions of its action on his system until within nine minutes of his departure from earth, was a hero to whom Sir Philip Sidney would have doffed his hat. A deed scarcely less noble, as it involved serious self-sacrifice, has just been done at Manchester by a young English medical student. It appears that a weakly young man had a leg amputated at the hospital, which made him so feeble that he was not likely to recover. He was fast sinking when the hospital doctor declared that there was but one possible way of saving him. Into the patient's languid veins must be transfused a quantity of warm blood from a vigorous, living man. A young student, who heard this, at once stepped forward and offered his own blood for the purpose. A pint of the vital fluid was thereupon taken from him, and sent circulating through the arm and body of the moribund youth. Within two hours he revived, recognized people, and was pronounced on the way to recovery.

The young medical student to whose unselfish heroism this good result was due may possibly have worked even better than he knew. It was long a matter of discussion and doubt whether this operation of transfusion could really be performed so as to transfer the vital vigor of one person to another. It is not at all a new idea, indeed, for we read of its having been tried on a certain pope four centuries ago, three young men being compelled to sacrifice their lives in order that the decrepit pontiff might thus renew his youth; but the experiment failed. The experiment has been tried many times, and in different countries; and for the past half-century the practicability of transfusion has been generally admitted by the profession. The difficulty is, to successfully effect it; but it is well known that the blood of animals has been again and again transfused to the veins of human beings with the best physical results.

Of course the idea of transfusion gives rise to many amusing fancies. Can you make an old man young, a cross man amiable, a coward brave, a nervous man phlegmatic, by exchanging the vital fluid in the veins? Is there a modicum of sober truth in Edmond About's funny conceit about the "nose of a notary?" The blood of lambs is sometimes used in the operation of transfusion: do the doctors find the patients thereafter more lamb-like? How gratifying it would be if, by merely vivisectioning the gentle denizen of the pasture, and transferring its blood to mortal veins, we could transform the uncomfortable tempers around us into perennial docility! We fear, however, that psychological results are not to be attained by this very material process. Very much will be gained, however, if we can restore ruddiness to pallid cheeks, and strength to a tottering body; if we can see the consumptive revive under the circulation of healthy blood yielded to him by the self-sacrifice of another, as the fainting vampire revived under the moon's rays; and if the effects of those horrible sudden hæmorrhages which end in abrupt death from mere loss of blood can be obviated by a prompt transfusion. It may not be that the fountain of perpetual youth is to be found welling up from the heart of one's neighbor; but the gift of health

from one mortal body to another has a certain poetry about it scarcely less pleasing to the fancy than the ancient fable, being significant of human self-sacrifice, a noble emotion in which the ancient fable was wanting.

A CURIOUS and interesting book has just been made by Mr. William Jones on "Finger-Ring Love." Finger-rings, to be sure, have pretty much lost the symbolism which once attached to them; but they are one of the few ornaments which are indulged in by the most barbarous and the most enlightened races alike, and it may be taken for granted, from the universality with which they are found, that they will never go out of fashion. Civilization, while it has discarded the rings in the nose, in the ears, and in the lips, which ruder peoples still wear, and which, there is some reason to believe, were thus worn by our remote ancestors, still taxes the art and fancy of the jeweler to find new ring-patterns, though such patterns must be somewhat limited in shape and in their capacity for the transposition of jewels. A finger-ring has the merit, however, of adapting itself to every condition of man, every character, and every mood. From the gorgeous solitaire with which the "gilded youth" binds the promise of his "ladye faire," to the sombre mourning-ring of black; from the portly hoop of gold proper to the lady who has celebrated her silver wedding, to the yet more portly signet which befits the railway president and the bank director; from the thin-chased band of cheap gold, or mayhap of gold-washed brass, which the humbler lover slips upon his shop-girl sweetheart's finger, to the dazzling blaze of emerald, ruby, and diamond, without which the shoddy dame suddenly grown rich cannot sleep o' nights, much less appear in her box at the opera—it is a shape and style of ornament which with one voice every social grade confesses its favorite.

We need not like the fashion the less because the ring is really venerable and historic, bringing to us remote, quaint, and august memories. Far back in the ages, Mr. Jones tells us, the ring was a symbol of office and a mark of rank. Rings were used as signets, and were tokens of authority, by governors and priests in Biblical times; and from those times down to a period when rings became merely universal and ornamental, rings had, in every use, a peculiar significance. Before even the great could conveniently write so much as their names, the signet was used instead of the signature to official and formal documents. There was a superstition that if a man, when thus affixing his seal, broke the ring, his speedy death was foreshadowed. Forgery by affixing a seal with a ring was a death-offense in Egypt. From this use of the ring, the next use, that is, as a symbol of rank and power, naturally came about. Alexander the Great strikingly exemplified this symbolism when, lying speechless on his death-bed, he handed his signet to Perdicas, as a sign that Perdicas should administer his kingdom. More interesting is the ring regarded not only as a symbol, but as a sort of bond, in betrothal and marriage. Nor have the engagement and wedding rings

quite lost the charm of this symbolism yet. The wedding-ring and its significance are quaintly characterized by Dean Comber when he says: "The matter of which this ring is made is pure gold, signifying how noble and durable an affection is; the form is round, to imply that our respect or regard shall never have an end; the place of it is on the fourth finger of the left hand, where the ancients thought there was a vein which came directly from the heart, where it may be always in view, and, being a finger least used, where it may be least subject to be worn out; but the main end is to be a visible and lasting token of the covenant which must never be forgotten." The ring used, indeed, to be also a sign investing the wife with authority over her household, for with it the household keys were delivered to her among the Romans. In the Orkneys to this day the youths and lasses signify their betrothal "by clasping hands through a great round hole in one of those weird monoliths known as the Standin' Stanes of Stennis." Here, possibly, is the origin of the pleasant custom of slipping upon the dainty finger of the lady-love a token that her whispered promise has bound her to a new fate.

THE fact should not be lost sight of, in following the events now proceeding in Eastern Europe, that Russia has been ambitious to possess Constantinople for two centuries. It is well to ignore neither side of a controversy which is likely sooner or later to develop into a general European war. Russia's ambition is the obtrusive fact before the eyes of Turkey. That it still exists, despite Crimean wars and Paris treaties, may be seen by what has taken place within the past year. It is already a fully-proved fact that the rebellions which broke out a year ago last summer in the Turkish Christian provinces were instigated, encouraged, and nourished, by Russian agents. There remains as little doubt that Serbia was cajoled into her declaration of war last spring by Russian influence. It is a fact patent to all the world that Serbia has been for months little better than a Russian province, and the Servian army a Russian army to all intents and purposes. Russia rejected the proposition for a six months' armistice, probably because she would have meanwhile to show her hand in a European conference, and because such a conclusion would enable Turkey to organize for decisive victory. If we regard Russia's advances in Turkey, the diligence with which she has remodeled and reëquipped her armies, her hurried building of iron-clads, her railway extensions, her repairs of old fortresses and creation of new ones for the past ten years, we must see that she has been steadily preparing for an eventuality which she now sees to be near at hand, if not actually present.

It may be that it would be better for the Christian population in Turkey, and even for the world in general, that Russia should go to Constantinople; but let us recognize that, if she does so, it will be from no philanthropic designs of protecting an oppressed race and religion, but because she thereby fulfills a traditional aspiration of aggrandizement. But we must also keep in view

the probability that, if a crusade is really begun against the votaries of Islam on the plea of a rescue of Christians, an intense and murderous religious conflict must ensue. The Turk has been much reviled and anathematized of late, not without some reason; but no one has ventured to accuse him of cowardice. His religion teaches him who falls upon the field fighting under the banner of the Prophet to look for the highest beatitudes in the life to come. A Turkish population of five millions, at bay, would be a terrific sight, a matter even for the colossal armies of Europe to shudder at. Heaven have mercy upon the Christians, if the sultan, in his despair, should evoke this fanatic force and fire! That he can do in a moment. He need only to appeal to the Mohammedans on both sides of the Bosphorus, and we shall see the old fierce Saracen spirit rekindled, and the East lurid with conflagration and massacre.

GENRE painting has not been distinguished in the hands of American painters, but Mr. E. Wood Perry has painted a number of pictures of this kind that have the mellowness, the tone, the excellence of composition and of character-drawing, that mark the work of noted artists abroad. Mr. Perry has specially devoted himself to the perpetuation of our old domestic country life, to the portrayal of characters, incidents, and interiors, now found only in obscure places, in the long-settled portions of New England, but which once were common enough in all the farm-houses and rural villages of the country. He has succeeded in giving a fairly poetic interest to these quaint early phases of country life, reproducing them without the harshness and barrenness that usually mark pictures of American scenes—delineating them sometimes, indeed, in colors and with harmonies that are masterly. "Hacking Flax," which we engrave for the frontispiece of this number of the JOURNAL, is one of his simpler compositions. It necessarily loses in the engraving the fine charm of color which the original possesses; but, if not the best, it is a good example of the artist's style, so far as black-and-white can be an example of a painting.

A WEALTHY and public-spirited citizen of Boston has just devoted a considerable sum to the establishment of a college of cooking. In this he has followed in the line of those who have started, at the South Kensington Museum in London, a "national school of cookery." There is real benevolence in this attempt to carry cooking up to the dignity of a science; and the projector of the new Boston "college" reasons wisely when he considers that to assist in giving the public a good digestion he is doing some service to the moral and intellectual movements of the age. Indeed, the union of the theory with the practice of cooking which he designs is the proper and only method of making it a science of hygiene and enjoyment as well. The new college will at once impregnate principles and illustrate by practice. It will be a normal school of cooking, educating teachers of the science as well as those who are to practically conduct it as an art.

New Books.

SOME RECENT NOVELS.

IT is no very long time since one could take up any production by Wilkie Collins with the assurance of being interested and amused, if not particularly edified. There are few, probably, who would care to read "Armada" or "The Woman in White" a second time, but there are fewer still who would deny having found them intensely and pleasurably exciting, and full of a certain vigor of narrative and vividness of coloring which impressed them powerfully on the imagination. As much might be said of nearly all his other novels; but "The Two Destinies"¹ is not only relatively inferior, but is as dull, commonplace, and disagreeable a story as it has often fallen to our lot to read. The plot, which is usually Wilkie Collins's strong point, is transparently simple; the two leading characters (who, in fact, are the only ones drawn in sufficient detail to take them out of the category of lay-figures) are so hopelessly vulgar that there is a suspicion of satire on the author's part in the eagerness with which their American friends are represented as following them to Naples after reading their story; the melodramatic episode of the veiled, deformed lady is so curiously crude that it would seem like *naïveté* in a less experienced writer; and there is scarcely a trace of that fertility of incident and picturesqueness of description which usually characterize Mr. Collins's work. What has been solely relied upon to catch the interest of the reader is the introduction of spiritualistic phenomena. The whole machinery of the story is supernatural. The lovers appear to each other in visions; they touch and caress one another in waking dreams; they communicate with each other in states of "trance"; they write legibly on paper, from which they are separated by scores or even hundreds of miles; and the apparition of a young child hovers in the heavens for two days and a night in order to guide one to the other at a critical time. All this is handled with none of the skill with which Bulwer, for instance, treated similar subjects in "A Strange Story," but in such a way as to awaken the same kind of repulsion as that produced by the performances and theories of so-called "mediums;" even in fiction the principalities and powers seem to be occupied in furthering the vilest ends of the vilest people. Judging by George Eliot's last story, the novelist of the future is to be a prophet; by Mr. Collins's, he is to be a necromancer.

It is difficult to read "Rose Turquand"² without being reminded of that Brummagem jewelry for which Parisian workshops are so famous. The peculiarity of this jewelry is that, while it reproduces with singular fidelity the shape, color, and finish, of the real jewelry, no one is ever deluded into believing it genuine; and so, though Miss Hopkins imitates with quite remarkable skill the style, method, and even mannerisms, of several popular novelists, the *false* voice produces a fatal discord throughout her narrative. If the book were intended as burlesque, it might be pronounced clever and successful; for it is amusing to note how dexterously the author has picked up all the cant and clatter of the time, and how painstakingly she reproduces it with minor variations of her own. In constructing her story Miss Hopkins appears to have deliberately adopted the strictly eclectic

plan. She has observed that Dickens's sentimental pathos is considered very affecting—therefore Dickens is her model when she wants to move her readers to tears; Thackeray's social satire endeared him to the tastes of a cynical and fault-finding generation—therefore we will ridicule our fellow-creatures in the pungent Thackerayan manner; George MacDonald has shown that religion and theology may be dealt with in popular fiction—therefore there must be a certain class of readers to whom carefully-rounded paragraphs about "God," "the Eternities," "Truth," and "Duty," will be acceptable; Bulwer's showy romanticism and pinchbeck heroes obtained numerous admirers—therefore it is wise to titillate the palates of some readers by depicting impossible people, actuated by incomprehensible motives, performing absurd and incoherent actions; George Eliot has shown the effectiveness of the sententious and the epigrammatic—therefore at appropriate intervals the judicious novelist will introduce such sentences as the following: "Uneasy conscience, like an old blunderbuss, occasionally discharges itself with a wide impartiality of aim." Even the strange verbal antics of the newest school of poets are thought worthy of being represented in the *mélange*, and accordingly we read of the "sacrament of words," of lovers being "drenched with silence," and of the "rapture of pain." Now, we have no desire to cast unnecessary censure upon Miss Hopkins's work, nor would we be understood as intimating that there is anything blameworthy in a young novelist studying and even following good models: it is the undisguised openness of the imitation which invites comment, coupled as it is with the most complacent self-assertion on the part of the author. Miss Hopkins, at least, is entirely satisfied with "Rose Turquand." Were this a trifle less evident, we should be inclined to predict that she will do creditable work when she has acquired more confidence in the strength of her own pinions; for the book is written in a pleasant and sprightly style, and shows keenness of observation as well as some power of character-drawing.

Very different—quite a contrast, indeed—is "The Laurel-Bush," by the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman."³ It is truly old-fashioned in its perfect naturalness and simplicity of tone, its unpretentious directness of style and method, and its entire freedom from all appeals to the current appetite either for sensationalism or for that morbid prying into mental processes which so often passes in fiction for "psychological analysis." Miss Mulock's tendency to didacticism and moral reflections is also less obtrusive than is usual in her later writings, and, were it not for the depressing melancholy of the story, we should say that it exercised a poetic and idyllic influence upon the mind. This same melancholy furnishes the critic with his only excuse for fault-finding. Why should an author deliberately, and with malice prepense and aforethought, harrow our souls with piteous pictures of the changes and chances of this mortal life? We will not spoil the reader's pleasure by revealing the plot of the story, but we confess that we are inclined to resent the grievous fate which Miss Mulock inflicts upon her imaginary lovers. Poetic retribution, where fault or error receives its due punishment, we can

¹ The Two Destinies. A Novel. By Wilkie Collins. With Illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers.

² Rose Turquand. By Ellice Hopkins. New York: Harper & Brothers.

³ The Laurel-Bush: An Old-Fashioned Love-Story. By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." New York: Harper & Brothers.

acquiesce in; but how contemplate with resignation the utter spoiling of the lives of two innocent and praiseworthy persons by one of those trivial accidents for which only Providence can be held to account? On laying aside the book we find ourselves wishing with real fervor that all could have been different; and of course the fact that the author has inspired us with this keen personal interest in the creatures of her imagination is at once her vindication and reward.

A novelist should be very confident of her hold upon her readers before offering them an uneventful domestic tale of nearly six hundred pages, and it is convincing proof that Miss Yonge's previous works have left pleasant reminiscences that we took up "The Three Brides"¹ with such entire resignation. It may be said, however, that, in spite of its length, the story is easy reading, and only when it is finished, and we come to recall its main features, does it occur to us how readily and even advantageously it might have been compressed into half its present limits. Like all Miss Yonge's novels that are not historical, it deals with English country gentry and their "dependents," and its main artistic motive is the delineation of three young ladies who, by a curious but not unnatural conjunction of events, are congregated as brides in one house where, besides their husbands, there are two other brothers and a mother-in-law. One of the brides is a disciple and product of the modern religion of self-culture, and consequently is cold, selfish, conceited, and with a good solid stratum of stupidity beneath the superficial intellectual polish; the second bride is comparatively uncultivated, impulsive, and, in spite of being a clergyman's wife, inordinately fond of social gayeties, but withal warm-hearted, generous, affectionate, and lovable; and the third is an Australian wildling whom the ministrations of a certain Mr. Pilgrim have converted into an intractable bigot who sees "sin" lurking in a laugh, and perdition in a game at cards. The five brothers have hitherto lived together in perfect harmony, each prosecuting his special pursuit, and vying with each other only in devotion to their invalid mother; but of course the advent of the brides involved many changes, and the book narrates in detail how the household readjusted itself to the new conditions, and how the process affected the lives and fortunes of others in the neighborhood. Nearly all the salient features of country society are touched upon, but the moral stress of the book, so to call it, falls upon sanitary drainage and the amusement question. Neglect and ignorance of the former brings a terrible scourge upon the community, and at the same time enables the author to get rid of the most perplexing elements of her story; and on the latter the author favors us with some opinions which certainly do not suffer from lack of precision. She sees no harm in card-playing, cricket, and the like, even for clergymen; and dancing is not only unobjectionable but sometimes commendable; but the line must be drawn somewhere, and she draws it peremptorily at horse-racing. This is wholly and ineradicably evil, and should be discountenanced by all respectable, not to say Christian, people. The story is told with the easy grace of a veteran writer, and if the pace is somewhat slow we can at least feel assured of a reasonably satisfactory goal, and of a variety of attractions by the way.

In "My Own Child"² the author deviates from the ordinary theme of novelists, and instead of the love of man for woman, or of woman for man, makes the

love of mother and daughter the *motif* and main interest of the story. Of course, love of the orthodox and usual type plays a more or less influential part, and there is a piquant picture at the beginning of a childish courtship which resulted in the heroine's becoming a wife, widow, and mother, at the age of fifteen; but this is a mere prologue to the real action of the drama, and everything else is kept subordinate to the delineation of what is doubtless the purest and most enduring feeling that man can know. The author has chosen to deal with a very exacting phase of this feeling, and the high-pitched monochord now and then becomes dissonant; but on the whole a difficult subject is managed with skill, and power is manifested in the slow and delicate gradations by which the story deepens from the pastoral scenes of the opening to the piteous tragedy of the close.

The moral of "Near to Nature's Heart"¹ is not far to seek, for a sermon lurks in every chapter; and Mr. Roe writes a preface on purpose to inform the reader that "these books" (meaning his novels) "are written with the honest, earnest purpose of helping him to do right." The criticism of the so-called religious press on the author's course in abandoning the ministry to devote himself to novel-writing seems to have made him more anxious than ever to prove that in leaving the pulpit he has not ceased to preach; and, accordingly, the desire to "do good" is decidedly more obtrusive in this latest story than in his previous ones. The chief fault of the story, however, arises not from the deliberate insistence upon the ethical or moral element, but from the fact that in writing it the author has utterly misapplied his powers. With but slender traces of imaginative force, of dramatic insight, or of literary skill, Mr. Roe's previous stories have yet possessed a certain homely interest due to the fidelity with which he has portrayed the actions, and motives, and aspirations, and difficulties, of average but not commonplace men and women in the ordinary conditions of every-day life. The people and the incidents, and the mental and moral phenomena, that he has himself observed or encountered, he can depict accurately, and not without spirit; but it might have been predicted beforehand that he would fail in the attempt to write an historical novel, and "Near to Nature's Heart" would afford ample confirmation of the prophecy. The scene of this story is laid in the Highlands of the Hudson during the Revolutionary War, and neither the introduction of historical persons and events nor the addition of historical notes imparts the slightest *vraisemblance* or gives the reader the feeling that he is mingling with the people and observing the incidents of a hundred years ago. Moreover, in the attempt to catch that glamour of romance which hangs over long-past times, Mr. Roe simply becomes hazy, inconsistent, and unnatural; and there is something ludicrous in the contrast between the plain, homespun prose of the rest of the narrative and the fanciful opening chapter, which introduces us to a creature more nearly resembling a Greek nymph or dryad than a woodland pioneer of the colonial period—a surpassingly beautiful maiden of sixteen summers who repeats snatches of Shakespeare and the Bible, mocks the birds, shoots and traps the beasts of the forest, fishes with water-lily buds, gambols like a fawn in secluded sylvan glades, and lives with a mysterious, curse-blighted household in the inmost recesses of the woods. Nothing could be farther from Nature's heart than the melodramatic succession of incidents that constitute the main action of the story; and there is something tawdry and sensational about it all which is hardly redeemed by the final triumph of Bi-

¹ The Three Brides. By Charlotte M. Yonge, Author of "The Heir of Redclyffe." New York: D. Appleton & Co.

² "My Own Child." A Novel. By Florence Marryat. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

¹ Near to Nature's Heart. By Rev. E. P. Roe. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

ble-inspired faith over the demoralizing tendencies of French philosophy.

No similar accusation of ultra-didactic aim can be brought against "My Little Love,"¹ by Marion Harland, who writes with the genuine artistic purpose to please and entertain the reader. Her hand has lost none of its cunning, and the neat precision of the practised writer furnishes an agreeable contrast to Mr. Roe's somewhat crude style; but we confess to having found her over-minute account of the infant phenomenon who plays the part of heroine in the present story a rather dreary substitute for the spirited sketches of men and women with which the author has hitherto favored us. An abnormally precocious child is generally an object of curious interest to her immediate relatives and friends, but mere lookers-on always find it difficult to participate in the enthusiasm of those near the throne, and are apt to cherish a not unnatural preference for "children that are children." This, in spite of the skill with which it is told, is the fault of the story of Ailsie Darling: the reader never quite succeeds in catching the feeling of the author, with whom Ailsie is probably—in part, at least—a personal reminiscence. Moreover, there is something almost profane in the idea of connecting love (as here meant) with a child of ten years; and the latter part of the book, which is intended to be intensely pathetic, scarcely affects us, because we are out of sympathy with him whose feelings are most minutely depicted. Like all Marion Harland's works, "My Little Love" is wholly destitute of humor, but there is a touch of the comical in the bitter hate and scorn which the author appears to feel for that class of people known in the South as "country-crackers." Given a household of the genus Rusticus, as she calls it, and she has a supply of villains, hypocrites, and bores, ready to hand; and it is appalling to think how many such there must be in the country, since the author is careful to intimate that she regards the Gaskins, not as individuals, but as types of the whole class.

The initial volume of the "No-Name Series" brings us face to face with the fact (which the publishers seem to have overlooked) that mere anonymity cannot be relied upon to impart additional zest to the reader's interest in a story, unless the story itself possesses some especially striking or attractive features. "Mercy Philbrick's Choice"² undoubtedly rises above the average level of American novels, but we have not found ourselves oppressed by any overweening curiosity as to its authorship, and indeed are rather sorry to learn that it is "by a well-known and successful writer of fiction." It is emphatically one of those books that are promising if regarded as the experimental work of a new and unpractised hand, but quite the reverse if regarded as mature performance. There is always the hope in the case of an inexperienced writer that he will outgrow his faults and retain and develop of his present qualities only those which are good; but, as "Mercy Philbrick's Choice" is acknowledged to be the production of a veteran writer of fiction, we are forbidden to indulge this hope, and compelled to give its merits and defects an equal consideration. Of its faults, the first to be noted is that it is hopelessly provincial in tone, theme, and treatment; it was written of New-Englanders, by a New-Englander, for New-Englanders. The New England intellect, as soon as it has risen above "pies and town-meetin's," takes to ethics as naturally as a duck to water; and the author of "Mercy Philbrick's Choice" occupies herself mainly, not

with holding the mirror up to Nature and human nature, but with refining upon the nice distinctions between moral right and wrong. Her desire to portray the two men between whom Mercy found it necessary to choose is not nearly so great as her anxiety to impress upon us the exceeding beauty and importance of absolute truthfulness, and to penetrate the perilously subtle disguises which a lie may put on; and the quaint realism of Mercy's portrait, which should have been the strong point of the book, is deliberately subordinated to fine-spun theories as to the poetic temperament and to the effect upon character of integrity which is merely rational instead of "organic." The merit corresponding to this defect is, that the story has a certain value as a faithful transcript of local scenery, manners, and modes of thought; that its ideals are less vulgar than those which more cosmopolitan novels are apt to present; and that it reads as though it were written for an educated and refined audience whose tastes are too cultivated to endure tinsel sentiment, or tawdry rhetorical coloring, or an inelegant and ungraceful style. There is an atmosphere of high breeding about it, indeed, which is perhaps the book's most pleasing feature; and, though the character-sketches are somewhat "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," the local scenes, scenery, and incidents, are so vivid and realistic that the reader will speedily suspect that Penfield is not unknown to actual geography. Throughout our notice we have applied the feminine personal pronoun to the author, and, without venturing to particularize, we shall content ourselves with thus excluding the claims of the entire male sex—though there is a touching bit of *post-mortem* philosophy which might tempt us to name Miss Phelps, were there not so many other things to exculpate her. Toward the close of the narrative, when the time has come for Death to insert his sickle among the characters, Mercy is represented as transferring her affections from the man whom she had loved for many years, but who proved unworthy, to a man long dead, whom she had once refused, and as being consoled with the idea that she will some time be united to him, though she already has a husband, and the man a beloved wife in that world to which he had "gone before."

"Giannetto," by Lady Margaret Majendie,³ though scarcely more than a novelette in dimensions, is a very strong and artistic piece of work, and will remain in the reader's mind, probably, long after some of the more pretentious novels on our list have passed into the convenient haze which time spreads over our memories. The story is of an Italian fisher-boy, who, dumb from his birth, and passionately rebellious against the infliction, suddenly recovered his voice after a narrow escape from shipwreck in a storm. The strange character of this phenomenon, coupled with the boy's stranger moods, caused the superstitious villagers to believe that Giannetto had, like Dr. Faustus of the legend, entered into compact with the evil-one. He himself appears to have shared this belief, and, though he subsequently became a great and famous singer, he considered himself inevitably given over to the Furies, and gradually degenerated into a gloomy, morose, and violent man. Finally, when on the verge of insanity or suicide, he was saved by the faithful ministrations of a priest, who had devoted himself for long years to this one object. The narrative is intensely, almost painfully interesting throughout; and the author finds opportunities by the way to construct for us some exceedingly vivid and charming pictures of Italian scenery and social life.

¹ My Little Love. By Marion Harland. New York: G. W. Carelton & Co.

² No-Name Series. Mercy Philbrick's Choice. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

³ Giannetto. By Lady Margaret Majendie. Leisure Hour Series. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Appletons' Journal

A MONTHLY MISCELLANY
OF
POPULAR LITERATURE.

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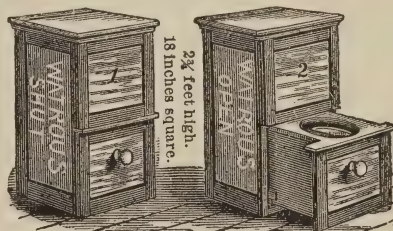
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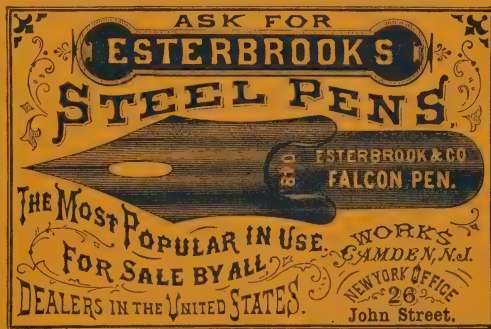
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